

Wedded Bride 921

Chapter 921 You Can Try

For a while, Holley had been closely observing Chuck's progress. The man, it seemed, could not wait to lay his filthy hands on Sheryl's slender waist. When Sheryl detected the hands of this wicked man on her body, she knocked his hands away angrily. With her eyes ablaze with disgust, Sheryl demanded, "Mr. Zhang, please be more respectful."

"Respectful?" Chuck derided as he heard the word, which was never part of his principles. "So funny of you to say so. I paid for it. You are mine now. Why do I have to bow to something I own? Let me warn you. You better be more tamed."

"Don't touch me!" the furious woman warned him with another harsh look as his hands tried finding their way on her waist again. "I dare you to touch me again!"

"Well, well, so spicy," commented Chuck as he gave her a suggestive once-over. "Very good, very good. You're definitely my taste," he continued. It was as though he were looking at a piece of artwork.

With a cold look, he asked in a disdainful tone, "Out of curiosity, what would you do if I touch you?"

"Try and find out!" she challenged him, narrowing her eyes. "Mr. Zhang, I believe you are someone of importance in this city, and the status of the people attending the party with you can't be low, right?"

Many of them are even potential partners and investors. If they ever find out about the secret deal you have with Holley, will your fame be affected? And by extension, I guess, your business as well?"

"Are you threatening me now?" sneered Chuck. The hunter was clearly offended by the supposed prey's counter-attack. Even at this stage, she still refused to give in despite his attempts of

overpowering her. "Very good. You are not like any other woman. No wonder Charles desires you."

His sudden words confounded her. "You know Charles?" she asked. Seeing her in a daze pleased the vicious man.

"Of course," retorted the man. "I know him. And not only that, I even had a business negotiation with him just now."

"Then he is..." she said, her words trailing off. The woman examined her surroundings, hoping to see the familiar face. If he were there as well, she would be perfectly safe. No one would be able to hurt her, not in his presence.

"I know what you're thinking. You can stop looking for him now," advised the man. "Your dear Charles isn't here."

The tiny tad bit of hope she had immediately subsided at his words. Disappointment was clearly written on her face, which only brought Chuck more joy.

At long last, a sign of defeat could be observed on his strong-willed prey. Chuckling, he scorned at her, "Look at yourself. What a depressing face! So pathetic!"

The man showed no sympathy for the pitiful woman. More so, he even added to her pity. "What's so good about Charles that you are falling so much for him? Why not choose me instead? I'll provide a satisfactory amount of money to you every month, which would be enough for you to spend on your hobbies. I'll secure you a grand house here; you won't be alone, and I'll frequently visit you. I'd say it would be even better if you have my baby. If you can give me that, I'll give you more money. What do you say? Do we have a deal? Isn't it worth more to be with me than with Charles? How much does he pay you? Tell me."

The man sounded serious enough to make it appear like a real deal to her. "So? Tell me what you think about it. You can make your decision now."

"Aren't you scared?" she asked, which confused the man. To Sheryl, none of his words was worth considering. She ignored his entire 'generous' offer, and returned the topic to Charles. "You know," she

went on, "Charles will not be happy if he hears about your attempts to steal me.

If you are aware of that, then why do still to do this to me?" Glaring at Chuck, she challenged, "Aren't you scared that Charles cancel the deal with you after knowing about this?"

"Scared?" repeated Chuck, laughing at her as though it were strange to hear the word coming from a mature woman. "I don't have to wait for him to know about this. We've already canceled the deal."

After all, the sole reason he had agreed to Holley's plans was to one-up Charles and experience a sense of superiority, which in other cases was impossible for him to get. "Charles, yeah right. He's such an arrogant person, completely ignoring my offer and me. I'll teach him a valuable lesson on how he should regard other people. I wonder if he'd be regretful when he sees his woman in my hands.

If you really want to blame someone, that person shouldn't be Holley or me. The one who put you in this situation is none other than Charles! I was pissed off with him being so bossy at my place, so now I'll have a taste of his woman. This ought to teach the man to be humble around others."

"If you dare touch me, I'll scream!" After her attempt to bargain using Charles' name had failed, she could not maintain her composure any longer, and became terribly worried. The woman did not expect

that Holley and Chuck would be so well prepared. All of her efforts to escape their trap had been unsuccessful so far. And since Charles was blocked from her emergency, she had no other way but to resort to screaming just to get help from the attendants of the event.

The panic on Sheryl's face did not go unnoticed by the culprit who plotted everything. Casually watching Sheryl's suffering, Holley basked in the euphoria of her successful revenge.

"Sheryl, just accept your fate. I've spent so much effort to make this happen. It's impossible for you to escape this time," she quietly murmured to herself. Still unsure why Sheryl was trying so hard to resist,

Holley thought it was now time for the final part of her plan. The last step was important as it would ensure Chuck's success. After receiving a glass of wine from a waiter, she dropped a pinch of white power into it, and called Coral to come over.

"Miss Ye, do you need me for something?" asked the girl. This whole time, she had her eyes on Sheryl as well, and felt sorry, as she could not do anything to help. Secretly, Coral just hoped that someone would appear to save the poor woman.

"Here. Hand this glass of wine to Sheryl and make sure she drinks it," Holley instructed. "Remember, just pretend to be your normal self and do not reveal anything to Sheryl, verbally or physically. I'm going

to be standing here and watching you. If you get this done, you'll receive a handsome reward for your efforts."

Slowly taking the wine Holley gave to her, Coral asked, "This glass of wine... Did you add anything to it?" "You shouldn't be concerned about that," Holley replied with a cold face.

"What you should only be concerned about is how to make her drink it. Do you understand me, Coral?"

"No... I can't do it," Coral refused, shaking her head. Though she had a few fights with the woman before, they were just arguments without real harm. She wasn't a person who would go looking for revenge just because of some mild feelings of discontent, particularly not with Sheryl.

It was innate for Coral to be kind-hearted. Otherwise, she wouldn't have offered to help Sheryl the other night. But now... their manager Holley, was asking her to commit a real crime. As she was highly uncomfortable with what Holley was asking her to do, she hesitated.

"You have to do this," Holley pressured her. Her expression immediately shifted to a softer one. "Coral, we're in the same boat now. You have to do this favor for me. She trusts you, doesn't she?"

"Miss Ye, please find someone else to do this for you. I... I really can't do it," Coral said, panicking. "I

can't do what you're asking me to do." The younger woman's eyes glistened with apprehension.

"You can do it," Holley asserted, holding Coral's shaking hands with hers. "Don't forget that you have to support your younger sister's college fees. If you get this done for me, the money would be a non-issue. I'll give you enough money for her to finish her college degree.

Coral, I believe you are smart enough to pick the right choice." Seeing that Coral was about to be convinced after she mentioned her sister, Holley pushed the former and gave her final instruction, "Go act normally. Hide your true intentions. Don't get noticed by Sheryl."

When Coral held the glass of wine, it felt as though she were holding the weight of a mountain. Not even a minute later, she realized it was because of her morality's pressure. Unlike Holley, she did have her morality. However, on the other side of the balance was money, which could dictate the fate of her younger sister. With the money that she direly needed, her beloved sister could enjoy a much brighter future with a decent college degree. In the end, her morality lost this battle and yielded.

Quietly, she whispered to herself, "Sheryl, please don't blame me. I have no choice."

Walking up towards them, she stood in front of Chuck to shield Sheryl from being molested by the horny man.

"Mr. Zhang, what happened? Why are you so angry?" she started. "Who are you?" Chuck questioned impatiently.

Smiling back, she replied, "My name is Coral. I'm in the same company as Sheryl. Holley asked me to tell you that she needs to talk to you right now. She is right there waiting for you."

She then pointed to where Holley was standing. Right on cue, the aforementioned woman waved innocently at him.

"Well, I'll be back in a few minutes," he threw his words to Sheryl, and then left.

As soon as he was out of earshot, Coral asked, "Are you okay?"

"I'm okay," replied Sheryl. "Why are you here? Aren't you afraid of Holley? Don't you know there's a consequence for getting involved in this mess?"

"I don't care about her at this moment," Coral answered, frowning. "We have to go."

Pointing her finger at the exit, she advised, "Now, while no one is paying attention to you, run!"

"It's useless," Sheryl stated the truth helplessly. As much as she wanted to run away, she knew that there was no way to escape. Holley had arranged her people to guard the exit, and made sure that she

would be sent back inside the moment she tried stepping out.

"Then what do we do now?" Coral asked. "Do we just do nothing and wait for that nasty man to come back?"

Chapter 922 You Better Go First

"This has nothing to do with you. You better go first," Sheryl persuaded. As much as Coral was kind-hearted to offer her help, Sheryl was kind enough as well to leave the former out of her own trouble. "I can handle it," she asserted, though she did not believe her statement herself.

"How can you handle it?" Coral asked, forcing a bitter smile. "You said it yourself. Holley has arranged people to keep an eye on you. How can you run away with so many eyes following your every move?"

"This has nothing to do with you," Sheryl repeated, trying to get this innocent girl as far away from her problem as possible. "I have to deal with this myself. It's none of your business. So you better move away now, or else you won't be able to steer clear of this thing when Chuck Zhang comes back and finds out about you helping me. I don't want you to get involved in this."

Her words surprised Coral. Even in the midst of such a dangerous situation, the woman in trouble only thought of Coral's well-being and how to keep her away from the problem. Instead of dragging Coral into her dilemma and clinging to her for help, she pushed away from the only help that seemed to

within her reach.

Hesitantly, Coral offered Sheryl the dazzling poison that was disguised as a glass of wine. When Sheryl saw the drink, she felt her thirst and fatigue creeping on her body. With everything happening, she thought a drink could help calm her nerves so she raised the glass to her lips.

As she was about to take a sip, Coral could not help but recoil abruptly. Her sudden movements shocked the older woman.

"What's wrong?" Sheryl asked, concerned. "Nothing... Nothing's wrong," said Coral, despite being filled with overwhelming guilt. The young model was so close to blurting out the truth, but she managed to stop herself just in time. Once she was able to control herself, she pretended to be calm and nonchalant while watching Sheryl drain the remaining contents of the glass. Silently, she lowered her head.

"Why are you still standing there?" the woman asked, and gently shoved Coral away. "There's no time to waste," Sheryl reminded Coral to leave. "Be quick. Go. Otherwise they'll notice."

"Sheryl..." Coral began, and looked at her with such remorseful eyes. Just when she was about to say

something, she thought of the money that Holley promised to give her, and suppressed the urge to tell the truth once again. 'This is for my sister, ' she reminded herself. 'I can't back out now.'

"What?" Sheryl asked suspiciously. It appeared as though the younger model wanted to tell her something, but every time she tried opening her mouth, she would bite back whatever was on her mind.

"It's nothing!" Finally making up her mind, Coral decided to stand by her decision. "Just that... I'm sorry I couldn't help you," she apologized. She was, indeed, sorry. However, it wasn't only for being unable to help, but for letting herself play a terrible role in whatever horrific plan Holley had.

"This has nothing to do with you," Sheryl repeated firmly. With the way Coral was looking at her, she could tell the woman seemed to be filled with guilt. The least Sheryl could do was to reassure the young model that she wasn't responsible for the situation.

After hearing her reassurance, Coral could not utter another word and just walked away. Before the horny man returned, Sheryl decided to look around, and searched for a familiar face in the crowd. As long as it was a face that she recognized, even though she might have only seen the face once, she would not hesitate to call for that person's help.

Glancing through all the guests, she was about to give up, when she finally found one.

Cary Su, the man who had asked her to plan for his wine party, was there.

Before he came to this city, Sheryl had helped him finish the entire event flow. She did not expect to see Cary on such an occasion at all.

As though he represented the last straw for a drowning man to hold onto for dear life, Sheryl sprinted towards the man. If she remembered correctly, Cary had told her he was Charles' friend. Now that she was caught up in a huge dilemma, she could only hope he would agree to help her.

However, the joy on Sheryl's face did not last long. As she took her first step towards her only means of escape, a firm hand grabbed her.

"Where do you think you're going?" came a playful voice from behind her. When she turned to see the owner of the hand, her expression shifted to a horrified look as she gazed at the face that she least wanted to see. The vile man had returned; she was a few seconds too late.

"Let me go," the angry woman demanded. As Sheryl tried to shake him off, she could not gather her strength at all. She soon recalled the guilt in Coral's eyes and realized what that guilt was truly for.

'Damn it!' she thought to herself. Even though she tried her best to be careful, it seemed she had still fallen into their trap.

The playful smile on his face widened, and he asked his prey in delight, "How do you feel right now?

Are you feeling extremely tired?

Are you, perhaps, losing your strength and consciousness?" "You... What did you put in my wine?" she asked, barely able to stand on her own now. "Oh nothing of great importance.

Just something to make you more compliant to my whims," he chuckled and replied.

Holding onto her waist to support her, he proudly said, "I told you I would find a way to tame you, you feisty girl."

Sheryl felt like the entire world was fading away. With her last bit of strength, she pulled the tablecloth away and made everything drop from the table to attract other people's attention. The loud noise in the warm atmosphere of the party somehow worked and made people turn their heads.

But all she wanted was for Cary to look. Trying hard to keep her eyes open, she glanced at the

direction where Cary was in desperation. Clearly, Cary was her last hope now. If Chuck managed to

take her away, he would have already done what he had wanted to do to her by the time she regained

her consciousness.

She was screaming in despair inside, but all that came out of her mouth was a barely audible murmur,

"Help..."

When Cary was discussing his business with someone, he heard the strange blast. He turned his head towards the source of the turmoil and heard Chuck saying, "I'm so sorry everyone. My partner is drunk.

Sorry for the disturbance. Carry on with what you were doing. Everything is fine here."

After he finished his speech, he prepared to take his leave with a barely conscious Sheryl in his arms.

From where Cary was standing, he could only see Chuck but not the woman he was with.

Uninterested, he turned his attention back to his conversation earlier. The person standing opposite

him sighed, "Poor girl. She's going to suffer tonight."

"Mr. Lin, what do you mean by that?" asked Cary in a clueless manner. Based on his question alone, it

was clear that he had no idea who Chuck was.

"You don't know?" asked the man. Looking at Cary in surprise, the man found it hard to believe that the

businessman in front of him knew nothing about Chuck's past activities, so he kindly explained, "That's

Chuck Zhang. He's an infamous womanizer around here. That man... He has molested countless innocent girls. I heard that he had spent a fortune to buy this one girl tonight. Just take a look around at all the girls here. They are not bad, right?"

He suddenly lowered his voice as though he was telling a secret, "I heard that they're all from a model company."

"Oh really?" Cary asked, wearing a meaningful smile. "I guess it's only natural for a man to flirt around."

"Oh, he's not only flirting," said the man, instantly putting on a disdainful look. "He has become who he is today all thanks to his wife's family. And do you know what he did? After he made a fortune, he divorced his supportive wife. And then, like that was not bad enough, he got married to a young girl who is twenty years younger than him. That's not all. Who knows how many women he still has outside? That woman over there is only one of them."

The man heaved a sigh and started to reveal something even darker. "I heard that he had gotten all the girls that ever wanted. No single poor soul succeeded to escape him. And he is a cruel person by nature. Someone said he even tortured one of his so-called 'partners' to death. They said he succeeded in dodging the police only because the case was 'lacking evidence'."

"Really?" Cary's mouth twitched disapprovingly. What he heard definitely shocked him. How could a man be that brutal to women? "I couldn't tell from his profile that he is such a ruthless person," he said.

"Exactly," the man said taking a swig of his drink. He then continued, "Nowadays, there are just too many people who hide vicious beasts inside of them."

In an attempt to see the evil man's true color, Cary took another glance at Chuck. It was only at that point when he saw the face of the girl. Now, he was not the most righteous person to pass judgment around, but the face of Sheryl caught him by surprise.

When he found out that the woman this supposedly terrible man had paid to have for the night was Sheryl, he fell into an extreme daze.

'She's Charles' wife, isn't she? Why is she here in this party?' he thought.

Before he could even figure out the answer, he decided to walk towards Chuck and stop him from taking away the woman. If Mr. Lin's stories were accurate, she was not safe with him. "Mr. Su, where are you going? We haven't finished talking yet, have we?"

"Later, Mr. Lin. I have some personal business to deal with right now," Cary retorted without turning

back. In the first place, he had no intention of interfering Chuck's business. But the woman he was with was Sheryl, a project planner whom he highly appreciated. She was also Charles' wife, and if he could do Charles' a favor by saving his wife, that would instantly establish a stronger business tie with the man. Stronger partnership most likely equated to a lot of profit. So it was an easy decision to make for a businessman like him.

Speeding up his pace, he caught up with Chuck before he entered the lift. "Mr. Zhang, what's the rush? Where are you going?"

The man with wicked plans was startled to find that the person who had called out to him was Cary.

"Mr. Su?" he asked uncertainly. "What brings you here?"

"I'm here for your party," Cary replied with a big grin. "I heard your company needs an investment. Can I have some of your time to discuss a business opportunity?" He paused, studying Chuck's interested

look. "I'm interested to invest."

Chapter 923 Where Is She

"Mr. Su, you are not kidding, are you?" Chuck couldn't believe what he just heard. He was still upset that Charles canceled the investment he tried so hard to get. However, having someone offered him another investment was way beyond a good deal. How could he say no?

"Do I look like I am kidding?" Cary questioned back. "Or are you trying to say that you have found another investor already?"

"No, no. I actually feel very much honored to have you as our partner," Chuck replied excitedly.

However, he was still skeptical, thus, he asked, "Mr. Su, have you really decided to partner with us?"

After all, the business opportunity that he was longing for was too good to be true.

"Sure," said Cary. "I have been noticing the development of the Eternity Company for the past couple of years. I'm seeing great potential. You know, as a modest businessman, I won't let this precious opportunity to slip by. I'm not sure if you are available for small chats right now. I'd like us to have a small business chat if possible. I have a lot of things to clear out before making my final decision. I sincerely hope that you can take some time to address my queries."

"Hmm..." Chuck took a look at Sheryl and then Cary hesitantly.

Nevertheless, Cary sensed the man's doubt. He wouldn't mind pressuring Chuck to do as he wanted.

"Well, if you are really busy with something else, then I guess I should leave now."

"No, no, no. I have time," Chuck hurried to agree. He was actually dying to find another investor after

Shiny Company quit. There was no way that he would let go of an eager investor now, right?

He seriously wanted to enjoy the girl in his arms but he was smart enough to gauge that it wasn't worth to waste such a huge investment just for her.

"Help... Help me." Sheryl seemed to have recognized Cary in her subconscious state. Her hand weakly reached out to him in an attempt to seek help. Hugging her and pulling her hand back, Chuck embarrassedly explained, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Su. Hmm... My partner has drunk too much alcohol. I'm so sorry."

Chuck planned to deal with Sheryl after his business discussion with Cary. Thus, he called his people to take her back to his room first. However, Cary had something to say about this.

"Mr. Zhang, did you just say that she is your partner?" asked Cary in his emotionless tone.

"Yes," Chuck affirmed as he looked at Cary cautiously. Doubt suddenly got into him as he wondered why Cary asked such a question. "Is there any problem?"

"Nothing." With a meaningful smile, Cary turned to Sheryl and commented, "Looks pretty."

As a man who knew the business like the back of his hand, Chuck could read the situation from all the table's sides, under the table even. He soon realized what Cary meant with his flirtatious words and

frivolous expression.

Everybody knew that Cary liked pretty girls. Thus, it was so easy to see that Cary wanted Sheryl too.

Instead of being pissed off by Cary's desire for the woman in his arms, Chuck felt excited. He knew that

the investment would follow as soon as he gave Cary the beauty.

"Mr. Su, if you like her, I'll ask my people to send her to your room instead," Chuck offered in a flattering

tone.

"Well... Then thank you. Thank you so much," Cary accepted with a contented smile.

That was the last sentence that Sheryl heard before she totally blacked out. She was relieved as she

knew that she would be safe now.

Chuck started discussing the business intently as soon as Sheryl was brought to Cary's room. He

talked about his project with his 'new business partner' until late at night. After they finally reached a

preliminary agreement, Chuck happily excused himself, "Then, we'll go with what we just discussed. I

hope you enjoy your night. A girl like her is rare to find these days after all."

Chuck couldn't hold his joy for the deal he just made with Cary. He was laughing out since he didn't

have a clue of what was waiting for him.

On the other hand, Cary was far from being happy after knowing what happened to Sheryl.

'What's wrong with Charles?' he thought. 'How can he allow his wife to be in the hands of this dirty old man?'

The moment Charles' name appeared in his head, Charles appeared in person. Infuriated, he rushed into the room with huge strides.

It was then that Cary realized that he didn't need to worry anymore.

Putting on a grin, he said to Chuck, "I am afraid that you won't be able to see the future of Eternity Company."

"What do you mean?" Chuck was startled upon hearing this and instantly suspected that Cary would cancel the deal that they had just agreed to. Thus, he hurriedly said in an anxious tone, "Are you kidding me?"

"I am not kidding you," replied Cary in a cold voice. "It's not about me, okay? You have bigger trouble to deal with right now. You have done something irrevocable. Just wait and see."

The trouble he was referring to was apparently none other than Charles. The man literally spared no

effort to get to the place where Sheryl was. What would normally take one-hour drive only took him less than half an hour. He had driven over-speed and ignored multiple red lights just to get here before it was too late. He didn't even waste any second and began searching for Sheryl as soon as he stepped in. However, Sheryl was nowhere to be found.

Holley was about to run away when she saw the man breaking through the door. She knew that her plan had failed. There would be no way for Chuck to continue his evil move according to her original plan with Charles here. She quickly turned to the other direction in an attempt to escape. However, Susan suddenly appeared on her way and blocked her.

"Move away!" Holley instructed the fearless girl in a low but dangerous tone. She couldn't even talk in her normal voice since she didn't want to get the furious man's attention.

Susan, however, read Holley's mind and wouldn't let her go easily. With a loud voice, she screamed,

"Miss Ye, where are you going now? The party has not yet ended. Why are you in a hurry?"

Her voice succeeded to attract the attention of all the people in the place, including Charles.

His eyes were ablaze with wrath. He immediately marched towards the woman who had taken his

beloved wife. He was roaring inside and God knew how hard he was trying to control his monsters right now. He questioned, "Miss Ye, where is Sheryl?"

Knowing that there was no way for her to escape anymore, Holley gave up the idea of running away and stood firmly instead. A fake smile cracked her lips while she was looking at the angry man. She answered, "Mr. Lu, why are you asking such a funny question? Sheryl is your girlfriend. How would I know where she is?"

She then gazed to his eyes and confronted him, "Mr. Lu, you didn't pay me to keep an eye on her, did you?"

"Shut up!" Charles was on the brink of madness. Sheryl had fallen into so many dangerous situations just under his nose! How could he even stand the idea that his beloved wife was taken away again?

With a scornful look, he walked up and gripped Holley's slender neck with his hand. The bulging veins on his arms revealed how intense his inner feelings were. His grip on the vicious woman's neck tightened as he looked closely at her.

Death had always been a distant word for Holley. It had never crossed her mind even during her most painful miseries. However, she truly felt how close she was with death the moment Charles' strong

fingers gripped her neck.

"Give Sheryl to me, or else, I'll kill you right here, right now!" shouted Charles. He could barely control his temper. In fact, his feelings had already been hard to suppress since the moment he found out that Sheryl was in danger. Having the person who had caused all the trouble for Sheryl was making his blood boil inside his veins. He wouldn't even mind snapping this lady's neck at any moment. However, the idea that he still needed her to tell him Sheryl's whereabouts kept him from doing so.

Holley coughed. She coughed weakly, like a dying patient. His fingers were too tight and she was suffocating! She couldn't breathe! She couldn't draw in any air that could keep her alive. Her hands moved involuntarily and started patting on Charles' strong arms in a futile attempt to let her go. It was useless, though, as he didn't even budge an inch. She was doomed.

"Let... Let me go..." Gathering her last bit of strength, she squeezed the fragmented words out of her clenching teeth. Then her breathing stopped.

"Mr... Mr. Lu." Although Susan was scared to talk to the man who had lost his mind, she raised her head and courageously said, "It would do nothing good even if you kill her. The important thing right

now is to save Sheryl." This timid girl, who had been hiding behind Sheryl all this while, had never been so brave in her life. She was the one who had stopped Holley from leaving just now. And this moment, she had stepped before this man who would not hesitate killing anyone.

"You know where she is?" Charles calmed a little bit after hearing Sheryl's name. He was automatically diverted back to his intention of saving Sheryl. He felt a certain familiarity with the girl before him as if they had met before. However, he couldn't be sure.

"I don't know, but I know who knows," Susan answered in her firm voice.

"Take me to that person," Charles ordered. It was only then that he released his grip on Holley's neck.

The vicious woman fell to the ground, gasping hard for air. The shadow of death finally diminished. She was back to life!

"David, keep an eye on her. Make sure that she stays here. If anything ever happens to Sher, I will make her pay with her life for it!" Charles instructed dangerously.

"Yes, Mr. Lu," responded David with a quick nod. He shot a pitiful glance at the woman on the floor and let out a deep sigh.

He thought, 'She is so stupid to lay her hands on Charles' love. It took Charles years to find his wife

and it's only nowadays that he finally has her back with him. He will definitely show no mercy to anyone who tries to take her away again. I have never seen him being so angry. This daring woman is about to learn her lesson. All she can do right now is to pray that Sheryl is safe.'

Chapter 924 You Touched The Wrong Girl

Holley knew that she couldn't weasel out of it today. She sneakily texted George to ask for help, then sat on the floor, and waited in fear.

Susan brought Charles to Chuck. Charles nodded when he saw Cary.

It was too unfriendly a scene for old friends who finally reunited. But the only thing Charles cared about now was Sheryl—he was not in the mood for courtesy.

"Mr.... Mr. Lu?!" Chuck didn't expect to see the man ever again. He stared at him, watching him walk over and swallowed nervously. He had already seen how cruelly Charles treated Holley. He was positive he was a dead man.

"What brings you here?" Chuck asked awkwardly.

Susan took a hateful glance at Chuck and then addressed Charles, "This guy took Sher away! It's him!"

"What? What are you talking about?" Chuck shuddered inwardly and tried to explain himself. His voice

was anxious. "Mr. Lu, listen. I can explain..."

Sweat formed on Chuck's forehead, and the beads began to run into his brows. But Charles just

wanted him to get to the point. He stared at Chuck sullenly and asked, "Where is she?"

"What? Who?" Chuck was stunned, not knowing exactly what he was asking. This poor man was totally freaked out.

"Where is she? I won't ask again." Charles repeated the question in a deep voice, on the brink of eruption. Only he knew how hard he was fighting to keep his composure.

"She..." Chuck mumbled. He took a glance at Charles and then at Cary, not knowing how to answer.

They were both too powerful for him to anger. He didn't know which side he should choose.

When Chuck was hesitating, Cary spoke up. "She's in my room," he said.

When Charles heard Cary's answer, he was surprised. He didn't know what happened during that period. Before he could say anything, Cary took out his room card and gave it to Charles. "She's safe now."

"Thanks!" Charles replied briefly. He finally breathed a sigh of relief. They were good friends and he knew Cary, so he was quite sure that Cary could keep Sheryl safe.

"Wanna see her now?" Cary asked softly. "I'll take care of things here."

"Okay," Charles replied and left immediately. Susan followed him into Cary's room.

When he opened the door, he saw Sheryl quietly lying in the bed. He was visibly relieved with hunched shoulders. He rushed inside.

"Sher," he said gently, touching her face. "Sher. It's me." Charles tried to wake her up. Sheryl opened her eyes in a daze. When she recognized the man at her side, she smiled in a laid-back way. "Hey..." she said in greeting.

She struggled to sit up. However, she felt that all her strength had left her. She couldn't even raise her upper body. The next moment she fell back into the bed again.

Thank God the bed was soft enough. She was unhurt.

When Charles saw that, he went into panic mode. "What happened, Sher? You okay? You hurt?"

"I'm fine." Sheryl shook her head. "Holley drugged me. It's a side effect. It'll wear off soon."

While they talked, Susan started to sob by the bedside.

"What's wrong?" Sheryl asked Susan.

"Sher, I'm so scared!" Susan said as she kept sobbing. "I was so worried that something bad happened to you. I couldn't imagine..."

"I'm fine. Take it easy!" Sheryl comforted Susan. "See, I'm okay now. Chill."

Charles looked at Sheryl and said, "Stay here and rest. I got something I need to do."

"Okay." Sheryl nodded. She knew Charles was going to have it out with Chuck and Holley. They were so dead.

Before he left, he took one last glance at Susan. "Stay here and make sure she's okay."

"No problem!" Susan said, nodding.

It was a big load off Charles' mind, now that he knew Sheryl was safe. Now it was his turn to get back at the authors of all this drama.

He would teach them a lesson. No one messed with Sheryl.

After Charles went upstairs, Chuck tried to leave. Cary stepped in his way. "You have to let me go,"

Chuck complained, sounding pitiful. "She's back safe and sound, and I didn't lay a finger on her! It's not my fault!"

"Go?" Cary asked with a smile. He said, "If I let you go, Charles will get ticked at me."

He stared at Chuck with pity. "You have balls of steel, you know that? Touching Charles' woman like that."

"I..." Chuck didn't know how to explain and he didn't know how things got that far either. "She's just a ho, and hos fuck whoever pays them. Why can't I fuck her since I paid?"

Chuck argued indignantly. He still did not understand what he did wrong. He asked Cary, "How was I supposed to know that he liked her? If I knew that, I wouldn't have done anything."

"A ho?" Cary was shocked by his answer. He asked, "Who told you that?"

"Miss Ye. You know, with BM Corporation," Chuck replied. He continued to complain, "I didn't know.

You gotta believe me! Holley came to me first! And yeah, I was hot for her. I'm a guy. Guys always lose their heads over women, right?"

Chuck tried to defend himself. He looked at Cary through his pitiable eyes. "How did I know he'd get so pissed and even come for her personally! I..."

Chuck paused and smiled bitterly. He continued to beg Cary, "Come on! Let me out of here!"

"Not happening, man. Keep dreaming," Cary sneered coldly. "Can't help you this time," he said. "But I

can tell you something."

"What... What thing?" Chuck asked anxiously.

"That call girl isn't Charles' mistress, but..." Cary paused, knowing that the answer would shock him. He continued, "She's his wife, and the mother of his two kids."

"What? No! It's impossible!" Chuck cried desperately. He was totally shocked. How was it possible? So everything Holley told him was a lie.

"D-Didn't... his wife die three years ago?" Chuck asked, desperately grasping at straws. He really didn't know.

"No. She wasn't." Cary didn't know it either until he met Sheryl. Then he realized that Sheryl was actually Autumn. "I'm telling you this, because I need you to know—you touched the wrong girl!"

Chapter 925 The Woman Who Hates Sheryl

Chuck stared at Cary with utter disbelief. After hearing Cary's words, he knew that he was damned.

Lying on the floor, he confirmed with a faint hope, "Mr. Su, are you kidding me? Please tell me that it's a joke. It's not funny at all."

"Of course not," Cary nodded slightly adding to Chuck's misery. "Mr. Zhang, I'm sorry to tell you the truth, but you have been deceived." Chuck's jaws dropped and his eyes popped out at every word

uttered by Cary.

Yes, he had been deceived. Rather stabbed in his back by that bitch Holley.

He rose up from the floor and passed his fingers through his hair, his face flushed in an uncontrollable rage. He owed an explanation from Holley, so he rushed to her while muttering under his breath.

"You bitch! How dare you lie to me!" he shouted as soon as he came face to face with Holley. Unable to control his anger, he landed a tight slap in Holley's face. The sudden blow totally caught her off guard so she didn't react at all. Chuck stared at her with hatred as she absorbed the slap.

Holley placed her palm on the slapped cheek to sooth the sharp pain as she tried to put her act together. Recovering from the sudden shock, she shouted back at Chuck, "What's?wrong with you?

Have you gone mad?"

'We are in the same boat now, ' she thought to herself. 'How could he fight with me?'

Chuck didn't feel the same way though. He yelled back at her, "You are a shameless bitch. It's you who dragged me into this abyss. I will kill you today. And I mean it!" In one swift move, Chuck grabbed

Holley's hair with one hand, and started slapping her in the face repeatedly with the other. "You fucking

bitch!" he screamed. "How dare you set me up! I am damned anyway. But I won't let you walk away freely. You will go to hell with me. You bitch." Saying this Chuck twisted his arms around Holley's neck. "Stop!" Holley shouted as she struggled to free herself from Chuck's stranglehold. She didn't fear even Charles, let alone Chuck who was much less frightening. Continuing with the struggle to free herself, she said, "That's enough, Chuck Zhang. Are you shameless? How could you beat a woman in front of so many people?"

"You said I'm shameless? Huh?" Chuck said, seething in anger. He tightened his grasp around her neck so that she could not move. Chuck sneered at Holley and said, "Since I am damned, why should I be afraid of losing my face? I am over. You told me that she had an affair with Charles, but you didn't tell me that she is his wife."

Holley rolled her eyes as if that was not a big deal. "What is the difference?" she teased. But deep inside, she knew that if she had shared the reality with Chuck in the beginning, he would have lost all the courage then and there.

Holley looked at Chuck with cold eyes and said, "You are a coward. If you had fucked her, then you could at least make your death worthwhile." Holley curved her lips and continued in a sarcastic voice,

"But now you have proved yourself to be a complete loser."

Holley had found an opportunity to make Sheryl lose her face in front of Charles with a lot of difficulties.

But Chuck just screwed up everything instead of screwing Sheryl. He wasted such a wonderful

opportunity. Holley never expected him to turn out to be so hopeless. Now she wished that she had

found another partner.

'Why did you make this idiot your ally, Holley?' she asked herself.

Chuck was appalled at her as she uttered these words. He shouted at her saying, "You already knew it,

you bitch." He was more furious because Holley hadn't told him the real relationship between Sheryl

and Charles even though she knew it. He tried to hit her again, but was stopped by David.

Having been working for Charles for such a long time, David had become a replica of Charles, being

particularly serious when he didn't talk. He came forward, held Chuck's hand and stopped him from

hurling another blow on Holley.

"Must you continue this farce?" David asked with a solemn face. Slowly, he pulled Chuck away from

Holley. Having her neck freed, Holley coughed to help herself breathe normally. David cast a cold

glance at Holley while she was busy putting herself together. Then he turned his face to Chuck and?

said, "Please stand here quietly. Mr. Lu?will be here soon."

Chuck glanced at David nervously and then at Holley, his eyes still full of wrath. Finally, he stood aside

without saying another word.

He just wanted to punch the life air out of Holley had it been within his means.

Coral had watched?the whole thing, and was completely apalled by Chuck's words.

No one in the company knew that Sheryl had married Charles.

She had thought that Sheryl was just a lucky girl who had a?relationship with Charles in the past. That?

was why she had agreed to work with Holley. A strange sensation of fear gripped her mind.

The more she thought of the fact that Sheryl was Charles' wife, the more frightened she got.

She could not bring herself to think about the repercussions when Sheryl would retaliate if she got to

know about her deeds. She trembled at the thought of meeting the same fate as Holley.

In fact, she was at the risk of having a worse end than Holley.

After all, Holley was the manager of BM Corporation, and George was there to protect her. 'But who do

you think you are? And who will help you, Coral?' she asked herself silently.

The answer to both questions was "nobody". Her head was spinning as she thought about her impending fate.

The thoughts made her want to run, but she was not in the state to move her limbs. It seemed that her feet had become glued to the floor.

Chuck was not ready to give up so easily. Instead, he tried to find a way out. "Hey, man," he looked at David and said. "I had nothing to do with this. It is this bitch who set me up. I am innocent. Please give me a hand. If you help me this time and say something nice for me, I will pay you back in the future," he pleaded.

"Shut up!" David said impatiently, "If you want to explain, you should explain to Mr. Lu later. Don't explain to me. It will just waste your breath." Saying this David stood there, holding the captives in place, waiting for Charles.

Holley looked at Chuck from the corner of her eyes and sneered, "Coward."

"How dare..." Chuck retorted. Chuck was indignant, but he could do nothing.

Charles entered the room after a short while. The first thing he did was walk toward Cary and thank

him, "I'll remember what you did for me and if you ever need me in the future, I'll be there by your side."

Cary returned a humble smile and replied, "Whatever I did, I did it for Sheryl, not for you."

He continued, "She is my event curator. Without her, the event of my company will go to the dogs."

"I still need to thank you anyway," Charles said sincerely. If it hadn't been for Cary, it would have been too late to save Sheryl. Charles was indeed indebted to Cary.

Cary interrupted Charles' words and said, "Stop being so formal. How is she now?"

"Fine, now," Charles answered in a soft voice. His face became grim as he spoke about Sheryl.

"That's great," Cary said in relief. He glanced at Charles and continued, "By the way, my company will start to sell our apartments soon. I will reserve the most luxurious one for you."

"Of course," Charles laughed. He glanced at Cary and said, "You saved Sheryl, so even if you want me to buy all of your apartments, I will oblige."

"That's not necessary," Cary said with a smile. "I will be happy if you can make some time and come to my selling ceremony."

"I will. Don't worry," Charles promised. Meanwhile, Chuck, who had been standing nearby, inched

closer to Charles and said, "Mr. Lu, trust me, I am innocent. It's this bitch who framed me up. I didn't know that she is your wife. If I had known that, I wouldn't have touched her, not even her clothes." He spoke apologetically and pleaded mercy from Charles.

Charles frowned slightly, and casted a thoroughly disgusted glance at Chuck.

There were a lot of people around them, and Charles didn't want them know his secrets. After all, rumors were the worst thing to handle. He gave David a meaningful glance and David started to disperse the crowd immediately, leaving only Chuck, Cary and the staff of BM Corporation.

Charles looked at Chuck and said in a cold voice, "Mr. Zhang, you are really brave." The stillness in his eyes sent a chill through Chuck's spine.

Chuck was so scared that his face turned pale. He stammered, "No, no, no. I can explain. Please give me a chance." His throat went dry and his knees trembled as he spoke. He stammered at every word he pushed himself to speak. "Trust me, Mr. Lu. I didn't know that the woman is your wife. Holley cheated me. I am innocent. I did not know anything. Please believe me."

Charles gave Holley an icy glance. From the very beginning, he had this strong intuition about Holley.

He found her to be weird. It seemed that she had met Sheryl with some special purposes.

Cary stood by Charles' side and whispered, "I had asked them several questions. It seemed that Chuck had been set up. It's this woman who hates Sheryl and wants to destroy her."

Chapter 926 Give Me An Explanation

Charles creased his eyebrows. Chuck knelt down in front of Charles, begging for mercy. He did not look like a prominent general manager any more. He looked like a piteous beggar.

The only thing he wanted now was to survive. As long as he could save his neck, he was willing to do anything.

"Mr. Lu! It's not my fault! That woman lied to me! You won't see me again! Please let me go! Please!"

Chuck crawled on his hands and knees over to Charles, and hugged the man's legs. He begged pathetically.

"Why should I?" Charles sneered. He kicked Chuck and the man went rolling, bringing his hands up to fend off any more attacks. "This isn't over!" Charles roared.

Charles was here to negotiate the terms of the contract between Shining Company and Eternity Company. That was why he was here in person—he thought it would be a good deal, even better if he could dictate terms.

However, when he got here and found that Chuck was the general manager of Eternity Company, he started to doubt whether this was a good idea. He believed that the future of Eternity Company was at stake.

That was why he canceled the contract with Eternity.

Now they might have to replace their general manager.

"David," Charles commanded, "take him down to the station. The police will deal with him accordingly.

But remember..."

Charles sneered and looked at Chuck hatefully. "Keep him locked up as long as you can. Understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Lu!" David answered. Chuck realized he was screwed. When David took him away, he started to show his true colors. He used the filthiest and most malicious words to curse Charles and his family.

But to Charles, it was little more than a dog barking.

Charles turned his gaze to Holley.

She just came out of a fight with Chuck, so she was a mess. Her long hair was disheveled and wild, evening dress torn and wrinkled. The most prominent sign of this fight was her swollen face. Her

friends might not recognize her now.

But none of this dampened her arrogance. She stared at Charles coldly and snorted while he turned to her.

"So, tell me," Charles said, "who are you, really?"

"Who am I?" Holley asked, sneering. "You don't know me, Mr. Lu?"

"No, I don't know the real you," Charles answered coldly. "What's with you and Sheryl? Why do you hate her so much? Why are you targeting her?"

"Mr. Lu, you're delusional!" Holley sneered. "I didn't really know Sheryl before. She's not my enemy or my friend. I just wanted to make more money."

She smiled. She looked right into Charles' eyes and continued, "Mr. Lu, you're a business man. The opportunity was right there, and I took it, like any savvy businesswoman! Why would I not?"

"Are you not going to tell me the truth?" Charles stated coldly.

"I'm telling the truth. Why can't you just believe me?" Holley smiled, unmindful of his fury. He was a man, after all, and he could be tempted and cajoled. "Mr. Lu, even though I did something fucked up to Sheryl, it wasn't my fault. Sheryl signed a contract with BM Corporation, but she breached that contract

and wanted to leave. I'm short-handed now! What bad timing! It was her fault! I just wanted to teach her

a little lesson and make some cash doing it. But things went bad there, I guess,"

Holley explained her plot casually, like it was an ordinary thing for her. She looked at Charles and said,

"But she's safe, and it's over. Let's head back home. I'm tired. If it's money you need, I can arrange that."

Holley talked as if she were in control of everything. She tried to control the narrative, and avoid taking the blame.

Charles was so angry he even wanted to laugh. Was she mad?

"Wow! You're just something else, aren't you?" Charles sneered. "Why do you think it's over? Just because you say so? You want me to pretend this never happened?"

"So what?" Holley gave him an arrogant glance. "What else do you want? To kowtow and apologize to her?"

Holley grinned wickedly. "Not gonna happen!"

"You won't have to kowtow," Charles sneered and said coldly. "But..."

His eyes turned cruel. "You hurt my wife, and I'll hurt you the same way..."

As Charles was speaking, the door of the ballroom was kicked open and George rushed in.

"Mr. Lu, get away from her!" he screamed angrily. George was in Y City when he received Holley's message. He was so worried about her that he even took a private plane to get there. He made good time getting here, so he could save her. George breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Holley wasn't seriously hurt.

"George..." Holley mumbled softly and her face went soft immediately, losing its arrogance. She rushed to George, threw herself into his arms and started to cry. George patted her back gently and comforted her, feeling heartbroken.

"It's all right. Don't cry. I'm here now," George tried to soothe her. "It's over. Everything's fine. Don't cry, baby."

Holley finally composed herself. She left his embrace, and stood sobbing silently, like she had suffered a great insult.

George held Holley's arms and checked her out. When he saw her swollen face, he flared up. He shouted angrily, "Mr. Lu, what kind of man are you? Beating a woman? You're so heroic!"

"You and her deserve each other," Charles taunted acidly. "You're quick to jump to conclusions! Do you know what you've walked into?"

"The evidence is right here! Still going to deny it, Mr. Lu?" George loved Holley from the bottom of his heart. So he lost his head when he discovered that Holley was slapped. He was so mad he couldn't think clearly, so he blamed Charles.

Charles looked at George coldly and asked, "Did you see me hurt her? Ask her who did it."

Charles sneered and gave George a contemptuous look. "I would love to beat her myself if I got the chance. But if I did it, she'd know! She wouldn't be able to come crying to you."

"You..." George was so angry that he was speechless. He was about to retort when Holley tugged on his clothes and said, "George, it wasn't Mr. Lu."

"Then who did this?" George frowned. Holley kept silent. George continued to speak, "Tell me who did it. Don't be afraid. No matter who it was, I'll make them pay!"

Holley took a look at George's angry face, embarrassed. She didn't want to give him a direct answer.

Then she said, "Mr. Lu turned him into the cops. He's in jail right now. Just let it go. Let's go home!"

Holley was desperate to leave. But George wasn't going to give up that easily. His woman was hurt.

Someone had to pay. He asked angrily, "Go home? Hell no!

Mr. Lu, you're involved in this somehow. I want to know how!" George wanted to be a hero, a real man in front of Holley.

He knew about Holley's trip to M City. But he had no idea what Holley had done.

He thought that Holley was the victim, and he'd definitely get even with Charles.

Chapter 927 Agree To Your Terms

"George..." Holley darted an embarrassed glance at Charles. She felt her unease sticking around. She knew that she had caused some trouble, and George carrying on like that wouldn't go well. She didn't want Charles to talk about it. Pulling one of George's sleeves, she murmured, "George, stop it. Let's go."

Though she kept her voice low, Charles still heard all of it. He had no intention of letting Holley leave.

She still owed him. "Go?" His tone was full of derision. "We still have things to discuss. I can't let you go just yet."

As Charles wouldn't let her go, she again attempted to convince him to let her leave, so that George wouldn't get wind of what she had done. "Mr. Lu, I've said everything I wanted to say. Keeping this

going is a giant waste of time. Go home and console your cute wife. Bet she misses you a lot."

"Honey, what's going on here?" George asked with a frown on his face. He was so concerned about his beloved Holley that even if Charles stopped, he'd still make sure she wasn't bullied and all the facts would come out.

All he could tell was that Charles was mad at Holley, but he didn't know why.

"George, just pipe down. Tell you when we're back home." Holley tried to persuade this insistent man to give it up. She didn't really care about how Sheryl was now, or whether Charles would forgive her. All she wanted right now was to leave this place.

"No," Charles jeered, "I think Mr. Han would be very interested in what was going on. It's not a small thing. Go on, tell him.

Tell him how Chuck beat you. You can't just let him go like that." Charles tried to trigger George's curiosity—and his anger.

With George around, Charles knew she wouldn't be able to just run off so easily. He was determined to reveal everything to George, so that he would understand that the person behind all the trouble was his

beloved wife, not Charles. Holley crossed the line. He had to let George know that if anything like that ever happened again, no one would be able to save her, not George, not anyone else.

"Can someone tell me what's actually going on?" With growing impatience, George continued, "I need to know. What happened? Tell me."

"Stop asking," Holley cut him off. She was hesitant to unveil the truth. How could she tell the man who loved her so much that she had hired Charles' wife as a call girl for Chuck to enjoy without telling him who Sheryl actually was?

"Why? What are you hiding?" There was still no answer from Holley. Obviously angry, George continued to press her, "I'm on your side. But I can't defend you if I don't know what he's talking about."

"I..." Holley forced a bitter smile on her face, and accepted her fate.

"Since Miss Ye won't tell you, allow me," Charles offered. Objectively, impassively, Charles described the entire event to the man who was dying to know what had happened, without adding or hiding anything to his favor. At last, Charles posed the question to George, "Mr. Han, if you were me, what would you do? I'm asking you."

"Is this true?" George started to believe Charles' words, but still, turned to his love to make sure this

wasn't a lie.

Holley, however, just lowered her head to avoid eye contact. With her silence, she already told George everything he needed to know.

Taking a deep breath, he now felt embarrassed for having confronted Charles like that.

If he were Charles, he would have gone much further than the wronged man before him—maybe even kill her.

But now... All he could do was apologize.

Suppressing his temper that roared inside him, he turned humble and made his sincere apology. "Mr.

Lu, I'm so sorry for the misunderstanding, but I think this was accidental. I don't think she meant to hurt your wife. She's not that cruel..."

Of course he knew; he knew that she did this deliberately and she could be quite cruel when the mood struck her, but he hoped to avoid Charles' full ire. "I'm just glad she's safe."

"Mr. Han, don't apologize for something you didn't do. Holley's the one I'm mad at." As he spoke, he gazed coldly at the real culprit who had kept silent since Charles revealed all her evil deeds. That pair

of angry eyes seemed to penetrate her entire body and look into the deepest part of her heart, which made her extremely uneasy.

"Holley, what are you waiting for? Apologize to Mr. Lu. Now." George gave Holley a push as he instructed her. Normally he would be soft and gentle toward her, but not today. He knew that he had to put on a show—be harsh and strict to his love—so Charles might be satisfied.

Reluctantly, Holley eventually whispered a insincere "sorry". "Is that okay?" asked Holley in a more normal tone.

"I don't know. Mr. Han?" Charles didn't answer Holley directly, but threw the question to George instead.

George forced a smile and kept himself bowing low as he continued to apologize. "Mr. Lu, I'm so sorry for what happened to you and your wife. I know Holley. She's stubborn. Since she won't apologize, I'll do it for her. And I promise we won't bother you or your wife again."

Charles answered him with a cold face and silence. George could tell that Charles was still furious. He forced another smile and asked Charles cautiously, "Mr. Lu, what can I do to make this right?"

"Well... Sher has a one-year contract with BM Corporation, right?" Charles asked.

"Yeah." George nodded.

"After this, my wife won't be working there, regardless of how long she's been contracted for. Make that happen. Then... everything will be kosher." Charles laid his terms out.

"No!" Holley shouted before George had any chance to respond. "You can't cancel her contract."

"Shut up!" George shouted back to the vengeful woman. "Look at what you did! You're getting off lightly."

"George, please don't agree to this. Don't forget..." Holley nervously looked at George, afraid of him saying yes. If George agreed to this, she wouldn't have anything on Sheryl anymore. And that was what her plans depended on.

George completely ignored Holley's request, and replied firmly to Charles, "Mr. Lu, I agree to your terms. She'll have to sign some papers, of course. And you won't even need to pay the termination fee.

Proper procedures will be undertaken as soon as possible to transfer that apartment to Mrs. Lu as well.

I sincerely apologize for Holley's absurd behavior."

"You can't do this! George!" Holley again tried to assert her power over Sheryl. She was so desperate

and you could hear it in her voice. "Don't forget, this is my department. I'm the department manager. I decide who stays and who goes."

"Does it sound good, Mr. Lu?" George attempted to strike a deal with Charles again, completely turning a deaf ear to Holley's crazy demands.

Charles smiled meaningfully back to George. "But... It doesn't sound like Miss Ye likes it. And she says that she's the department manager, not you."

"Mr. Lu, don't worry about that," George reassured Charles. "Yes she's the department manger, but I'm the owner of the company. Whatever I say, goes."

"Sounds good." Charles nodded and agreed to this deal. "Then we're done here."

Delighted that Holley would finally be free of Charles' revenge, George thanked the generous man.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Lu."

Chapter 928 Make A Deal

"But I would like to talk about the worst situation first," Charles said with a sarcastic smile. He looked at

George and continued in an impassive voice, "This time I let her go for your sake, Mr. Han. But if she

dares to do harm to Sheryl again, don't blame me for being ruthless and tough. I won't allow her to do

something to harm Sher again."

"Mr. Lu, I promise you. She won't harm your wife again," George promised Charles in a firm voice.

"All right." Charles nodded. George turned to leave with Holley. "So... can we leave now?"

"Do as you please," Charles answered. George walked over to Holley. "Leave with me now," he ordered her, his facial expression cold.

Holley reluctantly followed George, viciously glaring at Charles as they left.

After they left, other models there also started to leave. One of them, Coral, saw that she wasn't held accountable, so she hurried out.

Having seen Holley be released so easily, Cary frowned, his eyebrows furrowing into a knot. "Are you going to let her go that easily?" he asked in disbelief.

"Definitely not," Charles said immediately with a sardonic smile. "Holley has harmed Sheryl big time. How could I just discharge her so easily?" Charles added.

"So what do you want to do?" Cary knew that Charles had a plan, but he didn't know what that plan was.

"They still hold the contract that Sheryl signed. If we push them too hard, it's bad for both parties. I let

Holley go just to free Sher from that contract. Without that contract, isn't it easier for us to teach Holley a hard lesson?" Charles turned to Cary. Watching Holley leave, he felt something familiar about her.

When her figure receded further into the distance, he couldn't help but wonder if they had met before.

"Did Holley know Sheryl before?" Cary asked in puzzlement. "Judging from what she has done to

Sheryl, I always think that she hates Sheryl. It isn't likely to be as simple as what she said just now,"

Cary added.

"I think so too," Charles said and nodded his head in agreement. Then he squinted again, continuing, "I

don't know when Sheryl offended her so that she hates Sheryl so much."

"Ah, don't think about it anymore," Charles said, waving his hand as to wave away all thoughts about

Shirley and Holley. Then he changed the topic. "I will have someone check Holley. We need to know

her story and her circumstance, and only when we do, we'll know why."

Cary then followed Charles to the lift gate. Confused, Charles asked, "Are you not leaving now?"

"Leave? To where?" Cary asked, confused by Charles' question.

Charles immediately replied, "It's so late. Don't you leave for your home to rest?"

Cary was taken aback by his answer. He was too shocked and didn't know what to say. Seeing

Charles' vacant face, he frowned and yelled at him, "Man, the room which your wife is staying at is mine. Where do you want me to go?"

"Oh, I forgot. Sorry. I'm so sorry," Charles smiled sheepishly as Cary knocked sense into him.

"Now I know what kind of person you are. You said that I would be rewarded for my help, but then you go and forget about my help a mere few minutes later. Now I'm starting to wonder whether I will get my reward or not," Cary said with exaggerated sadness.

"Fine, fine. It's my fault. I truly forgot. I'm so sorry," Charles said, embarrassed at how oblivious and forgetful he was. Then Charles smiled wide. "Please leave two houses for me. I will buy them for my son and daughter."

"Really? You must keep your word," Cary said, grinning as he heard Charles' words.

Charles also smiled. When they arrived at the room, Sheryl was lying on the bed with her head against the bedhead. Susan was dabbing Sheryl with a wet towel and asking her in a worried voice, "Sher, how do you feel? Are you still uncomfortable?"

"I'm fine," Sheryl said weakly, shaking her head slightly in answer. "Don't worry. I will be fine after the

medicine works," Sheryl added, reassuring Susan.

"But..." Susan looked like she was going to say something, but closed her mouth again instead. "Miss

Ye is so bad," Susan said after some pause, feeling sorry for Sheryl.

"Susan, aren't you scared?" Sheryl asked her. "I will terminate my contract with BM Corporation later.

So Holley won't be able to find fault with me anymore. But you are still in BM Corporation. You took my

side and got in Holley's way just now. Aren't you afraid that Holley will do something to you later?"

Sheryl asked, worried for her friend.

Susan paused for a bit. "I hadn't thought so much about that before, I just don't... I just don't want you

to be bullied by her without any reason."

Susan put on a big smile and pacified Sheryl's concerns. "Sher, you don't need to worry about me. I

can take care of myself."

She then put the glass aside and handed her tissues to wipe her mouth. "What's more, I go to BM

Corporation just for work. I won't be scared by her bullying. If she does the same thing to me, I will call

the police on her," Susan said naively.

"You silly girl." Sheryl shook her head, trying to suppress her laughter. Susan's words sounded comical

to her. Sheryl smiled and continued, "Don't you see my situation this time? You think Holley will give you the opportunity to call the police if she truly wants to deal with you?"

After a long pause, Susan opened her mouth to speak. "Sher. You don't need to worry about me. I truly can look after myself. As long as you are safe and sound, I will feel happy for what I did for you."

Sheryl couldn't help laughing and was moved by Susan's warmheartedness.

"Sher, how do you feel now?" came Charles' voice as the two men entered the room and approached the bed. Cary couldn't help but take a glance at Susan, feeling like she was cute and a little naive as well.

She looked very pretty and had the perfect shape. Maybe she was the right person to be a wife.

Cary's family had been urging him to get married, and Cary couldn't help but think that if he brought a girl home, his family would stop their nagging.

As the idea of marriage crossed his mind, his eyes fixed themselves on Susan. When she saw that he was looking at her, she blushed with embarrassment, and moved to slip out of his sight.

Sheryl noticed how Cary was looking at Susan, and how embarrassed Susan looked. "Mr. Su, thank

you for helping out today," she said with a smile, effectively saving Susan from Cary's look.

"You are welcome," Cary replied as he sat on the edge of the bed. "You are Charles' wife as well as my projector. I should do everything to keep you from being harmed, right?" he continued.

"Regardless, if it weren't you today, I would be finished. Thank you." Sheryl was insisting on expressing her thanks to him. In order to show her gratitude, Sheryl pulled Susan over. "Susan, please express gratitude for me to him, please."

"Thank... thank you, Mr. Su," Susan said quietly as she fixed her gaze at a point on the floor.

Charles exchanged a knowing look with Sheryl. Both of them had just gotten same thought: there was a chance for Cary and Susan to be together.

"It's late. We'd better not bother Mr. Su any more. It's time to leave," Charles said with a smile. Then he turned around and said to Sheryl, "When you feel better tomorrow, we can reward Mr. Su with dinner."

"Okay," Sheryl agreed, nodding. She tried to get up from the bed and stand by herself, but she didn't have enough strength. Susan noticed this and moved to give her support, but before she could,

Charles walked briskly over to Sheryl and picked her up, carrying her in bridal style.

"What are you doing?" Sheryl exclaimed, utterly surprised. She felt embarrassed for being carried like

this in front of others.

Cary frowned, shooting Charles a disapproving look. "Just leave now, you two. No need to show off your affection in front of single guys like me."

"Put me down, Charles. I can walk myself," Sheryl said, her face flushing with embarrassment. "I will be teased," Sheryl added, blushing even more.

"Who dares tease you?" Charles said nonchalantly. "Just stay in my arms. Don't pretend that you are fine. I will carry you out," Charles told her, still holding her in his arms in bridal style, and started to carry her out.

Upon hearing his words, Sheryl resigned to let him carry her. He carried her out of the hotel over to the car, opening the back door and gently setting her inside.

Chapter 929 Do You Know What You Are Doing

"Get in the car," Sheryl told Susan. Charles strapped Sheryl in, but she was more worried about Susan, who was still standing outside the car, behind Charles, not moving. "Get in the car quickly," she told Susan again hurriedly.

"I..." Susan looked like she had something on her mind that she wasn't able to speak out. She

hesitated, avoiding Sheryl's worried look and said weakly, "Sher, I don't want to get in the car."

"Why? What are you thinking?" Sheryl was stunned by Susan's words. Then she shook her head, quickly coming to herself again. "If you go back to the hotel now, you won't make it. Listen to me, Susan, hurry up and get in the car."

"But I have to go back to the hotel, no matter what happens," said Susan, giving Sheryl a helpless smile. "All my luggage is back there, and I have nowhere else to stay."

"Don't worry about your luggage. You can go back to get it tomorrow." Sheryl frowned. She did not want Susan to get hurt. She didn't want anything to happen to her friend. She sighed and tried again,

"Susan, get in the car first. We'll talk later."

"No, I really can't get in the car and leave with you." Susan shrugged, smiling lamely. Feeling helpless, she continued, "Sher, you don't have to worry about me. Seeing that you are all right makes me feel relieved."

"Susan, get in." Charles chimed in. He did not want Susan to get hurt in any way either. "If you won't leave with us, please at least let me drive you to the hotel where you live. It's already late and it won't be easy to get a cab. It's dangerous."

Susan hesitated for a while, and finally got in the car.

As the car drove up in front of the hotel, Susan moved to get out, but Sheryl turned to her and asked,

"Are you sure you aren't leaving with us?" Her voice had a tone of full concern and even fear for her

friend.

"Yes, I'm sure," Susan said, giving her a polite smile. "Sher, have a good rest. I will pack your things for

you. We will meet in Y City."

Saying that, she stepped out of the car and went through the front doors, entering the building.

Watching her friend's back as she walked away, Sheryl bit her bottom lip. She couldn't help but feel

upset. She felt like not being able to help Susan at all.

Charles took Sheryl back to his hotel, which was not too far from where Holley was staying. He carried

her all the way to their room and lay her down on the bed before going to get the bath ready for her.

Sheryl felt that her strength was coming back, and thought that she could take a bath by herself.

However, when she stood to walk to the bathroom, she fainted, her legs giving out under her. As she

fell, she let out a pain-streaked cry.

Charles rushed out of the bathroom at her cry, and quickly swept her up into his arms. "Why did you get up by yourself?" he asked, his voice full of fear and worry. "You haven't recovered yet. You should lie in bed and rest. When the bath is ready, I'll get you and help you in."

"Uh, I think I can do it myself," Sheryl told him, her cheeks flushing a light red.

Looking at her cheeks, Charles smiled but did not say anything. Instead, he carried her into the bathroom and set her on the marble floor near the bathtub.

Then he began to undress her. Sheryl became nervous at Charles' movements and tried to stop him.

"What... what are you doing?"

"Help you take a bath," Charles told her with resolution. "You are too weak to bathe yourself, Sher, and I want to help you. Otherwise I'll just be worried about you."

"No, I can take a bath by myself." There were bright lights in the bathroom. Sheryl was not undressed yet, but she felt like she was wearing nothing in front of Charles. She couldn't imagine what it would be like if he was to stay in the room while she was taking a bath. Embarrassed, she pushed him back.

"Get out now," she said.

"We are a couple. Don't be so shy, Sher," Charles said. He eyed Sheryl from head to toe and then said

in a playful tone, "Which part of your body haven't I seen before? Which inch of your skin have I not touched?"

"Charles, you..." Sheryl blushed even more, and gave Charles another gentle push. "Get out now!"

But Charles didn't move. He didn't want to leave the bathroom. While Sheryl was feeling upset and pissed off at him as well as embarrassed, he took her hand and pulled her towards himself. "Don't move," he told her as he wrapped his arms around her.

Sheryl resigned to standing still and motionless like Charles had ordered.

"What... what are you doing now?" Sheryl asked bashfully, feeling that he was running his hands over her body.

Charles gave her no answer; he quickly took off her clothes, lifted her up into his arms, walked over to the bathtub, and then lowered her into the lukewarm water. Using the bath sponge that was on the edge, he started to scrub her body gently in case it would make her uncomfortable.

At first, Sheryl felt bashful and embarrassed, but when she saw Charles' limpid eyes and his clean and broad forehead, she realized that she was thinking too much and overreacting. She started to relax,

feeling more reassured, and gave her body over to Charles, letting him scrub every inch of her body.

Charles scrubbed Sheryl with gentle strokes. When he was finished, he rinsed her off, wrapped her up in a towel and helped her out of the tub. He carried her back to the bed and set her down. Sheryl was quiet during all of this, letting him take care of her.

Charles' clothes were mostly soaked through, but he didn't care at all. After setting her on the bed, he went to take a bath.

When he returned, Sheryl was lying quietly in the bed. She turned towards him and looked at him, blinking slowly.

He walked over and poured her a glass of water. As he offered it to her, he asked, "Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?"

"No, I'm not hungry." Sheryl shook her head. She did not think she could handle any food at the moment.

"Okay then, have a good rest," Charles said as he pulled the quilt blanket up over her.

He was about to leave when Sheryl took his hand suddenly. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am gonna sleep on the couch," Charles said lightly. He knew that Sheryl was not ready to sleep with

him, and he did not want to make her do things against her will. The truth was that he very much enjoyed sleeping next to her, but if she wasn't ready, he wasn't about to force it on her.

Sheryl gave him a coy smile. She turned, patted the empty spot next to her on the bed, and gestured for him to lie down. "Sleep right here."

"Sher, are you..." Charles was smiling with delight. He glanced at Sheryl and asked, "Are you serious? You want me to sleep in the bed?"

"If you don't want to, that's okay," Sheryl said with her mouth pouted, pretending to be mad at him. She rolled so she would be facing away from him.

Charles grinned, overjoyed that Sheryl would let him sleep with her. "Yes, of course I would love to sleep with you!" he cried as he climbed on the bed.

He turned off the lamp on the bedside table and rolled onto his back, placing his hands on top of his chest, not wanting them to touch her, to bother her during the night and startle her.

He couldn't care less if there weren't any contact between them that night. He was satisfied with just being on the bed with her and their lack of intimacy didn't bother him.

However, he found that he could not sleep at all. Lying on the bed besides Sheryl, he was aroused all by Sheryl's scent, and his mind ran wild with erotic fantasies and sexual desire. Even her breathing was enough to arouse him.

In the darkness, Sheryl breathed evenly. Charles dared not make any big movements, afraid of waking her up. Yet his inability to sleep was bothering him. As he thought about whether or not to get up and go sleep on the couch, he felt a soft and smooth hand touching his chest quietly.

Sheryl was awake and she didn't know why she had done what she had just done; she didn't know why she would reach over and touch his chest. She immediately regretted it, but what was done was done, and Charles had felt her hand.

His voice was low and sounded very domineering in the darkness. "Sheryl, what are you doing? Do you know the consequences?"

Needless to say, Sheryl knew what he wanted and expected from her, and what would happen if she further stirred up his desire. She was glad that it was dark and that he couldn't see how hard she was blushing. "Let go of my hand," she told him, her voice shaking slightly with nervousness.

"You teased me first, right? Don't try to deny that," Charles teased.

"But I regret what I did now." Sheryl tried to take her hand back, but Charles held onto her hand, keeping it pressed against his chest. When she felt his heartbeat, her own heartbeat started to become faster and faster.

"It's too late to regret what you did." His voice, full of sensuality and allure, came to her ears. His breathing deepened slightly and his heart was quickening against her hand. The next second, she felt all of his weight on top of her, pressing her back into the bed.

She was nervous, but at the same time, she wanted to make love to him. She was excited and looking forward to it, in fact. As she ran her hands down his back and along his waist and then his front, his passion rose even further.

"Charles... be gentle." She didn't want to refuse him anymore. Instead, she wanted him to continue kissing her, caressing her, stroking her all over...

Her whisper was what tipped him over the edge. He let out a small groan and leaned down against her.

He kissed her ear, her cheek, her mouth, her neck, all the way down her body. He pressed his own body against hers. One of his hands untied her bathrobe, and the other was busy kneading her

breasts.

She felt the ultimate lust inside her body, and that her petite figure was soft like a little cat underneath his muscular body. She realized that her own skin was hot and that her face felt like it was scorching; as she continued to run her hands all over his body, she could feel the heat. It was like a flame. It was when her bathrobe was discarded aside that she realized there was nothing in between her and Charles, only their naked bodies.

Outside, it was placid. The moon was high in the night sky and it lit up the whole world. It was a tender night; the moonlight was shadowed by the curtain and shone on the couple's entangled bodies, which were glowing with love.

In the past three years, Charles had dreamed of such a loving scene in countless times. Now it had come true, and it was thrilling every cell inside his body.

His hands and lips pressed against her silkily smooth skin. And she felt like she was at the peak of ecstasy. A familiar feeling surged up in her. While she was fascinated about the sensation, his tempting voice softly brushed her ears, "Sher, do you know what you are doing with me now?"

Chapter 930 Charles' Coquetry

Since Sheryl was drugged, Charles worried about her unconscious state. Concern filled his eyes as he

closely stared at the body laid underneath him.

Several moments later, Sheryl opened her eyes to find Charles looking at her in a familiar daze. She could see the concern in his eyes. She knew she might regret it when she got up the next morning, but her heart and her brain seemed to agree on the same thing this time. She did not speak. Instead, she reached out, held Charles' face and gave him an affectionate kiss.

The kiss started as gentle and it tasted as sweet as their first. But the longer their lips locked, the more he felt tempted to go further. He could not take it anymore.

His senses were lost. His lips were pressed on hers firmly. Their arms tightly embraced each other as they pulled their bodies closer. The heat between them felt more like electricity as it flowed from every inch of his body to hers.

Pleasure filled moans echoed throughout the room along with the bed that creaked beneath their intense actions. Her hands were bound to the bed frame as he continued to ravage her sensuous body.

The more she screamed, the more he was enticed to move quicker, deeper, and stronger. He never failed to make the woman beneath him scream out his name endlessly.

Their screams harmonized, making a lewd symphony and with one final thrust, all was undone. He then looked at her, without saying a word.

Sheryl felt she was all worn-out that she dozed off quickly. She slept deeply that she was not even aware that Charles wrung out a heated towel and wiped her body carefully with it. After he was done, he put his arm around her and fell asleep.

The first rays of the morning sun shone in. Sheryl raised her hands to block them, stretched, and sat up.

The drag had already worn off. Sheryl regained her mobility. Seeing that Charles was nowhere in sight, she went to the bathroom to wash up. She found one of Charles' shirts on a drawer and put it on before heading out the bedroom.

She peeked at the room and found Charles seated on the sofa outside. He was reading a newspaper, his eyes wrinkled at the sides as he went through an article. His long legs were crossed, and the sun outside the window was shining brightly on him.

Sheryl could feel her heart racing as she saw him. She clearly had last night's sensation still intact.

Charles put down his coffee cup and greeted her, "Good morning." He could not hide his smile as he

checked her out and asked, "Are you done looking at me?"

"How do you know that I was looking at you?" she responded as she sat next to him. Charles did not answer. Seeing his shirt on her, he could not help but keep pawing her.

"Charles, would you stop?" she finally begged feeling a little embarrassed.

"Sher, I have not been able to do this for three years." He acted like a spoiled child instead of a CEO.

Sheryl had no other choice but to let him do what he wanted.

They had sex again, and after that Sheryl fell asleep again. It was not until noon when she got up.

Charles called room service.

"While you were sleeping, I went to the department store and brought some clothes for you. Take a look and choose one." Charles pointed at the paper bags he left under the side table. "Let's invite Cary to a dinner tonight," he suggested.

Sheryl nodded slightly, "Okay. We should invite him for dinner."

She suddenly remembered how Cary used to throw weird glances at Susan and added, "Why don't we ask Susan to join us? I think Cary has a crush on her."

"Alright," Charles nodded lightly. As long as Sheryl wanted it, he had no problem with that.

"Then you'd better grab a quick bite now. I have some business stuff to deal with."

Sheryl started with her lunch. She felt so bored lying in bed all day but she had nothing else to do.

For the last three years, she had always been a busy body. Boredom was a thought she never had to entertain. Right now, she wanted to get herself busy, but she did not want to bother Charles.

Just as she was at a loss, a loud knocking sound came over from outside the door. She jumped out from bed and hurriedly walked her way to it while she called out to Charles, "I'll see who's at the door."

He just lifted his head to acknowledge her and continued with what he was doing.

Sheryl excitedly opened the door only to find David outside. She could not help but show her disappointment. "Oh, it's just you, David."

'He must be here for Charles.' she thought.

"Mrs. Lu," David looked at her with twinkling eyes. "Guess who's here?" he sounded excited as he leaned on his other side.

Sheryl watched him closely. She peeked at the person who stood behind him, and found Sue. She screamed in surprise and immediately embraced her. "I don't know you would come here."

"It's all because of you!" Sue replied snappily as she gently tried to break loose. "I told you not to go, but you did not listen to me. Thank God everything is fine now."

Her eyes turned red as if she was about to cry. Sheryl could not help but feel guilty. "Come on. Don't worry about me. See, I'm fine."

Sheryl pulled Sue through the door and happily welcomed her into the room.

Charles watched helplessly as the two of them whispered to each other and then locked the bedroom door. He could not help but feel jealous of their closeness.

"Sher, are you really okay?" Sue looked at her carefully as she held her hands. She still worried about her, Sheryl could tell.

"Trust me, I'm really fine. You are the one that I should be worried about. You are pregnant. Why did you come all the way here? Did you ask for Anthony's permission before you left?"

"Actually, I asked Laura and she agreed," Sue gladly confirmed. Sheryl could not believe her words.

Thinking of Laura's attitude towards her, she wondered if she really changed.

"I've heard what happened yesterday," Sue started. "How did you offend Holley, Sher? Why does she

always aim at you like this?"

She shook her head slightly. "I have no idea. I always feel that she looks like somebody I used to know," she explained.

Sue sighed, "Anyhow, be careful always. Remember to terminate the contract with BM Corporation when you return. And stay away from her in the future."

"Don't worry too much about me. Think about yourself too. You're currently pregnant and you also have a contract with BM Corporation. I'm afraid that Holley will vent her anger out on you."

Sheryl held Sue's hand tightly and intently looked her in the eye. "How about terminating the contract with BM Corporation? Or else Holley will send someone to deal with you." Her tone sounded worried again.

"Don't worry about me." Sue reminded her, "I still have a full year left for me before I return to work, and

a lot can happen in a year. So don't think too much about it."

"But..." Sheryl still concerned, tried to reason out. Sue gave her another reassuring look. It was enough for her to trust her.

"Never mind." She finally gave up and sighed. Sue smiled, "You don't have to worry about my business anymore. Anyway, Anthony will back me up. You just need to take care of your own things now. I

believe that Holley will not let you off the hook easily."

"I know. This thing is always going to work out," Sheryl sighed.

She felt that she should come up to Holley to discuss the matter personally.

"Sue, I was going to invite a friend to dinner with Charles, to thank him for helping me last night. Would you like to come with us?" Sheryl's invite came as unexpected.

Sue shook her head slightly. "I'm sorry but I can't. There's a meal already waiting for me."

"Meal?" Sheryl was surprised that Sue declined her invite. She was not sure what she was referring to.

"Did you forget? Anthony is from M City. All their relatives and friends are here. When they heard that

Anthony and I just came back, Laura prepared to invite everyone to a meal so we can also discuss our

wedding plans. As you have known, I hardly have any family members to attend so all the planning

about my wedding is really up to them." Sue tried to hide the nervousness in her voice as she

explained it.

Sheryl listened attentively. She knew that Sue had been waiting for this day for a long time.

