

## **Wedded Bride 961**

### Chapter 961 Some Good News

After an hour of driving, Charles stopped the car and opened the car door. Then he carried the two kids out of the vehicle. Sheryl looked round and found the spot was surrounded by mountains. Although it was hot summer, they didn't feel the heat at all at this place. On the contrary, they felt extremely comfortable.

"Where are we?" Sheryl asked in a curious voice.

"The land I bought several years ago," Charles replied in a faint voice. "Ever since I first came here, I thought this place is wonderful and magical. It feels pleasant even in the hot summer because it is located in the mountains. It's a good place for a summer holiday.

I was thinking of building a small villa here. When we get older, we can spend our old age here. But I've been busy nowadays. Work seems to take up all my time. This time... this time Shirley said that she wanted to go somewhere. First place I thought of was here," Charles added.

"It's certainly a beautiful place," Sheryl said with a big smile on her face.

Then she held the two kids' hands and took a walk along the banks of the lake. At the same time, Charles took the barbecue tools out of the car. He busied himself in lighting the fire and grilling the

meat. Soon he was covered in sweat. But everything he did was just to see the smiles on the face of his family—they were the most important ones in his heart.

"Honey, take a rest. I can handle the grilling. Sit down and get out of the heat," Sheryl suggested. She saw Charles sweating and her tone grew worried.

"No, I can handle it. Take care of the kids. This is what I do," Charles declined, putting on a big smile.

"Sweat is dripping off you." Sheryl stopped to wipe his face and forehead. Then she stated in a caring voice, "How about just resting for a little bit?"

"Taste it. Is it good?" Charles had roasted a chicken breast. He cut a piece off and raised it to her mouth.

"Yep." She meant it; it was delicious.

"These are done, I think. The kids must be hungry now. Here, take the plate over to them." Charles handed the roasted kebabs to Sheryl and changed the subject.

Sheryl had to take the food to the kids. But she then walked back to Charles and kept him company.

She fed Charles kebabs and pieces of fruit from time to time.

Charles furrowed his brows and said to Sheryl, "It's too hot here. Why don't you head over there and spend time with the kids?"

"No," Sheryl said, refusing his suggestion. She smiled and continued, "Clark's with Shirley, so they're okay. I need to stay with you, if you insist on not taking a break."

Charles glanced at Sheryl helplessly and finally said nothing.

It took them two hours to eat lunch. Charles was so hot that he didn't have much of an appetite. But the two kids were extremely happy. After all, they had always been in the city. And mile-high skyscrapers and neon signs are no replacement for the beauty of nature. They didn't get to see this kind of thing very often, so they were wide-eyed the whole time.

On the way back, Sheryl took over the driving duties. She insisted that she drive so Charles could finally rest.

Charles didn't wake up even when the car arrived at the gate of Dream Garden. Sheryl felt bad that he had to work so hard today.

"Charles, wake up." Sheryl had no other choice but to try to wake him with her voice. "We are home.

Why not grab a shower and turn in early?" Sheryl said in a gentle voice.

Sheryl's words brought Charles back to his senses. Then he went upstairs and took a shower. When

he came out, he saw Sheryl answering a call with solemn contemplation.

When Sheryl hung up, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"It is Susan. She said that Holley came to her house with a lot of presents. Although she seemed nice,

I'm afraid she's up to something," Sheryl replied with furrowed brows. Holley was getting more and

more deceitful.

Charles also narrowed his brows after hearing what Sheryl said. He glimpsed at Sheryl and said, "It's

Cary's problem now, isn't it?"

Sheryl gave a wry smile and said, "Right, Cary's protecting Susan now. But Holley... I want to deal with

her myself."

"Need any help?" Charles inquired in a faint voice.

"Nope, I know just how to deal with her," Sheryl replied with a smile. So Charles said nothing else but

replied, "It's late. Good night."

Sheryl kept on dreaming the whole night. Her dreams had to do with Yvonne, and the events of three

years ago played out like a movie. When she finally woke up, she was soaked in sweat.

She then took a shower and found that Charles had already gone to work. After driving the two kids to school, she went to work as well.

She had a basic idea about what Helin asked her to do. So she went to the company early to detail her plan. In the afternoon, Isla invited her out to lunch.

"Go, go, go. It's time for lunch." Isla stood outside Sheryl's office door and urged her to hurry up.

"You go first. I've got something to finish up here," Sheryl replied, not raising her head.

She had a brain storm now. So lunch could wait.

"Come on, I'm starving. And there's someone waiting for you," Isla insisted, refusing to give up.

"I can't leave now. I have to finish this before I..." Before she finished her complaint, a familiar voice rang in her ears, "Sher, come on. I came all the way here. You gonna make a pregnant woman wait?

I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse."

"Sue?" Sheryl immediately stood up, walked over to her and took Sue's hand. "When did you come back? You didn't even call me up."

"Oh, my god. I rushed over here as soon as I got back. But you're so busy. It's you who don't have time

for me." Sue stared at Sheryl, feigning anger.

"Fine. Let's head out now," Sheryl replied with a happy expression. She needed to get out anyway. Isla pouted her lips and stated in a sour voice, "So you drop everything for her, but not for your old friend?"

Sheryl and Sue smiled to each other after hearing Isla's complaint. Sheryl turned around and held Isla's hand. "You got it wrong. You helped, but she convinced me. I love you both."

Sue came back last night. In order to go out for lunch with Sheryl, Sue kept badgering Laura and promised she would come back as soon as they were done. So Laura finally agreed to let her eat out.

She placed an order at a restaurant specializing in Jiangsu and Zhejiang cuisine. While waiting for the meal, Sheryl kept talking with Sue.

"You are just full of questions." Isla was taken aback by Sheryl's nagging. Isla stared at Sheryl helplessly and said, "Take a good look at Sue. You think she has a hard life? Know what I think? I think she has some good news."

After Isla said this, a big smile appeared on Sue's face. After a short pause, Sheryl stared at Sue and asked in surprise, "So is it true?"

Chapter 962 Letting Go

Sue lowered her head shyly as she explained, "Actually, aside from having dinner with you, I came here today to give you this."

She took out a wedding invitation card and handed it to Sheryl. "Anthony and I are getting married, and our wedding date has been decided. It will be next month. I hope that you will be there."

"You're getting married next month? Isn't it too soon? I can't believe it!" exclaimed Sheryl. The news came as a little overwhelming.

Sue smiled faintly and said, "When I went back to M City to visit Anthony's grandparents and his other relatives, we decided to get married. They were happy about it and started to help us go through all the preparations. As you know, my belly is bulging because the baby in my womb grows each day.

Anthony's mother was worried that it would be an inconvenience for a pregnant woman like me to hold the wedding later. So we decided to schedule it next month."

She stopped and looked at Sheryl to check how she was taking it. "I know it seems so soon, but the good news is that I don't need to worry about the arrangements for the wedding. Anthony's family has already taken care of all the preliminary work and even the small details."

Sheryl nodded slightly. Seeing the heartfelt smile on Sue's face, she could feel happiness emanating

from her. She was pleased and relieved at the same time.

"Sue, I am really happy for you. I would definitely give you a big gift on your wedding day," she advised sincerely.

"Any gift will be okay. Your presence will be more important," Sue responded. "I also hope that you can come with Charles. It will be a real blessing if both of you could come."

Sue felt a little worried about her request. She could not help but query with a concerned tone, "Sher, I know there have been some misunderstandings between Charles and Anthony. I know that he may still have some grudges against him. But now that we're getting married, would you..."

"Don't worry about it," Sheryl interrupted. "I would discuss it with Charles." Her comforting tone made Sue feel better. Just then, the waiter came to serve their meal, so they stopped talking. After the dinner was served, Sheryl started to discuss how Sue should eat more to ensure the good development of the baby inside her womb. What was more, she expressed how happy she was that she finally found someone who would take care of Sue and her baby. It was a great meal.

When they finished, Isla went straight back to the office. Meanwhile, Sheryl insisted on sending Sue



back since she wanted to make sure she would get home safe and sound. She had no way to refuse

Sheryl's kindness, so she accepted.

After getting in the car, Sheryl asked Sue, "Mimi, I have been inquiring about the whereabouts of your

mother and brother these past few days, but there is no news at all. I am worried that they will still

come after you, if they know where you are now."

"I know." Sue seemed to have thought about the same before. She nodded with a bitter smile, unable

to keep her comments to herself, "They are like ravenous wolves. They will surely claw at me to gain

more benefits once they know that I am to marry Anthony. They wouldn't just sit back to watch me have

a good life."

"So, what are you going to do?" Sheryl asked with a frown. "You are currently pregnant. If they find you

and approach you at this time, would it have any negative impact on you and your marriage?"

"It is okay. I won't allow that to happen." Sue tried her best to put Sheryl at ease. "I mostly stay at

Anthony's house. I hardly go out so it will not be easy for them to find me. Besides, I will take good care

of myself. Also, you can be rest assured that Anthony and his mother will take care of me."

"Well, you are right." Sheryl nodded in agreement. She felt less anxious now. "All you have to do now is

to be a beautiful bride on your wedding day and give birth to a healthy and lovely baby."

She then muttered to herself, "I wonder whether it's going to be a boy or a girl, so that I could prepare an appropriate gift for the baby."

Hearing this, Sue laughed, "Take your time. You can wait till the baby is born. The expected date of confinement is not until next year. There will still be plenty of time for you to prepare the gift."

"Maybe you're right, but I just want to know what the best gift for the baby is," explained Sheryl. They continued to talk on the matters that needed attention about Sue's pregnancy on their way to Anthony's house. "Alright, here you are." Sheryl finally pulled a stop in front of the house.

"I would've loved to invite you inside so we can chat more, but I know that you have to go back to the office for work," Sue stated. Unfastening her seat belt, she looked at Sheryl. "Sher, if you have time, do come and see me. I am really bored staying home alone."

"Okay, I will," Sheryl confirmed. "It's been a while since you went out. You better get inside and take a good rest. I'll wait here till you get in." "You're so sweet. See you then, Sher."

Sue opened the car door, waved at Sher and walked into the house. Sheryl went back to the office

afterwards. She was busy with the program for Helin all afternoon, and barely finished the scheme before it was time for her to get off work. She returned home as soon as she had it submitted to Helin.

Charles had not arrived yet when she got home. The two children, on the other hand, had already been brought back from school by Nancy. Sheryl then set off to the kitchen to cook dinner herself. As soon as she finished, Charles arrived.

"That smells so tasty. Wow, I bet we will have a great meal!" Charles called out as he entered the room.

He saw Sheryl in the kitchen still busy cooking dinner, while some of the cooked dishes were already on the table. He could guess she had made them all by herself. He felt happy and asked her in a teasing way, "What's the occasion? Did you cook all of these by yourself?"

"Nothing special. I would love to cook at any day as long as I am free," she answered with a warm smile. She brought out the crucian carp soup and put it on the table. "Go wash your hands. We'll have dinner soon."

"Okay." Charles also took the two children to wash their hands. Then they all sat down at the table and started to enjoy the meal. They liked the dishes very much and finished all of them.

After dinner, Charles went upstairs to deal with some business stuff, while Sheryl played with the

children for a while. When the children finally went to bed, she decided to make a glass of milk and

brought it to Charles. She slightly knocked on the door of the study room before she walked in.

"It's late. Aren't you done yet?" she asked as she handed him the glass of milk. It was indeed getting

late, and she didn't want him to wear himself out.

"I'm almost done," he answered. He took a sip of the milk and raised his head slightly to meet her gaze.

Standing beside him, she thought of telling him about Sue's wedding invitation, but she wasn't sure

how to say it. She was afraid he would not be glad to hear about it.

Charles, meanwhile, could see that Sheryl had something on her mind, so he stopped his work, took

her hand and asked gently, "What's the matter? Is there anything wrong? It's okay to tell me."

Sheryl gave out a smile. "Nothing important, it is just...just..."

She hesitated for a long while. As she composed her sentences on her mind, she took a deep breath

and finally announced, "Well, it's like this. Sue came to find me today. We had dinner together. She told

me that she and Anthony decided that they would be getting married next month."

"Really? Congratulations to them." Charles looked displeased when he heard Sheryl mention Anthony.

He stared at her and asked coldly, "But what does that have to do with us?"

"Charles, they are getting married, don't you think..." Sheryl knew that Charles had some negative opinions about Anthony, but it was all over. It was a matter in the past so he should have let go of it by now. Besides, Sue was her best friend. Now that Sue and Anthony were about to get married. There was nothing he could not let go.

She held Charles' hand and hoped he would listen to her. "I understand that you don't like Anthony, but he is going to get married with Sue, and Sue is my best friend. So I would like you..."

"What would you like me to do?" He looked sullen as he went on, "Sher, I know how deep your friendship with Sue is. I know that she is your bestie. I am not asking you to end your friendship with her, but I just don't trust Anthony. I will never forgive him." He paused as if he got reminded of something, then he continued speaking. "If it weren't for him, we would not have been separated for a long time. I held him responsible for everything. Now you want me to just forgive him. Do you think it's workable? Do you really think I can do that? Do you know what I have been through these past three years? Do you know how miserable I felt without you by my side?"

Chapter 963 We Should Have Another Child

"I know, I know." With a bitter smile, Sheryl told Charles, "I'm not forcing you to forgive him. It's just... I

wish you would attend their wedding with me."

His serious expression did not falter; it seemed that Charles was still unmoved. Looking at his flat expression, Sheryl felt rather disappointed. Trying to hide her disappointment, she continued, "The wedding isn't only Anthony's. It's also Sue's. I really want you to come with me.

You don't have to forgive him; that isn't the issue anymore. I just think that... since he has found his own happiness now, we should just leave the past in the past, shouldn't we?" Laying a gentle hand on Charles' shoulder, Sheryl looked at him pleadingly and affectionately.

Although he still bore a resentful expression on his face, the moment Charles turned to see Sheryl's ardent eyes, his stern facade started to crumble a little bit. He just could not resist those bewitching eyes of hers.

Heaving a sigh, he replied, "Well, it's not entirely impossible for me to attend the wedding with you. I have a condition, though."

"What condition?" Whatever it was that Charles demanded, she believed she could fulfill it as long as he agreed to go to the wedding with her.

With the corners of his mouth curling upwards, Charles leaned in close and whispered a few words into his lover's ears. His soft, warm breath caressed her skin, making her ticklish and tingly. Upon hearing the words, she withdrew immediately, her face as flushed as a rose blossom.

"Shame on you..." she half grumbled, half shouted.

"What's wrong with it?" Charles lovingly put his arms around Sheryl, bringing her closer to his chest.

"Shirley and Clark are growing up so quickly. We should start considering having another child now."

As he spoke, his arms tightened around her a little more forcefully, as he still felt rather playful. "We should give them a younger brother or sister, don't you think?"

"But..." Her eyebrows furrowing in hesitation, Sheryl took a moment before finally nodding her head.

Given all that had happened, Shirley and Clark never had the chance to grow up in a healthy, perfect family environment. It had always been a deep regret in Sheryl's heart. Maybe if she could have another child, both she and Charles would be able to stay by his or her side as the child grew up.

Perhaps that could somehow make up for the regret they both harbored.

Though a little embarrassed, Sheryl nodded eagerly as Charles looked at her. One arm sliding under her knees, the other on her shoulders, he swiftly picked her up and carried her into the bedroom.

The next morning, Sheryl received a call from Helin who said that there were some problems with the plan and she needed to discuss them with her, inviting Sheryl to her office.

Once Sheryl entered the office, Helin rushed towards her immediately and grabbed her hand. "Sheryl, you really have to help me this time around..." she said, sounding urgent.

"What happened to you?" The sudden request startled Sheryl and she said to Helin to calm her down,

"Please sit down first, I'll listen to you."

"I really don't know who to ask for help now. Sheryl, you're the only one who can help me." The expression Helin held was that of panic and uneasiness and she continued explaining urgently. "My birthday is getting really close, so I made a phone call to Roger. I wanted to have a quick chat and see how I could invite him here, but it was a woman who picked up the phone! After I questioned Roger several times, he finally told me he has a girlfriend now... Sher, you really have to help me this time."

"But..." With a raised brow, Sheryl gave Helin a questioning look. "How do you think I can help you with this?"

"You helped Roger a great deal before. He'll listen to whatever you say." Helin's hands pressed against



Sheryl's anxiously.

"Miss He..." Sheryl's eyebrows creased into a frown as she gently pushed away Helin's hands and said, "I'm just an event planner. All I can do for you is plan your birthday party...or perhaps even help to plan your proposal. But as for your personal relationship with Roger...there's nothing I can do about it.

You've always said that Roger is indebted to me, but I really don't think that's the case. Roger and I are really just business partners. You said that Roger listened to me, but that's just your assumption. I haven't met Roger in three years now. Even if I wanted to help you with this, it probably won't work out.

He may not even listen to me."

As she spoke, she looked at Helin apologetically. "To be honest... I don't think you and Roger belong with each other."

"So are you saying that... you won't help me?" With a sigh, her smile grew ever more mournful.

"It's not that I don't want to help you, it's just that I don't even know how." Trying for a softer tone, Sheryl

tried to explain to Helin.

"Roger and I... We can't even be counted as friends. I don't know why you would think he'd listen to

me. And...now that he already has a girlfriend, it wouldn't be appropriate for me to intervene in his personal relationships. Don't you think?" With a frown, Sheryl said, "If you truly like him, seeing that he's got a girlfriend and is living happily now, shouldn't you be happy for him too? Love should not be a selfish thing."

"No, he must be lying to me." Helin wouldn't stop shaking her head as if she couldn't accept the fact that Roger had a girlfriend.

Grabbing Sheryl's hand tightly again, she continued, "Roger likes me, he really does. How could he fall in love with someone else in such a short period of time? He must be lying to me because of my father's disapproval. He must have found someone to pretend to be his girlfriend just to make me give up."

"Miss He..." The frown on Sheryl's face deepened as she looked at Helin. The way she babbled about these rather unreasonable things was starting to make her seriously worry.

There seemed to be a trace of Leila in Helin's behavior.

They were both so similar, willing to do pretty much anything for the sake of love.

"I feel like I need to give you some advice. There are so many possibilities other than to be together

with Roger. I believe your father has his own reasons why he doesn't want you to be with him. But now... Now, since he already has a girlfriend, I think it's best if you can just let this go." What she said wasn't out of spite, but genuinely for Helin's sake. Knowing Roger for a long time now, even not being very close to him, Sheryl was sure that he was an ambitious man. If Helin really became his girlfriend, she would get hurt sooner or later.

Trying to convey these feelings to Helin, Sheryl looked at Helin seriously and said, "You're such a talented girl. I'm sure you can definitely find another guy who is more suitable for you in the future."

"Sheryl..." Helin's smile suddenly turned cold and sharp. "If someone tells you to give up on Mr. Lu, how would you react?"

Her words made Sheryl wince. How were Roger and Charles similar in any way?

"Roger is just as important to me as Mr. Lu is to you." With a firm tone, Helin looked at Sheryl pointedly.

"I will take no one else but Roger."

With eyes still full of persistence, she continued, "I've known Roger for so long now, I know what he's like. He must have found someone else to act as his girlfriend on purpose, just to make me angry and

jealous. I have to act quickly. He must be invited to the birthday party no matter what. I will propose during the party, I will."

"If you have to do it this way, I've got nothing else to say." With calm eyes, Sheryl added, "I will try my best to make the party look as beautiful as possible."

"You really... You really don't want to help me?" Disappointment was written all over Helin's face as she asked.

With a soft laugh and a rather helpless tone, Sheryl replied, "I've said it already. It's not that I don't want to help. It's really just... I can't help you regardless of whether or not I wanted to."

Chapter 964 Misunderstanding

"Alright! I got it." Looking at Sheryl, Helin stood up. "Since you don't want to do me the favor, I won't force it. There's nothing wrong with the plan. Just go ahead and arrange it."

Not turning her head once, Helin left Sheryl's office without another word, her face sullen.

Isla went to Sheryl's office and noticed Helin's cold face. Curiously, she asked about it. "What's the matter? Did she make things difficult for you?"

"No," Sheryl simply said. With a wry smile, she explained what happened to Isla. "I really have no idea what is on her mind. She only cares about herself and doesn't listen to others at all."

"Sounds like you're much more mature than her." Putting on a comforting smile, Isla said, "By the way, this is an invitation from Cary's company. You're invited to join. Oh, and here's another one. Cary said that you know who to give it to, anyway."

A shadow of a smile glinted in her eyes. "Alright, I got it, thanks."

Ever since that night, Sheryl hadn't met Susan, so she could take this as a chance to check how Susan's injuries was in person.

Susan's mother just finished cooking dinner when Sheryl arrived at the house. With a warm greeting, she invited Sheryl to dinner with them.

Though Sheryl didn't originally intend to have dinner there, Susan's parents were hospitable enough that they urged her to stay for a meal.

While they were at the dinner table, Jeremy mentioned that he hadn't seen Cary in a rather long time.

Sheryl could only make an excuse that Cary had been busy with his work and that he was planning to visit them as soon as he was available.

There was a sullen expression on Susan's face and a frown between her brows as she heard Cary's

name. Snapping at her dad, she asked, "Dad, why do you care about him? Isn't it perfect that he's not coming? I don't want to see him yet."

With a little snort, Jeremy retorted, "Kiddo, what nonsense are you talking about?"

"Uncle, Susan, please don't argue with each other." Holding the invitation in her hand, Sheryl hesitated for a while, knowing that if she gave the invitation to Susan when they were alone, she probably wouldn't agree to go. The dinner with Susan's parents would be the best time to carry out the task Cary gave her.

"Actually, I'm here on Cary's behalf. He gave me a little task," she said to Jeremy with a mischievous smile.

"A task? What kind of task?" Jeremy's expression instantly lit up as he eagerly asked Sheryl about it.

"Here's the thing. There's an event held by Cary's company in a few days. A lot of people are invited. He sincerely wants you to participate... so he asked me to give you the invitation."

A sullen expression fell upon Susan's face as Sheryl brought out the invitation as if Sheryl did something traitorous.

Suddenly feeling diffident, Sheryl didn't dare meet Susan's eyes and instead just shot the bullet by

handing Jeremy the invitation. "Uncle, Cary hopes your whole family could join the event."

"Of course, we will all be present at that time." Not surprisingly, Jeremy readily agreed with a smile on his face.

Holding a discontented look, Susan said to Jeremy, "Dad, I'm injured right now. I won't go."

"You're almost healed. Why can't you go?" With a frown, Jeremy disapproved. "Besides, he invited you with sincerity and even had Sheryl do it because he knows you're not always fond of him. It would be impolite if you didn't show yourself."

As he finished telling off his daughter, he turned to Sheryl. "When you see Cary, please tell him that we'll definitely be there."

"Okay." Delighted, Sheryl smiled.

Having her wishes ignored at the table, Susan lost her appetite and put down her chopsticks a little aggressively. "I'm full."

Abruptly, she stood up and went to her room as soon as she did.

"Kiddo, don't be so rude." Jeremy tried to call out to her, but Susan wasn't having it. Feeling

embarrassed for his daughter, he turned to Sheryl and hastily apologized. "Sher, we're so sorry.

Susan's been rather spoiled by us since she was a kid. Please don't feel bad about it."

"It's fine, Uncle." Well aware that Susan wasn't angry at her, Sheryl simply smiled knowingly. It was

Cary that Susan was adamant about not meeting again.

Glancing at the direction Susan left, Sheryl put down her chopsticks as well and decided to go talk to

her. "Uncle, I should probably talk to her. Please take your time."

After knocking on Susan's door several times and receiving no response, Sheryl just opened the door

herself.

It was no surprise to see Susan lying on the bed, sulking. She turned over, grumbling when she heard

Sheryl enter her room.

In spite of the sorry sight, Sheryl just smiled, amused, and sat by her side. "What's going on? Are you

mad at me?" With a friendly tone, as if talking to a child, Sheryl prompted Susan.

The latter merely ignored her and turned her back to Sheryl.

Staring at Susan's back, Sheryl helplessly said, "Susan, come on. Stop being angry. I know you don't

want to see Cary."



Hearing what she said, Susan abruptly sat up in frustration. "If you know that, then why are you doing this to me? Sher, I thought you were my friend."

Putting a hand on Susan's shoulder, Sheryl tried to console her. "Of course I'm your friend," she said hurriedly.

"If you are, then why are you still helping Cary? What are you getting out of it?" Susan's expression was just puzzled at this point. "I really have no idea why you're doing this."

"Susan, please calm down." With a slightly bitter smile, she continued, "I know you're in a bad mood right now, but what I did is for your own sake."

"For my sake?" In confusion, Susan froze. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Drawing a sigh, Sheryl explained, "Susan, you've offended Holley because you're my friend. She won't let you off easily. You should know this as well."

"Yes..." Susan nodded, but still didn't understand. "But so what? I'm not afraid of her. What does this have to do with anything?"

With a frown, Sheryl sighed. "Susan, you can't be so stubborn at times like this. Just take a moment to

think about your parents. Do you have the heart to make them suffer by worrying about you?"

"I know it's irresponsible of me to say that." Albeit a little unwillingly, Susan still smiled at Sheryl. "But I have no clue what else to do. I'll be more careful and make sure my family doesn't get involved with Holley."

"Susan..."

Taking Susan by the hand, Sheryl gave her a serious look and sighed. "Let's forget about Holley for a minute. Can I know why you hate Cary so much?"

"Cary?"

Susan's expression turned to one of disgust by the mere mention of Cary's name. "I just don't like him.

He's too frivolous for his own good."

Chapter 965 He is A Good Man

"Frivolous?" Sheryl couldn't help but burst into laughter. After a while, she stopped laughing. Fixing her eyes on Susan, she said earnestly, "You know what? Cary is popular among girls, but he never flirts with them. It's the first time that I have seen him treat a girl in such a casual manner. Perhaps, he thinks you're special."

"What nonsense are you talking about, Sher?" Susan responded, a suspicious blush flashing across

her face. "We are never going to work it out."

With a smile, Sheryl commented in a sisterly tone, "Nothing is impossible. When Charles and I first got married, I thought I would never fall in love with him. But it turns out that I was wrong."

Sheryl intentionally shared her experience to make Susan believe that everything was possible.

"Actually, Cary is not as bad as you think he is. As far as I know, he is completely different from what you have imagined. I think this is all just a misunderstanding. It wouldn't be fair to him at all."

As Susan didn't retort, she held her hand and suggested, "Why not make peace with him and regard him as your friend? Perhaps if you get to know him better, you will see that he is a far better person than what you thought."

"But..." Susan faltered with a scowl. Cary sure didn't leave a good impression on her, but she couldn't refuse Sheryl's proposal.

"That's it," Sheryl concluded when she noticed that the girl was wavering. Holding on to Susan's hand, she gave a bright smile and reassured her, "I will be there. You can keep me company. What do you think?"

"Fine," Susan nodded. "But I need to make it clear that I will never date with him. I only agreed to go there because you asked me to."

"Well, I know. You are the best." Sheryl smiled back at her.

As she managed to persuade Susan to go to the party, she thought of Holley's recent visit to her. "By the way, what did Holley say when she came here?" Sheryl asked.

"Nothing important," Susan answered. "She didn't stay here for long. She brought many presents though, and spoke mostly to my parents. I avoided her."

"Didn't you get to talk to her?" Sheryl queried, squinting at her. 'It was impossible for Holley to have come here without speaking with Susan, ' she thought.

Susan took a glance at Sheryl before she answered, "Before she left, she went to my room and talked to me for a while. She said that she thought highly of me and asked me not to be fooled by others to leave the company. She also mentioned that she wanted to develop my skills as she did to you, and that she would arrange a promotion for me after I came back to the company."

'Holley is so good at bribing people. Does she still think that she could do anything she wants just because she is rich?' Sheryl thought in disdain.

"Well, there is one more thing, Sher," she added. "She even insinuated to ask me if I saw who hit me."

"And what did you say?" she asked eagerly. 'I knew it. Holley couldn't have come to Susan without a reason. It turned out that she wanted to know if she saw her face after she hit her, ' Sheryl noted to herself.

"I told her that I couldn't see the driver's face because it was dark." Susan knitted her brows and continued, "I wasn't sure whether she bought it or not. But she didn't raise any other questions afterwards.

She even said that she would avenge me once she found out who it was. It was so funny." Out of concern, she then reminded Sheryl, "Stay away from Holley, Sher. She is a dangerous person."

"I know," she nodded. As something occurred to her, she continued, "Well, Susan, one more thing.

Do you remember who brought you to the hospital after the accident?" Susan hesitated for a long time, and she finally answered, "It's Mr. Han." She had already spoken with George previously and agreed that she wouldn't tell anyone about this. But since Sheryl asked, she couldn't help but tell her frankly.

"Mr. Han?"

Do you mean George Han?" Sheryl asked, her eyes dilated with surprise. "Yes," Susan confirmed with a nod.

"After the accident, Holley drove away. Then Mr. Han appeared out of nowhere and sent me to the hospital. He paid the admission fee and accompanied me on all my lab tests. He didn't leave until the doctor had confirmed that I was out of danger." She sighed in relief and continued with her story,

"Before he left the ward, he begged me not to tell anyone that Holley hit me. He also said that he would try his best to satisfy my demands as long as I didn't sue her."

"So you agreed?"

Sheryl asked with an astonished expression. "Yes," Susan replied with a bitter smile.

"Anyway, I didn't get badly injured. Although Holley hit me and ran away, Mr. Han helped me and treated me very well. I can't be too greedy." "Greedy?"

I think you are an idiot," Sheryl retorted. "Why didn't you tell him that you wanted to terminate your contract with his company?" Her question left Susan stunned. With a light pat on her forehead, she responded, "I forgot it."

"You really are a silly girl."

Sheryl criticized her with a resigned expression. Susan stuck out her tongue and tried not to laugh. She

said, "I was freaking out at that time. How would I think of that?"

She acted like a child who had made a mistake in front of her parents. She stole a glance at Sheryl to

see her response. As the latter wore a livid expression, she changed the subject.

She started to speak for George. "Sher, I really think Mr. Han is a good person. People in our company

all know that he treats Holley very well and does everything that she asks. He is not only handsome but

also from a rich family. More importantly, he protects Holley without letting her know even after he

learned what kind of person she is. It's rare to find such a determined and affectionate man in this

world."

"In my eyes, he is an idiot," Sheryl commented angrily. "Now that he knew Holley's true colors, he

should have helped her change herself and become a better person, but he didn't. After knowing what

she did, he didn't stop her and still tried to protect her. This is not love but indulgence. He will regret it

one day."

Watching how stern Sheryl was, Susan didn't dare speak anymore in George's favor. Instead she stuck

her tongue out playfully to ease the tension between them.

Taking a look at her amusing act, Sheryl lectured, "You should learn something from this. You shouldn't have let Holley go so easily just because George sincerely apologized to you. Did you forget how she bullied and hurt you? This time you let her get away with it. What if she does something worse next time and ends up getting you into a bigger trouble?"

Chapter 966 A Car Accident

"I didn't give it much thought," Susan responded as she lowered her head. "Mr. Han is my boss, but he apologized to me earnestly and begged me to forgive his girlfriend. He looked so sincere that I had no heart to refuse his request. So I agreed."

Though Sheryl was angry at how it ended, she finally stopped blaming the girl. With a wry smile, she said, "We are done with this topic. Things had already happened, so it's useless to scold you now."

Letting a sigh, she continued, "It's getting late. Go to sleep. I got to go."

Before she left, she reminded Susan to think twice before making a decision. She didn't step out of the Su family's apartment until the latter nodded in agreement.

Sheryl had been engrossed in her thoughts on her way home. According to what Susan said, George had learnt what Holley had done to her. However, he didn't bring it up in front of his girlfriend. Instead,



he hired people to investigate on her.

'Now I understand why George would look into Holley. It looked like he didn't trust her as much as he did before, ' she thought.

In between thoughts, she suddenly looked up and saw a suspicious car on her rear-view mirror. She kept driving and noticed that it seemed to remain behind her. It then crossed her mind that she was being followed. So she sped up deliberately, but the car behind ran faster too. She made a turn and took a detour with the thought that she would get rid of the car, but to her surprise, it remained to follow her at a distance.

Flustered, Sheryl stepped on the gas in an attempt to lose it. Unexpectedly she hit another car that appeared in front of hers.

"Bump!" The air bag went off as Sheryl slammed on the brakes. As a result, her face got buried in the air bag. She looked outside the car window and saw how the car behind drove past her as if nothing happened. But she wasn't able to see the driver's face since the car window was closed.

Before Sheryl could mull over who would follow her, the driver of the car she bumped into stepped out

furiously. After checking the rear end of his car, he strode to the side of her car and knocked on her car window violently. She had no choice but to roll down the window. With an irritated look, he shouted at her, "What's wrong with you?"

As Sheryl didn't respond, he went on grumpily, "Didn't you see that the red light was on? Have you lost your mind?"

"Oh, sorry. I am so sorry," Sheryl apologized in embarrassment. She didn't get injured, but she didn't get over the shock. After regaining her composure, she pushed the car door and stepped out. "So what do you want?" she asked calmly.

A fat woman from the passenger's seat got out, walked straight to the driver's side and examined Sheryl from head to toe. Before the man could open his mouth, she said arrogantly, "What did you mean? It's your fault, so watch your tone."

Sheryl frowned at the woman. "I'm not going to run away from my responsibility. It's my fault. I was inquiring about your opinion on how we can resolve this. There are two ways to settle it: I can give you some money or you can contact the insurance company. I am okay with either of them."

"The former," the woman said.

"The latter," the man answered at the same time. The man and the woman didn't seem to reach an agreement. Raising her brows, Sheryl turned to both of them and suggested, "How about you two discuss it first and then tell me your decision?"

The woman pulled the man a few feet away from Sheryl before she seethed, "Did you hit your head?"

How could you make such a stupid decision?"

"Why not?" the man argued, and he seemed confused as he looked at her. "It's not our fault, so we can get a sound compensation from the insurance company. Isn't it good?"

"Oh my god, why did I marry a simpleton?" the woman whined and glowered at him. "Look at that woman. She is dressed in designer clothes. Her car is not bad too. She must be rich. Now that she is willing to pay us some compensation, we can blackmail her and get a generous amount of money. I despise such stupid and rich people like her."

Noticing the hesitant expression on the man's face, she cast a disgruntled glance at him. "Just shut up while I negotiate with her.

Do you hear me?" she commanded. "I don't think it's a good idea, honey," the man retorted with a

scowling face.

"What are you talking about?" With a contemptuous look at him, the woman snorted, "You are just a coward. I finally understood why you couldn't make a fortune."

Darting a scornful glance at him, she urged, "Remember to hold your tongue. Let me do the talking."

The man remained silent.

While the two were engaged in a discussion, Sheryl made a call to Charles and asked him to pick her up. Since her car broke down, she also needed to get it repaired.

Actually, Charles already learnt about Sheryl's accident even before he received the call. He was already on his way to her when she called up him.

"Excuse me," the woman began as she approached Sheryl. "We reached an agreement."

Sheryl had been contemplating on the identity of the driver of the car who had followed her. The woman's voice brought her back to reality. With a polite smile, she responded, "I am sorry for getting you into trouble. It's my fault. Please name your price. I will do anything to satisfy your requirements."

"Now I am feeling better," the woman said with a fake smile. She made up her mind to swindle a large

sum of money from her. Staring at her target, she proposed, "It's a bit late now. I don't think it would be a good idea to call the police. Besides, you already apologized to us sincerely. So we decided to settle it out of court."

The woman made it sound like they had been taken advantage of. To make Sheryl believe that they didn't mean to give her a hard time, she went on, "My husband and I had a discussion and we believed that you didn't hit us on purpose. It's already late. If we call the police, it would be a waste of time. So we think you can just give us some money as you please."

"Thank you for understanding," Sheryl responded. As a matter of fact, she didn't want to call the police. She couldn't help but tremble with fear at the thought of her accident. Now she was in no mood to deal with police officers. She thought it would just be best to settle it with money.

Sheryl bent down and took out her purse from her car. As she opened it, she found two thousand dollars inside. She then checked the couple's car and saw some scratches on it. 'It takes approximately ten thousand dollars to get their car repaired, ' she thought.

But since the couple stayed to settle her mistake, she took out all the cash from her wallet. Looking guilty, she said apologetically, "I am really sorry for making you terrified. I have \$2, 000. Please take it."

Before she could finish her words, the woman threw a dissatisfied glance at her. With a sneer, she said,

"Seriously? You intended to use two thousand to settle this? No way."

Sheryl was confounded. She didn't know what else this woman wanted.

She knew that she was responsible for the accident which was why she decided to give them that much. In fact, her car was the one that was badly damaged, while the couple's car was only slightly scratched.

This was the cheapest car she had in her house. Three years ago, she spent all of her savings on this car.

With a baffled look at the woman, she clarified, "Excuse me, ma'am, I don't know what you meant."

Chapter 967 Blackmail

"Ma'am? Did you just call me ma'am? Do you know how to address people properly?" The woman got angry by how Sheryl addressed her. She stared at Sheryl and felt even more irritated. "What do you exactly mean by that? I thought you were a polite woman. But how could you turn to be so thoughtless then? You should look at the brand of our car! Do you think that two thousand is enough to fix our car?"

The more the woman rebuked, the more distressed she was. "Moreover, We have wasted so much time with you. Don't you need to compensate us for our wasted time?"

"You..." That was when Sheryl understood that these people were just blackmailing her.

Although she was also angry, Sheryl knew that everything going on was her fault.

Thus, she tried to hold her anger and said, "So... how much do you think I should pay you then?"

Sheryl originally planned to buy peace. She would accept her price as long as she didn't ask for too much. She thought that it would be a lot easier to just take this as a lesson and promised not to do the same next time.

The woman was still about to say something when the man beside her suddenly grabbed the money in Sheryl's hand. "Fine! Our car isn't that much damaged anyway. I think two thousand is enough. We need to go now. Our son is still waiting for us at home."

"What's wrong with you?" The woman rebuked the man as she immediately took the money from him and put it in Sheryl's hand. Then she continued, "Didn't I tell you to be silent? What are you doing now?"

That made the man look at the woman helplessly and say, "Why don't you just leave things at this? She

hit our car, but that wasn't her intent. Let's just take the money..."

"Is it because she is beautiful that you are being easily persuaded? Well, let me tell you this, I won't let her go so easily about this!" Determination was written all over the woman's face when she forced those words between her teeth.

Seeing the couple begin to quarrel because of her, Sheryl felt a little sorry. Thus, she stared at the woman and said in an embarrassed voice, "Stop fighting, okay? I think we'd better solve the problem as soon as possible. I also don't want to waste my time anymore. Name the price. How much do you want me to pay?"

"Twenty thousand," the woman demanded an impossible price. The man was instantly dumbfounded upon hearing the amount she just blurted out. At the same time, Sheryl was also taken aback.

"Twenty thousand?" Sheryl repeated in a surprised tone. With her eyes wide with disbelief, she exclaimed, "Are you kidding me?"

"I don't have spare time to be playing tricks with you." The woman felt unhappy with her reaction. She put on a sarcastic smile and continued, "No bargain. I won't accept any compensation less than twenty



thousand."

With her eyes still wide, Sheryl looked at the woman. She couldn't believe how this woman would think of her as a sitting duck. Did she really think that she was that helpless and easy to trick?

A sarcastic smile cracked Sheryl's beautiful lips. "Lady, your car is undoubtedly a nice car. However, I think that you can also see that your car just got scratched. Obviously, it just lost a little paint. Now you're asking for twenty thousand for that? Don't you think you're crossing the limit?"

"I'm crossing the limit?" the woman parroted with a sardonic smile. Then she replied, "I have wasted so much time on you. Shouldn't the wasted time be counted in? Furthermore, I don't have a car to drive in the following days. The taxi fees of our family should also be counted in, right? The car repairs and our mental damage compensation should also be added. Do you still think that my demand is too much?"

"You..." Sheryl was irritated by the woman's brazenness. The man pulled the woman's sleeve and said,

"Don't cross your line."

That made the woman shoot him a dagger stare and hiss, "Shut up. This has nothing to do with you."

Seeing Sheryl's indecisiveness, the woman continued with an irritated smile, "Young lady, I don't want to put you in trouble. I just want to solve the problem as soon as possible. You should know the

procedure if we don't deal with it ourselves. If you call the police and notify the insurance company, you will waste more time. Isn't that more troublesome? The compensation I'm asking for is reasonable. I think you should think about this carefully."

Sheryl's eyebrows furrowed as she looked at the woman unbelievably. She was about to open her mouth when a baritone voice suddenly cut her off from behind. "Sher..."

"Charles! You're finally here!" A sweet smile suddenly lightened Sheryl's face when she heard his voice. She immediately held Charles' hand. 'Thank Lord for Charles!' she thought as relief flooded her, knowing that Charles would save her no matter what.

"Are you okay?" Charles asked in a caring voice. He didn't even care about the car's condition at all.

He held Sheryl's hand firmly while examining her carefully for any scratches. Worry was written across his handsome face until he finally confirmed that she was fine. A deep sigh of relief escaped his chest.

"I'm okay," Sheryl said sweetly.

"Good," said Charles as he nodded. Seeing that the two just ignored her completely, the woman couldn't stand the situation and said, "Excuse me. Could you two just care about each other after you

get back home? We need to deal with the accident now, right?"

"What happened?" Charles furrowed his eyebrows and asked in a soft voice.

That compelled Sheryl to explain the whole thing to her husband. She ended her explanation with

furrowed brows as she whispered to Charles, "I think she just wants to blackmail me. I..."

"Don't worry. What's important to me is that you are safe." Charles put on a big smile and comforted

Sheryl.

He then glanced at the woman and asked, "Twenty thousand, right?"

He then took his wallet. However, the woman saw that Charles was an amiable man and believed that

he must be rich enough to pay more. She immediately changed what she just said and then exclaimed,

"I didn't say twenty thousand! I actually demanded fifty thousand."

"What? Lady, don't push me too hard!" Sheryl was extremely furious now. She stared at the woman

and said, "You just asked for twenty thousand. How come you say fifty thousand just now?"

"Sister, you couldn't lie through your teeth. I was constantly saying fifty thousand. How could it be

twenty thousand?" said the woman in a calm voice as if she wasn't lying. She even added, "Twenty

thousand? That is just so impossible."

Sheryl turned white with rage. She grabbed on Charles' arm and said, "I think we'd better call the police."

"No!" The woman quickly turned pale as soon as she heard Sheryl's plan. If the police truly came here, the insurance company would only compensate them no more than one thousand. A few seconds after she smiled embarrassingly. She then said, "Fine, leave it at that. I give you a discount and you just need to pay me twenty thousand now."

Sheryl stared at the greedy woman and didn't agree. Although Charles was rich, his money wasn't earned so easily. She couldn't allow others to blackmail them just like this.

Thus, she gave a sardonic smile and replied, "No way! I have told you I can only give you two thousand. If you agree, both of us will be happy and can go back home early. Otherwise, I have to call the police. By the way, I don't care about whether it is troublesome or not."

"Girl, why are you so ungrateful? I ask for this amount of money for your sake. Can't you see how damaged our car is? If you insist to call the police and notify the insurance company, you might have to pay more," said the woman as she stared at Sheryl discontentedly.

Chapter 968 The Icing On The Cake

Staring fixedly at Sheryl, the woman continued, "Besides, I've already made a compromise. So I suggest you think carefully and make the right decision."

"You..." Sheryl scrambled to say something. Flustered, she kept thinking, 'I swear to God, I'm about to bite her head off right now.' She couldn't take it any longer and decidedly stated, "You know what? I am done reasoning with you." She turned to Charles and urged him, "Honey, stay out of this, please. I am going to call the police."

The next second, her phone was in her hands. As she was about to dial the number, Charles grabbed her by the arm and pleaded, "Sweetie, it's not a big deal. If she wants \$20, 000, let's just give it to her and get it over with."

"You don't get it," Sheryl cried out in anger, shaking her head. She stared at Charles for a few seconds before slowly letting out her frustrations through her clenched jaw.

"She is blackmailing us! I can't allow this. There's no way we'll give her that money!"

Charles was not giving in either but he did not want to make a scene. As a wise businessman, he always had the upper hand. He already had a plan on how to deal with them. He would not allow this woman to take advantage of Sheryl like that. Holding Sheryl's hands, Charles convinced her to pay the

amount the woman had asked for. "Trust me," he added, "this is not over yet."

Sheryl's frazzled look concerned him. Charles wanted to end that situation at any cost and get her to rest as soon as possible.

"\$20,000 right?" he reiterated, calm as a cucumber. It was the calm before the storm. He looked at the woman with contempt awaiting her reply.

"Yes," the woman replied instantly. She had witnessed the scene between them and couldn't keep herself from commenting, "Your... girlfriend is young and unreasonable. I'm glad you are a rational man and can see that this is a win-win situation. Things will get really messy if the insurance company gets involved..."

Charles turned his back to her before she completed her train of thought. He headed straight to his car, took out the twenty thousand dollars and made his way back to her. When the woman saw the cash, her face lit up. It was enough to get that woman to stop talking. Charles handed her the money and demanded sternly, "Go ahead and check it."

"Oh, there is no need," the woman stated as she took the cash hastily. "I trust that it's all there." Blinded

by her excitement, she did not notice Charles' meaningful expression. All the woman could think of was how well she had pulled off her blackmail. 'Today is such a good day! This rich man fell right into my trap and, because of his weak girlfriend, he offered me all this money on a silver plate.'

Dumbfounded, Sheryl mumbled, "Charles..."

She could not believe her eyes. Irritated, she pulled him closer by his sleeve and inquired, "Why did you give it to her? We can..."

"It's okay," Charles interrupted her with a tender tone. "It wasn't that much money," he added.

"I think so too," the woman agreed reassuringly. "I'm glad there are no hard feelings here. By the way, this man treats you really well... make sure you hold onto him..." she told Sheryl with an insinuating wink.

It seemed that in her eyes, Sheryl was a mistress who had hit the jackpot.

Upon hearing this, Sheryl sharpened her scowl.

Before she could say anything back, Charles opened his mouth, "Is he... your husband?" Charles pointed at the man on the side.

"Yes, he is," the woman nodded gleefully. "And since we are on good terms now, I will actually share

our good news with you. My husband has just accepted the general manager position for Shining Company," she said proudly.

Sheryl froze when she heard the woman mention Shining Company.

"Is that so?" Charles remarked. "Congratulations," he added on an unenthusiastic tone. He then proceeded to grab Sheryl's hand and urged her, "Let's go, honey. We're done here."

An "Uhhmm" was all that Sheryl managed to let out. She was expecting Charles to blow up in the man's face. To her surprise, he remained calm and composed. Trying to overcome the shock, she followed him to the car. As she was about to blurt out her questions, Charles took out his phone and called David up.

"Hello, Mr. Lu. What can I do for you?" David asked concernedly. Charles' call came just as he and Alice lay down and were about to sleep.

Charles was staring outside his car window when he saw the tall man get angry and start yelling at the woman. With a satisfied smile, he told David, "I remember that you interviewed Marcus Song. He is coming to work tomorrow, isn't he?"



"Oh, yes, he is," David replied. In an effort to set Charles' mind at rest, he continued, "We offered him a high salary so he already resigned from his former company. As far as I'm concerned, he is well qualified for the position; he seems reliable and honest. Is there anything wrong?"

"Call him right now and tell him he is fired," Charles asserted immediately. This was the ace he had been keeping up his sleeve.

Most of all, it was about doing Sheryl justice. He had sworn to himself that he would never allow others to bully her again.

"Pardon me?" David responded, perplexed. It was all so unexpected, so David wanted to understand. He began, "Mr. Lu, are you sure about this? You've made the decision to hire him yourself. Why is it that..."

"It turns out to be an oversight on my part," Charles interrupted him. "New information has transpired and I want to fix this before it is too late. Am I making myself clear, David?"

The unfortunate part was that the man had done nothing wrong himself. It was all his wife's fault. He may have been an excellent employee but because of his wife's ability to influence him to such a large extent, Charles decided to let him go.

"I remember you mentioning another good candidate during the interview. Please call him up and let him know he is hired," Charles concluded. He had made up his mind.

Still confused, David resigned himself to Charles' decision, "Okay, Mr. Lu. I am calling him right now."

Charles then hung up the phone without another word. Sheryl looked at him and asked, "Charles, why did you..."

"Shh!" Charles interrupted her, raising his hand. With a devious smile, he looked back out of the window and told her, "The show is about to start."

Sheryl followed his gaze and saw the couple arguing even louder. The fight got interrupted by David's call. She grabbed his hand nervously. Once the man hung up the phone, his face turned red with anger. He pulled his hand out of hers immediately and pushed the woman away spewing out even more words of wrath. Terrified, the woman reached out to grab his hand again, trying to calm him down.

That was when he swatted her with a thud, like a mosquito, and stormed toward his car. She tumbled to the ground and remained there shivering.

As the whole scene ended, David started his car and drove away.

He took another glance at the distressed woman and was certain he had made the right choice.

On their way home, Sheryl remained silent and thoughtful. As they arrived at Dream Garden, she entered the house and went straight to their bedroom. Charles followed her inside and closed the door.

He rested his hand over hers and asked, "What's up? Are you mad at me?"

"I don't get you." Sheryl frowned as she shook off his hand. "That man didn't do anything to me. In fact, he stood up for me. I don't think... that he deserves this," she complained.

"Sher..." Charles began elaborating, as he cupped her cheeks. "Yes, my main focus has been fixing the injustice done toward you, but I also have other concerns," he confessed.

Curious, Sheryl asked, "What do you mean?"

He gave her a tender smile and explained, "Marcus Song seems smart and experienced, but he lacks a backbone. He can be easily influenced by his wife's sudden whims. In the position he's been hired for, there's no room for mistakes. He will need to deal with big stakeholders and think tanks. What if his wife talks him into receiving bribes or the like? That's not a risk I can take. You know what I mean?"

Chapter 969 Your Work State

Sheryl was dumbfounded after she heard Charles' explanation. She had never thought that the decision to fire Marcus had more story to it. She wore a wry smile and tried to convince Charles,

"However, no matter how it was, Marcus did nothing wrong. If you dismissed him, it might ruin his life."

Charles replied with a stern face, "If his wife wasn't so greedy, he wouldn't have suffered such a serious consequence. Marcus has chosen such a mean and wicked woman as his wife and tolerated her wrongdoings all the time, so he has to take full responsibility of its consequences."

He stared at Sheryl and continued, "Sher, no one in the world should blindly tolerate another person's offence. Since he allowed it, he had to pay its price. Even if I don't punish him today, there would be someone who would give him a lesson in the future. Do you understand?"

He held Sheryl's hands gently and comforted her, "All right, don't be angry. If our relationship gets influenced by others, it is not worth it."

"But..." Sheryl wanted to say something, but Charles interrupted her with a warm smile. He then skipped to the next topic. "Tell me, what on earth happened today? You always drive cautiously. How did your car collide with another car?"

Thinking about the car crash, she got reminded of the other car that sneakily followed her before the

accident. She frowned slightly as she informed Charles of the incident. "I don't know why, but I always feel that someone had been following me recently."

"Are you telling me you're being tailed on?" Charles was shocked. He never heard this news from any of the bodyguards he hired to protect Sheryl. "What happened?"

"I don't know exactly." Sheryl shook her head and looked straight at Charles. "I am not sure if it was just my imagination. There was a car that seemed to be following me the entire day. I intentionally drove around the city to get rid of it, but it continued to tail on me for some time. As I was trying to drive away from it, I didn't see another car up front so I accidentally hit it. Later on, I found out that the car who had been following me had already taken off."

"So do you still think you're imagining things?" Charles tried to conceal his worries as he comforted Sheryl. However, his brows arched as he thought about it, 'I will find it out, but I didn't want Sheryl to worry about it at all.'

"Nope." Sheryl shook her head firmly and confirmed, "I am definitely sure that someone was monitoring me. I took a detour on purpose, but his car continued to run behind me the entire time. It didn't leave

me alone until I got in a car crash. So I'm sure I was being tailed on by someone."

"All right, don't worry about it." Charles frowned as a worrisome expression flashed across his face.

Though he probably had an idea on who it was, he pretended that he knew nothing. "Don't worry about it.

Take a bath and have a good rest tonight. I will deal with it." He held her close and kissed her gently on the forehead. "Okay." Sheryl nodded.

The next morning, Sheryl got up early for work. Out of concern for his wife, Charles tried to convince her into staying at home that day. "Sher, I'm sure you got terrified by the car accident yesterday. Why don't you take this day off so you can take a good rest at home?"

"I can't." She shook her head a little as she declined his advice. "Recently, I've been swamped by the company's projects, so I have no time to have a rest.

Don't worry, Charles. I'd be fine." "Then I would arrange a chauffeur to drive you to the company." After the car accident, Charles absolutely couldn't feel at ease to see Sheryl drive herself to work, so he made sure to find an experienced chauffeur for her overnight. "Your car was sent to the garage," he explained. "I've found a chauffeur for you. He will be in charge of driving you to work and then picking

you up at the end of the day. If you have any problems, just tell him."

"Okay." Sheryl accepted. 'If I declined the chauffeur, Charles would worry about me all the time. I

should accept his arrangement so he would be at ease, ' she thought.

Once Sheryl stepped in the office, Isla rushed to hold her hands and started to check on her carefully.

"Sher, are you alright? I've heard that you got a car accident yesterday. Did you get hurt?"

"I'm fine." She greeted Isla with a warm smile and said, "Look at me. Do I look like an injured person to you?"

Looking at Sheryl in good state, Isla finally sighed in relief and started to complain vaguely, "You always make me worry for you. I'm really not sure why you seem to attract all horrible things."

Sheryl responded with an innocent smile, "I never really wished any unpleasant things to happen, but I couldn't get rid of them all."

Isla felt worried with her response. "Since you just survived a car accident, what are you doing here back at work?

Go home and take a rest." "Nope, I'm fine. We have lots of projects recently. Even if I stay home, I

would end up worrying about these projects so I would rather be here than at home resting," she reasoned out.

"Well, I have no time to chat now. I have a lot to finish. We still need to arrange the meeting place later."

Sheryl went back to her office quickly.

Isla took a sigh hopelessly as she watched her walk away, and then she gave Charles a call. "Take it easy. I would look after her for you."

It was almost lunchtime, but Sheryl was still immersed in her projects. She got startled when she heard a knock from her door and Isla peaked from outside. "As you fortunately escaped death in that car accident yesterday, did you plan to starve yourself to death today?"

Amused by Isla's words, she answered with a grin, "I'm almost done. Give me five minutes."

Five minutes later, after saving her projects on the computer, she stood up and went straight to Isla's desk. "Let's go for lunch."

At the restaurant, Isla could not help but take deep glances at Sheryl. To be honest, she felt a little guilty that she had to ask her back to work so early.



However, half of the company projects are currently assigned to Sheryl. "Sher, here's the thing. I should have told you this before." Sitting down with her and ordering their lunch, she couldn't help but comment, "I know that you love your job, but when it comes to administering a company, you still have a lot to learn than merely finishing several projects."

Sheryl got confused by Isla's words so she asked warily, "Isla, if you have anything to tell me, just go straight to the point."

Isla hesitated for a second before she replied, "Actually, it is not a serious problem. I just think you are more like a company employee than a boss."

Chapter 970 Pick Sheryl Up

"Is there any problem?" Sheryl asked with a wide smile. She then added, "Actually, I feel safer that it is you who is managing our company now. You should also know that I don't have the skill to operate a company. Thus, it is really you who should be taking over it. However, I'm very good at planning. We'll definitely be good business partners."

"Sher, I couldn't always stay here," replied Isla as she shot Sheryl an apologetic stare.

It was only after a few seconds that Sheryl looked at Isla and realized that she wasn't joking at all. She instantly got worried and asked, "What do you mean by that? Is there something wrong?"

"None," answered Isla while helplessly shaking her head. She continued, "I just want to remind you that the company is yours. You should learn how to manage it. In terms of writing plans, there are many young planners. You should create opportunities for them too, right? You can't just take the bread out of these planners' mouth, can you?"

"Uh..." Sheryl was taken aback by Isla's words. She never thought of that since she came back and worked for the company. She had buried herself into writing plans and completely forgot about the young planners that were employed by their company. It seemed that it was the perfect time to offer them some opportunities.

"Oh, my God! I nearly forget about this!" she exclaimed as she patted her forehead. An embarrassed smile cracked her lips as she said to Isla, "You are right. After I finish the two cases I'm currently working on, I'll hand the other cases to them."

"That's all right. I will gradually hand my things to you in the next few days. You are the real boss of the company. You should take your true responsibility now," said Isla as she put on a wide smile.

"Please be honest with me, Isla. What's wrong? Is there anything bad that happened?" Sheryl said

worriedly as she stared at Isla.

Isla paused for a second upon hearing her words. Based on Sheryl's concerned expression, she knew

that Sheryl had misunderstood her. That was funny! Thus, she said with a smile, "Sher, I have been

staying here since you left three years ago. I do so because I believe that you will surely come back. I

don't want you to see the company in a poor condition once you're back. That's why I stayed here and

waited."

She stopped to gather her thoughts and then continued, "However, now that you're here, I guess it's

time for me to return the company to you. I don't mean anything else."

"Really?" Sheryl asked puzzledly.

"Yes, that's basically it," replied Isla. She then added, "Don't you know that I've never had time to relax

since I handled your company? I didn't even have time for my family! Furthermore, Aron had been

unsatisfied with me for the past three years. It is only after I return all these things to you that I can

come back to my family."

Sheryl heaved a deep sigh after hearing her reasons. She then said, "I will try my best to master the

company management as soon as possible so that you can have more time with your family."

After lunch, Sheryl went to the site and monitored the worker's job. She also took that time to check whether there was anything that needed to be replaced in the location.

Helin was very specific with what she wanted with this birthday party. Although she couldn't give Helin what she 'exactly' wanted, she must at least make sure that the party site wouldn't disappoint her client.

Everybody had kept working until midnight, including Sheryl. She was about to go home when she noticed a familiar man waiting for her by the door. It was Charles.

"Why are you here?" She walked briskly toward him with a big smile.

Seeing her bright face, Charles grinned back at her and replied, "My wife is still at work and hasn't come back. Thus, I have to come here and find her."

Sheryl instantly explained, "The activity will be held tomorrow. However, the flowers can only be sent here tomorrow. It is the reason why I have to stay here. I need to make sure that all other things can be solved today. Otherwise, we'll be too pressured tomorrow."

"Okay. So are all other things finished?" Charles fondly touched Sheryl's hair and asked in a soft voice.

"It is almost completed. Let's go home." Sheryl gave him another big smile.

That made Charles hold Sheryl's hand and guide her over to their car. Although he had sent his men to protect Sheryl, he still felt uneasy, especially after yesterday's incident. Thus, he came here to pick her up himself.

He had his men check the car that followed Sheryl's car. It appeared that it was probably Ferry who was driving it. He honestly wanted to dig more but all the clues were wiped off so fast.

Ferry was a very dangerous man and Charles must do everything he could to protect Sheryl. It was only after Sheryl was safe that he could eliminate Ferry.

He had suffered a lot just to find Sheryl again. He couldn't allow the same thing that happened three years ago to recur.

"Are you tired?" Charles glanced at his wife and asked worriedly. He had noticed how Sheryl exhaustedly closed her eyes and leaned back to the seat as soon as she got into the car.

"Yes," Sheryl replied and slightly nodded. She then said, "I am very busy with the company these past few days. I'm even having nightmares about the company's affairs during my sleep. I haven't had a good sleep for a long time."

"Would you like to resign?" Charles asked with furrowed eyebrows. Then he added confidently, "I can support you and give you everything. You don't even need to work for a living."

A soft smile instantly appeared on Sheryl's face because of Charles. Thus, she replied, "Everybody knows that you can support me. But a woman like me should have her own worth too."

She then continued, "Although my salary is far less than yours, it can still support me and my kids. That should be enough."

"What do you mean by that? Do you want to separate with me again?" Charles sharply turned to her and asked in an unhappy voice.

"No! Of course, not!" Charles' reaction got Sheryl surprised. Thus, she ended up turning to him immediately while furrowing her eyebrows. Sweet Jesus! How was she supposed to explain what she just said? A big smile suddenly cracked her lips. "I absolutely don't want to break up with you. However, if the day comes that I need to, at least I also have the capability to support our kids. I can't just stay at home. I don't want a huge gap between our statuses. Do you get what I mean?"

"That day will not come." Charles suddenly caught Sheryl's hand forcefully.

"What?" exclaimed Sheryl as she didn't understand what he just said.

Charles held Sheryl's hand tighter and repeated, "I said, I will not let the day when we have to separate with each other come."

He had waited for Sheryl for three years. He wanted to spend his life with Sheryl and not to separate with her again.

"I know. I don't have any plans of being separated from you too," she replied honestly.

Now that they had decided to be together forever, there wouldn't be anyone and anything that could separate them. That was an unwavering fact for Sheryl.