

No Escape 551

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Did Samuel dream of Ella demanding an apology from Emma? Keep dreaming! Don't mistake a tiger to be a cat because it hasn't roared at you yet.

Emma rubbed her sore cheek. When she thought back to that moment, every nerve in Emma's body was filled with hatred. "Ella, who do you think you are? How dare you ask me to apologize!" Emma had always despised the woman in front of her. She had been so desperate to gain Samuel's love!

"It's alright, Monkey. Keep beating her!" Ella crossed her arms, and looked scornfully at the sharp-tongued Emma. She would surely beat her till Emma apologized!

Monkey, along with a few men with short multicolored hair, kept moving forward. As soon as he raised his hand, he heard someone shouting, "Stop!" A cold voice came from behind them.

Hearing the familiar voice, Emma immediately changed her expression from angry to pitiful. But Ella sat on her chair proudly, just like a female mafia boss.

"Samuel, help me." A soft voice pleaded with Samuel. Looking at Emma, he thought Ella had gone too far.

Samuel coolly looked at the calm woman, and then walked straight towards Emma.

"Stop! Don't touch her. I haven't taught Emma her lesson yet!" Now that Samuel had seen Emma like this, all angry and vengeful, she didn't feel the need to pretend to be gentle.

Samuel, who had pulled his hand out of his pocket to help Emma, stopped midway. At Ella's tone, his eyes filled with anger.

So he turned around, and went towards Ella.

He glanced at the people around her and frowned. When did she associate with people like these?

"Come back home." Samuel ordered coldly. He could settle the situation at home in private!

Ella pushed Samuel away and raised her voice, "Why should I go home? I'm gonna beat your mistress to death!" Emma had become her archenemy.

The onlookers, hearing what Ella said, suddenly realized that the woman on the ground was Samuel's mistress!

However, this mistress did have taste, for she had attached herself to a handsome and stylish man.

Samuel's anger rose, and he pulled Ella from her chair violently. Caught off guard by Samuel's sudden move, Ella fell down into his arms.

His smell calmed her, and her anger died instantly.

"I have said this before. If anyone in this love triangle is a mistress, it would be you, not Emma..." Samuel whispered in Ella's ear.

Ella's heart froze. How she have forgotten that? Why did she expect him to value her over Emma? She recalled Samuel saying this to her on the day she had given birth to his son...

Enraged, Ella thrust Samuel aside and rushed at Emma. Before Samuel could catch her, Ella lifted Emma's chin with her left hand, and raised her right hand.

The sound of a slap quietened the room. Everyone looked at the two women, aghast by Ella's actions.

"Ahh!" Emma screamed painfully.

Ella had surprised them all with her fierceness. She was openly confronting the mistress in a bar. Such a strong girl!

Wanting to end this drama, Samuel went over to Ella.

As Ella struggled against Samuel's grip, another strong arm held her hand.

She looked over with confusion. "Sum?" Why would he be here?

Sum pulled Ella towards him, and smiled devilishly. "Let it out, Ella. I have your back."

...

Sum's words surprised Ella. She had felt so alone. And now that she had some support, tears filled her eyes.

She admitted that Sum's words had really touched her. Especially under the conditions; her husband was protecting his mistress instead of supporting his wife. Ella pushed Samuel away, and threw herself into Sum's arms, in her husband's presence.

Sum was surprised but he quickly wrapped Ella in a big hug.

This confrontation couldn't have been weirder. What was going on here? First, Samuel was protecting his mistress.

And now, Samuel's wife was throwing herself into another man's arms in front of her husband... Samuel was completely embarrassed by his wife's actions.

He clenched his hands into fists, and pulled Ella back from Sum's arms.

"My sweet wife, you are so naughty." Although Samuel spoke lovingly, Ella noted the subtle warning.

He even went as far as to touch Ella's long hair.

Emma looked on at the scene unfolding before her. She was jealous. Her companion helped her up from the ground.

Ella slapped Samuel's hand off, and prepared to embrace Sum again. Samuel was trying to control his anger. He didn't want to address private issues in front of all these people. He tried holding Ella's hand as tightly as possible to prevent her from running to Sum.

He signaled to a waiter. Samuel handed the waiter a stack of money, and a business card from his wallet. "Take Miss Reynolds to the hospital. Estimate other losses, and call me."

Ella was no longer struggling. She looked at money he was offering the waiter. She snatched it and shook it at Emma. "Not even a penny of my husband's money will be spent on another woman!"

Regardless of Emma's pale face, she put the money into her own pocket, and hugged Sum for the third time.

Samuel had had enough. He grabbed Ella by her wrist, lifted her in his arms, and headed for the bar door.

"Samuel, let me go!" Ella's protests could be heard even after she and Samuel had left the bar.

Sum watched the two leave, and remembered the feeling of Ella throwing herself at him. He was in a good mood.

Then he looked at Emma. "Shall we talk, Miss Reynolds?" In order to get Ella back, Sum had would have to put aside his hatred for this woman who had hurt Ella.

"I have nothing to talk about with you." Emma said to Sum while nursing her bruised face. Ella, you shameless cunt. She must get rid of Ella one day!

Sum saw the hatred in her eyes, and smiled. "Aren't you hooked on Samuel? And I am in love with Ella. So..."

An hour later, Emma was in a good mood. She had left the bar with her companion, and was on her way to the hospital.

The Royal Valley Mansion

Samuel slammed the door after pulling Ella from the car without mercy.

"Let go of me!" Ella shouted with rage.

Samuel stared at her coldly, which made Ella shut her mouth at once.

In the corridor of the second floor, Ella was still being pulled by the man. "Samuel, give me my son!" Ella nearly cried.

The man suddenly stopped and looked at her. His eyes flashed evilly. "You want a child?"

Ella didn't understand his hidden meaning, so she nodded. "Yes!" How could she give up her son?

"That's easy. We can make another child!" The man dragged the blushing woman into the bedroom.

"Hey! I mean my baby, Jerry. Can't you understand?" Ella shouted at the man who was taking off his coat.

Samuel hung his suit on the hanger. He loosened his tie, and looked at her expressionlessly. "I don't understand. Tell me, how should I settle this mess you made?"

Remembering the past, from the time Ella had started work at Sum's company, she was always with him.

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Not only had she struck Emma, she had abused her son, and hurt innocent Catherine. Tonight, she had thrown herself into other man's arms in front of him.....

'Ella, you are in so much trouble!' Samuel thought as he remembered all her unwanted behaviors. He glared at this stubborn little woman in front of him. Hot with anger, he threw his tie to the couch.

Before he had married Ella, Samuel was a witty and engrossing man who had rarely gotten angry. Though changed by this wretched marriage, he had never lost his temper.

But now, his irritation had overwhelmed Ella. She was confused and lost.

Never mind, she could stay away from the angry man, even it was only for a while.

Ella rushed to the bedroom door as Samuel threw his shirt to the couch.

However, she could not outrun Samuel.

As soon as she had one foot out the door, Samuel caught her coat and pulled her inside.

To disengage herself from his grip, she took off the coat.

Samuel dropped the coat, and followed her.

She had been so close to the stairwell when he engulfed her in his vice-like grip.

"Still want to run away?" His dangerous voice echoed in her ears, sending a chill down Ella's spine.

Samuel was being horrible!

She froze as he spun her around, and hoisted her onto his shoulder.

"Ah!" "Samuel, leave me alone....." she cried as she banged her hands on his back. As a wave of dizziness washed over her, her hands lacked the strength to continue their assault.

Samuel felt a sudden stiffness in her body, as he threw her onto the bed.

Ella was completely surprised by the fall, and stayed still for a while.

Samuel gripped her again.

"Tell me, how should I punish you?" Samuel held her hands over her head, and pinched her cheeks in warning.

"How dare you punish me, I did nothing wrong!" Ella was telling the truth, though Samuel attributed her behavior to stubbornness.

Had he been too nice to Ella? Was it his fault that she could not understand that she should not hurt Emma again and again?

He bit her lips. The hurting Ella groaned in pain, and struggled in vain. She kicked her feet, but he caught her foot in the mid-air with ease.

His rudeness kindled her anger: "Damn you! If you pity Emma so much, then go to her!"

But her words only instigated Samuel to behave worse. His eyes burned with excitement, and crudely, he pressed his lips to hers.

...

They said nothing the whole night.

The next day, feeling refreshed, Samuel showed up at the office with teethmarks on his neck. These marks sparked discussions across the office.

"Isn't it true Mr. Lowell and his wife don't get on well?"

"Or maybe Mr. Lowell has another woman?"

"It could be true. I heard there was a fight at the Muse Bar. Mrs. Lowell was involved!"

"Really? And then?"

"Then it is said Mrs. Lowell hit Mr. Lowell's mistress, and Mr. Lowell showed up, and took Mrs. Lowell away."

"Really?" "Mistress?" "Who is she?"

"I don't know, the news is incomplete, no one dares to spread gossip."

Catherine's face clouded as she heard her colleagues' discussions. How could she not know about yesterday? She coughed loudly to stop their talk. The crowd returned to their work areas as soon as she appeared.

Catherine held the indictment tightly in her hand, and pressed the lift button for the 68th floor.

Catherine stepped into Samuel's office after Anna checked with him.

Seeing Samuel's neck, her mind went blank. Her heart ached, and the feeling spread throughout her body.

"Miss Reynolds." Samuel laid down his pen, and carefully watched the woman in front of him, not paying any notice to his neck marks or the gossip by others.

Catherine forced herself to put the indictment before him.

"INDICTMENT" was written on top of the page in big font, along with the two names, Catherine and Emma. This made Samuel frown.

He knew what they wanted, even before he had opened the document.

"Go ahead, tell me your terms." He put the indictment aside.

His index finger and middle finger tapped on the table while he waited for her response.

The fact that Samuel was quick to spot her motives stirred her admiration for him.

"Divorce Ella..... and marry my sister." As she spoke, she watched Samuel's reactions intently, seeing

his hand pause, and his eyes narrowing as he glared at her.

Shocked by his reaction, Catherine spoke, "I really don't know what you are thinking. Why do you keep hurting my sister again and again for that insidious woman?"

"My marriage is none of your business. Miss Reynolds, just because I asked for your terms doesn't mean I am not confident I will win the case. I simply am in no mood to deal with something so trivial! You know what I mean." said Samuel in a low and dry tone, leaving Catherine biting her lower lip.

For a second, she felt she had overreached. Samuel was a very successful international lawyer. He could win any case he worked on!

"I've punished Ella. If there were any unintentional offenses, please forgive her." As for their marriage, it would depend on Ella's behavior in the future. He would again consider a divorce if she was still childish enough to do the wrong things.

To Catherine, Samuel was protecting this woman just like a parent would protect their child.

A wry smile spread across her lips. She envied Ella.....

Ella trapped him into sleeping with her, and finally got his protection. Would Samuel be so good to her, if she had done the same?

"So you think your apology can make up for my sister being humiliated and hit?" Catherine tore the indictment in his face.

Samuel looked at the shreds of paper in the bin and exclaimed, "We'll meet Emma, and I'll make Ella apologize to her."

Come to think of it, Ella is like a kid who always got into trouble, and made Samuel, a parent-like husband, to apologize on her behalf.....

"So, then, solve it with my sister. I'll no longer get involved." Catherine turned around, and left his office.

Samuel watched the door close. Then he took a cigarette out of its pack, and lit it, and thought about the woman. What did she mean to do? What was her motive?

At the Royal Valley Mansion

1:00 PM

The woman lying on the queen-size bed turned over. "Ouch!" It hurt!

Ella silently cursed Samuel for the thousandth time.

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Couldn't this heartless man show a little mercy? Did it matter that she was not the one he loved? She was a woman. Did that mean that he could not show tenderness to other women?

Her husband didn't trust her and punished her for another woman.

She felt she shouldn't be blamed for raising a fuss! Perhaps she shouldn't make things easy for Samuel!

She tried to move but couldn't get up at all! Ella picked up her cell phone that had been on the bedside table and called Monkey.

"Hello, Ella, what's the matter?" He was wondering why Ella had not answered his call several times the previous day.

Ella sighed. Even her friend cared for her more than her husband.

"Yeah, fine, I'm not dead. How about you?" If Monkey weren't in Uthana because of a business trip, she would have to find someone to help her cope with Emma.

Hearing that she was okay, Monkey felt relieved, "We are also fine. I heard that yesterday someone called the police. But the policemen were sent away as soon as they arrived. Was your husband involved?"

Could it have been Samuel? Ella was not sure either. "Are you free tonight?" She wanted to take action.

"Hmm... You want to do it again?" Monkey thought that it sounded like she wanted to.

Ella giggled, "Nice, you know me well." She had dealt with Emma, and now, it was Catherine's turn. She wouldn't let Catherine pass.

Monkey promised without asking any questions, "No problem. Give me the address. I will bring my friends at night. Monkey was not nice to everyone. Back in high school, Ella often engaged in gang fights for him.

"You are a good friend! But...It all depends. I will call you tonight!" She was not familiar with Catherine's schedule. So she could only start after knowing all the information.

"Okay, call me anytime!"

"OK." Ella hung up the phone and opened Weibo scanning yesterday's news. Fortunately, there was none about the incident last night. Was it because the people in the bar didn't know them or, had someone removed the news?

That was not important as long as there wasn't such news.

Now, there was another thing that she needed to do. She struggled to get up. Her first stop would be the bathroom!

Joy heated lunch for Ella at noon. Ella ate quickly before leaving.

She arrived at the motorbike market by taxi. Ella looked at the credit card in her hand. Samuel had given it to her. She hesitated for few seconds before finally entering the market.

An hour later, Samuel received an alert on his phone, "Dear Customer! SL bank notifies you that you have spent 12 thousand..."

Ella had this credit card. What did she buy with the money? Samuel was curious for a second but didn't think about it further. He continued to work.

After swiping the credit card, Ella roared out of the market on a white motorcycle.

At Samuel's law office, Anna knocked at the office door before entering. "Samuel, It's time to meet the leader of the Phury Group."

"Okay, I'm coming." Samuel tidied up his table and went out with his briefcase.

After leaving the office, Samuel and Anna headed for the parking lot. Anna sat at the driver's seat, while Samuel sat at the passenger seat. He had documents to finish reading.

At the crossing of New World Road, 60 seconds before the traffic light turned green, Anna looked at her wrist watch. From the corner of her eye, she saw a shadow by the road.

The woman on the motorbike wore a white woolen coat. She looked like Ella. How could that be?

"Samuel, look at her. She is....."

Samuel looked in the direction Anna was pointing at, and saw a woman wearing a helmet. Her white woolen coat looked familiar. She was also waiting for the traffic light to turn green.

Seeing her riding on the super-powered motorcycle, Samuel's face darkened. He picked up his phone and dialed a number.

Ella removed her helmet when she heard her phone ring. She stuck her hand in her pocket and pulled out her phone.

Samuel? Why was he calling? "Hello." She sounded a little angry.

"Where are you?" Samuel saw her answering the phone, holding her helmet.

"Me? I am home. How dare I go out without your permission?" Ella shook her leg while she answered him sarcastically.

Samuel laughed, "Turn around. On your left."

Ella suddenly had a bad feeling. Holding her phone in astonishment, she turned.

As expected, they made eye contact. My god! Ella almost throw her phone away!

Ella's face turned red since her lie had been caught.

At this time, the light turned green and other drivers honked in annoyance.

Ella put on her helmet, stepped on the gas, and roared forward.

Samuel saw her riding away at high speed. He felt a throbbing at his temple.

"Chase her!" The man commanded coolly, and thought about teaching her a lesson after catching up with her. Had she bought the motorcycle with his money?

Anna looked at her watch confused, "But...Your appointment with the Phury Group....."

"Change it to another day. Choose a suitable time later."

Anna speechlessly stepped on the gas, and followed the white shadow that had almost disappeared.

Samuel and Anna struggled to keep up with Ella. They chased her down a straight road, not stopping for the changing traffic lights. However, Ella caught a break when the light for a right turn turned green. She managed to slip through, while the Porsche got stuck behind two cars.

It was too late to turn. They had lost Ella.

Samuel's face darkened completely. What a dishonest woman! It seemed that yesterday's punishment was not enough.

"To Phury Group."

Anna felt relieved upon hearing Samuel's order.

Seeing the familiar Porsche fail to catch up with her, Ella breathed a sigh of relief and slowed down gradually.

She was doomed this time. She had lied to Samuel again. He would not let her get away with this.

After struggling for a while, Ella decided to deal with Catherine first, and went back to the old house to spend more time with her kid.

If Samuel wouldn't let her enter the old house, she would beg grandmother to bring Jerry out and live in a rental house with him.

Hum! That's it! Having made a plan, Ella started to worry about how to ask Catherine to come out.

Ella spent the rest of her time wandering the downtown area. At night, she called Monkey.

Having heard about Emma, Catherine would be defensive. So Ella planned to ask Catherine to a coffee shop.

She begged Anna for Catherine's number and then dialed the number.

"Hello!" Catherine's voice came from the other side of the phone.

Ella felt nauseated and pouted, but still smiled, "Lawyer Reynolds, this is Ella."

Catherine turned defensive as soon as she heard who was calling. "Why do you call me? What do you want?" Her tone totally changed.

"Haha, I just want to ask you out for a cup of coffee and apologize to you. Please come." 'Bah, in what universe do I have to apologize to you?' thought Ella in disgust. Nice try!

After hearing Ella, Catherine's first action was to mock her, "No, Your apology comes at too high a price, I can't afford it." Apologize to her? Catherine hadn't expected this.

She remembered Ella's rebellious nature, and felt as though she couldn't trust her.

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Shit! Ella thought of her to be a shameless woman and ran out of patience.

"Lawyer Reynolds, you are an employee at my husband's company. We have to meet now and then. Would it hurt to be so generous as to accommodate my request?" Ella's tone turned hard due to her anger.

Catherine remembered Samuel telling her that he would ask Ella to apologize. She didn't argue any further, "Address." She remembered her pride and decided to act superior during the meeting.

Ella felt hopeful, and her anger subsided. She smiled, "The Dominator on Victory Road." This coffee shop had been set up by Harry for Lola. It was a small branch, and the main store was located in the New Area, far from here.

Catherine remembered Emma's beating in the bar and became cautious. Hearing that the coffee shop was in the downtown area, Catherine's mind settled.

"Okay, I will meet you there!" She hung up without saying anything further. Ella glared at the phone.

At the Dominator Coffee Shop, Ella took a seat by the door. The position was perfect; she could disappear quickly, and no one would notice.

She asked for a cup of milk tea and sipped quietly. Ella was drinking the last of her tea, and Catherine still had not appeared.

Seeing that an hour and a half had passed, Ella panicked. If Samuel did not find her in the villa, he would be very upset with her.

He would ask questions and Ella would get into trouble.

Two hours had passed when Catherine finally appeared.

She wore a fashionable black jacket and a tight black skirt.

Ella withheld her anger, smiled and waved at Catherine.

Catherine saw Ella's bright smile. She now understood why this woman appealed to Samuel.

She was not only beautiful but also had the most brilliant and genuine smile...

Catherine sat down opposite her. Ella watched in silence as Catherine ordered her drink.

"Hurry up. I have no time." Catherine gulped her drink impatiently.

Ella waved her hand, and the gesture made Catherine's heart beat quicker. She knew she was in trouble. Catherine pretended to be calm and took her phone from her bag.

What a damn bitch! Untrustworthy as expected! Catherine had expected as much from Ella and had hence, put Samuel's number on speed dial before she left home.

She re-dialed Samuel's number and locked the screen. Suddenly she was rushed by several people.

Regardless of whether or not the call had connected, Catherine shouted, "Ella, what are you gonna do? Ella..." And then Catherine found herself being dragged into a nearby alley by several guys.

To prevent her from shouting again, Monkey covered her mouth.

The cell phone fell to the floor, but Ella didn't notice. She walked up to Catherine and kicked her.

"Ah!" Catherine kept her hand over her heart and tried to calm herself. She was shaking. Ella was strong. 'Ella, wait and see! I will make you pay for your treachery!' Catherine thought.

"You and Emma! You've caused nothing but trouble for me." Ella grabbed Catherine's chin and turned her face.

Catherine glared at the woman, "You act so proper in front of Samuel. So weak and helpless." Weak and helpless? Humph! "Instead, you are a bitch!"

"Smack!" Ella had hit Catherine on her face, and continued to do so ruthlessly. "Even if I am a bitch, so what? You are in no position to call me that." This was the first time the two women were meeting, and Ella was bullying Catherine for no reason.

"Ella, you cunt! You will not get away with this!" Catherine saw her phone light flickering before it went off completely. She understood that Samuel had been listening and knew of her situation.

Sure enough, Ella's phone rang next.

Seeing that Samuel was calling, Ella waved at Monkey, "Keep hitting her! Slap her face! Don't be gentle!"

Catherine found her mouth being covered. Then she felt several feet kicking her. She tried to scream but in vain.

"Hi." Ella answered Samuel's phone peevishly. She was angry with him for disturbing her.

"Let go of Catherine!" Samuel's stony order bewildered Ella.

How could he know what she was doing? Ella looked back at Catherine who was being beaten by several guys and felt confused.

It dawned on her when she saw the cellphone on the ground.

What a cunning woman! Had she called Samuel just before they dragged her out of the Coffee Shop?

"Never!" Ella refused Samuel willfully. Ella wouldn't leave her so easily, not after she had worked so hard to catch her.

"Ella, do not make me repeat myself!" Ella heard the sound of a car engine purring to life.

She knew Samuel was coming. There was no need to say more. She hung up the phone and slid it into her pocket.

Samuel was too angry to say anything after she hung up. He dialed another number, "Locate the position of this phone number and send the detailed address to me!"

Ella didn't stop until Catherine was almost crippled.

Catherine collapsed to the ground in agony. She struggled, but it was painful.

"Catherine, that was quite a feat. You called my husband. Does it hurt enough yet?" Ella kicked the phone to Catherine, "All right, you can call my husband again if you like. We are leaving now."

Ella proudly left the lane, accompanied by the people who had helped her ambush Catherine.

Seeing the leaving figures, Catherine bit her lower lip. Within a minute, the phone rang. It was Samuel...

"Mr. Lowell." Her voice was faint, and it unsettled him. What a silly girl Ella was! Was she going to kill Catherine?

"I am in Victory Road but I cannot see you. Where are you?" He had arrived at the Dominator. But why couldn't they see each other?

Catherine grimaced at the pain coursing through her, and repeated her location.

She held the phone tightly, and waited.

Samuel parked the car near the entrance of the Coffee Shop and then walked hurriedly to the lane nearby. The alley's entrance was obscured thus making it harder to find.

Samuel's heart sank when he saw the woman lying on the ground. Ella had gone too far this time!

He took off his suit coat and covered the trembling woman. Her clothes were in tatters.

"Did she ask them... to gang-rape you?" Samuel asked nervously as Catherine was in worse shape than Emma.

He thought Ella was petulant. But to his surprise, she was cruel...

Catherine cried hysterically as she fell into his arms, "Mr. Lowell, please help me! Ella said... She said..." His heart turned cold as he saw Catherine tremble in fear.

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"Ella said she would beat me every time she sees me..... That if she comes across me on the street, she will let other men....." Catherine was too distraught to finish her sentences. The sound of soft crying filled the alley.

Samuel's face fell. He was going to push Catherine away, however, upon seeing her so miserable and hurt, he helped her up, and sent her to the hospital.

It was midnight, although Ella had locked her bedroom, she was too afraid to sleep.

She tossed and turned in bed. Soon, she heard the sound of a car engine. Ella buried herself in the quilt.

It's ok, Samuel couldn't come in any way. Even he did, all she had done was beat up someone. Would Samuel beat her for that woman?

The bedroom doorknob squeaked as it turned. The piercing sound disturbed the peaceful night. Ella became nervous.

The knob turned several times more. However, the door didn't open. Then it became quiet outside. Ella was relieved. The very next minute, she heard the sound of the door being kicked. It was so loud that Ella sat up in her bed.

"Samuel..." He was..... kicking the door! How mad was he?

The noise got louder as Samuel tried harder. With each kick, Ella's heart beat wildly.

After five or six kicks, Samuel, who was burning with anger, broke the fancy wood door.

Suddenly, the bedroom lamp switched on. Ella closed her eyes from the harsh light.

When she opened her eyes, Samuel was standing right beside her.

The fury reflecting in Samuel's eyes scared Ella to death.

She flinched. She had only beaten someone. She couldn't understand why Samuel would be so mad.

Before she could figure it out, Ella felt her wrist being grabbed and her body being thrown to the floor.

"Whoops!" Her waist and bottom hurt from the impact. "Samuel, you are going to hit me, your wife, for an irrelevant woman?" If so, it would break her heart.

Before Samuel could even say a word or raise his hand, Ella was implying that he was committing domestic abuse.

"Ella, I couldn't imagine that you would be so bold!" Samuel squatted so that his eyes were at level with Ella's. He held her jaw tight and lifted her face, forcing her to look at him.

Ella had seen the icy look in Samuel's eyes many times recently. Was she imagining it or was he getting angry more frequently?

"She framed me, and gave me a hard time. Was it wrong to ask someone to hit her?" She didn't know kung-fu. If she did, she would beat Catherine herself.

Asked others to hit Catherine? "Liar! You are still lying to me!" Samuel's voice suddenly raised sharply, which made Ella tremble with fear.

If he hadn't been there to see Catherine's condition himself, he would have believed this cunning woman.

"Why is your voice so loud? What lie did I tell?" Ella glared at him with anger. Her jaw was hurting, but there was no way to shake off Samuel's grip.

Samuel sneered, "I was at the Dominator. I saw everything! Ella, I couldn't imagine that you could be so vicious. You dare ask someone to rape Catherine?" Samuel was grinding his teeth when saying the last words.

Rape Catherine? Ella was stunned.

Seeing the stunned Ella, Samuel had nothing left in his heart but hatred. No wonder she was an actress earlier. She had good acting skills!

"I just asked someone to beat her. What are you saying? Samuel!" Ella frowned, and wondered why Samuel would say such things.

Samuel lifted her jaw higher till they made eye contact. His eyes were filled with anger, while hers were filled with confusion.

"Ella, how could you be so shameless? I have seen Catherine and her torn clothes. What else can you say?" He was being deceived by Ella. She was so scheming. She pretended she didn't know what he was talking about.

When Catherine had called him, he had heard Ella's voice. He couldn't have misheard!

Catherine and her torn dress? Ella was completely stunned. Despite the pain in her jaw, she repeated Samuel's words, "Ask someone to rape Catherine? Catherine and her torn dress?" Had Ella not been there, she wouldn't have been able to separate truth from lie.

She slapped Samuel's hand away. Ella rubbed her jaw to ease the pain.

She got up from the floor and said, "Catherine has framed me again! I just ask my men to hit her. I didn't ask them to do anything else....."

"That's enough!" Samuel interrupted her explanation frostily. To him, she was very good at twisting things around to suit her needs. He couldn't see that she was telling the truth.

What did enough mean? Was it that he didn't trust her? The heartache Ella felt when Samuel got upset with her gradually began devouring her.

"I didn't! I didn't! I didn't!" Ella screamed at Samuel like a child.

Samuel rubbed his sore temples, walked out of the bedroom, and then opened the study room.

Left in the bedroom, Ella was dumbfounded. What did he want from the study room? He let go of her just like that? No way! Samuel was never that nice.

Ella was confused until a pile of documents and a pen were tossed towards her. Ella knew she had been wrong to think Samuel was being nice.

She was wrong, totally wrong!

She threw the documents into the air. She knew Samuel had just given her the divorce agreement. As the papers scattered to the floor, Ella jumped on the bed and cried, "I don't want a divorce! I didn't do such things! I don't want a divorce!"

If she signed the agreement, it would mean she was admitting that she asked someone to rape Catherine.

Seeing her so upset, Samuel said lightly, "I don't need a scheming wife. Sign the papers and leave!" She had let him down far too many times for Samuel to keep caring.

"You are dreaming! Samuel, I am your wife. I said I didn't ask my men to rape her. Why don't you trust me?" Couldn't he trust her just once?

Didn't trust her? "Since the very first time that you lied to me, there has been no trust left between us." He said he hated lying the most. But she had still lied to him.....

Ella suddenly became listless and knelt on the bed. Her legs felt weak.

"I won't sign! I didn't ask someone to rape Catherine." She repeated this sentence dully. She couldn't get divorced or she would lose her child. She didn't.....

Samuel slammed the door and left the villa. He didn't come back that night.

Ella didn't know where he had gone, and she was too afraid to call him.

Catherine was very fast. She went to the police station the next morning to report the case.

In the afternoon, Ella was returning to the old house. Just when she started her BMW, two policemen blocked her way.

An arrest warrant and identification were placed in front of her. "Ella, we are policemen. This is our identification. Please come with us."

"Why?" Ella tried to keep calm as this was the first time that she was encountering a situation like this.

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"Someone has reported you for assault. The other party is pressing charges and will not accept private mediation." Before she could begin to protest, Ella was forced into the back of the police car.

Twenty minutes later, Ella's belongings were likewise confiscated. Afterwards she was placed in a small, oddly TV-set-like, jail cell. A small room with iron bars.

As Ella was pushed into the jail cell she noticed another woman, sitting on the floor squinting at the intrusion.

Ella quickly surveyed the cell, her mind blank.

Trying to keep herself calm, Ella squatted down in a corner of the room and placed her arms around her knees.

30 minutes later, a serious-looking policewoman opened the cell door and asked Ella to come out to, "record your confession."

The policemen shuffled around the station busily, caught up in various matters. Several people, clearly injured through extortion, stood lifelessly around.

The two women, sat face to face.

"Ella." This serious, though undeniably beautiful policewoman said her name in a grave tone.

Hum?"

"Last night, do you admit that that in the alley adjacent to 'the Dominator' on Victory Road, you assaulted Miss Catherine and propositioned a man to rape her?"

"I admit to the first part, but deny the second." Ella's voice flat and unemotional. She was good at hiding her feelings from others.

The policewoman looked her over curiously, and said in an even more serious tone, "We show leniency to those who confess, and severity to those who refuse."

"I refuse to admit to something I didn't do." Ella was a firm believer in the value of chastity, she would never take part in the latter accusation. Although she hated Catherine, beating her was enough.

"Stop lying, only honesty can save you now." The policewoman, though young, was experienced. She had been through 'the run-around' many times. She set down her pen and looked at Ella, who had wrapped her arms around her shoulders.

Ella leaned forward and looked at the policewoman with a similar, solemn expression. "I'll say it again. I admit to the first crime, but not to the second."

After about half an hour, the policewoman grabbed her recording device and notebook and stood up. "Wait for the law-suit proceedings then.." With that, the policewoman stood up and left the room. "Take her back to her cell."

Again imprisoned, Ella asked the guard, "How long will you keep me locked up?" "I have recorded the confession!" She asked the question with a weakening voice. She hated the cold, damp cell and wanted to go home.

The guard frowned before answering, "It all depends on whether she presses charges or settles privately."

"Catherine, Catherine, Catherine....." Ella repeated this name in her mind over and over again.

The first person to notice Ella was gone was Melody. She had been concerned when Ella hadn't returned the old house for several days.

Melody had left countless messages on her phone, but Ella had kept it turned off the entire time. In the evening, when she still couldn't get ahold of Ella, she had called to the Villa and asked Joy if they had seen her.

Melody had also tried Samuel's phone, which was likewise kept off for the entire day. Upon further investigation, Anna had told Melody that Samuel hadn't come to work that day.

'What is wrong with these two kids?'

At 10 p.m., with no other choice, Melody had called Eason. She had immediately asked him whether he had seen Ella.

Eason having just arrived in France, had just finished handling the matter of his deceased parents' belonging.

He was weary from travel and jet lag when he answered the phone.

"Hi, grandma." Eason's voices crackled a bit due to his sleepless night.

"Samuel and Ella are missing. Do you know where they might be?" Becoming more and more worried about the two, Melody skipped all pleasantries and asked Eason abruptly.

Sensing the urgency in her voice, Eason become confused. Samuel and Ella were missing? He was talking to his sister yesterday when he boarded the plane.

"Grandma, calm down. I will call around and find them."

"OK, call me back later." Melody hung up the phone and looked at baby Jerry, sleeping peacefully beside her. She said a quick prayer for the safety of the boy's parents.

Samuel and Ella were both missing. It was Eason, by way of Anna, who finally contacted Samuel.

Samuel had been off-grid at his island villa in Uthana. He had been out sailing his yacht.

Returning to the villa that evening, he was shocked to see his satellite phone voicemail over-flowing with messages.

He frowned, knowing that only Anna had access to the number. He had warned her only to call in case of emergency!

On his yacht, at sea, Samuel was alone. The villa and island views were his own personal escape.

He only came here when he really needed to be alone. And Anna had clearly disregarded this need of his.

"Hi." Eason was surprised at the sudden answer after so many fruitless calls.

"Samule, where are you?" Eason's voice was saturated with worry and anxiety. He wanted to fly to Uthana immediately to see Samuel with his own eyes.

"What's the matter?" Eason adjusted his posture in a stiff European-style leather sofa.

"Have you seen Ella yet?"

"Where is Ella? Is she with you now?"

Ella? What was the matter now, Samuel thought to himself. Samuel sat bolt-upright and response firmly, "No."

"Danm it, Samule! Where is Ella?" Hearing of their separation, Eason got mad.

After Eason told Samuel of Ella going missing, he had a bad feeling in his stomach.

This is bullshit, Eason thought. "It's already been 24 hours. If you can't get in touch with her ASAP, I will call the police." His parent were gone. Ella could now only rely on him and maybe Samuel.. Eason felt helpless. He was not even in Uthana. How could he help her now?

"Maybe he should ship his career back to Uthana for his little sister."

They can't get in touch with Ella? Samuel thought to himself. Had she run away from home? Quickly saying goodbye to Eason, Samuel turned his work cell phone on.

Suddenly, hundreds of missed calls appeared. Some from Anna, some from Eason, some from clients and many from his grandmother.

He immediately made a call to the home villa, where Joy promptly answered. Joy gave him the same story she had given Melody and Eason: "Mrs. Ella's car is still parked at the front door. I haven't seen her since yesterday."

At once Samuel was convinced that something bad had happened to Ella.

Samuel went upstairs and changed out of his sailing attire. He grabbed a bag and headed out the door on his way to Uthana.

It was 12 p.m., when Samuel finally found Ella.

The door of the detention room open, he saw a small, pitiful figure hunched in the corner of the cell.

Consumed with feeling of pity and self-hate, Samuel felt his anger towards Ella evaporate.

When she heard the sound of the cell door opening, Ella looked up suddenly.

A tall man standing in the entrance blocked the light. So she closed her squinting eyes.

Having been detained for over 24 hours, Ella felt broken.

Her parents gone, her brother far away, Ella felt alone. Was there anyone left who cared about her?

Samuel stooped lowly and picked up Ella. Ella pulled her eyes closed and tried in vain to fight back tears.

Outside the station, Ella and Samuel climbed into the back seat of the porsche.

Anna let out a long sigh in the front seat. Samuel had pulled many stings to find Ella.

Having torn apart the whole country looking for her, he had never thought that she could possibly be in a cold, dark cell.

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Half an hour had passed.

Inside the car, no-one spoke, Ella leaned against a window, as far away from Samuel as she could. She watched as the city whizzed by outside.

Samuel rubbed the skin between his eyebrows and spoke calmly, "So, after being in there for a day, you know it's your fault, right?" Had he known what Catherine was going to do, he would never have left her side. In her time of need, he was no where to be found.

However, maybe this ordeal had not been all bad. Maybe it had finally tempered the bold, impulsive streak in Ella's temper. Maybe she wouldn't be so quick to act from now on.

Samuel was able to tolerate her being childish and often outlandish ideas of 'punishing' other people. But he was not OK with this new streak of criminal activities. No, he wouldn't stand for her cheating and slandering others.

His question seemed to fall on deaf ears. Ella sat silently, refusing to answer him. The only person she had ever truly loved no longer believed in her. She had nothing to say.

Once her cornerstone and protector, now in a time of need, her Samuel had been no where to find. Absent. He doubted that if they had not still be married he would have even come at all.

The car came to a stop at the door of their city Villa. "If you promise I can see Jerry whenever I want, I will agree to a divorce."

Anna, sitting in the driver's seat suddenly felt uncomfortable. The temperature inside the car seemed to drop several degrees.

Anna shivered. Where were these two, who just weeks ago, had seemed so happy. The image of happiness. Who were these strangers she now saw in the backseat? How quickly they had moved towards divorce.

A few minutes later, Samuel stepped out of the car and slammed the door shut violently.

Just as Ella began to relax, thinking that Samuel had left, her door was pulled open without warning.

Nearly falling, Ella would have hit the ground had it not been for a handful of Samuel's shirt.

Samuel threw her over his shoulder and walked towards the villa. Having starved in a jail cell or two days, Ella nearly fainted in exhaustion.

Upon entering the villa, Samuel commanded Anna, "Tell Eason that I brought his sister back, safe and sound." Anna was greatly surprised at the man she now saw entering the villa. How strange these once familiar people seemed.

Anna remembered Samuel as a patient, gentle man. How cruel and rash he now seemed. She reflected on how he was with Emma; gentle and humorous.

But she needed to answer Eason!

She quickly dialed his number, which after dialing so many times, was now in her memory. A man's voice came through from the other end.

His voice was hoarse and tired and only added to Anna's anxiety.

"Ella... has been found. Mr. Lowell just brought her back to the villa. She's alright." Truth be told, Anna was unsure whether Ella was truly 'alright'.

Hearing the news, Eason felt a great sense of relief. It was already too late though. He would give her a call the next day to get the details.

"Have you made your mind about what I asked you?" The sudden change of topic caught Anna by surprise.

Unable to hide a hint of resentment in her voice, Anna felt a bitter smile come across her face. "Yes, I have. My answer is no. See you later, I mean, see you never.. Mr. Leonard." Anna hung up the phone quickly. Phone in hand, she felt herself beginning to tremble slightly.

She let her head drop onto the steering wheel. Her breath was shallow and quick.

She thought back to what Eason had told her a few days ago. He had told her, "My biggest regret is that my parents never got to see me get married. I never gave them the grandchildren that I promised them. Anna, I promised them that I would take care of you too." He spoke matter-of-factly as if he were talking about the weather or sports.

Anna clenched her jaw as he continued to speak. "So, Anna, I would like to ask you to marry me. Of course, I am happy to give you some time to think it over. I hope you won't let me down."

Don't let him down? Who did he think he was? Did he think so little about what she wanted for herself?

He must think pretty highly of himself, to think that any girl would happily bow down just for the chance to marry such a man..

Well, then Eason would just have to learn how it feels to be let down!

When her phone began to ring again, Anna immediately hung it up and got into her own car. She drove away from the villa.

Far away in France, Eason felt the corner of his mouth twitch upwards. He stared, dumbfounded at the phone in his hand. Was he not desirable? Was he missing something? Eason felt self doubt surround him. Was he just bad with women?

He suddenly felt that he really needed to move his business back to Uthana.

At the Royal Valley Mansion

Samuel carried Ella all the way up to the bedroom and threw her onto the massive, king-sized bed.

Ella was still dizzy from the violent trip from the car. Samuel slid his hands into his pockets and stood over her, shaking his head slightly.

After regaining her composure, Ella stood up and went to the walk-in closet. She changed into her pajamas and walked into the bathroom.

Ella ignored Samuel as she moved around the room. Samuel became infuriated and threw his coat on the bedside chair, ripped the tie of his neck and followed her into the bathroom.

Ella began to fill the tub with water and turned around when she heard someone enter the bathroom behind her.

Samuel grabbed her wrist as he entered the bathroom and held her still as she tried to move away.

"You're angry." Samuel said. He was positive of this. Ella had never acted like this before.

Expressionless, Ella pulled her hand out of Samuel's big hand and brushed him aside. She moved towards the bathroom door.

As she was pulling the door open, she suddenly found herself airborne. At once, she was thrown into the bathtub.

Her clothes were soaked.

As she struggled to get out of the tub, Samuel jumped on top of Ella and put his legs on her chest, pushing her back downwards.

"Ella, how can you be so angry? Tell me now!" His voice was strange, the emotion impossible to identify.

Is this what Eason had taught Ella? Cling to the past? Obsess over mistakes? Or was it that she had been spoiled by her parents?

Now, both Samuel and Ella were soaked with the rising water. Ella shivered.

At last Samuel felt himself relaxing a bit. He stood up and got out of the tub.

Replenishing the water in the tub, he picked up Ella and put her back in the tub.

Two hours later, Ella sat in front of the dresser mirror, drying her hair. She was weak at the knees.

She opened the door to the baby's room and locked the door behind her. She fell asleep on Jerry's bed.

Meanwhile, Samuel went to his own walk-in closet and changed into his robe.

Samuel glanced at the empty bed and then went to Jerry's room and tried the door. Sure enough. It was locked.

Thinking of their "cold war," Samuel decided to leave Ella alone. He returned to the bedroom alone.

Ella woke up the next morning surprisingly energized. She went to closet and changed noiselessly before leaving the villa.

After about 20 minutes, she returned to the villa. She threw away a bag of medicine before sitting down at the kitchen table.

Samuel walked down the stairs while tying his tie. He caught Ella popping two pills into her mouth. She swallowed hard when she saw him.

He frowned slightly. Was she sick?

"What pill did you just take?" Upon hearing Samuel's voice, Ella shook with fright. She nearly dropped the glass of water in her hand.

Samuel stood horrified. Her reaction was strange. Samuel walked past her and went to the trashcan. He pulled out the box of medicine she had thrown away.

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The packaging read 'Levonorgestrel Tablets'.

Samuel's face grew dark. He turned to Ella suddenly with a look of horror on his face and slapped off the glass in her hand.

The kitchen floor was marble, and the glass shattered instantly.

The sound of shattering glass started Joy who was busy in the kitchen.

Accustomed to keeping to herself, Joy closed the door and left, as if nothing had happened.

Samuel grabbed Ella's face with his right hand and stared into her eyes. "Who gave you these pills?" Samuel's eyes seemed to pop out of his head in anger.

Ella grabbed his wrist and tried to shake her face free from his grasp.

"Who gave them to you?!" Samuel's voice was getting louder as he shook Ella's head.

"Don't you want a divorce? Why would I give you another child?" Ella said in pain. Her jaw ached under the pressure of Samuel's hand.

Yesterday had been the latest day for her period to come. Having not occurred he had moved on to protective measures.

Samuel's eyes were red and seemed to bulge out of his head with fury, "You may have just killed my unborn daughter! Murderer!" After saying this last word, he threw her away violently.

Ella fell to the ground in a squat. She accidentally pressed her left palm into a shard of glass.

"Ah!" Biting her lower lip in pain, she lifted her hand to have a look. Several shards of glass were sticking out of it.

Small drops of blood fell to the ground and her face turned pale.

Hearing her cry out, Samuel, who was heading out the door, stopped and turned.

Watching Ella sitting helplessly, with blood dripping to the ground, Samuel's pace quickened. He walked over to her, put his arm over her shoulders and rushed her outside.

In a bit of a panic, Samuel put Ella in the back seat of his porsche and dialed Chuck's number.

"Go straight to the hospital. I'll be there in just a moment."

Chuck was in the midst of taking a half-empty glass of milk from Daisy.

Hearing the urgency in Samuel's voice, Chuck let go of the glass, which in turn spilled all over Daisy's face. Daisy sat dripping with milk.

"Chuck!!" Daisy shrieked at Chuck, who was busy changing his shoes.

Chuck took a look at the milk-soaked Daisy and gave her a gap-toothed smirk. Then he continued out the door and dashed down the street.

Daisy remained in the kitchen cursing Chuck with every foul word she could think of. When she was finished, she left to get cleaned up.

In a luxury VIP ward

Samuel slammed the breaks of the Porsche as they approached the hospital. The sudden stop caused Ella's forehead to hit the seat in front of her.

Now she had a head ache too! Head aches, hand aches, heart aches. Everything was aching these days.

Samuel opened the back door of the car, and lifted the wounded Ella out of the car. He hurriedly steered her towards the hospital front door.

Chuck was already standing in the waiting room, dressed in a white coat. Samuel rushed in.

Chuck looked curiously at Ella, helpless-looking in Samuel's arms. A little anxiously he asked, "What happened?" Only after he spoke did he notice the terrible condition of her hand.

Ella had always been like a little sister to Chuck. Seeing her condition made his heart sink in his chest.

Chuck called the nurse station and asked them to deliver a first-aid kit and the associated medicine.

Gently, Samuel set Ella down on a sofa and sat next to her.

"She cut herself on a broken glass." Samuel explained what had happened to Chuck. He felt a bit guilty about the whole situation, though he tried to hide from Chuck.

The nurse brought the first-aid kit to Chuck. Chuck took out tweezers, cotton swabs and a few other items. He looked tenderly at Ella, "This may hurt a bit. But I know you can bear it."

Samuel unbuttoned the right cuff of his shirt and rolled up the sleeve. Revealing his bare arm, he placed it in front of Ella. "Bite it if you feel pain."

Chuck looked solemnly at the two. He thought back to his own experience. Having been scratched by a scalpel, Daisy had offered the same thing.

He would be touched if he were a woman. But alas, Chuck was a man. For him it was shameful to have a woman offer such a thing.

Feeling animosity towards Samuel, Ella happily obliged and bit into his arm.

Chuck carefully disinfected the wound. He felt her tremble each time he prodded the wound.

As he began to pull the pieces out, Ella bit even harder. Her pain was obvious for all to see.

Samuel's free arm suddenly wrapped around her waist. Trying to make light of the situation, Chuck opined, "Hey you two, get a room!"

A display of affection, here? Didn't Samuel think she was some kind of an evil woman? Wasn't he impatient to cast her aside? How strange it was for him to show her affection after all they had been through.

Chuck thought he saw a faint smile on Ella's face when he cracked his little joke. The smile quickly left though. Something seemed wrong with Ella.

He quickly stole a glance at Samuel again, who was staring intently at the wound with a blank expression.

These two.. Chuck thought to himself. ...must have some real problems.

"What are you looking at? Do your job, man!" Samuel had noticed Chuck's ponderous look and glared back at him.

How strange! Chuck remembered Samuel as a cheerful, happy man. Never before had he seen such hostility from the man. Did this have something to do with the gossip about Ella? Was this what had caused this strange energy between them?

If it was, Chuck felt that he needed to have a serious discussion with Samuel.

Slowly, Ella withdrew her teeth from Samuel's arm. Two neat, little rows of teeth were already rising on his skin.

Ella looked dazed, though she didn't seem to be bothered by the pain. After all, compared to the pain she had felt lately, her hand was nothing.

After Chuck finished removing the last small shards of glass, he carefully applied an antiseptic medicine and wrapped her hand with gauze.

"Don't press on the wound or get it wet. Come in tomorrow and we'll change the dressing." Chuck spoke to the couple while packing up his things.

Suddenly, Ella's pocket began to vibrate. She quickly pulled out her phone with her good hand.

She pressed answer as she walked out of the doctor's office.

As Samuel began to follow her, Chuck stopped packing his things. He spoke softly, "Samuel."

Samuel turned around in confusion. "Well? The bill?"

... Chuck felt the strange impulse to throw a scalpel at Samuel. The two men stood staring at one another.

"Spit it out!" Samuel was clearly in a rush.

"What's going on Samuel? Between you and Ella?" Chuck hadn't seen them for a while, but they seemed like different people.

Samuel cocked an eyebrow. "Nothing. Everything is fine. How about you worry about your own wife, huh? We're fine." After all, Samuel's issues with Ella were not something which could be quickly summarized.

"Ella is a nice girl. Don't hurt her." Chuck was not the type to worry about other's business. If Ella had not been like a sister to him, he would have likely stayed silent.

Samuel reacted to Chuck's by frowning and sneering at the doctor. "Don't be fooled by what you see. She's not what you think she is." With that, Samuel turned and left the room. Chuck remained behind, puzzling over what she had heard.

There must be something else behind this! How could anyone ever think Ella was a problem..

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Ella was in the hallway, talking to Eason on the phone.

"... I'm good... Eason you should work and and make more money. Who knows? If one day I'm running low, I'll need you to get my back! ... I was just kidding!" Ella bowed her head slightly and kicked her right foot playfully around in the air.

Failing to notice a pair of eyes gazing intently at her, Ella continued talking with Eason. "I'll definitely take Jerry to France when I have the time.. He's in Chuck's office. I'm on the road now. OK, bye, Eason."

After she hung up the phone. Ella stared down at the blank screen. If Samuel ever really did leave her one day, at least she could count on her brother. This thought brought her great relief.

After dazing off for a few minutes. Ella turned around and headed for the hospital exit. A man, suddenly stepped in front of her. He had been leaning against the wall watching her.

Where did this man come from?

After looking over each other for a few seconds, Ella briefly greeted Chuck before walking towards the elevator.

Samuel also followed behind. She felt him closing in as he walked out of the hospital entrance. Ella walked straight out of the hospital and down the road. Watching her carefully, Samuel hopped in his car and drove after her.

Samuel's Porsche slowly pulled up beside her and the passenger window rolled down. "Ella, get in the car." Ella felt that she could not defy his command.

However, Ella had no intention of getting in the car. She walked on in silence.

Just as Samuel voice was beginning to rise, Ella hailed a cab.

Watching the cab disappear, Samuel pounded the steering wheel with his fists. How dare you! Ella. You were the one who messed up! Do you feel no shame?

Ella told the taxi driver to take her to the old house. She was planning to see Melody and Jerry.

Half way to the house, she remembered the cut on her hand. How was she going to explain it to grandma?

Could she tell her the truth? No. She didn't want to worry her any further.

Ella walked up the front door and rang the door bell. Jerry was driving a little toy car, and Melody was playfully chasing after him.

Noticing something off in Ella, Melody stopped playing at once, and went to her in a hurry.

"Ella, what happened to you?" Melody noticed the bandages on Ella's hand and wondered what had happened to her.

Sensing the anxiety from Melody, Ella felt a tightness in her throat. "Don't worry grandma I just hurt it while cleaning up a broken glass." She had told a half truth..

"You silly girl. What are you doing cleaning up broken glass. That is what servants are for. Why would you do that yourself? Or... did Samuel bully you?" Suddenly Melody appeared very grave. Ella felt herself quiver.

Ella threw on a pleasant face. "Don't worry grandma, Samuel is always nice to me. It's just a little cut." She wrapped her arm around Melody's then walked over towards Jerry and his little car.

Melody followed and squeezed Ella's hand gently. "Ella, what happened yesterday?"

Ella pull her hand free and picked Jerry up. Trying to conceal her nervousness, she began to make up an alibi. "I was with a friend all day and my phone was powered off. I'm sorry grandma, but I didn't have the charger." Ella found it difficult to pick up her son with an inured hand, but succeeded and kissed him on the cheek.

Finally, she could see her son again.

"Mom..." Melody wanted to question Ella further. However, distracted by Jerry's sudden calling, she dropped the topic.

She would just ask her another day. "Jerry has been calling for his mom all day, he's been worried about you too..."

Ella held the boy tightly, she had missed him so much. Though it had only been a few days. If the divorce went through, she really might not see him again for a long time..

"Jerry, say mom again.." They walked into the living room, teasing the little boy.

At Samuel's Law Firm

After arriving at the office, the first thing Samuel did was ask Anna to call Catherine over.

Ten minutes passed by.

Catherine opened the heavy wooden door to Samuel's office with her heart beating rapidly. Samuel was looking out of the French window with his back to her.

The sun shone through the blinds. Samuel looked glorious in the golden light.

"Miss Reynolds, how long have you been at my law firm?" Only a few seconds had passed before Samuel had broken the silence.

Catherine's face went pale. She didn't know what he was driving at.

"About seven years!" One several occasions she had had the opportunity to travel back and forth to Dreles, Ascea and Uthana with Samuel and Harry. Though of course, her chances to talk to Samuel had been very few indeed.

She had watched her cousin and him together from a distance, feeling so envious...

"I want you to find a better job." He looked at Catherine indifferently. She seemed stunned, unable to believe what she had just heard. Samuel though back to when Catherine first came to the firm with Emma.

Catherine had no idea what to say. She suddenly realized, "Are you threatening me for Ella?"

Samuel took out a cigarette, stuck it between his lips and lit it slowly. This movement won Catherine's heart again.

Catherine couldn't help but admire the coolness of the man.

"You could think of it that way if you want." He let the smoke slowly rise from his mouth.

Catherine could no longer restrain herself. "It was Ella who hired people to beat me. If I hadn't called you, I might have been... raped... How can you cover for her like this? Samuel.. Have you no honor?" Catherine felt a tear flow down her cheek.

She felt amazed and disgusted that Samuel would go to such lengths to protect Ella.

"This had nothing to do with covering for Ella. That is not the point. The point is that she was arrested and jailed for two days because of you. Besides, you're fine. We can settle this privately. You don't need to press charges." Until the ink dried on their divorce contract, Samuel would not allow anyone to hurt his wife. Except for himself, that is..

No matter what kind of person she was, he would teach her a lesson. It was none of other people's business.

After the divorce he would cease to care about what happened to Ella.

"How can you keep protecting her? You know my cousin's been waiting for you. Aren't you at least worried about what might happen to her?" Catherine couldn't help mentioning Emma. Samuel could be her man or Emma's man. But Ella was not an option.

Samuel flicked the ash, holding the cigarette between his fingers. Catherine's words made him lost in deep thought.

"I've told her that it's over. You should help persuade her to find a better man." As long as he was still married, Samuel didn't even want to think about other women.

Catherine felt her knees shaking, but summoned the courage to blurt out, "Mr. Lowell, if you ever divorce Ella some day... Would you consider me?"

Her voice was quiet and timid, but enough for Samuel to hear clearly.

She was holding out on a prayer that without Emma in the picture, maybe Samuel could fall for her.

But Samuel had only ever had room for two women in his heart, and Catherine wasn't one of them. Now with Emma no longer inside it, it seemed there was only room for one. Ella.

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Samuel took a look at the woman with red-rimmed eyes and an expectant look on her face. He took a drag on his cigarette, "If Miss Reynolds is willing to wait, you can wait until I divorce Ella." Pausing for a moment, he pondered whether, if Ella improved her behavior, he would really have to give up on her.

Samuel wanted Catherine to understand that he didn't want her. She shouldn't concentrate on him any more.

He thought Catherine would understand it, but he was wrong.

Boldly, Catherine took a few steps forward. At this distance, Samuel could clearly see the outline of the bruise on her face, covered in heavy foundation.

She placed her hand on his waist and squeezed her fingers. Feeling his breath, she whispered in his ear, "Samuel, I'm willing to wait.." As long as he was willing to divorce Ella, she was willing to wait as long as it took.

The office door creaked open, but neither Catherine or Samuel heard the noise. Samuel frowned at the woman in his arms. Neither of them noticed the man at the door, snapping photos on his camera phone.

Samuel crushed his cigarette in the ashtray and pushed Catherine away, "Get out!" His cold expression frightened Catherine.

What was she doing? The relationship between her cousin and Samuel was not clear yet. She shouldn't expose her thoughts.

Besides, his divorce wasn't settled yet. Why was Catherine being so hasty and forward.

Calming down a bit, Catherine returned to her normal, bubbly self. "Mr. Lowell, I will not pursue the matter any more. But I refuse to leave the firm. This is all because I'm waiting for you." With these words, she walked towards the door.

"Don't waste your time on me. It's not going to work out." Turning the doorknob, Catherine suddenly noticed that the door had been unlocked.

"Whether it does work or not, I know the answer. Mr. Lowell, I've loved you for eight years. She turned her head, looking at Samuel confidently. There was no turning back now.

After Catherine left the room, Samuel sat in his office chair. He was shocked by her brazenness. Honestly, in eight years of working with Emma, he had scarcely noticed Catherine.

However, being loved by Catherine was not a good development.

Remembering the feeling of Catherine against his body, Samuel frowned and decided to change his suit. He threw the old suit in a trash can without thinking.

After work, Samuel went straight to the old house. He knew that his feelings were true when he saw Ella with their son.

"Sam?" Melody saw Samuel first and immediately stopped him while he was busy changing his shoes.

Samuel let out a sigh. Ella must have told Melody everything. Besides, grandmother cared about Ella so much.

Samuel picked his son out of the little car and sat next to Melody, "Grandma." The couple, completely ignoring each other, annoyed the slightly traditional Melody.

Melody slapped Samuel's shoulder. So there it was. She must know everything, even about the arrest.

"People need to take responsibility for their actions. It's no use hitting me now." Melody was suddenly confused.

Ella had been meaning to leave the room. After hearing Samuel's reaction, she picked up her phone and pretended to play with it.

"What are you talking about? Are you talking about yourself? First Emma and now Catherine! Did you forget your marriage?" With the last word, Melody felt the need to beat Samuel with her walking stick.

One hour ago, Ella had received a photo on her cell phone. Ella, still weak from the previous day, had sat on the coach without noticing the text message. Melody, sitting to her right had instantly recognized Samuel in the picture.

Upon closer examination, Melody was disgusted to see his arms around Catherine, Emma's cousin.

Upon closer examination, Melody was disgusted to see his arms around Catherine, Emma's cousin. Samuel's first reaction was to look at Ella. Was this her doing? What nonsense had she told his grandmother?

Seeing Samuel denying it, Melody stood up suddenly, walked to Ella and snatched her phone.

"Open the message and look for yourself. Samuel, what kind of a man have you become?" Samuel was getting more and more unreliable, which made Melody choke with apoplectic rage.

Seeing Samuel deny the charge, Melody wanted to leave the house.

Despite not having her phone Ella headed up the stairs and went to the bedroom.

So Catherine loved Samuel after all. Since they were hugging, maybe the feeling was mutual.

But Samuel was divorcing her at the moment. Ella didn't consider herself qualified to mind his business.

Even if Samuel divorced her to be together with Catherine, she wouldn't put it past Catherine! So it was Catherine, the one who had framed her? She wouldn't put it past her.

Ella's figure disappeared at the top of the stairs. Samuel studied her phone. The picture was from an unidentified number.

It was a picture of that afternoon, in his office!

Someone had photographed him with Catherine sent the picture to Ella. Samuel felt his blood beginning to boil.

"You shouldn't be angry. You should be responsible for your bad behavior!" Melody picked up her great grandson from Samuel unhappily.

Ella must be devastated! Why hadn't he said anything? She was worried to death about them.

"I have done absolutely nothing with that Catherine." Crossing his legs, Samuel deleted the phone. He was fairly certain he knew who the photographer was.

"Well if there is nothing to it, why don't you explain it to Ella? Are you an idiot?" Melody had taken Jerry away in order to give Samuel a chance to go after Ella.

Alas! She had always tried to teach him well, but he had grown into an intolerable man.

Samuel drummed the table with his forefinger, "No need to do it." There was nothing to it, nothing to explain.

Furious, Melody gave Jerry back to Samuel and left the living room.

Walking so quickly, it was scarcely possible to think that she already nearly 80 years old.

Jerry looked at his dad and smiled, showing a few teeth.

Caught up in the commotion of the moment, both Melody and Ella had forgotten to dress the baby in a diaper. At this moment a small tragedy occurred.

Jerry, wearing an open-crotch pant, faced Samuel and sat on his leg. Looking at his son, Samuel smiled for the first time that day.

And then, suddenly.. A gush of warm fluid sprayed onto Samuel's face.

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Taking a moment to realize what had happened, Samuel looked angrily at his son.

How dare Jerry pee on his face! He ought to be spanked!

Samuel let out a long sigh, grabbed the boy by the back of his pants and walked upstairs.

Jerry, delighted to be suddenly airborne, laughed all the way up the stairs.

In the bedroom

Ella was blowing on a cup of boiling water when Samuel opened the bedroom door from outside. At first glance, she could see the frustration on his face. He was dripping from his head and shoulders. What had happened?