

Wedded Bride 1051

Chapter 1051 Let Him Go

"I have something to do here," Charles replied flatly. Then, out of the corner of his eyes, he saw a woman. His eyes automatically turned into slits when he saw her. When he saw the rattled look on her face, a thought flashed through his mind that she deserved this.

The moment he finished his work, he went to Sheryl's workplace to pick her up only to find the cleaning staff. After a few inquiries, he learned that his wife entered a private room. Moreover, they gave him the directions to the private room where his wife had gone.

He was shocked to see the scene unfolding in front of him as he entered the room. Only his hands were visibly active as he clenched his fists while he was staring at Oliver, for he was momentarily immobile. Oliver's hand was raised up ready to slap Sheryl. Then something clicked at the back of his mind. He wanted to dash forward to beat the crap out of that bastard!

Then his eyes landed on Sheryl; somehow it softened the fury he was feeling. He started to regain his composure.

"What's going on?" he asked instead. His cold, hard voice suddenly was heard in the room. Oliver's

hand froze a bit in midair, and remembering his intention, he suddenly put his hand down. "Are you guys having a party or something?" Charles continued asking emphasizing the word "something". And he didn't plan on stopping. This time, he looked at Oliver, since no one liked to answer him, and continued saying, "I heard noises here as I was walking by the hallway."

"Here is the thing, Mr. Lu," Oliver started to explain as he gave Charles his best flattering smile. "This girl here said she was your wife, which we know is impossible. We took what she said as a joke and we were amused by it," Oliver continued with his explanation.

When Charles didn't reply, Oliver continued to joke. "You better keep this from you wife. Otherwise, she will not be happy about this and will set her wrath upon you." Then, Oliver laughed out loud, finding his joke very funny.

Controlling the fury building up inside him as he listened to the lamest joke he had ever heard, Charles started nodding slightly and replied, "You are right." 'I am going to teach you a lesson you will never forget!' he thought. This time, he frowned, with an intent to reflect worry as an effect. "I came here straight from work. I am looking for my wife. I looked everywhere but I couldn't find her. I intended to drive my wife home. Perhaps you know where I can find her?"

"Mrs. Lu is here?" Oliver asked in surprise. He glanced around and whined, "Come on, Mr. Lu. Why

didn't you introduce your wife to us? You should have. That way we could have treated her to a meal."

"My wife is shy. She wants to keep a low profile. Whatever my wife desires, I grant. So I just let her be,"

Charles replied. This time, he looked at his wife. He gave her a hard look. This was what he was trying

to explain to her about keeping a low profile. Instances like this would surely happen more in the

future. And he didn't want a repeat episode of this ever again!

Sheryl saw the look on her husband's face, and that look sent shiver down her spine. To stop this

trouble from getting bigger, she walked to Charles' side with her head lowered, not saying a word.

Still, after several seconds passed, Charles didn't say a word to Sheryl. 'He is really angry this time. I

bet he blames me. Oh well, really, there's no one to blame but me...' she thought.

"What are you doing?" Oliver asked in a surprised tone, emphasizing each word. He scowled as he

noticed Sheryl standing beside Charles. Sternly, he commanded, "Come here! You are making a fool of

yourself."

Shifting his gaze on Charles, he apologized awkwardly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lu. It's my fault. I should have

kept her close so that she could not pester you."

He grabbed Sheryl's hand as he gave Charles his assurance and continued, "I will teach her a lesson.

Next time we meet with your wife, I will bring her to apologize to both of you."

Charles lost his control as he saw Oliver reaching for his wife. He grasped Oliver's hand and jerked it away from her. Then he asked, "Is this the same hand you used to attempt to slap her?" Then, he tightened his grip on that hand which made Oliver scream.

In a soft, pleading voice, Oliver asked, "Please let me go, Mr. Lu..." 'What's the matter with him?!' he thought.

Charles let out a scornful laugh and released his hand, pushing him backward.

Oliver nursed his hand as he thought, 'What did I do?' As the pain receded, he asked, "Have I ever offended you, Mr. Lu?" He wanted to find out what was wrong. He firmly believed that he didn't deserve what Charles did to him. He didn't do anything wrong as far as he knew.

"No, you didn't," Charles replied coolly. He somehow felt relaxed after seeing Oliver's face contort in pain. Charles couldn't believe that Oliver still did not realize who his wife was. Now, he was wondering what kind of mind did Oliver really had. A slow one, he bet! For not realizing things as simple as this.

Oliver, meanwhile, was really upset upon knowing that there was no reason behind the violence he experienced. 'Nothing wrong. Nothing wrong! It's not nothing wrong if I received this kind of treatment!'

"What's wrong with you?!" he shouted. His face turned red with anger, his veins on his neck visible. He continued in his state, voice thundering inside the room, "I invited you and your wife to a meal politely. I extended you the respect I think appropriate for you. But look what you did! You stormed in here and laid a hand on me. And for nothing?!"

"I said I was looking for my wife," Charles answered, his voice devoid of any emotions. Facial expressions? Nothing. He made sure his voice matched his face. He was so sure now that, until this moment, Oliver hadn't realized anything. He wouldn't give him the time of the day if the person he was looking for wasn't here. Poor Oliver...

"So you barged in here for your wife?" 'Where the hell is his wife? It's just us here. She better shows her face soon so Mr. Lu will stop this nonsense!' he thought. To mask what he was thinking, Oliver burst into laughter, and went on, "Then where is your wife? I bet you didn't find her!" And, Oliver continued laughing.

"Oh yes, I did!" Charles answered with a contemptuous smile. "You see, she is here all the time." He put his hands on Sheryl's shoulders and slowly pulled her in front of him. Then, he walked to her side, his left hand draped over her shoulders. He was looking now at Oliver. He could see that the different emotions crossed his face. For affirmation, Charles said, "Now you see, she is my wife." Anger was boiling down deep inside him. 'The idiot! There is definitely something wrong with his brains. Why can't he believe that Sheryl is my wife?!' he scoffed inwardly.

'Hahaha! Very funny!' Oliver thought. But when he looked at Charles again, he changed his mind. He could see anger in the young man's eyes. 'It's time to change my attitude on this matter.' Oliver sniffed, "Seriously? She's your wife? You kidding me?"

Displeasure was all over Oliver's face. Despite that the reality slapped in his face, he still failed to see it. He still stood for what he believed in. That woman couldn't be his wife. "I already explained to you that she is a liar. Besides..."

Then something clicked! He started to become nervous. He didn't want to know how big trouble he was in now. Why didn't he think of it a little bit earlier?

Logic started kicking in.

'The girl may lie. But Charles will not. He doesn't have any reason to lie. And, he will not lie for a stranger!' he pondered.

It was Oliver now who felt shivers running down his spine. To ease what he was feeling, he started walking to and fro, looking now and then to Charles. He continued his analysis of the situation. 'He broke in here. He said he was looking for his wife since he entered. He stayed. If his wife was not here, surely he would not stay here.'

Then, understanding and acceptance followed.

Oliver suddenly looked at Sheryl, and then at Holley. Meanwhile, Holley tried to hide in a corner far from them. She maintained her head down, staring at her feet. She didn't have the nerve to look at them, more so at Oliver.

At the sight of the frustrated Holley, Oliver realized that the woman, Sheryl, was really Charles' wife.

He turned to Sheryl, and started saying, "You..."

Sheryl looked back. Whatever Oliver was going to say, it was lost to the air. Sheryl cut him off and said softly, "I told you so, but you chose to believe Holley's words."

"But you..." He wanted to continue, but instead, shook his head as if to wake himself up from a nightmare. 'She doesn't wear designer clothes nor pieces of jewelry. How would I expect that she is Charles' wife?' he thought, giving himself another excuse for failing to believe her.

In the end, he regreted what he had done to Sheryl. Had he learnt about this earlier, he would not have dared to touch her.

He gave himself a hard slap across the face and implored, "Mr. Lu, Mrs. Lu, I am really sorry for what happened here. Please forgive me."

What was done was done. Nothing could change it. He was begging for Charles' forgiveness.

Charles smiled and shot back, "Unfortunately I am a narrow-minded man. I do not allow anyone to touch my woman."

Charles took a step towards Oliver. As he slowly approached, he laughed grimly. Though he wore a smiling face, he was emanating a cold aura.

Then, he asked menacingly, "You touched my wife, huh? Which hand?"

Oliver felt so scared that his knees trembled violently. And because he couldn't control the trembling anymore, his legs turned limp and he collapsed on the floor.

In the business world, it was no secret how much Charles loved his wife. So it was no surprise on

Oliver's part to see Charles acting like this. But still, he couldn't stop feeling not to be scared for his life.

He knew that he offended him by offending his wife. He messed up big time this time.

He looked up at Charles. He started to sweat. His forehead started to glisten. The trembling was not

only on his legs anymore. His whole body started to shake. "Mr. Lu, I know that I made a mistake. I

didn't know that she is your wife. Otherwise, I wouldn't..." He started defending himself.

For the second time around, he was cut off while he explained himself. But this time, it was Charles.

"But she told you, right? What I couldn't understand is why you didn't believe her!" Oliver was trying

very hard to come up with an explanation. But his mind froze as he was intimidated with Charles' look.

It was malfunctioning!

"I..." Oliver tried to answer but failed. He was speechless! He decided to remain silent in the midst of

chaos. Anyway, there was wisdom in silence. Less talk, less mistake.

Sheryl pitied the man on the floor despite of his attitude to her. This time, she mediated. She lovingly

held Charles' arm and whispered, "Come on, honey. Just let him go. He didn't hurt me. You arrived just

in time."

Charles didn't want to leave Oliver just like that without punishing him for what he had done to Sheryl.

He glared at her angrily and then said, "I will deal with you later."

Sheryl stuck out her tongue and said playfully, "Don't get mad at me, honey. I have already learned my lesson." Since it was almost dinner, she added, batting her eyelashes for effect, "I am hungry. Can you take me out to dinner right now?"

Seeing her doing drove Charles' anger away. After all, Sheryl seldom played cute in front of him. With a resigned expression, he sighed, "What should I do to you?"

She knew Charles very well. That was why, in times like this, she knew how to soften him to not be angry anymore. That was also the reason why he couldn't keep being mad at his wife. For those who really knew them, they could say that she could twist her husband in her fingers, just by using her feminine wiles.

Chapter 1052 Are You Coming Or Not

"Let's go," Charles said to Sheryl, as he sighed helplessly.

Sheryl was finally relieved when she heard that.

Oliver had indeed made her angry just now, but... Holley was the one who had instigated the discord

between them. So Oliver should not be held accountable for the misunderstanding.

For this reason, Sheryl tried to persuade Charles to let Oliver go.

As she took Charles' hand and prepared to walk away, Charles stopped. He turned to Oliver, who stood

there trembling. "Oliver, since my wife spoke up on your behalf, I will spare your life for her sake. You

must keep in mind, that from now on, the Shining Company will not have any further dealings with your

company. Please find somewhere else to do business," Charles warned.

"What do you mean? Are you serious?" When Oliver heard this, his knees buckled as he fell to the

floor, pleading. He begged with everything he had. "Charles, please don't do this to me. We've been in

business together for so many years. You have to see all of the hard work we've done. You... You

cannot do this. PLEASE."

Oliver was so frightened that he stopped Charles in his tracks. "Charles, please reconsider your

decision. It is imperative that we continue the collaboration with the Shining Company. If we do not,

there will be no way that my company will stay afloat. How will we make a living?"

Charles did not respond. He shook off Oliver's grasp, and sneered at him with disdain.

Oliver realized that there was no sense in continuing his plea. He turned to look at Sheryl, hoping he could appeal to her softer nature. He hoped that he could convince her to speak with her husband once again and get him to change his mind.

Looking at Sheryl, he begged, "Sheryl, no, Mrs. Lu, it's all my fault. I failed to recognize you before.

Please, you are aware that it was someone else who caused all the trouble. I... I had no idea who you were. I never would have even attempted such a thing, had I known that you were Charles' wife..."

Oliver glared viciously at Holley as he finished. He would definitely teach her a lesson when he was taken care of the matter at hand.

Right now, however, the priority was to fix the current situation as soon as possible.

He smiled bitterly and said, with eyes fixed on Sheryl, "Mrs. Lu, I beg you. I cannot afford to lose the partnership with the Shining Company. Please... please say something."

"Well..." Sheryl said, with a pause. She was unsure of what to say right now. She stood there and looked at the grown man who had, just a few moments before, been gloating over how much power he had in order to 'show her who was the boss'. Now, he was begging for mercy and trembling like a scared puppy. She pitied him as sympathy flooded through her once again.

Trying to figure out what was on Charles' mind, she caught a glimpse of him. "How about..." she muttered.

She had only said two words before she was stopped in her tracks by the stern gaze on Charles' face.

She retracted her gaze and said to Oliver, "I'm sorry. But I'm afraid that I'm not in the position to help you with this at this time."

"Why?" Oliver got mad immediately when he saw that Sheryl had given up trying to convince her husband. "Why can't you help me? You can easily say something, anything to change his mind!"

He looked at Sheryl and continued, "I admit that I offended you before, but I have already explained what had happened and apologized to you. Why can't you forgive me? Why don't you put in a good word for me?"

Seeing Oliver's attitude, Sheryl was secretly glad that she had not impulsively offered to help him plead for mercy any further.

People like Oliver would never remember how kind you were to them, but would always keep in mind the slightest wrong of you.

She looked at Oliver with all seriousness and said, "Oliver, whether I help you or not is really a matter of my words, but why do you think I should help you at all?"

"You..." Mr. Chen did not dare continue with his response. After a minute, he said, "I have apologized to you. If you're not satisfied with just that, please tell me what I can do to rectify the situation. I will do whatever you want. But business is business and should be kept separate from personal feelings. How could you get your personal feelings involved in business affairs..."

More than half of the profits in Oliver's company was dependent upon the continued partnership with the Shining Company. He was anxious and on edge so his words flowed without a filter.

Sheryl glanced at Oliver indifferently. "As for Charles' business, I don't care who he wants to work with. It has nothing to do with me. So, if you want to continue working with the Shining Company, you are barking up the wrong tree."

She gave a cold smile and added, "By the way, what would lead you to believe... that after you had been so offensive to me, a simple apology would suffice? And that I would be eager to assist you?"

Oliver suddenly remembered the stupid thing he had done as he looked at Sheryl.

He only had himself to blame for the current situation. He also should not have trusted Holley. That

bitch just cost him his livelihood.

Seeing that Oliver had nothing beneficial to say, Sheryl turned around and said to Charles, "Let's go."

"Okay," Charles replied, grabbing ahold of her hand once again. Charles was very proud of the way

Sheryl handled herself at that moment. His anger had mostly dissipated too. He looked at Sheryl

beside him and nodded approvingly.

In an instant, Sheryl thought of Holley. She was aware that Oliver would definitely not let Holley get away with the stunt she pulled.

Thinking about that, she wanted to take Holley away from what would surely be a terrible situation.

Now...

Seeing the wheels in Sheryl's head spinning as she paused in her tracks, Charles asked, "What the matter? Is there something else bothering you?"

"Wait me for a moment. There's something I have to do," Sheryl said swiftly as she went over to Holley.

"Did you want to come with me?" Sheryl asked Holley as she stood in front of her.

She could not bear the thought that Holley would be raped by Oliver.

By the time Sheryl and Charles were ready to leave, Holley's heart hit rock bottom. She thought she was going to be raped. So she had done everything she could to mentally prepare herself for what was coming.

Being raped was nothing new to her. She had experienced it three years ago.

However, it never occurred to her that Sheryl would actually turn to her and ask if she wanted to leave with her.

Holley wasn't sure how she should react when she saw Sheryl's calm demeanor.

"What? Do you not want to? Would you rather stay here?" Sheryl asked after Holley did not respond for a long time.

Holley glanced at Sheryl and said with a cold smile, "Don't think that I would appreciate for that. I won't forget what you have done. And I will pay you back for it, as I said before."

"Don't worry." Sheryl nodded slightly and said to Holley, "I don't care whether you thank me or not. It's just that I can't stand the thought..."

She took a deep breath and questioned one last time, "So are you coming or not?"

"Yes..." Holley replied. Only a fool would want to stay there!

Although Holley wanted to reject Sheryl and maintain her dignity, a wise person didn't fight when the odds were against them. She reluctantly ended up leaving with Sheryl.

Chapter 1053 What's Wrong With You

After they left the hotel, Sheryl intently realized that Charles might not want her to take Holley away, but

Sheryl didn't regret what she had done.

Although Holley had done bad things in the past, because of Sheryl's good nature, she still wanted to save Holley whenever she was in trouble.

"Why did you save me?" Holley suddenly asked as they were walking out of the hotel. Charles walked up ahead with Sheryl, and Holley trailed behind them, neither too close nor too far.

"Do I need to have a reason?" With a sneer, Sheryl continued, "I was in a good mood just now, so I saved you."

"Sheryl..." Holley stopped, looked attentively at Sheryl in front of her, and said, "I want to hear the truth from you."

"The truth..." Sheryl frowned slightly and looked at Charles, who smiled and said, "You talk to Holley. I'll just drive our car here."

"Okay." Sheryl agreed.

After Carlos was out of sight, Sheryl turned to look at Holley again and said, "I saved you because I didn't want to see you hurt yourself."

Holley crossed her arms and looked at her warily. Sheryl sighed and continued, "Believe it or not, I really don't want you to ruin yourself just to fight with me. It's nothing serious. Why do you have to do it?"

"Nothing serious?" Holley sneered, "well, you don't think anything is serious. Likewise, you don't think the death of your mother is a serious matter, do you??"

Receiving no response from Sheryl, Holley frowned and continued, "A cold and heartless woman like you has no heart."

"Shut up!" Sheryl finally broke her silence. With a composed expression, she said coldly, "I do feel sorry for mother's death. But you should reflect on your own mistakes. If mother were still alive, she would certainly not want you to destroy yourself."

Sheryl frowned at Holley and continued, "If you insist on doing such a silly thing, I may not be able to

stop you. But since I ran into you doing this, I couldn't just ignore it."

"It's nothing, I was just flirting with them and having a few drinks," Holley replied defensively. "You think that was me ruining myself? You're way too fussy," Holley said disapprovingly.

"You think it's nothing? Oh my God." Sheryl shook her head slowly. "I really don't understand you at all, Holley. Aren't you ashamed of doing a thing like that?"

"I don't think it's a shame." Holley sneered and said fiercely, "Why don't you ask me how I escaped from prison in the past? Do you know the type of things I've experienced?"

Realizing that she really didn't know much about the girl's past, Sheryl looked at Holley curiously and said, "Please tell me." A trace of fear flashed across Holley's face as all the horrible moments from her past bombarded her mind. Seeing the look of fear on Holley's face made Sheryl even more puzzled, but also somewhat nervous about what she could possibly find out.

'What could have happened to her?' Sheryl thought to herself. 'What could she have suffered through to react with such fear?'

"You said you couldn't bare to watch me abuse myself, but where were you when I was being abused three years ago?" Holley's eyes flashed with pent up anger. Gritting her teeth, Holley said accusingly,

"When I came out of prison three years ago, I was confined by that damn Ferry and raped by him and his men... Where were you then?"

Sheryl was at a loss for words. She opened her mouth to reply, but quickly snapped it shut as Holley continued to speak. "Sheryl, you always claim to save me, but when I needed help the most, where were you?"

It was now clear to Sheryl that the reason for Holley's paranoia was not only Wendy's death, but also the horrible events from her past.

Holley had always believed that if Sheryl hadn't caused Wendy's death, then she would never have crossed paths with a man as despicable as Ferry, and in turn, would never have suffered through what she had.

Sheryl stood silently in front of Holley, trying to digest all this new information.

She had been completely unaware of Holley's appalling past until this point and it made sense now why Holley hated her so much.

It was evident that Holley could not forgive her.

The thought of Holley, as a girl, going through something as terrible as what she'd described, was gut-wrenching to Sheryl.

Looking Holley in the eye, she whispered, "I'm so sorry, I didn't know..."

During the time of Holley's trauma, Sheryl had been confused by the drug and was unable to comprehend what was happening. How could she have known or cared about Holley at this time?

"Just stop talking, Sheryl!" Holley roared as she felt her emotions taking control.

Holley glowered at Sheryl. "Bah! I don't want to hear you say you're sorry. I just want you to stop acting like you're some sort of holy saviour to me. You are completely to blame for what happened to me and so whether you help me or not, I will never forgive you."

A feeling of anguish settled in Sheryl's gut as she tried to explain to Holley, "Yvonne, please listen to me..." But Holley didn't want to listen to her at all.

"I won't thank you for your help," she said coldly. "Sheryl, I hate you. I will hate you all my life."

And with that, Holley abruptly turned and walked away. She had driven here, and although she had consumed many glasses of wine, she decided that she would drive anyway so that she wouldn't have to see Sheryl's hypocritical face anymore.

Sheryl called out after her as Holley walked towards the car. Ignoring Sheryl, she promptly got into the driver's seat, started the car, and drove away.

If Holley hadn't told her personally, Sheryl would never have known what Holley had gone through.

Thinking that Holley was just paranoid, it had never crossed Sheryl's mind that she was somehow connected to the horrible events of Holley's past. It was shocking to now know that Holley wholeheartedly blamed her for everything.

She still felt that Holley was paranoid, but now she finally understood why.

Now Sheryl was worried about Holley, because she was still being kept in the dark about George. It was hard to imagine how Holley would react, and how her life would change, after finding out the truth.

Returning from his drive, Charles saw Sheryl alone, pacing worriedly back and forth on the pavement.

"Get in the car!" Charles shouted out the window as he drove over to her.

As she hopped into the car and fastened her seat belt, it dawned on Sheryl that Holley had drunk today. Turning to Charles beside her, she said, "Charles, let's follow her."

Charles nodded as he quickly sped down the road in the same direction Holley had gone. It wasn't long

before they caught up and her car was in front of them. Sheryl knew Holley would never listen to her explain, but she still needed to help.

"All we can do now is follow her and make sure she returns home safely," Sheryl said firmly.

"Alright." Charles readily agreed.

Sheryl looked suspiciously over at Charles and asked, "What's wrong with you today? You're acting differently. Why are you so tolerant of her?"

Charles smiled and reflected the question back to Sheryl. "What about you? Why didn't you plead for Oliver in the hotel just now?"

Chapter 1054 A Matchmaker

"How is that surprising to you?" Sheryl laughed. "When my car got rear-ended the other day, it made me think..."

Sheryl paused for a moment, like she was thinking over something in her head. Looking at Charles, she continued, "Remember when you fired that new manager for me? I was even mad at you for it because I thought you had crossed a line. But you explained your reasoning to me later and you were right. We shouldn't just look at a potential business partner's ability; we need to take into consideration their moral character."

Sheryl paused again. She saw right through Charles. "Oliver is not a good person. His personal life is a mess and he has no moral compass. You ended your partnership with him because you didn't think he would be able to effectively lead his company to success, not because of me. What had happened this evening was just an excuse, I think you got this idea a long time ago."

Charles laughed, his eyes twinkling. "You've been with me for so long that you've learned many things," he said as he smiled proudly. Sheryl, who had been very observant of Charles, had slowly figured out how to think like him.

Pleased with herself, Sheryl smiled mischievously at Charles. "Yes, you're right. I've learned a lot from being in such close quarters with you, Mr. Lu. You are the mentor of my life," she teased.

Laughing happily in response, Charles winked and said, "I may have had my own selfish reasons in that, so I respect your selfish reasons to do other things."

Blushing, Sheryl couldn't contain a smile from stretching across her face. They were both silent as they gazed into each other's eyes. Charles finally spoke. "Although I can't understand why you want me to do this, I know that you have your reasons, so I'll just do as you say."

Touched by his words, Sheryl reached out and held his hand.

She loved the feeling of his large hand interwoven with her small one. As she looked at Charles, she

decided that it was time to tell him about Yvonne. Taking a deep breath, Sheryl spoke. "Charles, have I

ever told you that Holley is Yvonne?"

"No, you haven't," Charles responded after a couple seconds of silence. "But I've always been

somewhat skeptical about who she is."

Charles seemed unfazed by this revelation. It was as if, in the depths of his heart, he already knew.

Smiling weakly, Sheryl confessed, "Even I didn't know until recently.

And although she isn't nice to me, she is still my sister. I can't let her endanger herself and ruin her life.

If I allow her do these things, I will regret it for my whole life."

"It's all right. I understand," Charles comforted. Stroking her back gently, he continued, "You are such a

strong woman, but your one weakness is that you're softhearted."

Sheryl managed a smile and responded firmly, "You can say that I'm too softhearted and you can say

that I'm innocent, but I cannot and will not watch her lose herself."

Sighing, Sheryl continued, "Not until today did I know what had happened to her three years ago."

Shaking her head at her own ignorance, Sheryl anguished, "She had been shut by Ferry. She was forced to please his men and trained to be a..."

While Sheryl was speaking very cryptically, Charles understood what she was implying.

Trying to comfort her, Charles continued to stroke her back gently, but Sheryl was deep in thought.

Sheryl realized that the time Holley spent with Ferry was probably the reason why the girl thought it was okay to exchange her body for benefits. The thought made Sheryl feel ill with grief.

Sheryl quickly snapped back to reality when she saw that Holley's car was in front of them. Sighing, she continued to anguish over the past. "If I knew that was going to happen, I would have watched over her. Things wouldn't have turned out like this if I had just paid attention."

Charles didn't know what to say, but he hated seeing Sheryl in agony over this. "Don't think too much about it. Agonizing over the past won't change anything. Anyway, you can't blame yourself for everything. It wasn't you who did those things to her, and you could never know what was going to happen at that time."

Sheryl nodded skeptically, as his words seemed to temporarily ease her despair. The couple continued

to follow Holley's car until, much to Sheryl's relief, the girl eventually pulled safely into her driveway.

As Holley got out of her car, she quickly glanced at Sheryl's car. She knew that Sheryl had been

following her and, unexplainably, had felt a little strange about it.

As soon as Holley closed her car door, she saw Sheryl's car quickly pull away from the curb and drive

away. Then she went back home with no hesitation.

While it was kind of Sheryl to make sure she got home, Holley would not let herself think fondly of

Sheryl. She told herself again and again that she was her enemy.

'I hate her. No matter how she treats me, it won't change the fact that she is to blame for my mother's

death.' Holley repeated this thought over and over again in her mind. 'If it wasn't for Sheryl, things

would not have turned out like this.'

"I will make her pay for all the pain she's caused me and all of the debts she owes me," Holley

murmured to herself as she walked inside her home.

After escorting Holley back to her home, Sheryl finally felt as though she could relax a little bit. To

relieve herself from the pressure of the day, she sat down and had a meal with Charles before going

straight to sleep. It wasn't long before the sun came up and Sheryl had to waken, get ready, and go to

work.

Despite being exhausted, Sheryl remembered that she had an appointment that morning with George and Sula, so she couldn't be late.

It was still quite early when Sheryl arrived at the company. To kill some time, she began watering the plants in her office. However, as she was about to finish, the company's receptionist knocked on her door. "Sher, your guests are here."

"Please let them in," Sheryl said, quickly fixing her hair. "Please bring me two cups of tea," she said to the receptionist.

"Coming right up." As the receptionist turned to leave, a thought crossed Sheryl's mind.

'Sula is pregnant. Tea is probably not good for the baby, ' she thought to herself.

Sheryl quickly called out to the receptionist, "Actually, just bring a cup of tea and a cup of orange juice."

"Okay, Sher. I'll be right back," the receptionist replied with a nod, leaving the office. A few moments

later, George and Sula walked into Sheryl's office. They happily shook each other's hands. "Ms. Xia, it's

nice to see you again," George said.

"Mr. Han, I told you to call me Sheryl," she replied with a smile, turning to look at Sula. "And you must be Mrs. Han."

Sheryl studied Sula, who was standing beside George. She was sure she must have seen her once or twice before but did not notice her. In her opinion, Sula looked nothing like Holley.

Holley was beautiful, but she was cold. Men were often scared away by her and it was as though she wore a sign that said "please keep your distance".

Sula, on the other hand, was completely different. While she was beautiful like Holley, she came across as very sweet and approachable. Sheryl got the impression that she was nice to get along with.

It was surprising to Sheryl that George would be with a quiet and gentle girl like Sula.

But as she thought about it some more it began to make sense. 'Being with Holley is tiring, ' Sheryl thought. 'George is probably much more comfortable and at ease being with Sula.'

"Yes, this is my wife, Sula Piao," George replied. Holding Sula's hands, he turned to Sheryl and said,

"Sula, this is Sheryl Xia."

"Yes, I've heard a lot about her," Sula responded, laughing lightheartedly. Reaching out her hand to shake Sheryl's, she said, "It's really nice to finally meet you."

Shaking Sula's hand, Sheryl was surprised. "You've heard about me?" She had been unaware that she was such a well known person.

"Yes, I have." Sula smiled softly, turning to look at George lovingly. "I've heard from George's mother that it's because of you I can be with George." Returning the smile, George kissed Sula on the top of her head.

"Is that so?" Sheryl laughed as she watched the couple. "I'm your matchmaker, aren't I?"

Sula giggled as she nodded. Their lighthearted conversation seemed to put Sheryl's guests at ease.

Moments later, the receptionist entered the office and handed the couple their tea and orange juice.

Settling into her chair, Sheryl smiled and said, "Please sit down. We might end up talking for quite some time."

Chapter 1055 You Still Want To Get Back At Autumn

Placing the orange juice in front of Sula, Sheryl said with a friendly smile, "Please have this. You're pregnant now. Tea isn't good for you."

Her considerateness took Sula by surprise and she returned the kindness with a polite smile. "Thank you, Sheryl."

With a smile, Sheryl turned to George, wanting to get straight to the point. "I actually invited you here to discuss about the wedding arrangement. We've already worked out the stage rendering and it's almost ready. But as for the floral patterns and some other details, I want to inquire about Miss Piao's opinion. After all, a wedding ceremony is most important to a woman. I'm sure Miss Piao wants to have a memorable wedding."

With that, she handed the stage rendering to Sula. Since George filled her in about his fiance's requirements, she came up with a theme designed for them. When Sula went over it, she was quite satisfied.

With an approving smile, she praised, "I finally understood why George insisted on having you organize our wedding. You really have an eye for it."

"What do you think about the layout?"

Sheryl's diplomatic smile was pristine.

"I love it," Sula replied with a nod. A thought suddenly occurred to her, making her frown. "But there are only a few days left. Are you sure we can pull this off?"

"Please don't worry about that," Sheryl reassured with a smile. "Now that I took this job, I won't let you

down. I promise you that you're going to have a grand wedding."

"That's good to hear!" she sighed with relief. "As for the flowers, I think the roses will do. I don't really have any special requirements for the other parts, so I believe you can handle what's left. I will just leave the rest to you."

"Alright, understood," Sheryl nodded. The three went on to discuss the wedding. As soon as they finished, the couple stood up, ready to leave.

Albeit with some hesitation, Sheryl called George back. "Mr. Han, I'd like to have a chat with you in private."

"Pardon me?"

George looked rather stunned.

As she cast a look at Sula, Sula understood Sheryl's intentions immediately. Knowing that she had something important to tell George, she decided to give them a moment.

Seeing Sheryl's expression, Sula speculated that Sheryl would mention something about Holley. Since George moved in with them, she gave him more credit and now didn't mind leaving him alone to talk

about his ex.

With a gentle smile at her partner, she said, "I'll wait for you in the car."

"Okay."

Deciding to go along with it, George simply nodded.

As Sheryl focused her attention on Sula, she gratefully said, "Thank you for your understanding. I'll

treat you to a good meal someday."

"You're most welcome."

With that, Sula turned around and left the office.

As some silence built up, George and Sheryl were then left alone in the room. "So, what is it?" he

asked.

"It's about Holley."

It was obvious from Sheryl's face that she was feeling troubled. "I have one thing to tell you."

Since she followed Holley's car and saw her reach her apartment, she had reflected quite a bit last

night—it was necessary to have a talk with her sister.

As George had promised that he would handle Holley, she wanted to talk about the matter with him.

"Is it about sending her to prison?"

His tone seemed rather tentative. When he saw Sheryl nod slightly in confirmation, his brows furrowed before he continued, "I thought we already reached an agreement on this. Why would you suddenly bring it up?"

"Please hear me out first." Wearing a bitter smile on her face, she explained, "I understand that Holley hurt you deeply. I also know that you want to get even with her. But...she is my sister. Last night, I learned what had happened to her three years ago. I was wondering if...well...I want to give her a chance."

While George remained unresponsive, she went on, "I know you want to get rid of her but once she sees you and Sula get married, she'll stop badgering you. I hope you can just leave her to me."

His forehead wrinkling into a frown, George began to speak. "But I did all this to take revenge on her and you know it. I..."

"I know," she echoed back. Breaking into a sad smile, she continued, "I know Holley did many things to you in the past. But you had been together for three years. I don't think it's a good idea for you to

handle her. Please let me take care of her."

Although it took further convincing, Sheryl's efforts were not in vain. George finally gave his consent to her request.

"Since you said it like that, I can't keep refusing you. I'll leave Holley in your charge." With a sigh,

George let himself give in.

Rapturous, Sheryl beamed at him. "Thank you, Mr. Han. Thank you so much," she gushed.

"You're welcome," he returned. Flashing a wry smile, he proceeded, "After everything that's happened,

I've found that revenge is a rather small thing. It doesn't truly matter in the grander scheme of things.

All I truly want to do now is take good care of Sula and the unborn baby. She's done too much for me

these past few years so...I can't fail her again."

"That's good to hear." Sheryl's grateful smile turned hearty. "Nothing is more important than family. I am

glad you realized this."

Putting on a big smile, George excused himself, "Sula is waiting for me. I got to go."

As she observed George's receding figure, she suddenly felt bad for Holley. 'If she had cherished him,

they would have lived happily ever...

But...'

Releasing a bitter laugh, she thought, 'It's too late.'

While Sheryl intended to forgive Holley and have a talk with her, Holley racked her brains just to plot against her. When Holley finally got a number, she made a call after some hesitation.

"Hello?

Who am I speaking to?" A familiar voice resounded from the other end of the line.

A vicious smile appeared on Holley's face as she cut to the chase. "It doesn't matter who I am. I just want to know if you still want to get back at Autumn."

Chapter 1056 Not Good

"Just who the hell are you?" the woman on the other end asked Holley cautiously. "How on earth are you aware of the matter between Autumn and me?"

"Well, because..." Holley cleared her throat and continued with a sneer, "I have the same purpose as you. You should come here. Perhaps we can support one another and work together to deal with Autumn."

Hearing what Holley had said, the woman kept silent for a while. Holley smirked and added to her

request, "Please, don't worry. Both of us have suffered tremendously because of Autumn. I think it's

best we become allies. I promise not to harm you in any way. On the contrary, we could even become

good friends."

"Really? Do you mean what you just said?" the woman asked with uncertainty and indignation.

Following the woman's question, a cunning smile appeared on Holley's face. She was certain that the

woman had been convinced by her idea.

"Well, of course. I'm sure it will work." Holley sneered. "We must take it easy now. Autumn will definitely

be defeated if we work together."

The woman hesitated for a while and stammered, "Is she still... Is she still with Charles?"

"Yes." Holley responded with a cold smile. "That bitch seems to have endless luck. She had lost her

memory and gone missing three years ago. To be honest, I thought she would never come back.

However, I was totally wrong. In fact, she didn't even come back alone...She has two kids with Charles.

Now Charles treats and cares for her with all his heart. Just the mere thought of it, really makes me

sick. Even I feel envious of her."

Holley smirked and continued, "If she hadn't come between you and Carlos, you would've been Mrs.

Lu... Not her."

Fueled with rage, the woman grasped her fist out of pure anger as she heard Holley's words.

In her mind, she acknowledged just how much she hated Autumn. If it wasn't for her, Charles would've

asked for her hand and she would now be called Mrs. Lu. Thinking about what a difficult time she had

over the years and how Autumn had enjoyed the life she was supposed to have, infuriated her even

more. She felt like it was extremely unfair.

If Holley hadn't called her, she wouldn't have remembered the painful memories of the past few years,

nor feel as angry as she did in the current moment.

Holley started something with her words and aroused the hatred she felt in her heart for Autumn.

That was unfair of her. 'How can she be so happy? If it wasn't for Autumn, I wouldn't have suffered so

much! Everything is so unfair!' the woman silently complained to herself.

Regardless of what happened in the last few years, there was finally a chance for her to rectify the

past. She realized that she could return and take revenge on Autumn. However, to do that, she had to

accept Holley's invitation. By doing that, she could possibly also be reunited with Charles again.

Three years had passed since she left. It was time for her to go back and face reality.

"Will you care to help me when I return?" the woman asked skeptically.

Holley gave a cold smile and answered reassuringly, "Of course. I promise."

Holley didn't really care about the woman, but she would agree to anything if the woman was willing to

help her cause trouble for Sheryl.

"Okay...Well, I don't think I have any reason to decline your request. I just need you to wait for a couple

of days because I have to deal with matters here. I will book a plane ticket as soon as possible and

inform you about my flight."

"That's perfect. I think we will work well together and achieve what we want in no time." Holley burst out

into a peal of evil laughter.

"Yes, I hope so."

A devious smile remained on Holley's face as she hung up the phone.

'Sheryl, I won't appreciate you for saving me last night. On the contrary, I hate you even more. I've

suffered all the hardships in the last three years, and that's all because of you! I will never forgive you!

One day I will let you taste the pain and bitterness that I have suffered too!' Holley promised to herself.

She was convinced that she would make it one day.

She thought about her plan and realized that it was genius. Sheryl had no idea what Holley was

plotting, as she didn't have the time, all thanks to George's wedding.

Time flew. It was the eve of George's wedding, and Sheryl was free.

Looking at the perfect wedding space she'd decorated, Sheryl smiled with satisfaction.

"Thank you, everybody, for your hard work. You must all be very tired. You may go home and rest.

Tomorrow we all have to be on time to get everything ready. Rest well and don't be late," Sheryl said to

her colleagues with a satisfying smile.

"Sher, you have spent more energy than anyone else on this wedding." The speaker was a new

employee, Joanne Zhang. "You arrived here much earlier than everyone else and you really spent a lot

of time perfecting the venue of the wedding. You must be exhausted."

Sheryl smiled and said, "I'm happily willing to put in the extra hours for the sake of our company.

Just go home to rest now everyone. I will invite all of you to have a big meal once the wedding is over."

"Thank you, Sher."

After all the employees left, Sheryl went over everything that they'd prepared for tomorrow's wedding once more. Once she made sure that everything was ready, she decided to leave.

However, her first thought was not to go home, but to rather call Anthony to ask him about Sue's condition as she hadn't seen Sue for several days.

"Sher." The call from Sheryl's phone connected to Anthony's. He continued to say, "What a surprise to receive a call from you!"

"Hi Anthony. I have been very busy recently and had no time to visit Sue yet. How is she? Has she been discharged from the hospital yet?" Sheryl asked with great concern.

"Yes, she is better. She already left the hospital a few days ago." Anthony let out a sigh of relief.

"Actually, Sher, I also wanted to call you to tell you about her condition. She hasn't been happy since she came back from the hospital. That's why I need your help...I want you to persuade her and motivate her to be happy again."

"Is she still bothered by that matter?" Sheryl asked with a growing frown on her face.

"Yes," Anthony sighed. "You know Sue values her family very much and she is pregnant now...So, she is very emotional. She hasn't even been listening to what I've been saying at all."

A bitter smile crossed Anthony's face as he continued, "Sher, you are her best friend. Please persuade her. I would really appreciate your help to make her feel better."

"Okay, I'll be at your house soon," Sheryl replied with a worried tone. She cared about Sue and missed her dearly. She didn't want her to be unhappy.

Normally, Sue would've been given more time to get rid of the show of that matter by herself, but she was pregnant now, so Sheryl decided to help her move on as soon as possible.

Even though she was exhausted from working all day, she drove over to the Xiao family's house and met up with Sue and Laura, who had just come back from the vegetable market.

Since the moment Allen and Peggy had been caught by the police, there was nothing stopping Sue from going out with Laura.

Staying indoors all day, Sue must be thinking far too much about what happened before.

"What brought you here, Sher?" Sue was amazed to see Sheryl, who found Sue's belly to be much bigger than the last time she saw her.

"Well, of course, I came to visit you."

Sheryl smiled and walked with Sue upstairs after greeting Laura.

"How have you been, Sue? Do you feel better?" she asked.

Sue smiled and responded to Sheryl, "Just the same as before. It is not good, but not bad either. So, in

that case, I guess I'm fine."

Chapter 1057 Don't Be Late

"Is it still... because of your family?" Sheryl asked. "Yes, it is," Sue sighed.

"Even though they've been caught now, I can't feel at ease. I was thinking maybe I should pay them a

visit." "You'd better not," Sheryl disagreed.

She reasoned with her, "You clearly know what kind of people Peggy and Allen are. If you visit them

now, they won't feel grateful for your kindness. Instead, they will hate and curse you. It will be better for

you to stay home and take care of your unborn baby. Just leave them alone. Don't you think so?"

"Sher..." Sue smiled bitterly. "You don't need to comfort me. I know. What you said makes sense.

But I really can't just disregard them. I don't know what I should do."

Sue hated herself for complaining to Sheryl again, but she couldn't help it. "Sher, I can't count how

many times you've consoled me. I hope that you don't find me so troublesome."

"Of course not," Sheryl denied with a smile. "You are my friend and I hope that you can live a happy life together with Anthony, and eventually have a cute baby."

Sheryl's words made her smile. "I know what you mean, really. But... I just can't do it."

She hated that she didn't have a strong mind. "Sher, you know what my family is like and I've accustomed to my mother and brother. Whatever happens, they are my family. No matter how they treat me, as long as they are there, I know that I have a home. If I lose them, a part of me will be lost too, as it will leave me an emptiness in my heart. I overheard Anthony talking about Allen's case over the phone several days ago.

He mentioned that Allen might be sentenced severely. It's probably death penalty or life imprisonment.

As for my mother...

she might be put in prison for at least five years. Every time I think I turned them in myself, I feel guilty."

"Sue, Anthony is right about you. You are too kind and considerate." Sheryl shook her head. "Why don't you just think about how they treated you before?"

Sheryl paused and tried to comfort Sue. "Moreover, Allen is an adult, and he should accept the

punishment for his own crime." "You're right, but still, I just can't feel at ease."

No matter how Sheryl persuaded her, Sue just couldn't put them aside. When she saw that Sheryl was about to continue, she stopped her. "Sher, you don't need to say more."

Sue patted her hands and smiled, "I know that you're doing this all for me, but... this is a special case. I don't think anyone can change my mind. I hope that one day I will figure it out by myself. Sher, I really appreciate all that you have done for me.

You're always there to comfort me and make sure I feel better. Believe me, I will come around one day."

Sheryl sighed. She knew she wouldn't be able to change anything. "All right. I'll be waiting for that day."

The next day was George and Sula's wedding ceremony. But Holley had no idea about it.

After she parted in discord with Oliver, Holley wasn't able to find another patron who would like to help her.

Just as she was driven to her wits' end, her phone started to ring and Donna's name came up on caller ID.

"Hello, Aunt Donna! This is a surprise. What brings you to call me today?" Holley answered in a sweet

voice.

"Of course it's because I have something to talk with you," Donna snorted. "So...

are you available now? I was hoping we can meet up." "Of course I'm always available for you," Holley

answered gladly. "Let's meet half an hour later, in the teahouse where we met last time."

"Okay." Donna hung up immediately, unwilling to talk more with Holley.

She then looked at George and said, "You stay with Sula at home. I'm going to meet her." "No

problem," George nodded.

"Mom, you don't need to waste any time with her. Just tell her the venue and the time." "I know," Donna

replied.

"Leave this to me. I know how to deal with it." She then set off to the teahouse. When she arrived there,

Holley was already in the room.

Holley knew that the meeting with Donna was must for the company share and money. She was so

eager to know what Donna was going to offer, so she headed to the teahouse right after their

conversation. Even though she only arrived ten minutes earlier than Donna, she felt like she had spent

half a day waiting.

Finally, Donna showed up. Holley stood up immediately to welcome her in.

She greeted her with a smile, "Aunt Donna, you are here."

"Save it," Donna sneered. "It's better for you to just call me Ms. Han."

Holley didn't feel annoyed even though Donna taunted her. She remained smiling and said, "I feel hurt!

Even though George and I are about to break up, we are not entirely separated yet. Besides, I am used to calling you aunt.

Don't worry, Aunt Donna, maybe in time I will get used to calling you Ms. Han."

Donna snorted, unwilling to argue with her at this moment.

"Aunt Donna, are you here today to give me the money and the agreement of transfer?" "You are very anxious to have them!" Donna commented.

"I used to think that you loved my son very deeply. It turns out you've deceived all of us. If I had known that you would betray him in exchange for such a small amount, I would have come to you long ago."

"I will never love a man who betrays me. He deserves it!" Holley stated.

But Donna's comments still had an impact on her. She became impatient and urged, "Stop this bullshit!

Let's cut to the chase."

She was so anxious to know what she could get from George's family.

Donna smiled and handed her an invitation card. The card only had a time and location printed on it, nothing more.

"Come to this place at noon tomorrow. I'll give you everything you want," she said. "What game are you playing now?" Holley asked suspiciously.

Somehow, the red color of the invitation card made her fretful.

"You'll know it tomorrow," Donna sneered. "All the shareholders of BM Corporation will also be there. I'll

introduce you to them.

Tomorrow is an important occasion. You shouldn't miss it. Please don't be late!"

After Donna mentioned the shareholders, Holley's suspicion cleared up.

Looking at Donna, she nodded, "Great. I'll be there on time."

Chapter 1058 Melissa Shen

With a steady flow of uneasiness in her heart, Holley held the invitation in her hand. Staring at Donna as she disappeared in the distance, she had a nagging feeling that something was wrong.

She shook her head to try and shake off the negative thought from her head. After she cleared her mind, she headed back to her apartment.

On her way home, she received a message which contained flight information. She learned that the woman she was going to united with was supposed to be arriving the next afternoon.

Holley decided to pick her up at the airport after attending the appointment with Donna at noon.

She couldn't hide the excitement she felt as she thought about her strong ally.

Meanwhile, in a prison in Y City

Leila had been sentenced to three years. Since she had gotten arrested, she had done a lot of reflecting. In spite of that fact, she still harbored strong resentments towards Sheryl.

'That bitch stole Charles and Charlie from me. But now I am a prisoner and there's nothing I can do to get them back.

I am not going anywhere for three years, ' she said to herself.

She was anxious to get out and retaliate against Sheryl in order to win back her beloved man and

"son". But she had to wait until her release. She understood that a lot of things could and would happen

in three years.

"Is there something on your mind?" another inmate asked. She was an older woman in her fifties, with whom Leila shared a cell with. Although she wore the same orange uniform as everyone else, she had an air of grace and sophistication about her. In spite of the fact that she was behind bars, she always seemed so cool, calm and collected. Not allowing anything to ruffle her feathers.

Since Leila had been put in jail, she hadn't really spoken to anyone. She mostly kept to herself.

However, today was different. She wanted someone to confide in.

"I was thinking back on my past," Leila replied with a hint of a smile. She walked up to the middle-aged woman and asked, "Do you think that the world will ever change?"

"Wow..." The woman gazed out the window with longing eyes as she replied with a forced smile, "I definitely hope so."

She turned her head to Leila and asked, "Now that we are alone in our cell, is there something you would like to get off your chest?"

"Sure, I'd love to," Leila replied immediately, a subtle smile spanning across her face. It had been a long time since she chatted with others. So she was desperate to share her story with someone.

She hadn't made any friends since she got locked up. So she considered herself lucky that this woman was willing to talk to her.

"What is your name?" the woman asked, with a friendly smile.

"I am Leila Zhang. Please call me Leila," Leila beamed. "And you?"

"I am Melissa Shen. You can call me Aunt Melissa."

"Aunt Melissa..." Leila repeated sweetly. With a little hesitation, she asked, "Have you been in here for a long time?"

"Yes," Melissa Shen answered honestly with a bitter smirk. "Honestly, if you hadn't asked, I probably would have forgotten. I have been trapped in this dark place for fifteen years."

"Fifteen years?" Leila reiterated, slack-jawed. She was taken aback by the amount of time Melissa Shen had been there. As she got over her shock, she asked carefully, "When will you be able to get out?"

"In half a month," Melissa Shen replied. However, there was no joy in her voice. "Whatever. My family has already disowned me. I don't know where I will be able to go once I leave here."

"Come on, Aunt Melissa," Leila encouraged. "They are your family. I'm sure they will be there for you.

So cheer up. I believe your family will be happy to see you when you get out."

"Will they?" Melissa Shen countered with a look that clearly exhibited her uncertainty. She wasn't sure that her family would be pleased to see her.

"Well, never mind me," the old lady changed the subject, as she drew a faint smile. "Let's talk about you. Why don't you tell me what happened to cause you to end up in here?"

"Me?" Leila gave a wry laugh and replied, "To be honest, I don't know why I ended up here. Perhaps I messed with the wrong person."

"What?" Gazing at Leila, Melissa Shen asked in shock, "What a world! In order to end up here, this person must have been a little more than a little pissed off."

With a slight smirk, Leila responded, "Aunt Melissa, it's a long story. I wouldn't even know where to begin."

"Come on, Leila! How about you start at the beginning?" Melissa said with raised brows. "I'd love to hear about it. It's not like we have anywhere to go. We have nothing but time here anyway. A good story is a wonderful way to pass the time so I don't die from the sheer boredom that can take over in

this place. Besides, I have been in here for so long. I want to know what kinds of things are going on outside these walls."

Leila saw the eager look on her face when Melissa Shen spoke. With a bitter laugh, she said, "As long as you're sure, here goes."

Studying her cellmate, she continued, "I hope you will not laugh at or judge me after I tell you my story."

"I won't," Melissa Shen assured her with a friendly and reassuring smile.

Leila slowly began to tell her story. "If truth be told, I was sent here on account of a man."

A trace of suspicion was present on Melissa's face. However, she didn't interrupt her. Instead, she kept silent and waited for her to continue.

"I met him three years ago. I was his secretary and we got along so effortlessly." A trace of obsession flashed across her face. She smiled sweetly and went on, "I fell in love with him from the moment I first laid eyes on him."

Leila chuckled as she recalled, "When I first saw him, he wore a white T-shirt and slacks. His arched, full eyebrows framed his extremely captivating eyes. He also has long, curly eyelashes and a delicate

nose that made him even more alluring. Since then, I had been madly in love with him."

"Were you able to tell him how you were feeling about him?" Melissa Shen asked curiously. 'Nowadays young people are more bold and active when they meet someone they have an affinity for. I guess, if she made her feeling known to the object of her desire and the feelings were mutual, that they could develop a longstanding relationship.' she pondered.

Leila gave a woeful smile and replied, "When we first met each other, I was just the girl at the front desk. That day, he came to the office to take care of a few things. I noticed that there was one woman, in particular, that he paid much more attention to than any other person in the office. I thought he might have a thing for her, but later I found out that she was his wife."

"A married man?" Melissa Shen asked in surprise.

"Yes..." Leila took a long calming breath before she continued, "When I first learned this, I was extremely upset. I knew that I had to do something to make him mine. You know what? Before I knew it, I made the decision to fight for my love and no matter the outcome. I just knew I had to try."

Chapter 1059 Making A Confession About Her Past

"What happened next? Did you profess your love for him?" Melissa hastily asked Leila.

With a weak smile, Leila replied in a sad voice, "Actually no. In the end I couldn't gather enough courage to do it."

With a deep melancholic sigh, Leila revealed more details. "The reason I had the opportunity to work as his secretary was because that woman introduced me to him. She was my friend as well as my benefactor. I truly couldn't bear to be her enemy if I were to compete for his heart. So in the end, I just didn't have enough courage."

"So what happened then?" Melissa prompted, her eyebrows furrowed in curiosity.

Melissa guessed something must have happened; otherwise Leila wouldn't be in prison now.

"Later..." Leila paused to gather her thoughts before continuing, "Later I found out that there was actually no love between him and that girl. Their relationship started by accident, which made me think there might be hope for me after all."

Smiling softly to herself, Leila continued, "So I tried my best to do whatever he instructed me to do just to get his praise and catch his attention. I chose to work by his side silently and not reveal my true feelings for him because I didn't want to trouble him," Leila said quietly. There was sadness in her voice and it was clear that this had been difficult for her.

"Didn't he notice your infatuation at all?" Melissa asked in confusion. Although men's sense of affection was less sensitive than women's, it was hard to imagine that this man wouldn't catch on to Leila's true feelings.

"Maybe he noticed but pretended not to." Leila's weak smile faltered as she continued to explain her story. "Later on, I discovered that he had already fallen in love with that girl. She was even pregnant.

But their happy life together was suddenly cut short when that woman went missing. He nearly went mad trying to find her. He searched for her everywhere, but she was just nowhere to be found," Leila

added, shaking her head slowly. Glancing over at her Melissa, she continued hesitantly, "I have to

confess something to you...Right before that woman went missing, I had met up with her. At the time,

she was experiencing a difficult birth. When she finally gave birth to a beautiful boy, I took him away

and brought him up until he was three years old."

Staring at Leila in shock, Melissa prompted her to continue. "After three years, I took the boy back. I

thought maybe if I brought the boy to him, he would fall in love with me and we could start a life

together." Leila paused and looked down at her hands. "But when I saw him, I could tell that he was still

deeply in love with the woman. He was beside himself with grief. He drank excessively every day and he was not the same man I had fallen in love with."

"Oh, you silly girl..." Melissa sighed pitifully, shaking her head. While it was true that young women in love made mistakes, Melissa had never heard anything quite like this.

"I know what I did was wrong, " Leila responded, trying to explain herself. "But at the time, I felt so desperate, I really didn't know what else to do but to take the boy." As Leila spoke, she knew how inadequate her reasoning sounded, but she continued, "I know it was so selfish and naive, but I just thought this would allow me to be with him forever."

Nodding empathetically, Melissa replied, "So what happened next? Did you get along with the boy? How was your relationship with the man?" Melissa quickly covered her mouth with her hand as if to stop herself from asking more questions. She was very curious, but didn't want to rush Leila.

"That boy..." Leila's voice trailed off. There was a good chance that the boy was the reason she finally broke up with Charles.

Although she raised him, the boy didn't show any intimacy towards her at all.

"The boy is extremely mature," Leila continued, shaking her head in amazement. "Although he is only

three years old, he is so smart. He doesn't even behave like a child." She smiled to herself sadly before

resuming. "I thought I could be with the man if I returned his child to him, but I didn't expect that the girl

who had been missing would suddenly show up again." Leila looked down at her hands wistfully.

"Suddenly show up again?" Melissa repeated, slightly taken aback. "Where had she been the past

three years? Why didn't she come back sooner?" Melissa continued to ask, puzzled.

"Apparently she lost her memory," replied Leila. "But the most significant part is that prior to returning

home she had been another man's girlfriend. I heard that they had been together for three years!

Everyone was so happy to see her back home. The man didn't seem to mind one bit that she had been

with another man." Leila frowned. "He had been showing some interest in me, but once that girl

reappeared, all of his interest vanished."

The more Leila spoke, the more upset she felt about the whole situation. She looked into Melissa's

eyes and couldn't help but confess, "Sometimes I couldn't help but wish that she never came back..."

"Silly girl," Melissa responded, feeling heartbroken for this poor girl. "Love affairs will never satisfy you."

Nodding her head in agreement, Leila replied, "In the beginning I thought that God was being unfair to

me, putting me through the pain of unrequited love and all that. But later on, I just gave up. Everyone was so relieved to see her come home alive, and I felt bad for wishing otherwise.

And although she had been with another man, Charles Lu didn't seem to mind, so how could I have the right to mind it?" Leila said with a bitter smile.

"Did you say Charles Lu?" Melissa asked, dumbfounded.

Surprised by Melissa's odd reaction, Leila looked at her in confusion. "Aunt Melissa, what's wrong with you? Why are you reacting so strangely?"

"Oh, I'm fine," Melissa responded quickly, not realizing how peculiar her reaction was until hearing Leila's question. Smiling awkwardly, she said to Leila, "The name Charles Lu just seems a little familiar for some reason."

"His family is pretty well known in Y City. Do you know Shining Company? He is the chairman." "Oh, no wonder he sounds familiar," Melissa replied, trying to hold back her emotions, before asking more questions.

"So what happened next? What on earth happened?" Taking a deep breath, Leila continued,

"Remember just now I said that I wanted to give up? Well, Sheryl didn't want to discharge me. Instead,

after regaining her memory, she accused me of harming her. And of course, Charles believed her wholeheartedly. I tried to explain myself, but he refused to believe me. And so I was charged and now I'm in this jail."

"I know why Sheryl did this to me. She wanted to be with Charles again because of his money. My existence must have posed a threat to her devious plan, so she got rid of me," Leila added, her eyes darkened with resentment.

"Now here I am," she grumbled. "I've lost both my son and boyfriend, and I have to stay in this dark place for three years..."

"Didn't Charles show you no compassion?" Melissa inquired with narrowed brows.

"He was trying to please that woman and showed me no empathy. He would do even worse things to me if she asked him," Leila replied, curving her lips into a sardonic smile.

Chapter 1060 Take Advantage Of Melissa

Melissa turned pale upon hearing about Leila's grim experiences. She frowned slightly and said to

Leila, "I may be overstepping boundaries here, but if I may..." Melissa took a moment to formulate her

thoughts and went on, "Even if he wants to be with that woman, there's absolutely no need to treat you

this way. You are a kind, selfless girl who helped him raise his son for three years without getting anything in return. How could he be so quick to forget your kindness? Besides..."

Melissa knitted her brows and continued, "Even if he despises you, isn't it a bit much to get you locked up so that he could pursue that woman?"

Leila had not gotten the chance to respond yet. Melissa felt fury bubbling up inside her. She grumbled, "That Charles... How could he act like this? What has become of him?" Melissa scowled.

Leila's voice shook a little when she said, "Aunt Melissa, it is not his fault." Leila had a wry smile on her face. "The blame is on that vile woman. Unfortunately, she has good tricks up her sleeve. She had fooled him into doing what she wants."

With a sigh, Leila continued, "Charles fell head over heels for this woman. No matter what she tells him to do, he simply obeys."

She worriedly looked out the window and told Melissa, "I feel nothing but overwhelming pity for myself for being locked in here right now. There's nothing I can do in such a dim cell. When I get out of here, I will make sure that woman is dealt with. If Charles stays with her, he is going to get himself in trouble.

That's for sure."

"Yes, you are right," said Melissa. She drew in a deep breath and then exhaled. "Being with such a wicked woman," she paused, unsure whether to continue or stop. She chose to continue, "Being with a woman like that surely must lead to nothing good. She uses people and she corrupts everyone unlucky enough to fall into her orbit."

Quite affected by Leila's story, Melissa continued to seem pleased. She looked at Leila and told her, "Right. Leila, you..." There was a slight pause. It almost sounded like hesitation. "Could you please tell me more about Charles?" she finally added.

"Charles?" Leila hesitated for a second and asked Melissa, "Aunt Melissa, why are you... particularly interested in Charles all of a sudden?"

"What makes you say that I am?" Melissa asked. She appeared to be avoiding eye contact, but Leila wasn't sure. Without looking at Leila, Melissa said, "It's just that I have been trapped in here for so long. I guess I get so excited to learn about anything as long as it's about the outside world. I wasn't particularly interested in this Charles." She made it sound as though Charles was someone she had never heard of.

"No!" Leila looked firmly at Melissa. "I don't buy it. I get what you're trying to say and what you're trying to make me believe, but your interest in Charles seems...strange. Besides, don't think I didn't notice.

When I first mentioned the name 'Charles Lu', you were startled. You must be hiding something from me."

Leila waited for her to deny everything. To her surprise, with a wry smile, Melissa replied, "You're a smart girl, aren't you? Tell me. How could that woman completely outsmart such a clever girl like you?"

"Aunt Melissa..." Leila's response was accompanied by a bitter smile.

"Well, I guess there's no more use hiding it from you," said Melissa. She appeared to be more relaxed than Leila expected her to be. She smiled and said to Leila, "I guess it's time to tell you the truth. I had a life outside this cell. Before being sent to prison, I was a good friend of Charles' father. In fact, I was there while Charles was growing up. I still remember the first time I met him. He was only a teenager then."

Then, Melissa smiled bitterly and continued to explain, "I was just so surprised to find out you and I had this in common. We both knew Charles. After hearing your stories, I am even more in awe of the world.

That's why I wanted to know more about Charles.

Sorry if I led you to believe a different truth. But that's it. That's the whole story." Leila nodded slightly and became more cautious. She asked Melissa, "Well, what do you want to know? I will tell you everything that I know."

"Alright!" Melissa exclaimed, a little too enthusiastically. She smiled and replied to Leila, "It's up to you.

As long as it's about Charles, I'm interested in it. I haven't heard about him in a while.

Anything you choose to tell me, I'll be fine with."

Leila found this to be a bit strange. It seemed to her like Melissa was overdoing it so she would no longer suspect her. Leila didn't know how to feel, but she managed to answer with a bitter smile, "He's fine now. He has two kids—a boy and a girl—with that woman. He is living a pleasant and prosperous life and has totally forgotten about me."

Melissa tried to control herself. With the most casual yet careful tone, she asked, "Then... what about

Gary? Is he okay?" Tears formed around Melissa's eyes when she said this. She clenched her fists

lightly and with all the self-control she could muster; she bit her lower lip. The part of her lip closest to

her teeth turned white. Only in this way could she restrain herself.

"Gary..." Leila frowned slightly. "Gary is getting older and his health is getting worse. He's not in the best shape. But the last time I met him, he was still in good spirits and had those happy wrinkles in his eyes. These days..." She paused. She did not know how to say what she needed to say. Ultimately, she decided to be truthful. "I honestly don't know how he is doing now."

"Then..." Melissa's voice shook. "What about Chris?" Melissa continued with her question. "Chris is now at an age when she should be getting married or raising a family, right?" Without waiting for an answer, Melissa went on, "How is she these days?"

Leila thought something was off. "Aunt Melissa, you seem to have a deep connection with the Lu family. You even know Chris!" Leila said with a smile.

"Of course." Melissa continued talking to Leila with a tender smile. "I guess I count as a family friend." Just as suddenly as she said that, she took it back. "You know what? Never mind. Just let it go. I don't feel like talking about it at the moment," said Melissa.

Leila was beginning to think her suspicions were correct. There was something about the way Melissa couldn't help asking questions. Leila was no fool. She knew Melissa had not been honest about her real relationship with Charles. She no longer asked to know more. She stopped asking questions

instead.

Leila took a look at this woman in front of her. Suddenly, a light bulb went off in her head. She realized that if she played her cards just right, she could use Melissa to exact revenge on Sheryl and Charles.

She began planning very carefully. 'Melissa has been here for more than a decade now, ' she thought to herself, 'and yet she maintains a strict routine unfit for an average woman, a routine that boasts class. The first thing she does upon waking up every morning is clean herself up and comb her hair in slow, deliberate strokes. Even inside this cell, it remains a priority of hers to look decent.

Taking these and other tiny observations into account, it makes sense! Melissa must be a cultivated woman from a renowned family before she was imprisoned. And now that I think about it, her sentence ends in about half a month.' Leila began feeling hopeful. 'There's probably a way to get out of here. I wonder what part Melissa's release will play.

Besides, judging from her relationship with Charles and various other connections I might not even know about, Melissa might come in handy even after my time in prison. She could be the key to my personal successes in life.'

With such clever ideas in mind, Leila was beyond excitement. It was time to put her ideas into action now. She smiled and told Melissa, "Actually, Chris is actually doing well. She's now married and has a kid. You know, she was the only one in the family who rooted for me and Charles, but she also changed after Sheryl's return."

"That girl... It's so typical of her to be swayed and just go along with what other people say. She has always been kind of a pushover. She has been like that since she was a child." Melissa breathed a sigh of relief when she heard that Chris was living a good life.

This did not sit well with Leila. She frowned slightly and told Melissa, "Aunt Melissa, you don't know the entire truth. Although Chris is enjoying a good life right now, you have to know that her husband Sam..." Leila had Melissa's full attention. She had her right where she wanted. "Sam was Sheryl's childhood friend. It's already bad enough that Sheryl and Sam dated when they were younger. Now, they've even become relatives. They spend so much time with each other, who could say that the spark they had in the past might not suddenly turn into a raging wildfire?"

Leila sighed and continued, "You are right. Chris is indeed like that. She could be so spineless at times. Therefore, even if something terrible happens, she might hide it and never tell anyone."

"That wicked woman..." The conversation had now returned to Sheryl. "What's so special about her?"

How could she manipulate the people around her like this?" Melissa looked as if she was in deep

thoughts. She frowned slightly and asked Leila, "Is no one in the Lu family smart enough? Why would

every single one of them approve of Charles getting married to that despicable woman?"

Leila replied with a smirk, "We all know what the real reason is. It's not the Lu family's fault. They are so

trusting. The real reason for all of this is that woman's dirty tricks. To add to that, she has such an

innocent and beautiful face. Poor Charles, clearly deceived by that woman's beauty and cunningness."

Leila sighed before continuing, "If I had the chance to get out of here, I would give my all to end Sheryl

and Charles' relationship. Imagine how good that would be for everyone."

A look of hesitation fell like a curtain over Melissa's face when she heard Leila.

They talked for a long time. Leila's sole intention was to take advantage of Melissa's sympathy. Thus,

she was very careful with her words. What she said was both true and untrue, to some degree. The

ultimate goal was for Melissa to believe whatever she said.

After all, they shared the same cell. Hopefully, their relationship would only get better from here.