

## **Wedded Bride 1081**

Chapter 1081 Shame On You

"Well, I will send you his phone number. But Sher, are you sure that you're going to find him alone? Do

you need me to go with you?" Isla felt a little worried about the situation.

"Don't worry, I can handle that," Sheryl responded confidently. After Isla hesitantly handed over the

number, Sheryl left Cloud Advertising Company as quickly as she could.

As she drove, Sheryl called Duncan Qiu, the head of Tarsan Corporation. "Is that Mr. Qiu?" she asked.

"I'm Sheryl Xia from Cloud Advertising Company. I want to have a face-to-face conversation with you."

Duncan Qiu said something over the phone.

"It doesn't matter, I can wait until you finish the meeting," Sheryl replied.

Again, Duncan Qiu said something.

"That's fine. I can wait three hours," Sheryl said.

Duncan finally gave in.

"Alright, see you in Tarsan Corporation," she said.

After hanging up the phone, Sheryl drove directly to Tarsan Corporation. This corporation had been

low-key before, but had recently become very high-profile. Before becoming in charge of the Tarsan

Corporation case, Sheryl had specifically investigated it.

The corporation and its operations had always puzzled her. Tarsan Corporation was originally a well-known foreign company. Its founder had died recently, and his shares had all been transferred to his

young wife. This woman's hometown was Y City. She had no relatives abroad, so when her husband died, she returned to Y City along with the major businessnes of Tarsan Corporation.

Sheryl was not interested in the corporation's high profile; she chose to cooperate with Tarsan because

she felt it was sincere and promised a valuable reward.

But now, the result of her hard work was being rejected by the person in charge—Duncan Qiu.

"Hello, who are you looking for?" Entering the lobby doors of Tarsan Corporation, Sheryl was stopped

by the receptionist.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Qiu," she responded with conviction.

"But miss, Mr. Qiu didn't say he had an appointment with you," the receptionist said awkwardly. "Would

you mind sitting down and waiting for a while? I'll call Mr. Qiu to confirm." This made Sheryl feel

uneasy. Was this a good idea?

Maybe Isla was right.

But after thinking it over, Sheryl determined that she hadn't previously offended Duncan Qiu. And

before this cooperation, Cloud Advertising Company and Tarsan Corporation had also never

connected.

Sheryl watched as the receptionist spoke quietly on the phone with Duncan Qiu. When the phone was

hung up, the receptionist looked over at Sheryl apologetically. "Sorry miss, Mr. Qiu says he has no

appointment with you."

Taken aback by her words, Sheryl groaned, "Duncan Qiu!" She suddenly became very angry as she

thought over her prior conversation with Duncan Qiu. 'He clearly agreed to meeting with me. Why is he

refusing to see me now?' Sheryl fumed.

Shaking her head in frustration, Sheryl stood up abruptly and walked right into Tarsan Corporation.

"Miss, you can't go in there. Miss..." The receptionist rushed forward, but was unable to slow the angry

woman down.

"Duncan Qiu, come out!" Sheryl shouted.

"What's going on?" An irritated voice came from within one of the offices. In the chair sat a man, maybe

forty and fifty years old, with a young sexy woman sitting on his lap.

"Mr. Qiu, she insisted on coming in. I couldn't stop her," the receptionist explained in a rush, clearly a little scared of the man.

"Okay, you can leave," Duncan Qiu responded, shooing her out of the office, seemingly in a bad mood.  
"Yes, Mr. Qiu," the receptionist escaped quickly as if Duncan Qiu would eat her alive if she stayed any longer.

"Mr. Qiu, did you say you were having a meeting? Maybe all your meetings are held in this way?"  
Sheryl gestured at the young woman in his lap. She looked like she was in her early 20s and she had a slim figure and a beautiful face.

The young woman rolled her eyes at Sheryl and asked, "Duncan, who is she? Why is she being so rude to you?" "This is Sheryl Xia, the head of Cloud Advertising Company," Duncan Qiu said tiredly.

"Baby, go to the meeting room for a little while, I'll find you later." Patting the young woman's back, Duncan Qiu turned to look at Sheryl. "Ms. Xia, please."

"Mr. Qiu, I think I need a explanation," Sheryl said with crossed arms.

"Ms. Xia, you have just embarrassed me in my office over such a small thing. I think I'm the one who

deserves an explanation." Sheryl felt anger bubbling up inside her. Duncan Qiu seemed to care about

absolutely nothing.

"My draft hasn't been completed yet. Why can you suddenly not use my planning? Can you give me an

explanation?"

"Ms. Xia, the truth is that I don't like your planning. You needn't know your weakness. I just don't think

it's good enough. I don't like it. So what can you offer me instead?" Duncan Qiu asked arrogantly.

Shaking her head in astonishment, Sheryl replied, "I see, Mr. Qiu. You don't think that I'd do you any

favours, right?" "What did you say? Ms. Xia, I'm not the kind of person you think I am.

But if you can do me a favor, I might be able to forget what happened before." Sheryl's eyes narrowed

in confusion.

"Oh yeah? What?" she asked. Smiling, Duncan Qiu responded, "I believe you saw the person in my

office just now. Her name is Vivi.

She has been looking for a job and I want to let her work here, but there's a rule in Tarsan Corporation

that disallows office romances. So I would like you to arrange Vivi with a simple job in your company. If

you agree, I'll forget what happened today. So, what do you think?"

Sheryl thought to herself before answering skeptically, "If she works at Cloud Advertising Company,

won't you worry that she'd be wronged?" If Vivi worked at Cloud Advertising Company, it would cause a

mess in the company. But if Sheryl refused to comply with Duncan Qiu, she'd lose her large transaction

with Tarsan Corporation.

"Will you let her be wronged?" Duncan Qiu asked her as a sly smile flashed across his face.

Sheryl watched him silently as she thought over the offer.

"Ms. Xia," Duncan Qiu prompted, "do you agree?"

Sighing in resignation, Sheryl replied, "Okay, you have yourself a deal. Vivi can come to work at Cloud

Advertising Company whenever she wishes. But whether she's competent in the role I assign is

dependent on her. And, as you said, you'll forget what happened today." Duncan Qiu frowned as he

said, "Ms. Xia, I think you misunderstood what I meant.

After Vivi goes to your company, she will be fully in charge of the Tarsan Corporation case."

"What? Vivi will be fully in charge of the case?" Sheryl couldn't believe her ears. "Has she done this

kind of work before? If she's fully responsible for the case, that'll mean all my hard work will have been for nothing," Sheryl said in exasperation.

"Ms. Xia, what would you prefer, your own hard work seen by the public, or the profits behind this large transaction? Make your decision!" Duncan Qiu exclaimed impatiently.

"Mr. Qiu, are you threatening me?" What she hated the most was when someone threatened her.

Sheryl laughed, shaking her head in disbelief, and said, "Well, if you're going to talk to me this way, I'll tell you my choice. Your Vivi, I won't let her near my company! As for the Tarsan Corporation case, I don't care!"

Surprised by her sudden change of heart, Duncan Qiu paused and then said, "Sheryl, you should really reconsider. The profit you'll make from the Tarsan Corporation case is equal to your company's current yearly profit. Are you sure you don't care?" Duncan Qiu had never expected Sheryl would make such a bold move. She would rather lose money than accept Vivi at her corporation.

"Yes, I'm sure," Sheryl countered. She really didn't care about or need the money, she was not in short supply. The reason why she continued to work at Cloud Advertising Company was not for profit, but to fulfill her dream.

Sheryl was willing to work hard and sacrifice everything in order to make her dream come true, and she would not let anyone get in her way.

All of a sudden, Sheryl felt a sharp slap across her face. "Shame on you!"

Chapter 1082 Making Reprisals

For a few seconds, Sheryl's vision turned black and she heard buzzing in her brain after the resounding slap she received. When her senses normalized, she turned to the girl and sarcastically said, "So, Miss

Vivi...Do you think you will be able to join our Cloud Advertising Company in this way?"

It was Vivi who slapped Sheryl. Due to her curiosity as to the relationship between Sheryl and Duncan, she decided not to go to the conference room. Instead, she hid behind the door to eavesdrop.

What she heard, unfortunately, did not sit well with her. Sheryl didn't like her, and even looked down on her. She would understand Sheryl, and even forgive her for saying those words, if Sheryl didn't know who she was. But Sheryl knew she was Duncan's lover, yet she didn't show her some respect.

She could bear almost everything thrown at her but never this. What she didn't like most was to be belittled by beautiful women like Sheryl.

"So what?! Even if I got to join the company, I would not want to work with people like you. You disgust

me!" Vivi shouted back.

For Vivi, Sheryl was just a boss of a small advertising company. Who did she think she was? The goddess of the universe to whom everyone needed to bow?! Over her dead body! Vivi sniffed and continued, "And what makes you think I need to work there? I am just bored! I have too much time on my hands doing nothing! Duncan just helped me out to find good use of my time. So please, don't you ever think that I chose that company for any other reasons! Believe me, there are other better companies!"

After pouring out her anger, Vivi felt better. But the more she stared at Sheryl, the more arrogant she became in her eyes. She thought that this so-called Sheryl would definitely butter her up now. After all, there was no other company in this city, except Tarsan Corporation, that could give Cloud Advertising Company such a high profit. Moreover, there were only few companies which were given opportunities to cooperate with Tarsan Corporation.

A sardonic smile escaped Sheryl's lips as she approached Vivi. But to Vivi's surprise, Sheryl stood in front of her not to apologize, but to retaliate. Sheryl gave her a resounding slap as well. Then in a cold voice she said, "You wanted to come to my company just to kill your time?! You will just be a fly there,

breaking the company's rules. Well, as the boss, I declare that you are not welcome there! Oh, and another thing! What you said earlier is definitely correct, and even fits your identity as a mistress! The feeling is mutual." Due to the disgust Sheryl felt as well towards the other woman, she uttered the last sentence emphasizing each word.

"What feeling?" Vivi asked in confusion. It never occurred to her that Sheryl would dare take vengeance on her while in Tarsan Corporation. What was also unexpected for her was to be curious of Sheryl's words.

And it was too late. She let the other woman know how curious she was. And she regretted her failure to control her tongue.

Sheryl awarded her with a cold stare. Then slowly, also in a cold voice, she answered, "I also don't want to work with you in the same company. You disgust me as well!" Then Sheryl faced Duncan and said, "Mr. Qiu, you changed my perception of Tarsan Corporation. I hope we don't meet each other again." Then, she walked away.

She left the office soon. She didn't want to waste another second there. When she was nearing the

gate, she heard Duncan shout out, "You have lots of guts! Just wait and see!"

Sheryl didn't stop, nor did she look back. She just continued walking to the parking lot. Minutes later, her car sped away.

"Oh Duncan, how unlucky we are today! How could we come across such a bitch? She pissed me off!"

Vivi complained to Duncan bitterly for she failed to achieve what she wanted. 'That darn woman!' she thought angrily.

"How dare she be so haughty? Who does she think she is? So what if she is the boss? She is just a boss of a small advertising company," Duncan said. "Since I came to work here, this is my first time to encounter such a woman."

"Honey, please don't be angry anymore. She is not worth it." To make Vivi happy, he declared, "I will contact all our cooperative companies to add Cloud Advertising Company on their blacklists!" As an afterthought, he continued, "I will enjoy the day to see how she can still be so arrogant after no company wants to cooperate with her!"

He had been working in Tarsan Corporation for decades now. But he was assigned abroad for these past few years. If it were not Rachel who took over the company and made its central office in Y City,

he would not be here.

Duncan was familiar with these cooperative companies of Tarsan Corporation. But he knew little about

the other enterprises with no connection to the company. And he never had the time to be familiar with

them since he came back. His attention shifted to his mistress ever since his arrival.

Upon hearing what Duncan said, Vivi had a big smile on her face. She hugged him and said happily,

"Oh Duncan, you are really so kind. And I agree! We have to teach that woman a lesson!" Vivi was

rejoicing. She was very lucky to have a sugar daddy like Duncan. He would do everything for her,

including getting even with that woman.

Duncan was touched with the gesture. Combing his fingers through her hair, he answered, "Of course,

we have to teach her a lesson. If not, she would believe that her Cloud Advertising Company will be

influential enough in the business circles. Does she really think that her advertising company is at par

with Tarsan Corporation?"

He started analyzing further the situation. "I don't know why Ms. Bai chose Cloud Advertising Company

to do the project for the first banquet of our company after moving here. Ms. Bai only named Sheryl to

finish this work. The contract should not be given to that woman. I have to talk to Ms. Bai about this."

The more Hoyle thought about the contract, the angrier he became. He knew he must not delay. He

should talk to Rachel as soon as possible.

"Duncan, where is she anyway? How could you invite me here? What if she sees us?"

Upon hearing the name of his female boss, Vivi felt extremely nervous. If Rachel learned that she was

here, she would pay a price for this behavior. Rachel did not like her to be here. It was prohibited in the

company to mix business with pleasure. Well of course, there were exceptions to the rules. But she

was not included in the exceptions.

"Don't worry. She is not here. I saw her friend arrive and they go out. As soon as she arrives at the

company tomorrow, I will tell her about this once," Duncan assured her. Then he looked at Vivi, and

said in a soft voice, "Honey, don't you think we should focus to us now? The other affairs can wait until

tomorrow."

"Focus to us?" Vivi asked, confused. Then she saw Duncan's cheeky grin. Understanding dawned on

her. Pretending not to be interested anymore, Vivi complained, "We nearly just made it before that

damned woman interrupted us. I already lost my desire..."

"It doesn't matter. I can easily mend that problem. Remember, I know what ticks you." Duncan, then,

laughed viciously. Really feeling impatient now, Duncan ordered Vivi, "Please close the door, honey. I  
really can't wait anymore..."

"Duncan, you...don't be so impatient..." Vivi replied in a shy voice and closed the door as he asked.

When Sheryl arrived at Cloud Advertising Company, she saw Isla waiting worriedly at the gate. Isla

approached Sheryl as soon as she got out of the car. She immediately asked, "Sher, finally you are  
here. Are you okay? Didn't they give you a hard time?"

"I'm fine. Don't worry," Sheryl assured Isla, giving her a big smile to comfort her. 'If you only knew what  
happened back there...' Sheryl thought.

Isla would have believed her if she hadn't noticed her face, slightly red fingerprints still visible. She  
slowly felt her anger rising, wanting to burst out, like a dam filled with water to the brim ready to  
overflow. "Who dared slap you? I will make sure that they will pay for what they did!" Isla yelled  
furiously.

Sheryl put her arm around Isla's shoulders, and then patted her back in a motherly fashion. Sheryl was

trying her best to calm Isla down. She didn't want what happened to turn into a big issue. "Isla, I'm okay. Don't worry. I have made reprisals. The person who slapped me also suffered my slap. And I made sure mine is harsher. Don't be angry anymore. I am already here safe and sound. But I messed up. Anyway, it's not a big deal if Cloud Advertising Company failed to get their project." As they walked towards the building, Sheryl recounted to Isla what happened in Tarsan Corporation.

#### Chapter 1083 A Gift

After hearing Sheryl's story, Isla stared at her with her mouth open. She exclaimed, "I didn't expect that the manager of Tarsan Corporation would flirt with his subordinate in public!"

"The fish begins to rot from the head. It does us no good to work with that company!" Sheryl remarked. "But you've worked so hard on the project these days. You are gonna give up this way?" Isla asked with a scowl. Since Sheryl put so much effort in this project, Isla was reluctant to terminate her cooperation with the company.

"Yes. I decided to let it go," Sheryl replied, unconcerned. All of a sudden, she thought of Melissa. During lunch, Charles had proposed to change rooms. She wondered whether or not he packed their stuff and moved to another room. "So what time is it?" she asked Isla.

"What's this? Is it just a decoration? It's almost half past five," Isla responded, as she pointed at

Sheryl's watch, which was adorning her wrist. Sheryl wore a Longines' classic automatic chronograph

model. This brown calfskin watch had caught her eye because her best friend had fair skin; the color of the watch looked really good against it.

"You know what? Your watch suits you very well," Isla said. She changed topics so quickly that Sheryl didn't have time to react. Sheryl raised her wrist and gestured to her watch. "You mean this?" She looked at Isla questioningly.

"Yep. This model is simple, but it doesn't fit everyone. Only some people like you can wear it properly and show its beauty and value," Isla said admiringly. "You are a rich lady, but you only wear a Longines. I have to admit that you really play a low profile!"

"You have a problem with Longines? What's wrong with my watch? Watches are only used to check the time," Sheryl argued, amused by Isla's tone.

"Most people from middle class favor Longines. But affluent people like you shoud choose Patek Philippe. This brand could match your status," Isla told her. 'Isla is crazy about luxury watches, but it doesn't mean she is mammonish, ' Sheryl thought. She knew her old friend better than anyone else,

and knew that she never worshiped money.

People always couldn't resist the temptation of good things.

"To be honest, I am not keen on watches. I bought it for work and I only use it to check the time," Sheryl

explained to her. "But your words inspired me. I should buy a Patek Philippe watch."

"Seriously? When did you become so generous towards yourself?" Isla asked, shocked. She had only

mentioned Patek Philippe to show appreciation of her favorite watch brand; she had no idea that Sheryl

would actually buy such an expensive watch for herself. 'What's going on with her?' Isla wondered.

"You want to know the reason?" Sheryl asked, suddenly getting a mysterious air about her.

"Of course I do. I am dying to know why the frugal Mrs. CEO would become so generous and treat

herself with such an expensive watch," Isla replied eagerly. To say the least, Sheryl had successfully

piqued her curiosity. Rubbing her chin, Isla asked aloud, "Did you want to vent your emotions because

your scheme for Tarsan Corporation failed?"

"You underestimated me. I don't give a damn about that, let alone being frustrated.. I just..." And there

she stopped in order to keep her audience in suspense.

"Go ahead, Sher. I am listening. I can't stand the suspense. I am so curious!" Isla urged her to

continue. 'It's so annoying that she left her sentence unfinished,' she whined internally.

"If you really want to know, I will let you know tomorrow," Sheryl said, winking at Isla playfully. "If there

isn't anything else, I've got to go. You can pack your things and go home."

"Sher..." Isla called out. She intended to figure out why Sheryl wanted to buy a costly watch, but noticed that the latter already left the company.

When Sheryl had been on the way to pick up Melissa at the hotel this morning, she thought that she

should buy her a gift. But she dropped the thought since she didn't know what Charles' mother liked.

After what had happened in the morning, she realized that her husband's mother was difficult to please.

Remembering Isla's words, she decided to give Melissa a watch. Since the old lady emitted an elegant aura, she guessed that she might be fond of a Patek Philippe watch.

'I will buy Melissa a Patek Philippe watch, and I hope she will like it,' she thought.

Instead of heading home, Sheryl went straight to the shopping center. As she didn't know much about watches, she turned to a shopping guide for help. She looked for a model with a simple, elegant yet fancy design and the assistant recommended one for her.

"Madam, you are a kind person. Nowadays, few young people buy precious gifts for their husbands' mothers," the assistant commented as she packed the watch for her. She then handed the shopping bag to Sheryl with both hands.

Sheryl drew a polite smile in reply and took the bag. The instant she stepped out of the mall, she received a call from Charles. "Are you still working, Sher?" he asked in a concerned voice. "No. I am on my way home," Sheryl replied, smiling brightly. Charles' voice and sweet words made her mood light up instantly.

"I see. Drive carefully. Would you like me to pick you up?" Charles asked. "No. I can handle myself. Oh, I bought Mom a present. I don't know if she will like it," Sheryl added. Her initial plan was to tell him about it when she got home. But since he had called, she wanted to let him know.

"That's so sweet of you, Sher. I wanted to buy her a present. After all, she and I have been separated for so many years. You did it ahead of me," Charles told her. Knowing that his wife prepared a gift for his mother, he was so relieved and glad. He had already noticed that his mother didn't like Sheryl.

He hoped that Sheryl's gift could change Melissa's attitude towards her. Only when his wife had good

rapport with his mother could he be engaged in work without misgivings.

"Well see you later. I will be home soon," Sheryl told him before hanging up. Hearing her husband's words was more than enough to lift her mood.

It was after six when she got home. Shirley and Clark were home from school already, and they stayed near Melissa, endlessly calling her grandma and sharing delight with her. Sheryl was basking in happiness as she saw Melissa being so good to her children.

She would be happier if her mother-in-law was friendlier towards her.

"I'm back, Mom!" Sheryl greeted. The first one she talked to was not her husband or her children but Melissa.

But the old lady didn't spare her a glance. Focusing her gaze on her lovely grandchildren, she picked up a toy and handed it to Clark. "This is for you, Clark. Do you like it?" she asked him in a doting voice.

"Yes, I do. Thank you, Grandma!" Clark replied politely.

"Where is my present, Grandma?" Shirley asked, pursing her lips. She looked as cute as an angel.

"Be patient, sweetie. I got one for you," Mellissa said as she took out another doll, smiling.

Sheryl could sense that Charles' mother adored the kids very much. "Did you buy those presents for

them? That's so kind of you!" she beamed.

Chapter 1084 Midnight Scream

"Mommy, look!" Clark shouted happily as he approached Sheryl. He was holding something in his

hand. "This Transformer is fantastic! Grandma bought this for me." What he didn't understand was why

his grandma ignored his mom. 'Was there something wrong with Mom's greetings?' thought he.

Anyway, this was his way of rescuing his mom from embarrassment, by showing her his new toy. 'I

don't like toys anymore. They are for little kids. I prefer now those technical or battery-operated ones.

But I understand. Grandma just got out of jail. She doesn't know my likes and dislikes yet, ' thought

Clark. He knew exactly how to behave and was willing to get along well with Melissa. He pretended to

be happy so that Melissa would feel good about him. Family harmony needed everyone's effort.

"That really looks great. Did you say thank you?" Sheryl responded with a sweet smile. She was

surprised by Clark's words, for she knew the interests of his son. Clark was really very mature for his

age. Still, there were times that she still felt surprised at his precocious talent for communication.

Looking at her son's face, she was filled with pride.

"Yes. I told her that, and Grandma said I was welcome," Clark replied as he held his mother's arm.

"That's very good. You are such a polite boy." Clark blushed at his mother's praise. He was shy in nature. Because of Leila's busy work, he was used to being alone. It was a new experience to be praised due to his politeness.

"Mommy, mommy! Grandma also bought something for me. Look at these Barbie dolls! And, I also said thanks," a sweet voice chimed. Shirley's full attention was on her new dolls. But when she heard her mother and brother talking, she rushed to Sheryl and showed off her new toys.

"Oh, Shirley is as good as Clark," Sheryl said and then kissed both of them on their cheeks. She always saw to it that she talked to her children every day when she came home from work. It made her happy. It also seeped all her tiredness away after an exhausting day. But lately, she worried about living with her mother-in-law. She found it hard to adjust. She was also worried that it might also be hard for the children to adjust living with their grandmother. But, tonight, seeing the children happy was a relief.

Melissa had a good time with the children. But Sheryl's arrival dampened her mood. She saw the children liked Sheryl more than her. This made Melissa's face darken. She remembered that Charles, in his childhood years, was not close to her. How could Clark and Shirley be attached to Sheryl? She

wanted them to be closer to her than to Sheryl. She was overwhelmed by jealousy. Gone was the smile

on her face. She didn't glance at Sheryl and kept sitting still on the sofa.

Meanwhile, Charles was looking at his wife and children. When he turned his gaze at his mother, he

saw that his mother was unhappy, and was obvious what the reason was. He went to Melissa, winked

at Sheryl, and said, "Mom, Sher has a gift for you. I hope you will like it."

Charles knew Sheryl bought something for his mother. He thought it was a good way to lessen her

mother's anger.

"Yes, Mom, I bought you a gift. I don't know your taste, but I hope you will like it. Have a look," Sheryl

said as she took out a Patek Philippe watch from her handbag. "If you don't like it, I will exchange it for

something you like." Respectfully, she held the watch to her. But Melissa did not take it. Nor did she say

anything.

For the second time, Sheryl felt embarrassed. Choosing a proper gift was exhaustive and time

consuming. Anyone would feel insulted after receiving such treatment. 'I thought Melissa is kind and

easy-going. It's obvious that she doesn't like me. I have no idea why she feels bad about me. And I am

afraid our relationship will be hard to handle, ' thought Sheryl. Even though she was unhappy, she

stayed put. She knew it was important to have a good relationship with Melissa. She would show her sincerity and respect. She would do everything in her power to get along with her. After all, they would live together for many years.

Everyone could feel the awkwardness of the situation. To lighten what everyone felt, Charles took the watch from Sheryl and showed it to Melissa. "Mom, Sheryl bought this to show you her respect. Just have a look," said Charles with a flattering smile.

Melissa was not satisfied with the gift. Since Charles was there, she tried to hide her unhappiness. She took the watch and just glanced at it. But she did not wear it. "Is this a warning for me to cherish my freedom after 15 years in prison? For me to live and enjoy every moment of my freedom?" asked Melissa sarcastically. She did not like Sheryl, and regarded her as a greedy woman. Why? Because she believed everything Leila had told her. That was unfortunate on Sheryl's part. She was judged without knowing her first. So anything Sheryl did would just make Melissa unhappy.

"No, Mom! The watch is attractive. That is why I bought it for you. No malice included. I hope you will like it. Please don't take this the wrong way," explained Sheryl as she shook her head. She felt

frustrated and sad because her good intention was ridiculed and given a bad meaning. Having such a difficult mother-in-law was causing her a headache.

"Okay, stop explaining! I don't care about your intention. Since you bought it, I accept it. It's getting late.

Let's have dinner," Melissa glanced at Sheryl and sniffed. Though she accepted the gift, she didn't hide

her distaste. The watch was thrown on the desk. Deep inside, she never accepted Sheryl as her

daughter-in-law. No matter what Sheryl had given her, she would never appreciate it. She was even

confident that no matter what she did, Charles would always tolerate her behavior.

Sheryl was sad. She was doing everything she could to please Melissa. She even bought her an

expensive watch. But look at what she did. If Melissa didn't like the watch, she would understand it. But

what hurt her the most was Melissa's facial expression. She saw on her face that whatever she bought,

Melissa would not accept it with all her heart. 'My instinct tells me that she thinks bad of me. She may

give me much trouble,' thought Sheryl. She was right. Melissa didn't like her; she liked Leila. If it was

possible, Melissa would accept Leila as her daughter-in-law.

Charles felt Sheryl's grief. He picked up the watch from the desk and persuaded Melissa to wear it.

"Mom, since you accepted this, why not wear it? Sher bought it to make you happy. Please don't give

any meaning to her actions. Sher has a good taste. This Patek Philippe watch is very elegant. It suits

elegant women like you. Give me your hand." Upon hearing that, Melissa gave him her hand and let him put the watch on her wrist.

She could never say no to Charles. Whatever happened, she didn't have a heart to reject him. But that

didn't mean she was willing to start a good relationship with Sheryl. She still didn't like Sheryl. Melissa's face was still a reflection of distaste even after Charles put the watch on her wrist. She pulled a long face and impatiently said, "Enough! Let's have dinner."

"Okay, let's have dinner," answered Charles. Then he turned to his wife and said, "Sher, go wash your

hands. You must be hungry after the day's work." Being a husband and a son, he had to be a mediator. He was trying his best to connect his wife and his mother. When Sheryl went upstairs, he turned his attention to the children and told them to follow him. "Shirley, Clark, stop playing. Let's wash your hands and get ready for dinner."

Charles and the children went upstairs. While he was washing the hands of the children, he noticed

Sheryl was still sad. He instructed the children to continue washing their hands. Then, he approached

her. He put his arms on her shoulders and told her comfortingly, "Sher, I know Mom was wrong for doing that to you. But will you please be more understanding with her? Forgive her rudeness? She has just gotten out of the prison. I am sure that you will get along well with each other as time goes by."

Charles didn't understand Melissa's behavior towards Sheryl. He knew very well that it was impolite on the part of Melissa to ignore and misunderstand Sheryl's kindness. And he didn't know how to solve the problem. His only hope was to ask Sheryl to be more patient with Melissa. He knew there would be a big problem once Sheryl couldn't take Melissa anymore.

Sheryl gave Charles a small smile. "Don't worry. It is okay," she said in a low voice. But deep inside, she was full of questions. 'Why is Charles giving excuses for his mother? Doesn't he care about my feelings anymore?' She didn't want to think about it, but she couldn't help it. She was afraid that her husband was becoming a mama's boy.

Meanwhile, Charles was feeling guilty. He didn't want to see Sheryl so sad. He knew that Sheryl already had problems at work. Then, here came his mother adding to her problems. He heaved a deep sigh and continued, "Sher, I know you are suffering a lot these days. If my mother keeps making trouble, I will talk to her. Just give her two more days, okay?" Though he said those, he was still not

sure if they would be okay. How to achieve a harmonious relationship between his long-suffering

mother and his wife was a conundrum for him.

"Okay, I am fine. Let's go downstairs. They are already waiting for us. If we stay longer, your mother will

be angry again," answered Sheryl. Despite how she felt, she understood his husband. It was difficult to

be torn between the two ladies of his life. She also felt that Charles was feeling guilty for giving excuses

for his mother. To show him she understood and ease his guilt, she gave him a smile, though bitter.

But Charles didn't hear her answer anymore. His attention was now focused on her face. He noticed

that her face was slightly swollen. He asked worriedly, "Wait, what's wrong with your face?"

"Oh, nothing. I was so tired I fell asleep in the office. Maybe my face was pressed for too long,"

muttered Sheryl. In fact, what she told him was a lie. Vivi slapped her and Duncan embarrassed her. If

Charles would have known about this, he might have gone to Tarsan Corporation and would have

given Duncan a beating.

Though they did something bad to her, she did not wish them ill will. It would be enough to stay away

from them and not to have any dealings with Tarsan Corporation.

Charles was very concerned with his wife. He touched Sheryl's swollen cheek. Then he said, "Sher, your workload these past few days is very overwhelming. You don't usually sleep at work. Promise me, after this big project, you will take a holiday. You deserve it." Sheryl felt her heart beat so fast. Actually, she could hear it! She was so nervous. She slowly released the breath she was holding. Charles had no difficulty believing the lie. It was a good thing the fingerprint already faded since several hours had already passed. It wasn't obvious anymore that she had been slapped.

"Um, I see. Don't worry, my emergent work is almost done. If you notice, I didn't work overtime anymore today." Sheryl fought back her tears and smiled at Charles. She was touched by his tender care. He was really thoughtful and very considerate. Their love for each other helped sustain her. She could really face anything as long as Charles was with her, and even brave a difficult Melissa.

"That's good news," replied Charles. Somehow, his worry over his wife's work lessened after he learned that she was almost finished with the project.

Then, Charles stood up and helped Sheryl stand. Sheryl called the children, then held their hands. Together they went downstairs. Gary and Melissa were already waiting for them. During dinner, silence reigned except for the occasional sounds of the spoons, forks and glasses. Everyone was looking

down at their plates, focused on eating. It was just like lunch, all over again. It was Melissa who broke

the silence. "Charles, after careful consideration, I decided just to use the bedroom next to yours. It will

be too much trouble for you to move out of the room."

"Don't worry, Mom. It's okay. I came home early today. After dinner, I will take our things out with

Charles. It won't take too much time," answered Sheryl. Sheryl and Charles made eye contact as she

offered her assistance to him in moving their things to the next room.

"There's no need, really. I realized that it has been your room ever since you got married. How could I

take it away from you?" Melissa countered. "Just stay in your room. I am already old, and I really do not

mind where to live. Besides, I went upstairs earlier and found the vacant room situated between yours

and the children's. I like it more," Melissa said in a fake courtesy. In reality, Melissa didn't really care

which bedroom she would be in. She just decided to take the master's bedroom out of whim just to piss

off Sheryl. But after seeing the rooms upstairs, she liked the middle room more. She would be nearer to

the children.

It was only during lunch that Melissa told them that she wanted their bedroom for herself. Actually,

Charles didn't like to move out. He just couldn't say no to his mother, because he didn't want her to be disappointed. That room witnessed their happiness and sorrow. So, Charles felt relieved and happy that his mother gave up.

Seeing Sheryl was about to speak, he interrupted her and said, "Since Mom already decided to use the next room instead, let's just respect her decision."

"Okay," Sheryl simply replied. She then nodded as she understood the hidden message beneath Charles' words. She was not willing to move out of their room either. But out of respect to Melissa, she could compromise. Anyway, she was really trying to win her.

Melissa was so happy that Charles and Sheryl agreed with her decision.

Around midnight, when everyone was already sound asleep, a piercing scream shattered the silence of the night. Sheryl was the first to wake up. She turned to Charles and saw that he was also awakened by the sound.

"Charles, did you hear something?" asked Sheryl. Though she heard the scream, she wanted to be sure that it was real. She might just be dreaming of it. After all it was midnight.

"Yes, I heard it! It was definitely a scream. It came from Mom's room," Charles replied after judging its

direction. They were now totally awake. Charles stood up quickly. Sheryl followed as fast as she could.

They were worried about Melissa.

Before they could go out, there was another scream!

They ran fast to the next room. Charles grabbed the doorknob and turned it. It was locked! Charles

banged the door loudly and shouted anxiously, "Mom, open up! What's wrong?"

Chapter 1085 A Night With The Mother-in-law

"Nancy! Nancy! Find the key to this room for me, please," Sheryl anxiously instructed their maid. She

was not sure what was happening inside the room, and was so worried about Melissa.

"Okay. Wait a minute." Nancy went down the stairs in a hurry. Sheryl and Charles were left standing in

front of Melissa's closed door.

The voice in the room continued to strike their ears. They did not only hear the shrieks, but also heard

Melissa's frightful screams continuously breaking into the night's silence. "Go away! Go away! Don't

come near me! No! No! Go away! No!"

"Mom, what's happening in there? What's going on with you?" Charles asked loudly, hoping Melissa

could hear him. He moved closer to the door, hoping she would hear him. After hearing another set of

her loud screams, he could no longer wait for Nancy to get the key. He started to kick on the door with his full strength, hoping to break it through.

After kicking it a few times, the door finally swung open. At that time, the rushing Nancy just reached the top of the stairs with the key in her hand.

"Mom, what happened?" Charles ran towards Melissa. He found her completely covered with her quilt. She seemed to be struggling and experiencing the most horrible dream. She was trying so hard to get away from her nightmare, but she just couldn't wake up.

"Stay away from me! No! Stay away from me!" Melissa was still screaming. She did not wake up yet, but she was so terrified that her voice was shaking.

"Mom, it's me. I am Charles, your son," he said as he tried to wake her up. He stood beside her bed, while Sheryl was a little behind him. Although he couldn't see Melissa's face, he heard the sharp screaming and saw her body moving anxiously under the quilt. Her actions told him that she had a very difficult time in the past fifteen years. Charles couldn't help but feel sorry for his mom.

He felt a stabbing pain from inside. 'Everything that Shining Company is enjoying today will not be possible if not for my mom. She lost those last fifteen years for the sake of the company. If she did not

choose to do that...' Charles thought to himself, and he couldn't continue.

"Mom, what's happening to you?" Charles asked again. The pain continued to crush his heart and it

grew stronger as he stared at Melissa's depressing state. He badly wanted to hold his mother's hands

and comfort her. But whenever he tried to get close to her, she would turn him away and shake more

intensely. He was beginning to feel frustrated himself.

"Charles, let me try," Sheryl tapped his back and suggested. She made her way to the side of the bed

and looked at the lump created by Melissa's body underneath the quilt. She also couldn't bear to see

Melissa acting like this. She never believed in the saying that "life in prison was like life in hell". But

now, as she watched how Melissa's life in prison had consumed her and what indelible trauma it had

left in her heart, she couldn't agree more. She could only hope and pray that no other person in their

family would go through such torture.

At that time, Charles started to get lost in his own mind. He was not prepared for anything like this. He

did not know what to do, so he just stayed there with his face rigid. After hearing Sheryl's words, he put

all his hope on her, because he thought Sheryl was the only one who could help his mother. He knew

that he could not keep calm in front of Melissa.

"Mom, you are now in Dream Garden. I am your daughter-in-law, Sheryl. And this is your son, Charles.

Don't be afraid. We are all here to stay with you and take care of you. You're safe here. Whatever you

are seeing in your dream is all in the past now." Sheryl coaxed Melissa in a soft voice. She then sat on

the side of her bed.

She did not know if her way was going to work or not, but she thought she should try. She knew that

Melissa's trauma was caused by her prison life and she was so terrified of everyone because she was

afraid that they would hurt her. Therefore, it was clear that what Melissa needed was the comfort from

her close family and not questions that would make her anxious.

Apparently, Sheryl's words worked like wonders. The shaking of the quilt gradually weakened, and the

screaming stopped. Sheryl took this as a cue to further convince Melissa to come out from under the

quilt.

"Mom, don't be afraid. It's just us, Sheryl, and Charles. We have no intentions of harming you. We are

here to take care of you. Nothing can hurt you now. We will never allow it. We are your family. We will

protect you," Sheryl continued when she realized that her words were working.

Melissa finally stopped shaking. Sheryl and Charles waited for a long time for her to get out of the quilt, but she didn't. There was a sudden silence in the room. Then a set of heavy breathing started to fill the silence. Everyone knew that that breathing came from Melissa. Charles motioned to Sheryl and asked her what was happening without saying a word. Sheryl shrugged her shoulders to answer she was not sure exactly.

"Mom," Sheryl said again. She thought that if Melissa didn't have the courage to get out, she could help her. There was no answer still. Melissa appeared to have calmed down a little bit, so she figured that Melissa might be not afraid of what she was going to do.

Sheryl pulled back the quilt and said in a soft voice, "Mom, I'm pulling back your quilt slowly. It's going to be okay. You will see your son, Charles." She continued to pull the quilt until Melissa was completely out. "You see, Charles is here to take care of you."

With Sheryl's assurance, Melissa finally got out of the quilt and sat up. Her hair was a mess and her dull eyes were fixed on Charles. Seeing Melissa looking at him like that, Charles felt both ashamed and regretful. Sheryl stood at the side of the bed, holding the quilt.

Melissa immediately caught the expression on Charles' face, and was very much pleased with the course of events. She knew that her plan was going to succeed. She called out to him, "Charles, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. I'm really sorry." Melissa's voice came out hoarse. "I'm fine, my son. I was just having a nightmare. But I'm fine. I'm really sorry if I bothered you."

"Mom, what are you talking about? Why would you think that you're a burden to us?" Charles responded with a hurt tone. "I want to know what happened. What was wrong with you? Why would you behave..." Charles didn't get to finish his questions, not because he didn't know what to ask, but because he decided to not ask anymore. He was not sure if he would like to hear her answer.

"It's all right. It was just a nightmare." Melissa did not explain why she had that nightmare. She didn't even look at Charles' eyes. The truth was, she was not prepared to discuss details about her faux nightmare.

Apparently, what she did was helpful. At least, in Charles' eyes, her expression alone made his heart burn. The act was so good, it was believable.

"It's too late. You should go back to sleep. I'm fine. It's not a big deal. It's just a dream. I will try to have a light sleep. It will be okay if I control myself to do so." Melissa's voice was very weak.

"Does it happen frequently? How long have you been having these nightmares? And how do you deal

with them?" Charles asked her. He was extremely bothered by the fact that his mother was constantly haunted by these bad dreams.

"I've been having these nightmares for a long time now, and I'm already used to it. If I'm tired, I will..."

Melissa explained very vaguely and did not finish her sentence. Her acting was superb.

"Sher, do you still have the phone number of the doctor we used to see?" Charles turned to Sheryl and asked. "Call him. Let him come and see what's wrong with Mom." He no longer felt like sleeping after what had happened. After learning that his mother had a such serious sleeping disorder, he felt really bad for her. At the same time, he felt guilty.

"Charles, it's almost midnight. It may not be appropriate to ask the doctor to come at this time. How about this? I will accompany Mom tonight in her room. I'll take care of her. We can call the doctor and ask him to come tomorrow morning. What do you think?" Sheryl proposed.

Charles looked at the clock. He found that it was surely too late to call the doctor. And he thought that Melissa was not satisfied with Sheryl, so it might be a good chance for them to know about each other

and improve their relationship. Therefore, he said, "All right. That sounds good. Mom, what do you think of Sher's idea?"

"I'm all right. You don't need to call the doctor. I've been living with these nightmares for many years. I already know how to deal with them. It will be better if someone can accompany me tonight; that way I will not feel so afraid," Melissa answered, but she didn't directly agree or disagree with letting Sheryl to stay.

However, in her words, what she meant was apparent. She meant that she needed someone to stay with her so that she would not have those nightmares anymore.

"All right. Sher, you can stay here with Mom, but only for tonight," Charles agreed. "I will call the doctor to come tomorrow morning," Charles knew that Sheryl's idea would be best for now, since he already knew Melissa's views.

"Yes, that will be best," Sheryl confirmed. "It's all right, Charles. I will take care of Mom. You can go back to sleep now. It's getting so late. You don't want to wake the kids up, do you?" Sheryl smiled as she touched Charles' arms to urge him to leave.

"Fine, I will go back and sleep. Good night, Mom," he said to Melissa and then came close to Sheryl

and kissed her. "Good night, Sher." Charles left Melissa's room with Nancy. The maid went downstairs since her services were no longer required.

Charles, on the other hand, went to the room next to Melissa's to check on the children. After he found that Clark and Shirley were still sound asleep, he came back to his own room to sleep.

"Mom, it's all right. I am here. Don't worry. You can sleep soundly now," Sheryl comforted Melissa after everyone left.

#### Chapter 1086 Melissa Is Sick

Melissa neglected Sheryl. Turning to the other side, she tucked herself in and went back to sleep.

Since Sheryl was on the other side of the bed, she couldn't see the triumphant smile on the old lady's lips as she closed her eyes.

This was just the beginning. Melissa had already made plans to make the couple sleep in different rooms from this very night.

Noticing that Melissa went to sleep, Sheryl didn't say anything more. She lay down on the bed quietly and tried to sleep.

Melissa didn't have any nightmares that night. Charles got up early and freshened up. Worried about

Melissa's condition, he hurried out of the room in an attempt to check on her. No sooner had he

reached her room than he saw his wife open the door slowly.

"Why are you awake so early? How did you sleep?" Charles whispered to her as he glanced inside the

room. Noticing that Melissa was still asleep with a serene look on her face, he closed the door gently

and pulled Sheryl to their room on tiptoes.

"Not bad. It was a bit odd since I've never slept with her before." Sheryl blurted out her true feelings.

But she decided to not complain to him about Melissa's indifferent attitude towards her.

"I know. I've called the doctor. He will be here soon. Once she gets better, you don't have to keep her

company every night," Charles comforted her.

Sheryl smiled at him silently. She was lucky to have a caring husband like him. Even though Melissa

was hostile to her, she was willing to do anything to please her for Charles' sake.

Moments after Sheryl had left the room, Melissa woke up. She got out of bed and headed for the

bathroom. As she walked past her son's room, she saw that the door was slightly open. She halted and

peeked through the slit. Charles and Sheryl were whispering to each other intimately. She couldn't

overhear their conversation, but the sight of their intimacy got on her nerves.

"Ouch!" she screeched deliberately. Her voice was so loud that Nancy, who was setting the table downstairs, heard it.

With a rattled expression, the maid ran upstairs in a flash. When she reached the top of the stairs, she saw Melissa slouching over, covering her stomach. Worriedly, she asked, "What's the matter, Mrs. Lu?" Melissa swiftly cast her a threatening stare, and Nancy backed off. The baffled maid stood still, and her leg froze in midair on the stairs. She was at a loss.

"Are you all right, Mom?" Charles asked anxiously, rushing towards Melissa. Charles and Sheryl hadn't noticed Melissa's angry stare since they had been in their bedroom when Nancy had shown up.

"My stomach hurts, Charles," Melissa replied weakly, feigning to grimace in pain.

"What? Did you eat something out of ordinary?" Charles gently held her in his arms.

Melissa was touched that Charles cared so much about her, and her heart was filled with joy. She lifted her head, gave Sheryl a momentary glance, and continued to pretend to look uncomfortable. She replied, "No, I didn't. I probably caught a cold last night. I want to go to the bathroom. Could you give me a hand, Sher?"

"Of course, Mom. I will escort you," Sheryl agreed immediately. Charles left his mother unto Sheryl's

care. She held Melissa's arm and took her to the bathroom.

Watching the anxious Charles, Nancy opened her mouth to speak to him. She attempted to say

something, but held it back.

Charles was so focused on his sick mother that he didn't notice the changes in Nancy's expressions.

It took Melissa and Sheryl a while to leave the bathroom. When they came out, they saw Charles

standing in the corridor with the doctor.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. Lu? I'm here to check on you," the doctor addressed respectfully.

"Let's go to my room," Melissa proposed. Melissa had butterflies in her stomach due to her untold

tension. She was afraid that the doctor would see through her fake illness and expose it to her son. At

last she said, "Sher, Charles, why don't you go have breakfast? You two might get delayed for work."

"That's okay, Mom. You're our priority. We need to figure out what's wrong with your health," Charles

said, transfixing his eyes on his mother. He noticed that Melissa was treating Sheryl better than the day

before. She had even allowed her to lead her to the bathroom. And more importantly, she didn't ignore

her anymore.

Sheryl also found Melissa's behavior strange, but for a different reason. When they were in the bathroom, Melissa had paid no attention to her, pretending like she was not even there. But now, she was being nice to her again. However, she didn't have time to dwell on the matter because the doctor had already followed Melissa and Charles into the room. She joined them quickly. The young couple settled the 'patient' onto the bed and Charles tucked his mother in carefully.

"Doctor, please go ahead. Other than the symptoms I told you during our last call, she probably has stomach problems as well. I think it would be better to give her a full check-up," Charles urged the doctor in a worried tone.

"Don't worry, Mr. Lu. Let me check on her first," the doctor nodded with a reassuring smile. Melissa turned pale. Sheryl and Charles thought she was still being tormented by the stomach pain.

"Are you all right?" they asked in unison.

"I am fine. Don't forget that we have a doctor here," Melissa replied with feigned composure. She looked up at the doctor, and he met her gaze. The doctor didn't read much into his patient's complicated expression.

Sheryl and Charles couldn't read Melissa's mind either.

They kept their eyes fixed on the doctor. He took out the medical kit and started to check on her.

"That's strange," the doctor uttered with a frown as he finished the primary examination.

"What's wrong?" Charles asked, anxiously. He felt his heart in his throat. When he saw the doctor's scowl, he was overwhelmed with fear.

"There's no need to panic. Mrs. Lu is not in any serious threat as you imagined," the doctor replied patiently.

"Not serious? Are you kidding? If that was the case, then why hasn't she been able to sleep at all?" Charles fumed.

'I saw how scared and helpless she looked last night. How could he say that it's nothing serious?' he thought.

"Take it easy, Mr. Lu. From my primary observation, Mrs. Lu isn't sick. Well, she isn't physically sick. If what you said is true and she hasn't been getting proper sleep, then we need to deal with this differently," he explained in a calm tone.

"What do you mean?" Charles asked with knitted brows. He was angry at the doctor's irresponsible

comment, but now he was more concerned about his mother's well-being.

"Mrs. Lu seems completely normal. But if she has been having nightmares for years, it means that she

has been under a lot of pressure and it has caused some psychological damage in her. If she is

suffering from mental impairments, it will be difficult to work out a treatment right now," the doctor

analyzed frankly.

Melissa's worries vanished promptly, and a small smile crept onto her thin lips.

On the other hand, Charles' and Sheryl's hearts grew heavy. They let their imagination run wild and

pictured Melissa's miserable life in prison. Charles frowned and asked desperately, "What if she does

have some mental impairments? Is there any medication?"

"Mr. Lu, with all due respect, there is no solid treatment for this. But luckily, these symptoms have

appeared before it's too late. The patient shouldn't be exposed to heavy mental pressure. You should

avoid getting on her nerves or displeasing her. If that doesn't work, you'll need to take her to a

psychiatrist."

Chapter 1087 The Goose-like Subordinate

The doctor's words weighed down Charles' mind like a heavy stone. Melissa, on the other hand, took

the doctor's diagnosis differently—she thought that God finally knew who the wicked one really was.

Maybe God also felt unsatisfied about what Sheryl did, so he did her a favor.

After the doctor left, Melissa put on her kind facade once again to reassure Charles. "Charles, you don't need to listen to what the doctor said. I think my condition isn't as serious as he said. It's fine...I just have nightmares sometimes."

"Mom, the doctor must have had good reasons to give that diagnosis. From now on, you don't need to worry about anything. All you need to do is stay in a good mood every day. You can tell me what you want or any inconvenience you feel in our house. Just relax and enjoy your life now. You can only gradually recover when you maintain a good mood," he instructed his mother.

Although Melissa said she was fine, Charles didn't believe it one bit, and was convinced that her condition was caused by her 15-year sentence in prison. After all, he still wanted to try and make things up to his mom.

Though she still wanted to say something, she raised her arm to look at her watch. "Oh my God, Charles, isn't it time for you to go to work? Be quick or you'll be late. I'm truly fine. Don't worry about me."

Glancing at the time, he also realized how late it had gotten. It was a little worrisome as he had promised to see a customer who happened to be the president of Tarsan Corporation which recently moved its core business from abroad to Y City. Even though Tarsan Corporation was matched only by Shining Company, it was unprofessional to be late in their first meeting. But because of Melissa's poor condition, Charles was still hesitant to leave her alone. "Mom, is it okay for you to stay at home alone?" "Charles, if you're truly busy, just go to work. I don't have too much work today, so I can stay at home and accompany her. Don't worry too much, " Sheryl suggested in a soft voice. Originally, Sheryl planned to go to work today, but she changed her mind when she heard the doctor's diagnosis of Melissa. In addition, now that their cooperation with Tarsan Corporation was ended, there were no urgent affairs she needed to solve. It wasn't a problem for her to just stay at home. "Alright. I really have to go now, Sher, please take care of Mom at home," he nodded. With Sheryl taking care of Melissa, Charles' worry lifted a little. "Mom, try to relax and enjoy your day. If anything bad happens, or you don't feel too good, just call me up." "I know. Just go to work. Don't worry about me."

With a gentle smile, Melissa presented her motherly love.

After taking care of that, Charles immediately left Dream Garden. As for the rest, Gary often stayed in

his room and didn't like stepping out, Clark and Shirley had already gone to kindergarten, and Nancy

knew that Melissa wasn't an easy-going woman, so she preferred staying far away from her. After he

left, only Sheryl and Melissa were left in the living room.

"Mom, how about you go back to your room and rest up?" Sheryl suggested to her mother-in-law in a

kind tone. Although Sheryl did feel some awkwardness between them, she had nothing to do but speak

first and attempt to break the ice.

Though she wanted to link what Melissa did with her bad mental condition, Sheryl was no fool. She had

a strong feeling that Melissa didn't actually have any mental problems. Otherwise, how could Melissa's

nightmares disappear after she went to her room?

However, that unguarded moment passed quickly as she didn't want to think of Charles' mother as a

deceitful woman. What was more, she didn't even have any real evidence to show that Melissa got

extremely persnickety about her behind Charles' back.

As soon as her son left, Melissa had no more reason to pretend to be kind. With a roll of her eyes, she

merely ignored Sheryl and shouted as she went downstairs, "Nancy!"

"Mrs. Lu, what can I do for you?"

Nancy hastily rushed over to Melissa as soon as she was called for.

"Prepare breakfast for me now. I haven't had any yet," she ordered arrogantly. Since everything was

under her control and was progressing in accordance with her plan, Melissa was in a relatively good

mood, at least this once.

"Of course, Mrs. Lu," Nancy immediately answered, feeling relieved that Melissa found no faults with

her. Even Nancy herself couldn't point out why she was always so frightened by Melissa. Before she

went into the kitchen, she spared Sheryl a concerned look.

Ignored by Melissa once again, Sheryl couldn't tell why she was disliked by her mother-in-law so much.

Seeing Melissa's rather refreshed condition, she also didn't understand how Melissa could have a

mental illness.

When Charles arrived at Shining Company, the president of Tarsan Corporation hadn't yet arrived. After

inquiring, he learned from his assistant that the president not only failed to come here on time, but also

failed to call and give them a reason for her absence.

Charles' eyes narrowed as he watched the clock. It was the Tarsan Corporation's president who

actively invited him to the meeting. Although Charles had a tight schedule, he still found time in the

midst of his pressing affairs and agreed to see her today. In order to show their sincerity, the president

should have arrived at Shining Company even earlier than the set time. Even as the time for the

appointment passed, there was still no news from the other party. Even Charles found it rather strange.

Meanwhile, at Tarsan Corporation, Rachel planned to go to the meeting as scheduled, but Duncan

interrupted her and said calmly, "Ms. Bai, I have one thing to report to you."

"Leave it for until I come back," she replied with a poker face. After all, she had been waiting for this

day for too long. If it weren't for Holley, she would have gone to see Charles the first day she returned.

Just to have an appointment with him, she had gone to great lengths to make sure it pushed through.

Being stopped by someone was definitely not in her plan.

"But Ms. Bai, it's about Cloud Advertising Company, How about...?"

Seeing that Rachel was in a hurry to leave, Duncan quickly blurted out his concerns.

"Cloud Advertising Company?"

Upon hearing the company's name, Rachel instantly froze on the spot.

"Yes, Ms. Bai. It's about their boss, Sheryl. A couple of days ago, I saw the first draft of the banquet

plan she made. I don't think it fits the position of Tarsan Corporation at all. After all, it's the first party

we're going to hold in Y City..."

Realizing that it caught Rachel's attention, Duncan went on to explain the whole story.

When he got through halfway, however, Rachel suddenly got impatient and cut him off. "Get to the

point. How does this end?"

"So for the sake of Tarsan Corporation's image, I had to end our cooperation with Cloud Advertising

Company without your permission," he quickly answered.

"You did what?"

Hearing Duncan's answer, she fumed with anger. Glaring at him, she scolded, "Who gave you the right

to end our cooperation with them?"

At this point, Rachel was extremely furious. Letting Sheryl design their banquet was an intentional

move to carry out her plan. Now, her and Holley's efforts meant nothing.

The goose-like subordinate did a great disservice to her goal. How dare he end their cooperation with Sheryl without consulting her? How was she supposed to carry out the plan now?

"Ms. Bai, I don't understand. There are so many other advertisement companies in Y City, those which are more famous than Cloud Advertising Company. That Sheryl..." He didn't seem to understand how angry Rachel was and continued to try and persuade her.

"Shut up! I'll give you three days. After that's over, I must see Sheryl's banquet plan. If I don't see her plan on my desk in three days, you'd better fuck off from my company!"

Chapter 1088 A No-show

Duncan wanted to defend himself, but when he saw the sullen look on Rachel's face, he stopped short.

He answered, "Yes, Ms. Bai. I know."

"What are you waiting for? Get out! You are such a disappointment!" Rachel yelled. Duncan almost spoiled her entire plan. Rachel was tired of his stupid face.

After she gave Duncan a good dressing down, she decided to not stick to her original plan of meeting with Charles. Instead, she returned to her office and called Holley. "Holley, are you available now?"

"Do you need anything, Ms. Bai?" Holley asked.

"It's about Sheryl. Come to my office. I'll tell you everything," Rachel said. Her voice was filled with

frustration.

"Today is your meeting with Mr. Lu, isn't it? Aren't you going to see him?" Holley asked. She knew that

Rachel had been waiting for this meeting to happen.

"If everything had gone as per my plans, I would have met him today. But some issues have surfaced

and we need to make changes in our plan. To avoid making things worse, I think it's best not to meet

Charles before all these problems are solved," Rachel explained over the phone.

"If you have made up your mind, then I will be there right away," Holley replied, nodding.

"All right. I'll be waiting for you." Rachel hung up and frowned at the situation she was facing at the

moment.

After so many years, Rachel had learnt her lesson. The reason why she had lost to Sheryl in the past

was that she was not cautious enough. Now that she was finally back in the game, she didn't want to

make the same mistakes again.

While Rachel was talking to Holley about Duncan's reckless decision in her office, their contact in

Shining Company called Tarsan Corporation.

Rachel's secretary looked at her boss' angry face and knew at once that she had to cancel the appointment. She quickly apologized to Charles' secretary over the phone, and told her that their president had something urgent to deal with and would not be able to make it to the meeting with Charles. She asked his secretary for a rescheduling.

Rachel couldn't hear what Charles' secretary was saying, but she could tell from her secretary's embarrassed face that they must have been quite angry at the cancellation.

Holley understood everything that was happening very clearly. She teased, "If I'm not wrong, this is probably the first time that a client has dared to stand up to the prominent Charles Lu."

"He doesn't know who the president of Tarsan Corporation is now. And he is right to be mad. But if he knew that it's me, he'll realize that he has no right to be, because a no-show is nothing compared to what he has done to me!" Rachel sneered indifferently.

"I truly admire your resoluteness, Ms. Bai," Holley smiled. "When I work with you, I always feel hopeful about the future."

Rachel, however, didn't give a damn about Holley's flattery. She was solely focused on another important obstacle on her table. Cloud Advertising Company was not willing to take charge of the

planning of their wine party. She creased her eyebrows and said, "Holley, this is our priority right now.

What should we do?"

"You think Sheryl won't cooperate with you even if you ask your man to invite her?" Holley was

confused as to why this issue would ever trouble Rachel. After all, nobody knew who the president of

Tarsan Corporation was now. So it would be impossible for Sheryl to know either.

As long as Sheryl was kept in the dark about who was behind all this, then she wouldn't realize the real

motive behind this wine party. Since everything was still undercover, why would Sheryl refuse such an

amazing opportunity where she got to cooperate with an international company like Tarsan

Corporation? Not to mention, the high profits she would receive from it! Sheryl was not a fool.

"I'm not sure if she would agree. But I can't take that risk. Holley, if Sheryl is really unwilling to work with

Tarsan Corporation, does that mean we won't have any reason to invite her to the party?"

This was Rachel's real concern. She didn't care one bit about the party planning. Even though she

required the planning to be elaborate, and would have preferred if it was done by Sheryl, her true

intention was to wear Sheryl out with huge piles of work. But her ultimate weapon was set up at the

scene of the wine party.

"Oh, you can rest assured. Even if Cloud Advertising Company is no longer in charge of the planning,

we have a definite reason to invite her for the party. This is the first party that Tarsan Corporation would

be throwing in Y City, and it's a tradition to invite most of the outstanding co-operators and clients to the

party. Shining Company will be included in the list for sure. You can extend an invitation to both Charles

Lu and his wife, which means Sheryl will also be there." After Holly finished explaining the situation,

she once again thought that Rachel's concern was misplaced.

"And what if Sheryl refuses to come when she finds out that Tarsan Corporation is the host. We have

already displeased her quite a lot. Charles loves her so much, and I'm sure he won't force her against

her will." Rachel gritted her teeth at the thought of seeing Charles and Sheryl together.

Holley frowned. She hadn't thought of that possibility. There was no way to make sure that Sheryl

would attend the party. If Sheryl didn't show up, their efforts would be in vain. It was a critical moment,

and they couldn't afford to make any mistakes. "I have an idea; something that will make Sheryl take

the planning job with Tarsan Corporation again."

Rachel couldn't wait to hear some good ideas to make things work and asked anxiously, "What is it?"

"But we may have to apologize to Duncan for this," Holley smirked, full of confidence.

Rachel didn't understand what she was talking about. What did Duncan have to do with anything?

"What do you mean?" she asked suspiciously.

"I'm sure you know what kind of person Sheryl is. She is a hypocrite who loves serving justice. This

time, we just give her the justice that she wants. This way, we can loop her in to work with us again,

and also make a new enemy for her." Holley looked at Rachel's confused face and continued, "You

need to let her know that Duncan's decision doesn't represent that of Tarsan Corporation's. In fact, your

company was sincere about working with her, while it was Duncan who messed up everything

deliberately. To convince her further, you will have to punish him severely or even fire him for his

misconduct. You should send another person to negotiate cooperation with her company once again,

and she would definitely agree this time."

Rachel's eyes widened. She clapped her hands and said excitedly, "You're right, Holley! If we do that,

Sheryl will come to work for us. What's more, Duncan will blame her for all of this! He is an extremely

small-minded man and will make a fine enemy to Sheryl. I can't wait to see what will happen!" Rachel

couldn't help but laugh out loud. She praised, "Holley, you really are an absolute genius!"

Holley wasn't surprised by her words. After all, she was really good at creating trouble for others. She

just smiled and got up to leave. "Since our problem is solved, Ms. Bai, I will take my leave. Just call me

if you need anything."

"All right," Rachel said, nodding. She was delighted by how their talk had ended.

When Holley left Rachel's office, she saw Duncan calling Sheryl anxiously again and again. However,

Sheryl wasn't at work that day, and she ignored his calls.

"You are a married woman! Stop fooling around with different men! How long has it been since Charles

has left home? Your phone is already a hotline!" Melissa's voice was laced with heavy sarcasm as she

blamed Sheryl when she noticed that her phone had been ringing constantly. She threw a disgusted

glance at Sheryl and continued to read her newspaper.

Chapter 1089 Melissa's Lie

"Mom, please listen to me. Those were business calls. The guy who called is a client," Sheryl

explained. She was upset about Melissa's accusation. The only thing she could do was explain

everything to Charles' mother.

Sheryl thought to herself, 'If I don't make everything clear as early as possible, this might make the condition worse. Moreover, she might hold a grudge against me, and hate me more than she already does.'

"That's enough!" Melissa snapped. "I don't care whether that man is a client or someone else. I just

need you to remember one thing: you are married to Charles, the CEO of Shining Company.

Everybody's eyes are on you!" Melissa quietly studied the woman in front of her. 'What is so good

about Sheryl? And why is my son so enchanted by her? I don't get it,' she thought.

'My son is wasting all his good years being naive, credulous.'

Sheryl had her hands clasped, almost as if in prayer. "Please. I'm trying to make everything clear to

you. I never hooked up with other men. And I don't plan to! Charles knows all my male friends. Charles

and I share everything with each other. We...." She was desperate to defend herself. As a woman and

as a daughter-in-law, she simply could not stand the way Melissa thought of her.

But Melissa did not give her the chance to finish. Instead, feeling impatient, she raised her voice at

Sheryl. "Stop! Why are you so determined to keep this up? You had to rub it in my face that you're the

person Charles cares about the most? More than once! Come on, Sheryl. I can see you're doing this

on purpose. You're not fooling anyone with your little schemes," Melissa bellowed as she wagged a

disapproving finger. "Do you think you are the hostess of Dream Garden, the woman everyone loves

and whose orders everyone should obey? Do you think everyone just agrees with whatever you say?"

Sheryl's face was frozen with horror, her mouth agape in disbelief. Melissa took the opportunity to

continue berating her. "I admit you really are something. After all, you were able to trick my Charles.

But don't get too cocky and think that you can charm other people as easily as you charmed him. Your

tricks might have worked on him, but you will never deceive me!" Melissa's face was distorted in anger.

Silence swallowed the two of them.

She wanted to warn Sheryl and remind her that not all the Lu family members were idiots at her mercy.

Melissa was an arrogant, stubborn person. She believed she knew the entire truth, and that Charles'

wife was, in fact, an evil, devious woman. But she had no idea that she had been fooled from the start.

Sheryl, despite her disbelief, found her voice once more. "What are you talking about, Mom? I know

you don't like me, but you've got it all wrong. I never desired to be hostess of Dream Garden, nor

control anyone. All I wanted this whole time was for you to accept me, for the sake of Charles, Shirley,

and Clark." Tears welled up in her eyes.

A woman's intuition was too often right. She somehow had this feeling that Melissa hated her. This

feeling never went away. Now, she knew why.

Holding back tears, Sheryl racked her brains. 'I can't think of a reason why Charles' mother despises

me this way. I have sensed that she has always felt contempt for me...

But why?' Sheryl looked at Melissa.

Melissa laughed scornfully as if enjoying a vile joke. Looking at Sheryl, she gasped, "You know what?

You really are a shameless woman! You want to appear as the victim here, don't you? Do you really

believe the words that just came out of your own mouth?" Sheryl found herself unable to speak.

Melissa went on, "If you never wanted these things, why did you trick my son into marrying you? I'm

telling you, I will no longer allow you to fool Charles even more than you already have, as long as I am

in Dream Garden." There was a tone of finality in her words.

"So you think I'm not good enough for your son, don't you?" Sheryl managed to ask despite the shock.

There was no turning back now. Since she first met Melissa, she had made sure to show her the

respect she thought Charles' mother deserved. She did her best to be humble and obedient, but to no

avail. No matter how hard she tried, she could not please her.

Melissa was furious. She hissed, "Now that you know, what are you still doing here? Do you want me to kick you out myself? Have you forgotten where you are?" She crossed her arms and looked away.

"You don't deserve Charles. Have you no shame? Knowing your worth, are you so shameless as to remain by his side? Do you know what you are? You are like an annoying wart that nobody wants but never goes away."

Sheryl did not fight back. She had expected herself to be angry toward Melissa. Instead, she felt an overwhelming sadness envelop her. "So this is how you actually feel about me," she muttered just loud enough for Melissa to hear. Sheryl did not expect any of this. When she realized where the conversation was going, she told herself to be strong. Nevertheless, she still felt upset when she actually heard these words coming from Melissa.

"You just got what you deserved," Melissa said, matter-of-factly. "If you wanted respect, you should have learned to be a respectable person first." She regarded Charles' wife with disdain. 'Sheryl is the type of person I hate the most, ' she thought. 'She is rotten inside, but she pretends to be pure and

pleasant, like an innocent-looking red apple with worms inside it.'

"I bought you a gift and volunteered to sleep in your room and keep you company at night! Do you think

I did these things out of evil will?" Sheryl exclaimed. She did not know what else to say. 'Why is she so

convinced that I'm a horrible person?' she wondered.

"And?" Melissa was unperturbed. She flashed Sheryl a knowing smile. "Of course you wanted to give

me a gift. Do you think I am unfamiliar with the concept of bribes? Or offerings? Or distractions to throw

me off your trail?" She chuckled. "After all, you are spending my son's money," she said, tapping a

finger on her temple. She wanted to let Sheryl know she was onto her. "Besides, how can you even

prove that you offered to keep me company in the evening, out of the goodness of your heart?"

Melissa's question was phrased that way to mock Sheryl. She was not yet done. "Was it that? Or did

you offer to do that for me...to please Charles?" Melissa stared into Sheryl's eyes, provoking her.

"I..." Sheryl was rendered speechless. She did not know how to respond.

"Come on, Sheryl, stop acting innocent. There's no use. You know you're wrong. If you keep this up,

you'll only embarrass yourself," Melissa said sarcastically, almost sounding amused. "Do you really

think I have nightmares? I just wanted to make you and my son sleep in different rooms! I don't care

what you did in the past. But since I'm already here, you better behave yourself and think twice before making a move."

"What did you say?" Sheryl asked, a little too loudly. She was shaken by this revelation. She made a

fist and closed her eyes in frustration. 'The nightmares aren't real?' she wondered. Her breathing became labored.

"I thought you heard me," Melissa snorted. "Do you want me to say it again?" She went on, like a devil on someone's shoulder, "I already made myself clear to you. I don't want you to stay by my son's side. I will let Charles know what you really are. Making you sleep in different rooms is just a start."

"This is all a surprise to me." Sheryl spoke. "I served you wholeheartedly in the hopes you would change your mind. But you thought I did all of this to please Charles... And worse, you even feigned having nightmares to split Charles and me up." She let out a desperate laugh. She thought she was losing her grasp on reality. She could not believe just how far Melissa was willing to go to tear them apart.

"Congratulations! Now that you know, you better think twice about playing tricks on Charles. I'm

watching you!" Melissa sternly warned. Sheryl was left with no other choice.

It was time to fight back. She spat out a string of words she never thought she would ever say. "I see.

Even without proof, you want to believe I am a horrible person. I will no longer waste my time trying to

explain. It's useless, for you aren't going to believe a single thing I say. But know this: if you try to get in

the way of my marriage in any way, I'm telling you, you will never succeed," she said with a straight

face. With that, Sheryl walked out the door, slammed it, and stormed out of Dream Garden.

She had not intended to get into a fight with Melissa. After all, the latter was an older, respected woman

and was her husband's mother. She had to suppress the overwhelming rage she felt and left the

house. She could not imagine what could have happened if she stayed in the same room as Charles'

mother for another second.

#### Chapter 1090 We Are Not Sincere

Sheryl wanted to call Charles to tell him everything and hoped he could persuade Melissa. After all, if

there was anyone who knew her personality best, that would be Charles.

She started to key in his phone number, but before she could even press the call button, she decided to

clear them all again. Whatever she had to tell him would be better explained face to face. Things

couldn't be changed no matter how anxious she was. She decided to wait until Charles came back, so

she could tell him everything clearly.

Just as she was in deep thought, her mobile phone started ringing. It's Duncan again.

In spite of the extreme disgust she was feeling towards Duncan, she couldn't deny that his nonstop

calls were the reason why Melissa ended up spilling her beans. Thinking of this, Sheryl picked up the

call.

However, Sheryl didn't know that Duncan ended up being severely criticized by Rachel when she

talked with Melissa. What was worse, Duncan ended up losing his job after Rachel fired her.

Duncan had worked in Tarsan Corporation for more than twenty years, and he was even assigned to a

branch abroad where he had served the company for many years. Although he had not performed

meritorious deeds, he believed that he had always done hard work for Tarsan Corporation. And now

that the company had finally transferred to Y City, he could also be closer to his hometown. But to his

surprise, Rachel fired him.

And it was all because of Sheryl!

So, Duncan's last phone call was not to put her mind at peace. This call was to get his revenge.

As soon as Sheryl picked up the phone, a voice of resentment came to her ear. "Sheryl, okay, you may

have won by now. But wait and see. I will make sure that you will pay for what you have done!"

Sheryl was really confused. It was Duncan who threatened Cloud Advertising Company. He also

arranged for someone to initially do the same. Why did he come to her now? "Mr. Qiu, don't you have

anything else to do? Did you really bother to call just to insult me?" Sheryl yelled.

"Sheryl, don't pretend to be innocent. I know you must have come to find my boss to complain about

me. I've worked in Tarsan Corporation for more than twenty years, but now she fired me just because

of you! Sheryl, remember, since you don't want me live blissfully, I'll make sure you will also be

miserable!"

"What? You've been fired?"

This news was indeed somewhat out of Sheryl's expectation. After all, she didn't know who the boss of

Tarsan Corporation was. And she also never mentioned this to Charles, so he wouldn't have influenced

it.

"Do you think that if you pretend to know nothing, I'll believe you? No!" Duncan warned, "Sheryl, listen

clearly! You'd better pray that you never meet me in the future; otherwise, you'll regret it."

He then ended the phone call. Sheryl stood dumbfounded. She didn't know what else she could do.

Today must be the hardest day she had faced since she returned to Dream Garden, she thought. She

did nothing, but both Melissa and Duncan misunderstood her. Why did she suffer such bad things?

But there was no use in complaining and getting angry. After her anger subsided, she realized that she should have a game plan.

Now that Melissa no longer needed her, she could go back to the company. At least she could use work to release her depression.

With that in mind, Sheryl ended up going to Cloud Advertising Company directly instead of calling Charles.

Although Cloud Advertising Company lost the case of Tarsan Corporation, they still had a lot of cooperation with other companies. So Sheryl decided that she wouldn't let this case cause her despair.

Thinking back on how Duncan threatened and scared her a little while ago, she now understood that the guy just got angry because he ended up losing his own job. So she didn't feel afraid of him and didn't care about his words.

'After all, Duncan is not a fool. It's impossible to do anything illegal in today's society,' Sheryl thought.

"Sher, hello!" Isla greeted her as soon as she came in view.

"Hello, how's everything going today?" Sheryl asked about the situation of Cloud Advertising Company

as usual.

"Nothing special. All things are going well. This is the final confirmation of the case last week. Please

sign it," Isla said as she handed a folder with the confirmation documents to Sheryl.

Sheryl went over the few pages before she finally signed her name on the last page.

"Thanks," Isla said. Sheryl just smiled at her. Suddenly, the telephone started ringing.

Sheryl and Isla looked at each other. Then Sheryl looked at the caller ID. The number looked like one

of Tarsan Corporation's.

'But our cooperation has already ended, so why would they still be calling?' Sheryl thought.

Isla also recognized the number, and she immediately got reminded of Sheryl's disagreeable encounter

that day. She felt blood rushing to her head, so she proposed, "It's from Tarsan Corporation, let me

answer that."

"Hello, am I speaking with Ms. Xia?" A sweet and gentle female's voice spoke from the other line.

"Why are you looking for her?" Isla responded in a direct and harsh tone.

"Hello, my name is Irene. I'm the assistant to CEO of Tarsan Corporation. Two days ago, our

companies had a temporary disagreement due to an abuse of power by one of our employees, Duncan

Qiu. We sincerely apologize for what has happened." The voice remained sweet as she explained the

reason for her call.

"What do you mean? Are you calling to apologize to Cloud Advertising Company?" Isla couldn't believe

what she had heard. Tarsan Corporation was a large company; it was very unlikely to have them

apologize to Shining Company. So she found it really strange that they actually took the initiative to

apologize to them.

"Yes, I want to apologize to Ms. Xia on behalf of Tarsan Corporation. Our CEO has fired Duncan today,

so he is no longer associated with our company from now on. We hope that Ms. Xia would put

everything behind us now and continue to help Tarsan Corporation plan the wine party."

Isla was not sure if Irene's voice was born with innate appeal, or if she just thought that Sheryl should

make this decision. Either way, she ended up handing the phone to Sheryl with a happy comment.

"Sher, they said they want to apologize to us."

Sheryl nodded and took the receiver from Isla's hand, "Hello, this is Sheryl."

Upon hearing that it was Sheryl on the line now, Irene repeated the apology she initially mentioned to

Isla, and then asked her afterwards, "Ms. Xia, what's your opinion?"

"I could see your sincerity, but I'm actually curious about one thing."

"What are you curious about, Ms. Xia? Please tell me."

"There are lots of advertising companies in Y City. Although Cloud Advertising Company is somewhat

well-known, it's not unique. I can't figure out why your CEO wants to partner with us?" Sheryl really

can't understand why Tarsan Corporation wanted to work together with Cloud Advertising Company.

They even fired Duncan just to resolve their conflicts.

"Ms. Xia, I can definitely answer that for you. The fact is, our CEO knows that your planning is one of

the best in this field which is why we would like to work with you. Our CEO hopes that you will agree to

planning this wine party for us. So Ms. Xia, are you willing to continue with our partnership?" Irene

explained.

Hearing Sheryl's query, Isla couldn't help but send her a signal. She thought, 'Sheryl is really stupid! If

Tarsan Corporation wants to work together with us, just agree with that. We need not know the reason why they have to partner with us.

If we continue to work with them, our previous efforts will not be in vain, and our company could also get large profit. If it's mostly to our advantage, it's not even worth asking them why.'

Sheryl pretended that she did not see Isla's indication. She decided not to answer Irene's question, but instead she said, "Irene, please tell your CEO that I will need time to consider your offer."

"Ms. Xia, is there anything you're not satisfied with? Why do you need time to think it over?" Apparently,

Irene didn't expect that Sheryl would give her such an answer. She was expecting she would accept it immediately.

"I'm not dissatisfied. I just want time to further study your proposal. If you are not okay with it, you could

tell your CEO that Cloud Advertising Company is not sincere." Sheryl's tone remained unusually calm.