

Wedded Bride 1091

Chapter 1091 Continue To Cooperate With Tarsan Corporation

"Well if you say so, we will wait for your answer. Please think about our offer. I will call you tomorrow,"

Irene replied with a low-spirited smile. "Well, if there isn't anything else, I have to go. Bye!"

"Bye!" Sheryl replied before ending the call.

"What's wrong with you, Sher? It is a good opportunity. Why didn't you just say yes?" Isla whined. Isla

could not agree with Sheryl's decision to turn down such a brilliant opportunity. In fact, she did not

expect Sheryl to turn it down in the first place.

"Yes, you are right, Isla. It is indeed a very good chance for Cloud Advertising Company. But it

happened all of a sudden. I am not ready for this at the moment," Sheryl replied with a little frown.

Sheryl assessed the whole thing in her mind. The time was not apt to grab any and every opportunity

that came in the way. She had just received a threatening call from Duncan, and immediately after that,

the assistant for the CEO of Tarsan Corporation called up. It seemed like everything made sense. But

she still felt that something was wrong.

But she could not identify exactly what was wrong.

Hence, Sheryl decided to take each and every step with caution.

"Is it because we received this opportunity all of a sudden that you are feeling so uneasy?" Isla asked, staring at the wistful Sheryl.

"I don't know. I need a day to think about this," Sheryl shook her head and replied without looking at Isla.

Isla took note of the fact that Sheryl was a little out of sorts. Observing that she wore a troubled look,

Isla didn't want to push her any further. Yet after some hesitation, she blurted out her opinion. "Think over it, Sher. But I think Tarsan Corporation really wants to work with us. Besides, it is a big company.

We have nothing to worry about."

Although Sheryl didn't respond, she agreed with what Isla said. In fact, Isla's confidence in Tarsan Corporation and her assuring words helped her assess the positive aspects of the deal if she accepted it. 'Isla has a point. Tarsan Corporation is not a small company. Maybe I am just thinking too much? I don't think they will have the time to waste in fooling me.

Perhaps I have become too paranoid after what happened at home,' she mused.

As she went on assessing all the pros and cons, the stern frown on her face gave away to a much

more focused look. She picked up her phone and dialed Irene's number. As Sheryl informed Irene

about her willingness to continue their cooperation with the Tarsan Corporation, Irene got really excited.

She rushed to the CEO's room as soon as Sheryl ended the call.

"Ms. Bai, she agreed," Irene reported.

Rachel looked up from her laptop. Sheryl's denial had made her upset. As Irene disclosed the news of

Sheryl's decision, her scowling face was replaced by a smile. She let out a sigh of relief and said, "I

see."

When Charles reached Dream Garden, Sheryl was on her way home. As he entered the hall, the lights

were dim at their living room. It was evident that Sheryl was not there in the house. Melissa was sitting

on the couch staring out of the window. She seemed to be in a pensive mood. As she glanced at

Charles, she let out a smile. Charles looked around the house and asked, "Where is Sher, Mom?"

"Oh, Sher? Someone had called her. She took the call and went out," Melissa replied in a cool manner

without a single trace of guilt anywhere in her voice or her face about the fact that she had misinformed

her son about his wife.

Charles felt a little strange. 'Now that she agreed to look after Mom today, how could she just leave her

alone? This was not expected of Sheryl,' he brooded. He said politely, "Mom, she must have

something important to deal with. I am going to give her a call and ask her what happened."

"There is no need. If she wanted to tell you, she should have called you," Melissa snapped in a sullen

voice.

Charles marked a tint of disappointment in his mother's voice. Placing his phone back in his pocket, he

took a few steps towards her and asked gingerly, "Did you have some argument at home?"

Melissa looked at Charles lovingly and smiled. She looked happy to him concerned about her.

However, the very next moment, a pitiful expression surfaced on her face. She muttered in a low voice,

"I know it's my fault. After all, I've been away from this house for many years. Now that I appeared all of

a sudden, Sher must be feeling a little awkward..."

And there she paused. She framed her statement in a very crafty manner. Taking the blame on herself

instead of speaking ill of Sheryl in front of Charles would establish her as a noble soul in front of her

son. She knew that was the only way to earn his sympathy.

A frown appeared on Charles' face. "What happened between the two of you, Mom?" he asked

anxiously. Melissa felt happy to see the growing concern in his mind for her. She was playing it slow

and steady. She didn't utter a single word about what happened between her and Sheryl after he left.

Rather she took advantage of Sheryl's absence and continued, "Nothing important. Perhaps she is

displeased to sleep with me. I thought over it and found that it was rude on my part. You young couples

love sticking together. But now you have to sleep apart because of me. I..." Melissa looked hesitant and

a little awkward as she spoke. Charles' face changed completely as he heard her statement.

"Mom, it's not a big deal. Besides, you are unwell, and she is aware of that. She will not get angry

because of that. Is there any misunderstanding between you and Sher?" Charles reasoned with

Melissa. He could not believe that Sheryl would get mad at Melissa because she had to sleep in her

room.

"No, there isn't. But Sher threw a tantrum. It is entirely my fault. I shouldn't have asked her to stay with

me last night," she replied in an earnest tone, with an innocent look at Charles. Melissa passed the

entire blame on Sheryl while winning Charles' sympathy for herself. She felt contented inwardly as she

could see how Charles' mind was slowly changing towards Sheryl.

"Easy, Mom. Let me just call up Sher first. If it is her fault, I will ask her to apologize to you. And don't

worry. I will talk her and convince her to keep you company in the evening. She will listen to me."

Charles comforted, with his eyes glued on his mother. As Melissa looked rattled, he didn't dare to

speak in Sheryl's favor to avoid annoying her. The physician had advised them to avoid upsetting

Melissa in the morning.

Melissa maintained a very innocent look on her face and pretended to allow Charles to have his way in

dealing with the matter between his mother and his wife without ever letting him realize that whatever

he was doing, it was all as per Melissa's wishful planning.

Melissa behaved differently at different situation. In front of Charles, she pretended to be a sensible

and fragile mother. However, when she was alone with Sheryl, she was aggressive and arrogant. In

this way, she could leave a good impression on her son. Most importantly, she tried to infuriate Sheryl.

'Once Sheryl loses control of herself and vents her anger on me in Charles' presence, she will be the

bully who is to blame.

My son will be upset with Sheryl for her rude behavior towards me.

And that's all I want, ' she snickered inside.

When Melissa was in her thoughts, Charles got through to Sheryl over the phone. "Where are you, Sher?" he asked in a low and emotionless tone.

"I am on the way. I will be home soon. What's up?" Sheryl asked.

"We can talk about this later," he replied. Charles' voice was devoid of any emotions. As she was about to say something, he already ended the call.

Charles was not being able to bring himself to believe that Sheryl misbehaved with Melissa. But at the same time, he could not even believe that his own mother was lying to him about his wife. Melissa was such a good actor that she fooled him. Somehow, he started to suspect his wife.

Sheryl was bewildered since Charles had never spoken to her in that tone. Her brows creased as she stared back at her phone screen after Charles had disconnected. Such an abrupt way of ending the call

hurled a blow right on her chest. Was it really Charles on the other side? She could not believe that Charles could do this to her. Then suddenly she had an intuition that it had something to do with Melissa.

'Melissa must have said something to Charles. Otherwise, he wouldn't have asked me where I am,'

she thought. Slowly the frown disappeared from her face. She reasoned it out in her mind and came to the conclusion that it must have been Melissa.

She was trapped in her drifted thoughts on her way home. As she entered the house, she saw Melissa seated in the lounge watching TV with Charles. The old lady laughed as innocently as a child did, and she rested her head on Charles' shoulder occasionally.

Charles offered his wide shoulder to his mother willingly. As Sheryl could only watch the back of the mother and son, she found it to be a warm and candid moment. A smile played on her lips and disappeared in a jiffy. She felt a sting in her heart. She felt that she was the only outsider in Dream Garden. She stood still with her eyes fixed on Charles and Melissa. A shadow of sadness fell on her face.

"You're back, Sher," Nancy greeted as she came towards Sheryl, who was standing at the door. Sheryl nodded at her and returned, "Oh, yeah, I am back."

Hearing Nancy greeting Sheryl made Charles and Melissa aware of Sheryl's arrival. Charles had an instant urge to get up from the couch, but his mother's head was still rested on his shoulder. Melissa's eyes were glued on the screen as she laughed loudly.

"Sher," Charles called out to her while being seated on the couch.

"What's the matter?" Sheryl asked, her heart beating faster than normal. She had a vibe that something

bad was going to happen. Even though she had no idea what Melissa had said to Charles, she had a

very clear idea about what she was trying to do.

Chapter 1092 Melissa's Spite

"Where have you been today? Shouldn't you be staying at home with Mom? Why did you leave her

alone?" Charles questioned Sheryl as soon as she entered the house. He was sitting on the couch with

his mom. Her head was on his shoulder while she watched a TV program.

"I went to the company today," Sheryl replied calmly, trying to sound normal. "I told Mom about it before

I left. Mom, didn't you tell Charles why I was out?"

"Hahaha!" Melissa's laugh echoed inside the room. She was currently obsessed in the TV series that

she was watching with Charles. Her eyes focused on the screen as she pretended to not hear any of

Sheryl's comments.

"Sher, do you have a moment?" Charles asked. The look in his eyes told Sheryl that something was

bothering him. Finally, he lifted Melissa's head from his shoulder and stood up. He didn't even wait for

her reply. He went straight to the stairway.

As Charles was going upstairs, Melissa turned around and gave Sheryl a gloating glance. There was

obvious provocation in her eyes. Only a fool would miss it. Sheryl suddenly realized that Melissa did all

of these on purpose. She had planned everything from the start.

'Good. I really need to have a talk with Charles,' Sheryl thought.

With this in mind, Sheryl just tried to ignore Melissa and proceeded to follow Charles upstairs.

She found Charles standing in front of the door waiting for her. The moment he saw her coming, he

opened the door and prompted her to go inside first. After they entered the room and closed the door,

Charles spoke first. "Sher..."

Before he could even finish his sentence, Sheryl interrupted him. "What did your mom tell you?" she

asked.

Charles was surprised. He wasn't expecting this from Sheryl. "So what she said is true? Are you really

mad at her?" Charles asked unbelievably. In fact, he didn't want to believe it, but he couldn't figure out

any other reason to justify her actions.

No matter whose fault it was or who started the fight, he was expecting more patience and tolerance

from Sheryl. After all, his mother was sick, and the doctor had reminded them to be considerate of her

feelings. Why couldn't Sheryl just understand?

Sheryl could tell that Charles was obviously displeased. She controlled her anger and tried to explain

her side of the story. "Yes, I admit that I was mad. But do you want to know why?"

"Why?" Charles started. "Is it because you don't want to accompany her every single night? Or

because she said something to displease you?" He didn't even bother to cover the sulk in his voice. It

was more accusing than questioning.

"Just tell me what she told you exactly!" Sheryl demanded. She was certain that whatever Melissa had

told him was all made up.

"Mom said that you didn't like accompanying her to sleep at nights, and you just left her today without

saying anything after you got a call!" Charles' voice echoed his accusation.

"Do you believe her?" Sheryl didn't try to defend herself. Instead, she wanted to know Charles' point of

view on this matter. After all, it was a crisis of confidence.

It was until this moment that Sheryl realized Melissa's purpose. All this time, what her mother-in-law

wanted was for her and Charles to fall out of love, or even to drive her away from Dream Garden.

Even though she didn't know why Melissa would ever do this, she knew clearly that she had declared war.

"Sher, I really want you to tell me the truth," Charles pleaded. "It doesn't matter if I believe my mom or not. All I hope for is for our family to be harmonious and complete!" Charles clearly didn't want to choose a side.

"You can say that because you don't know what happened at all! Charles, I swear, I never said that I didn't like to accompany her to sleep! She just got angry with me all of a sudden. She also told me that she was not sick at all. She lied because she wanted to separate us!"

Sheryl would never have told Charles everything if it had been years ago. She had been just blind filial at that time and believed in everyone's innate goodness. But after considering her own past experiences, she knew how malicious a person could be. She needed to tell him the truth, no matter how ridiculous it might sound.

It was Charles' decision on whether he chose to believe her or not.

Charles was utterly stunned after Sheryl clarified everything. He didn't know who to believe. After all, it was his beloved wife on one side, and his mother, who had been in prison for fifteen years, on the other.

To be honest, he didn't think that Sheryl would ever lie to him.

But he was also unwilling to believe that his own mother would.

Not to mention that the purpose of her deception was to sabotage her son's marriage!

Why would she do this?

Charles couldn't figure it out. Melissa's and Sheryl's paths had never crossed before.

They just met. So why would his mother hate Sheryl so much to cause such a turmoil?

"So you don't believe me?" Sheryl asked angrily when she saw Charles pondering. She felt hurt and heartbroken.

They had gone and survived so many difficulties before they finally got reunited. Sheryl treasured every single day from then on, because she thought it was a gift from God. But could she still say that now?

To fight with each other endlessly for a meaningless spite out of thin air? To force Charles to choose between them?

"Sher, you know I didn't mean that! You also know that my mom was just released from prison, so she needs some time to adapt to her new environment. Could you give me a little more time? I don't want to upset her when she is still sick," Charles pleaded to her perplexedly.

"If you really need more time, then take your time. But do I still need to accompany her tonight?" Sheryl looked at him and asked directly.

"Sher, could you wait for me for a moment? I'm going to ask Mom and see how she thinks," Charles replied and turned away. He didn't dare to face her. He knew that he was asking too much from Sheryl and it was hurting her.

The sight sent a chill to Sheryl's heart. That was when she realized that it was not because Charles disbelieved her. He just didn't want to displease Melissa!

In other words, if Melissa continued to mess up with her, Charles would try his best not to unmask her. Sheryl didn't say a word. She remained seated on the side of the bed quietly.

"Sher, don't think too much about it. I hope you understand that I want our family to be happy. But before that, could you give me a few more days? I don't want to hurt Mom. Could you promise me

that?" Charles tried his best to comfort Sheryl as she was seemingly unhappy.

Sheryl didn't answer right away. She was contemplating on what Charles had said and what she

thought about it. "Go ahead. I know what I should do," she finally said.

To see Charles torn between them was the last thing Sheryl wanted in her life. She could only hope

that things would get better soon.

But now, all she wanted was to take a rest somewhere. It didn't matter if it was at her bedroom or

Melissa's. It had been a long day.

"Sher, wait for me. I'll be back," Charles said and left for downstairs where his mother was waiting.

Sheryl was left alone in the room. She didn't know how Charles and Melissa talked downstairs, nor did

she want to think about it. After a few minutes, Charles returned and asked her to dine.

"How did your talk go?" Sheryl asked as soon as he entered the room.

Charles sighed. With frustration clearly shown in his face, he dragged his leg slowly and sat next to

Sheryl. "Sher, just give me some time, please. I will find a way to solve this problem. It won't last long, I

promise you." He tried to assure her. "I will explain everything to my mom. But before that, could you

just pretend like nothing happened and continue to accompany her at night? You also know that she

just recently returned home..."

Chapter 1093 It Was Her Ace In The Hole

Melissa had spent her last fifteen years locked up in a cell.

It had only been a few days since she got released, and she was still getting used to the life of a free

man. Because of this, everyone was expected to be extra patient and understanding when dealing with her.

This was Melissa's ace in the hole, which was also the base for her to act completely without scruple.

"Alright, I know it. Say no more. I'll just do as you say. It's not like I have an opinion," Sheryl interrupted Charles. He had said enough, and she didn't want to listen to those words anymore.

"Sher, I'm sorry, but believe me, I will bring our life back to normal soon. When Mom has gotten used to living in this house and her new life, I will have a good talk with her. I won't allow her to break us apart. I just need some time. Sher, will you give me some time?" Charles asked her with deep affection.

Sheryl felt Charles' bewilderment in his words. She understood that he was right now in a pickle. Since Melissa was his mother, he could not defy her. Therefore, she had to compromise as well. She nodded faintly with a forced smile.

"Okay then, let's go and have supper now." Charles felt relieved when he finally saw Sheryl smile. He walked up to hold Sheryl's hand, so they could come and dine together.

But Sheryl didn't move from her seat. She just shook her head and said, "Charles, I am really not hungry, so I think I'll pass. You may go ahead and eat with your mother. I am going to take a bath now, so I can go to bed afterwards. I am so tired." Sheryl had already accepted the fact that she had to share the same bed with her mother-in-law every night. So she decided that she would rather sleep before Melissa returned to her bedroom.

She thought that she should limit interactions with Melissa to avoid conflicts. She didn't want to face her when they were alone in the room, and she was also afraid that Melissa would end up telling her annoying things when she was awake.

"Are you sure that you're not hungry?" Charles asked with concern, his eyebrows furrowed. "Yes, I'm really not hungry. I think your mom would be happier if I wouldn't join you during supper. I am tired and drowsy anyway. I rather go to bed early. So why don't you go now? She must already be waiting for you," Sheryl answered as she stretched her arms and yawned.

Charles didn't insist when he saw that Sheryl was indeed tired. "Okay, but if you feel hungry at

midnight, you can send me a text message," he said softly. ?And to show his loving care, he added, "I will get up and cook for you, dear."

"I get it," replied Sheryl with a knowing smile. At this moment, she seemed to feel the warmth that existed only between her and Charles, the warmth to be remembered and savored, the warmth that was fading after Melissa came to Dream Garden to live with them.

"Well, alright then, you go and take a bath, and have a good rest. I'll go to have supper now. If you need anything anytime, just tell me," Charles reminded her lovingly. He went downstairs afterwards.

"Why isn't Sher with you? Have you told her it's dinner time?" asked Melissa when she saw Charles alone. She made sure that she appeared to be a thoughtful mother-in-law in front of her son.

Charles could tell his mother's intended meaning, but he didn't put it bluntly. Instead, he replied, "Mom, she's not hungry. She's taking a bath now."

"Charles, is Sher still angry at me? If yes, I think I'd better go and apologize to her. I don't want to see my beloved daughter-in-law starve because of me," Melissa hurriedly said in a concerned tone. She paused to see if Charles was listening to her. "I know she is not quite willing to share the same bed with

me. If that's the case, I can sleep alone at night. I'll just get some light sleep, so Sher can—"

"Mom, listen to me," Charles interrupted. "Sher is not angry at you. She's not hungry, and wants to go

to bed early. Don't think too much. Let's have supper now," Charles explained impatiently with a tough

tone.

If Melissa said this before he talked with Sheryl, he might have believed her.

But now, he would always think twice on whether she meant it or had another underlying meaning

lurking in it.

So while reflecting on this, he didn't want his mother to go on talking.

Melissa could also feel his son's attitude getting somewhat tough, wondering what Sher had said to him

just now. At this moment, she was not sure whether his son was on the same side as her. She piled up

a smile before she commented, "Alright, alright, I won't talk anymore. Let's have supper now."

That night, when Melissa went back to her room, Sheryl had already been fast asleep. It was only her

and Sheryl in this room at the moment. She felt disgusted to see Sheryl lying in bed sleeping soundly.

Yet she knew it would take some time to achieve her goal, and she understood quick success wouldn't

be available. One good thing for her was that Sheryl was sleeping in her bedroom. As long as it

remained so, she could have things under control.

Sheryl slept well that night. When the alarm clock rang the next morning, she got up and went to wake up her children, Clark and Shirley. She helped them wash and get dressed, then served them breakfast.

After breakfast, Sheryl said to their servant, "Nancy, I am going to send Clark and Shirley to kindergarten now. Tell Charles when he gets up, thanks."

"Yes, I will," replied Nancy, nodding her head.

But then she could not help but call to Sheryl, "Sher, I have something to tell you."

"What is it, Nancy?" she asked curiously. 'What could she possibly want to tell me at this time of the day?' Sheryl thought.

Nancy then pulled her to a place where the children could not hear their conversation, and said in a whisper, "Sher, Mrs. Lu, she... she doesn't seem to like you very much. You shall be more careful in the coming days, and do not listen to everything that she says, you know?"

Looking quite worried, Nancy looked around to make sure no one saw them talking.

Nancy had been thinking about it for a long time before she approached Sheryl, for she was uncertain whether it was appropriate to say this kind of words as a servant. But she decided she should tell her about it out of conscience.

Hearing Nancy's sincere words, Sheryl smiled happily. She felt warm in her heart all of a sudden.

"Nancy, I feel really glad that you are so kind to me. Yes, I know that as well, but no matter what she thinks of me or asks me to do, she is still Charles' mother. Nothing can change that. I shall give her my respect. I believe everything will be fine and we can live harmoniously together, with my children as long as I appear to be submissive."

"Sher, don't think so lightly of it. You're just not sophisticated enough to deal with the relationship between you and your mother-in-law in this family. If you simply put up with it and accept whatever requests she raises, she may not stop and be more overbearing. That's how things are going on. She would just reach out for a yard after taking an inch. I have seen many cases of other wealthy families before, and it's always like this. Listen to me, don't be too accommodating..."

The servant couldn't finish her words.

"Nancy, I know. I am well aware of what's happening in this family, and I know what I shall do and shall

not do. You don't have to worry about me,"

Sheryl assured her.

On their way to the kindergarten, Clark looked at his mother's face and asked with much concern,

"Mom, does Grandma not like you?"

"Clark, why are you asking such question? Who told you this?" queried Sheryl, a little bit shocked at

her son's question. Looking at his little and solemn face, she felt slightly sorrowful. She didn't expect

that even her son would feel the tension between her and Melissa.

"No one told me that. I just noticed it myself. Mom, I am not a fool. I can see that Grandma is not being

good to you," Clark said, blinking his innocent eyes. Children were the most innocent. They wouldn't lie.

"Clark, you are a smart boy, but you may have misunderstood your grandma. Why would you think that

she doesn't like me? It's only because your grandma just came back home from another place, and

she's still not quite accustomed to living with us, so she may act a little differently. She just needs some

time to adjust herself,"

Sheryl tried to explain and kept the truth from her son. He was only three years old. It would be too

stressful for a boy to know the real score.

Clark raised his head to look at his mother and said, "Mom, you don't have to hide it from me. I know it.

I just want to tell you that no matter what happens and when it happens, I will always be your son. I will always stay by your side."

Those words were not something a three-year-old child would say. Clark was such a sweet boy that he touched his mother's heart.

It was the second time this morning that Sheryl felt the warmth of someone caring for her. She had more confidence in the future, with her children by her side. "Okay, my good boy. Mom knows it."

"Mom, sometimes when I hear you and Grandma talking, you look unhappy. I don't know what you are talking about, but you can be sure that I stand by your side too," Shirley said. She looked up at her mother with her innocent eyes sparkling.

"Good. Mommy is so lucky to have two good angels always by my side," Sheryl couldn't help it. Her tears started to roll from her eyes. Sheryl was deeply touched by her children's words. They loved their mother so much. Sheryl was grateful that she had two lovely children to support her. At that moment, she was determined to defend her love and her family regardless of what was coming to her. She

would live happily with Charles and their children.

"Mom, we're almost there. I will go in with Shirley so you may go to work."

Clark pointed to the gate of the kindergarten.

"Okay. Mom will stay here and watch as you both go in. Once you're both inside, Mom will leave for work," Sheryl responded and then she gently smiled to Clark.

"Shirley, let me hold your hand. Let's go."

Clark dealt with it like a small adult. He stretched out his little hand and took Shirley's, and they strode towards the gate while swaying their hands.

Chapter 1094 Melissa Committed Suicide

Sheryl took her time watching the retreating figures of her children, and then she hurriedly drove towards Cloud Advertising Company.

Silence soon engulfed her as her mind drifted away. But even though she was kind of lost in her thoughts, she had managed to fix her eyes on the road. She was finally clearheaded enough at the time she drew near her company. Then after a moment's reflection, she braced herself and decided to focus on the plan for Tarsan Corporation. And with a firm resolve to forget all the unpleasant things that

had happened, she alighted herself from her car.

"Please go and get the information we need on Tarsan Corporation, Isla. I am going to handle it,"

Sheryl prompted. Isla was quite taken aback, but she absolutely heard it right! Sheryl had changed her mind, she thought.

"I am surprised. Yesterday, you wavered in accepting the case, and now you are so interested in it?

What's with you?" Isla scoffed. Isla, in all honesty, was really excited to see Sheryl's keenness on the case.

After all, this deal would bring Cloud Advertising Company a handsome profit.

"Come on, Isla. Don't laugh at me. I was only hesitant yesterday. Now go! Get it for me please," Sheryl returned with a slight smile. She admitted that she had been oversensitive yesterday. But after hearing Isla's remarks, she figured it out and decided to finish the plan for Tarsan Corporation.

Basically, she had put lots of energy and time in it, and she would not let all her efforts went in vain.

"Since you desire to continue working on it, I will support you. I will get it and be right back soon," Isla responded with a grin. Beaming, she stared at the enthusiastic Sheryl, who was at her best again, ready to nail every project.

Sheryl had another hectic day. It was already past nine in the evening when she had managed to work out the scheme.

Though she couldn't avert her eyes from the working papers that were meticulously spread out on her table, she forced herself to reach for her phone and checked if there were notifications. And there she found that she had missed several calls from Charles. In that instant, she returned the call. "Hello, Charles, I am still in the office. I will be back soon."

"Why didn't you take my call, Sher?" Charles queried in a concerned tone.

"Oh, I muted my phone, so I didn't hear it ringing. I am sorry," Sheryl explained.

"I am currently in a meeting, and I might be home late. So if you are done with your work, you can go home first..." And there he paused.

Sheryl understood why he halted. Her eyebrows were knitted as she stressed, "Don't worry. I will not fight with Mom."

"Thank you, Sher. I mean it," he said sincerely. It took him time before his voice came through the other end of the line again. "I know you did nothing wrong. You suffered a lot, and I am really sorry about

that."

Obviously, Charles was drunk, or he would not have had trouble speaking clearly. If it weren't for the

alcohol, his voice couldn't have carried so much guilt.

"Charles, you have said that many times before. I know, and I don't blame you. So don't worry about

me," Sheryl coaxed him. Her heart sank with how Charles talked so humbly. As he remained quiet, she

simply said, "I have to go. Or else, Mom will get angry with me."

Unfortunately, who would have known that what Sheryl had said earlier would come true. When she

returned home, she noticed Melissa was sitting like a statue in the living room alone, looking stern. She

was neither watching TV nor playing on her phone.

"Mom, I am back," Sheryl pleasantly addressed her out of respect. After all, Melissa was an elder.

Charles' mother said nothing as if she hadn't heard anything. She didn't even cast a glance towards her

daughter-in-law. She seemed to be ignoring Sheryl.

Melissa's indifferent attitude didn't surprise her at all. If the former acted in a friendly manner, she would

definitely be taken aback. Taking a deep breath, Sheryl continued, "Mom, I am worn out after working

overtime. I will be heading upstairs."

"Stop!" Melissa cried out as Sheryl was making her way up the stairs.

The young woman knew that something not good was doomed to happen. With a resigned expression,

Sheryl halted her steps and turned to face her. She asked, "What's the matter, Mom?"

"Sheryl, you know what? You are really a shameless woman!" Melissa growled at Sheryl as her face

turned dark with anger.

"What's wrong this time, Mom? I didn't say anything. And I did nothing to provoke you. Can't you just let

me go, please? All I want is to go to my room. I need to rest," Sheryl pleaded with a speechless

expression. She was trying to avoid Melissa today because she knew the latter's hostile attitude

towards her.

But she didn't expect that Melissa would become more aggressive after she gave in.

"Come on, Sheryl. You know what you did wrong," Melissa snorted, her eyes full of contempt. "You

Showed your stance. I am telling you that I will not treat you kindly even though you pretend to look

pitiful."

"When did I ever pretend to act like pitiful to you? I just did what I am supposed to do for the sake of

our family. Did I do anything wrong?" Sheryl retorted, rolling her eyes.

"Yes, you did," Melissa roared angrily. "If you are indeed smart, you'd better get out of my family.

Otherwise, I will show you what I am capable of!"

"Mom, you will never acknowledge me, right? You want to kick me out of Dream Garden, don't you?

Then please persuade Charles to say this to me. If he insists that I should leave, then so be it.

Otherwise, I will choose to stay here as if I heard nothing of this," Sheryl declared, her body trembling

violently with rage.

"Besides, I am too exhausted now, so I can't keep you company tonight. And I don't know when

Charles is coming home. If you want to keep up with your act of silliness, please do this as soon as

your son arrives. This way, you can't interrupt my sleep."

After saying her piece, she hurried away and went straight to her bedroom.

She had endured Melissa for Charles' good. 'No matter what Charles says to me, I will not sleep in his

mother's room anymore,' she swore to herself.

She no longer cared about how Melissa was going to handle her.

"Stay, Sheryl!" Melissa yelled on top of her voice as she stood up and glared at her.

Sheryl closed the door as if nothing had happened. After taking a shower, she threw herself onto the

bed and fell asleep right away.

Charles came back around midnight. By that time, Sheryl was already in a deep slumber, and so were

Shirley, Clark, Nancy, and Gary.

He turned on the lights in the living room as soon as he stepped in. But the scene unfolded before his

eyes freaked him out. "Mom! What happened, Mom? Are you all right? Wake up!" Charles screamed in

fear.

With a fruit knife in her hand, Melissa lay motionless on her own blood. As her eyes were closed, blood

oozed from her wrist.

"Sher! Sher!" a panic-stricken Charles cried out as he held his mother in his arms. "Nancy! Nancy!"

Since it was midnight, the Dream Garden was long enveloped in dead silence. Charles' screams woke

up everyone in the house.

Nancy was the first one who ran to the scene. Gaping at the horrifying sight, she flustered, "What's

going on in here? Why is there so much blood?"

"Nancy, call the ambulance and tell them my mother cut her wrist, committing suicide! Ask them to

send people here as soon as possible!" Charles instructed anxiously.

His statement brought her back to her senses. She muttered, "You're right. I am calling them right

now!"

Chapter 1095 A Totally Unexpected Scene

Having heard a sound outside, Sheryl stepped outside the room to face a totally unexpected scene

before her. "What? Charles, what are you saying? Did Mom...did Mom commit suicide?"

"Yes! Mom committed suicide! Sheryl, what happened?" Though he didn't want to be angry with Sheryl,

seeing his weak mother in his arms, he couldn't restrain his emotions.

Melissa's suicide must have something to do with Sheryl!

In such a relationship, he also knew that maybe it was Melissa's fault, but, as someone younger,

couldn't Sheryl just bear with Mom? What was more, he even just told Sheryl to give him only a few

more days to solve the whole thing.

It wasn't long since he hung up the phone. How did things turn out like this?

"How would I know what happened? After returning home, I went straight to my room and fell asleep!"

To Sheryl, it was like the crime truly came out of nowhere. In order not to embarrass Charles too much, she intentionally avoided Melissa as much as she could. Sheryl thought, 'The one who always had the whip hand was her. Why on earth would she try to kill herself?

Just to drive me out of Dream Garden? But that's too high a price!'

"Charles, I've called the hospital. It will be a while before they arrive here. What should we do?" Seeing them beginning to argue, Nancy interrupted them immediately.

"What happened, Charles?"

Having heard the commotion, Gary stepped out of his room as well.

When Sheryl arrived that night, Gary heard that she and Melissa were arguing, but he couldn't hear their words clearly enough. As an elder, he originally wanted to step out and stop them, but when he arrived at the door, he remembered that Sheryl was Melissa's daughter-in-law. Though maybe he could stop them at that moment, he couldn't control them forever.

With that in mind, he decided to return to his own room and just let it be. After all, every family had its skeletons in the closet. As time went on, after all, family members would eventually become accustomed to each other's temperament, and little contradictions would be gradually solved.

The same was true for Melissa and Charles' grandmother.

Still, Gary never would have expected Melissa to cut her wrist.

Regretting his decision, Gary felt the guilt creep up his spine.

"Don't worry, Grandpa. I'll take Mom to the hospital now. It's late so you just go to sleep. Don't worry."

Even in such a situation, Charles remained filial, especially when talking to his grandfather.

Though he wanted to say something more, Gary realized all he could do was nod and head back to his

room. "Okay. Be careful on the way."

Although Sheryl made first-aid treatments to Melissa's wounds, the blood from her wrist was still

flowing when she and Charles finally got to send her to the hospital. The doctor was already waiting at

the door as soon as Charles' car arrived at the facility, and pushed Melissa into the emergency room

immediately.

In the ER, after over three hours, Melissa finally opened her eyes.

While they waited for her to wake up, Charles didn't talk to Sheryl. With the way Charles treated her,

she felt wronged and didn't want to speak with him either.

Charles' expression remained neutral as he tried to stay calm until the doctor came out to inform the

family that they could visit the patient. As soon as he heard, Charles ran into the ward, looking anxious.

"Mom, are you alright? Mom?"

"Where...where am I?" Slowly, Melissa looked around. "I'm not dead?"

"Mom, how could you be dead? You're fine now. Why would you cut your wrist like that? If there's

something wrong, please just tell me. I'm begging you...don't do anything so stupid again."

In his concern, Charles' mind was left in such turmoil.

"Charles, I admit that I've been wrong these days...I'm a disturbance to your life. I know that Sher

doesn't like me...but...she can't insult me forever. She's your wife so I can stand her. But she began to

insult me as soon as she came back home yesterday...even saying that I was scum from prison... I..."

As Melissa explained it to Charles, her eyes turned glassy with tears.

Melissa didn't care about lying, slandering, or taking such risks. All she wanted was a truly virtuous

woman for her son, and she would do all it took to get the calculating woman out of their lives.

"Mom...really? Did Sher told you that?"

Charles couldn't believe what he heard.

Though he couldn't wrap his head around it, he didn't think that Melissa could ever risk her own life just to give Sheryl a bad image. After all, if Charles came back even a little later than he did, she would have died from excessive blood loss.

If Melissa truly felt desperate, how could she have ever chosen to end her life?

Having stayed in prison for fifteen years, Melissa learned to endure it. Now she just returned to Dream Garden for a week, she chose to cut her wrist just because she couldn't endure being under the same roof with Sheryl. Did Melissa just want to create discord between them?

It was the first time that Charles had felt utterly confused and terribly frightened.

The thought that the woman he loved and trusted most was keeping something from him was painful.
"Charles, do you think I'm cheating you? But...why would I lie to you? I admit that in the beginning, I didn't treat Sher very well. But I just wanted to establish the authority of elders in that way.

Having been in prison for over a decade, I sometimes don't know how to express my feelings. Then, I realized that I had said something rather excessive to her. I wanted to apologize to her, but I didn't know how to open my mouth.

Maybe it's because of that first interaction that Sher began to hate me. I was willing to endure her at first. After all, she's your wife, and it was my fault at the beginning. But my tolerance was repaid only by her humiliating me."

There was no doubt that Melissa's ability to confound black with white was superb.

And it easily worked on Charles as he began believing Melissa's story.

"Mom, you don't need to worry about anything now. You just stay here and rest for a few days. Sher's issues...I'll handle it. Don't worry. I'll explain it all before you get discharged from the hospital," Charles swore to Melissa.

"Charles, just forget it. I don't want you to be embarrassed because of me. After all, she's your wife..."

When Melissa said this, she made sure to look at Charles' face with serious eyes, as she wanted to ensure that Charles completely believed her.

"Don't worry, I can handle that," he smiled and comforted his mother. "I know that Sher was out of line. You can rest assured that this time, I'll stay by your side. I must make her apologize for having wronged you."

"But if you do, won't Sher be angry with you? You might get into a big fight. Charles, I'm already old. In

fact, I don't even really care about it. Now that I think about it, I just hope that you can live a happy life. I hope we can get along well!"

Without speaking, Charles simply maintained his smile.

Chapter 1096 A Dispute At Midnight

Having bled quite a lot from cutting her wrist, Melissa was advised to stay in the hospital under observation for several more days.

As it was arranged that Nancy would stay and take care of her, Charles and Sheryl were able to head back to Dream Garden.

"Sheryl, I think we need to have a talk." Charles said as soon as they entered the room.

It was notable that he called her Sheryl, not Sher.

His words were in a tone he had never used with her before—cold and distant.

"What do you want to talk about?"

Knowing that Melissa must have said something to poison Charles against her, she dreaded the conversation.

"Sheryl, I'm not stupid. I know that my mom treated you badly at first, but she is your elder. You don't

need to hold such a grudge against her because of her mere words."

As he said it, he looked right into Sheryl's eyes.

When he planned what he was going to say to her, he was expecting Sheryl to sincerely apologize to

him and his mother. If she could do that, he would overlook her mistakes and continue to stay with her.

However, he never would have imagined Sheryl's expression to twist into one of contempt as she said,

"So, you believe your mother?"

"Sheryl, I'd like to believe you and stay on your side...and I've done so these days. But what did I get

for my trust? My mom was within an inch of her life."

There was resentment in Charles' voice as he said it.

Not knowing what to do, he felt bleak.

"Now that you've spoken to her...how do I tell you that your mother's actions were no fault of mine?

You wouldn't believe what I say, would you?"

At that point, Sheryl abandoned all hope.

In order to drive Sheryl out of Dream Garden, Melissa was indeed working hard.

But Sheryl still couldn't understand why Melissa was always targetting her.

"Well, why didn't you care about my mother's self-esteem when you treated her with your head held high? How could you not care about her grief?"

Sheryl's tough attitude was pushing Charles' anger further.

"You really believe she took her own life because she was mad at me? Because I was supposedly bullying her?" she said indignantly.

"What? Isn't that the case? Are you trying to tell me that my mother tried to take her own life just to frame you?"

No response followed. At that moment, Sheryl was speechless.

'Yes, nobody would believe that Melissa framed her daughter-in-law at the cost of her own life. Nobody! Nobody would believe it, ' Sheryl thought.

"Why aren't you saying anything? You can tell me about it and let me tell apart the differences between your words and my mom's." The longer he looked at Sheryl in silence, the more his annoyance heightened.

"It doesn't matter what I say. You've already chosen what to believe," was all she said. At that point,

Sheryl decided to ignore Charles all together. Instead of continuing the argument, she lay down on the bed and shut her eyes.

"Sheryl, get up!" he angrily demanded. Though problems hadn't been solved, Sheryl refused to deal with him. How could he treat her like this?

"I'm sleepy. You can talk to me tomorrow."

"Sheryl! Are you running away? Do you really think that escaping is the way to handle this? I really had no idea you would turn out this way," he barked at her. The situation was driving him into hysterics.

Hearing Charles raise his voice, Sheryl couldn't help but start tearing up. Though she understood that he would feel confused and have questions for her, she couldn't handle the fact that he didn't believe in her at all.

"Where are you going?"

As he watched Sheryl get out of bed, he shouted at her.

"That's my business and none of yours, great Charles Lu!" It took all of Sheryl's strength to shout the sentence out.

With that, she ran outside and disappeared into the darkness of the night.

Hearing a voice from outside, Clark stepped outside his room and said to Charles, "Daddy, why are you doing this to Mommy?"

Clark's voice surprised him. "You're not asleep, Clark?"

As he and Sheryl argued, he forgot that they might wake people up with their noise.

"I was asleep...but I woke up. Daddy, did Mommy do something wrong? Why are you shouting at her?"

His little face was full of concern.

"Clark, you are still young and don't understand what happened. Daddy didn't get mad at mommy, okay? Daddy just wanted to get the facts straight and reason them out. Your mother can't understand these things right now either. When she figures it out, it'll be fine."

All Charles could do was comfort the kid in this way.

"Still! Daddy, aren't you worried about her going out at night?"

To make a point, Clark said it tenaciously.

"You're such a good boy. You go to bed first, though. I'm going to find her. Can you protect your sister here?" Gently, Charles explained to him.

"Okay. Hurry up, Daddy! Mommy will be scared if she meets bad guys. Shirley and I will not be afraid at home. Grandpa is also here, anyway. If Shirley is afraid, I can just call Grandpa."

"Good boy. Now go sleep! I'll head out now."

Seeing the boy's concern for his mother, Charles had to praise him.

"Fine..." Nodding his head sleepily, he headed back into his room.

Of course, Charles was willing to go out and find Sheryl. But he didn't want to eat his words and hurt his reputation. After all, he believed that the whole issue was because of Sheryl's mistakes. However, as he thought it over, if he couldn't find her...

As a woman, she would really be in danger. Clark gave him good enough reasons to go out and find her.

At that moment, he had no time to distinguish between right and wrong.

As soon as Sheryl stepped out of Dream Garden, she took a taxi and gave the driver Isla's address.

Sheryl's tears couldn't stop flowing. When she called Isla, the latter was sleeping.

"Sher...do you know what time it is? Why are you calling me now?" Not able to say anything, Sheryl just kept sobbing.

"Sher? What happened to you, Sher?"

Isla's sleepiness disappeared and she became alert.

"Isla..."

"I'm on my way to your place...Can you open the door for me?" As she said it, Sheryl was practically whimpering and had trouble completing the sentence.

"Of course. How are you getting here? Where are you now? I can pick you up."

Worried for her friend, she wanted to know where Sher was.

"I'm in a taxi right now on my way there," she answered. "If Charles calls you...you can tell him I haven't contacted you and you have no idea where I am."

"Fine, but you have to get here quickly first," replied Isla.

Chapter 1097 He Believes Her

Aron was awakened. The anxiety in his wife's voice lingered in his mind, and he immediately knew that

something was wrong. "Who was calling at this late hour, Isla?" he asked in his drowsy voice.

"It was Sher. I don't know what's wrong, but something happened to her. You stay here and watch

Amanda. I will go out quick and meet her at the gate," Isla replied vastly as she grabbed her clothes

and got dressed in a hurry.

Hearing what she had said, Aron came fully awake. Sitting up straight, he said, "Got it. Be careful, honey."

"I will. I'm worried, cause I don't know what's going on with Sher!" The concern in her voice was evident to him.

As the taxi dropped Sheryl off at Isla's house, Isla stood outside of her house, anxiously waiting for her friend. Watching Sheryl getting out of the cab, she called out with a wave, "I am here, Sher. Come here!"

Noticing that Isla was waving at her, Sheryl felt relieved and made her way in the direction of her friend. Sheryl's reddened eyes and grim face caught Isla's attention instantly. Her heart sank when she saw her upset best friend, who seemed as if she had been through a difficult ordeal. "What's going on with you, Sher?" she asked in fluster.

With her head down, Sheryl remained silent, and tears started rushing out of her eyes.

Rattled, Isla took out a tissue from her jacket and wiped off her tears to comfort her. "Oh...Don't cry, please. Let's go inside," she continued, comforting her friend while leading her into the house and

patting her back.

The moment Isla left their bedroom, Aron got out of bed and fixed himself too. When the two women

entered the house, the lights in the living room were already on. He was worried about Sheryl and was

waiting for them patiently.

"Aron, did you leave Amanda alone?" Sheryl asked as she glanced around the living room.

"It's okay, Sher. Amanda is sleeping soundly in her room. Luckily for us, she isn't a light sleeper."

Honestly, I don't think that there's any sound that can wake her up, especially, once she's fast asleep,"

Aron replied.

"Please, sit down now, Sher," Isla said in a soft and calm tone, as she seated Sheryl on the couch.

Turning over to Aron, Isla urged, "Honey, please go get Sher a tall glass of water."

"I already did, honey," replied Aron, as he smiled in an attempt to ease the tense atmosphere. He then

pointed to the glass of water on the coffee table.

"Sher, before you tell us what's wrong, have some water first," Isla recommended to her friend, whom

she was very worried about. She then handed the glass of water to Sheryl. She took a seat next to her

friend and watched her drink it, in the hope that she would calm down.

However, Sheryl was not in the mood to drink water. She was sidetracked and boiling with anger on the inside.

"What if I divorce Charles? Would that be okay?" Sheryl asked earnestly, looking at her friend.

Hearing this, Isla was certain that something must have happened to make Sheryl think about divorcing her husband, or she wouldn't have come over in the early hours of the morning. She recalled to herself that Sheryl was a sensible person, after all, but to her shock, Sheryl brought up a divorce. She had no idea what had happened between her best friend and Charles, to drive her to such irrationality. She was confused and never expected Sheryl to even consider divorcing her husband.

Isla knew that Sheryl and Charles suffered a lot in the past and that they had gone through a couple of rough patches. Somehow, they found their way back to each other. 'What's going on between these two now?' she wondered.

"Come again? What are you talking about, Sher? You and Charles are madly in love with each other, right? I mean, he would never even think of divorcing you. Besides, you two have a lovely pigeon pair together!" Isla exclaimed loudly. Changing the topic as fast as she could, she asked in confusion, "So,

what were you fighting about, if I may ask?"

"Its all because of Charles' mother! Everything is her fault!" Sheryl replied. When she spat those words,

it dawned on her that she had never mentioned Melissa to Isla before.

Sheryl never told Isla about Melissa before, as Charles asked her never to do so.

However, regrettably, the relationship between her and Melissa got worse over time, and the last thing

she ever wanted to do was complain about it to her friend. If there was one thing that Sheryl hated, it

was a complainer.

Regardless, she couldn't keep it to herself any longer, as she desperately felt the need to find someone

to confide in. If she didn't do so, she would most probably lose her mind.

"What? Since when do you have a mother-in-law? I thought that she died more than a decade ago?"

Isla asked, her mouth agape in tremendous shock.

"Yes, that was exactly what I thought. I also heard that she passed away years ago, but then she

appeared out of nowhere and moved into Dream Garden. Ever since, she's made an incredible effort to

turn Charles and me against one another," Sheryl replied with a resigned expression on her face. It had

never crossed her mind that she would ever meet such an unreasonable woman, who just happened to be her husband's mother.

"So, she is alive? Well, then where has she been all these years and why didn't she go back to her own home?" Isla asked, looking at Sheryl with a baffled expression on her face.

"Oh, wow...You must have felt like you've seen a ghost," Aron butted in, dumbfounded by what Sheryl was telling them.

Since she already brought up the topic, Sheryl thought that it wouldn't matter sharing absolutely everything that had happened between her and Melissa, with Isla and Aron. In fact, she needed to talk to someone about it, and was tired of keeping it to herself for such a long time.

Isla was surprised at first, but after hearing Sheryl's story, she was not only astonished by what her friend had told her, but she was also infuriated. "I cannot believe this, Sher. Charles' mother has gone way too far. Even a fool could see that you were framed by her appearing out of nowhere. I don't believe that Charles couldn't see through her trick," Isla fumed.

"Initially, Charles believed me and he promised me that he would talk to his mother, but her intention from the very beginning was one thing alone, and that was to split Charles and me up. I wouldn't put

anything past her, especially because she even staged her own suicide. This time, he believed his

mother over me!" Sheryl replied with a desperate tone. She was tired of the entire situation. All she really wanted was some peace.

In fact, she was even prone to understand Charles. 'On the one hand, Melissa is his mother, who gave him life. On the other hand, I am his wife, who has been left behind. I don't have any means to prove my own innocence,' she thought.

Even though Sheryl was an understanding woman, she was still disappointed in Charles for allowing another person to drive a wedge between them.

"Wait, but why does his mother hate you so much? Did you do anything wrong to her?" Isla asked cautiously with furrowed eyebrows. She had confusion written all over her face. 'Since she's been gone for fifteen years, she couldn't possibly have any grudge against Sher...Why is she so hostile towards Sher?

Does she hate to see her son live a happy life? Perhaps she is jealous,' she brooded.

"I have no clue whatsoever," Sheryl replied in a frustrated tone and shook her head. She had mulled

over this from the very start. If she had been able to figure it out before, she and Charles wouldn't have ended up this way. Not only that, but she definitely wouldn't be sitting in front of her friend complaining and sobbing in self-pity.

Isla's phone's ringtone broke the silence in the room.

Isla quickly glanced over to her phone. When she saw the caller ID, she was enraged. Since Aron was closer to her cellphone, she turned towards her husband and said impatiently, "It's Charles calling. Give me my phone, please."

"Come on now, honey. By picking up the phone, you will only make things worse. I realize that Charles made a mistake and what he did was entirely unfair to your friend, but we should still give him a chance. Let me talk to him," Aron said as he picked up the phone.

Before his finger touched the screen, Sheryl snatched the phone from his hand and hung up immediately. With a sullen look in her eyes, she said firmly, "Don't take any of his calls. There is no need for any of us to talk to him."

'Facing love, everyone is selfish in some sense.

Aron has a point. Even though Charles failed me as a husband, he has his reason and he deserves to

be forgiven.

Nevertheless, there is no right nor wrong when it comes to our marriage and what he did. It is but a

mere question of his decision to choose which relationship to save first. It is a choice between his

mother, who abandoned him, and his beloved wife.

He could only save one of his relationships. No matter who he chooses, the other one he fails would

not run back to him in an act of desperation.

After all, he is the most important person in both our lives.

Although we don't like one another, we treat the man wholeheartedly and give our unreserved love to

him. But when we don't receive the same level of love and care from him, we become upset.

I'm certain that Charles blames me for everything I failed to do.

His mother isn't good at acting whatsoever, but he still believes her. That's what hurts me most, ' she

pondered in her mind.

Chapter 1098 An Idea To Solve The Misunderstanding

If he could just calm down and think logically, he would have realized what kind of person Sheryl truly

was. After all they had been through together for so many years, he should already know that Sheryl

was not that kind of person who would be mean to others. She wouldn't hate someone enough to satire them like this.

But Charles wasn't thinking. He had blindly believed what he had witnessed.

The lies on the surface clouded his vision.

"Sher, listen to me. I know that you feel wronged about this whole thing right now. But you have to clearly explain everything to Charles. If you don't make an effort to open up to him, the misunderstanding between you will only grow deeper. And this will threaten your relationship." Aron tried his best to persuade Sheryl.

He didn't expect that she would be so angry that she would even grab the phone from him and hang up.

The phone rang again.

"Aron, I know that you want to answer his call for my sake. But I truly don't want to hear his voice. Could you just leave me alone and let me calm down for one night? You can contact him tomorrow. I really don't want to hear his voice right now, let alone talk to him," Sheryl said in a saddened tone.

"Okay, I know what to do. Sher, if you trust me, could you hand the phone over to me?" Isla asked, as

she stretched her hand towards the phone.

Aron could remain calm because he was a man. But Isla was a woman and could easily put herself in

Sheryl's shoes. She could figure out whether this was Charles' fault or not, and Charles should know

that not every woman would choose to come back home so easily after such a thing had happened.

Sheryl looked into Isla's sincere eyes and handed the phone to her slowly.

"This is Isla," she answered the call.

"Isla, is Sher at your place?" Charles asked in a concerned voice.

"Sher? It's almost midnight. Why would Sher be at my place?" Isla pretended to be slightly surprised.

"Aron and I were woken up by your phone call. So, how could Sher be with us?"

"I'm sorry for disturbing you. But there was some misunderstanding between us, and she ran out

angrily. I have been searching everywhere for her. But she is nowhere to be found. She really isn't at

your house?" Charles asked again, in a pained voice. He didn't want to quarrel with anyone now. He

just wanted to find Sheryl.

"No, she is not here. You had a fight? Why? Sher has a good temper. She wouldn't quarrel with anyone

unnecessarily. Why did she fight with you? Did you do something to hurt her?" Isla asked indirectly.

She wanted to know what Charles thought about the whole thing.

But Charles didn't answer her questions. He asked again, "Sher isn't with you?"

"No!" Isla replied in a firm voice.

"Fine, we'll talk about this later. Right now, I need to find her," Charles said, and hung up quickly.

Isla put down the phone silently.

"What did he say?" Aron asked.

Isla looked at Sheryl's blank face and replied in a faint voice, "Sher, judging from his voice, I think he is

very much worried about your whereabouts. Maybe, he has finally realized that he was wrong and that

he has crossed the line."

Sheryl stayed silent. After a long pause, she finally heaved a deep sigh. "Even if he has realized that

he had said some terrible things, he still believes his mom. As long as his mother still lives in Dream

Garden, there won't be any peace between us."

"That's true. But Sher, don't you want to solve this soon? You have suffered so much before you could

finally begin to enjoy a happy life with Charles. No one expected that Melissa would suddenly crop up.

"How are you going to live there now with Melissa?" Isla began to worry about Sheryl's future.

"I don't know that either. No one can predict what's going to happen," Sheryl replied, a melancholy expression on her face.

"But I don't think that Charles would divorce you just because of this. Don't worry. Charles always has a place for you in his heart," Isla said, hoping to reassure Sheryl.

But as soon as she said those words, she realized that, in this circumstance, her words would be like rubbing salts on Sheryl's wounds. She regretted it immediately.

"I know that he won't divorce me for this, but I'm still disappointed in him," Sheryl said, seemingly not hurt by Isla's words.

"I am thinking about what we could do to expose Melissa's true color to Charles? Once her lies are laid out in the open, Charles will know what really happened," Aron cut them off.

"So Aron, do you have any ideas on what to do?" A tinge of stray hope appeared in Isla's eyes. Sheryl couldn't help raising her head and looking at Aron's clear eyes.

"Actually, I have an idea. But I don't know whether Sher would like to try it," Aron answered

mysteriously, looking Sheryl in the eye.

His words didn't arouse Sheryl's interest. But Isla couldn't hold her curiosity in and hastily asked, "Now

that you have a plan, just say it. Stop playing enigmatic games. It's killing me!"

"Isla, there's a saying that a watched pot never boils," Aron said in a faint voice, keeping his

composure.

"Fine, just get to the point. What should we do?" Isla inquired again impatiently.

"Charles' mother hates Sher and wants to kick her out of Dream Garden, right? But she knows that

Sher and Charles are very close. She couldn't find any opportunities to separate them," Aron began to

analyze the whole situation.

"Since she is trying to separate two people who loved each other so deeply, she needs to make extra

efforts to achieve her goal. So, she has put up one face in front of Charles and another behind his

back!

She pretended to be ill and said that she needed to be accompanied at all times in order to separate

you. Then she tried to suicide by shearing her wrist. She did all that to make her son believe her

completely. And finally, she realized her goal of kicking Sher out.

Now, let's think why Charles chose to believe his mom, not you. Melissa cut herself to show how serious she was, and in doing so, she got his trust. He saw his mother nearly lose her life in front of him. No one would believe it was a trap," Aron added.

"I understand what you're saying. But so what?" Isla asked, turning impatient.

"So, to rein in Charles to our side, we have to make him see the truth. We should expose Melissa's true color," Aron said in a confident tone.

"But how can we make Charles see it?" Isla felt it was a difficult task. Why would Melissa show her true colors in front of Charles?

"It is quite easy. But to achieve this goal, Sher would have to go through some more trouble for a while," said Aron, with a sad smile.

"What do you mean?" Isla still didn't understand.

"You want me to stealthily record her words?" Sheryl asked him, instantly uncovering Aron's plan.

Chapter 1099 More Disputes

"That's a good idea. To make things more convincing, we could record it and also film it! After all, pinhole cameras are now accessible everywhere. We could buy one very easily," Aron proposed

confidently.

"But if we're going to do this, will Sher need to return and continue to tolerate that old witch?" Isla asked worriedly, her eyebrows furrowed. She also thought that recording evidence was a good means of exposing Melissa's true colors to Charles.

But before they could achieve this, Sheryl had to return.

"Isla, Do you know the saying that 'danger can never be overcome without taking risks?' Even though Sher's situation is not that serious, in essence they are the same. Sher needs to take this risk and bear the insult," Aron tried to persuade Isla.

After considering it for a while, Isla finally nodded in agreement. She sighed, "You're right. This is the only solution to expose that old witch. Bearing the insult now to live a more dignified life tomorrow.

Sher, let's do what Aron just said."

Shaking her head, Sher replied skeptically, "I don't want to prove anything. What's the point? Charles doesn't believe me anyway." She was still indignant at Charles' distrust of her.

"He didn't believe you because you couldn't prove yourself! As long as you have enough evidence, he will come around and definitely stand by you," Aron responded convincingly, knowing that it was

Charles' attitude that hurt Sheryl most. "Forgive my frankness. Since Charles and his mother have been separated for fifteen years, how much love could they still have? If he knows that she fooled him like an idiot, do you really think that he will still believe her?"

"Aron is right!" Isla agreed immediately, looking even more anxious than Sheryl herself. "So what do you think?" Before she could answer, there was a sudden knock at the door.

"Sher, I know you're in there. Open the door!" It was Charles' voice.

The three of them looked at each other worriedly. "Sher, don't answer him. I'm going to answer the door," Isla said quickly. Hearing Charles' voice, Isla couldn't help but feel the impulse to seek justice for Sheryl.

"Isla, don't be reckless. Since Charles has come here to look for Sher, it proves that he cares about her. Don't escalate the fight. I will go meet him," Aron suggested, standing up. As he made his way to the door, Isla turned to Sheryl, who was sitting aside quietly, and asked, "What do you think?" Taking a deep breath, Sheryl answered calmly, "Stay here, both of you. I'm going to handle everything. I'll go back with him tonight." Isla was dumbfounded.

"Sher, what are you thinking? Do you forget why you left home in the first place? If you're willing to

forgive and return to him so easily, he'll think he can walk all over you!" Isla exclaimed in disapproval.

"I'll return so that I can collect evidence. Didn't we all just agree on this? What Aron said is right!"

Looking at Isla, Sheryl explained herself calmly.

Not expecting Sheryl to make the right decision so quickly, Isla was overjoyed. "Right, Sher! It's great

that you were able to think it through!" she exclaimed.

From outside, an anxious Charles continued to call Sheryl's name and pound heavily on the door. With

a sigh, Sheryl stood up and walked to the doorway.

The door opened, and they met each other's eyes. Relief washed over Charles as soon as he saw her

in front of him. "Sher," he said softly.

"What are you planning to do here? If you didn't believe what I said, why have you bothered to look for

me?" Sheryl responded sharply.

"I'm here not to argue with you. If you want to continue arguing, let's argue at home!" he snapped

angrily. Charles' worry had dissipated and had been replaced with anger.

'Sheryl is the one who did wrong!' he fumed to himself. 'Why am I not allowed to even blame her? After

all, my mother almost died because of her. Doesn't she deserve to be blamed? Shouldn't she apologize to me?'

However, it was apparent to Charles that she didn't feel sorry at all. Instead, she had left home and made sarcastic remarks when he found her, like she had done nothing wrong.

Charles couldn't stand her being like that.

Where was the gentle and kind Sheryl that he once knew?

"Alright. If you want to argue at home, then let's go home," she said indifferently. She then turned to Isla

and quickly said, "Isla, I'm going home. You can go to bed now."

"Sher, control yourself when you return home. Don't say anything hurtful. Remember?" Even though Isla was speaking to Sheryl, she stared at Charles the whole time. Obviously she was reminding Charles.

But Charles ignored her and acted like he hadn't heard anything. He grabbed Sheryl's hand and said, "Let's go!"

As soon as they disappeared from their sights, Isla mumbled worriedly, "Aron, do you think everything

will be fine after they return home?"

After seeing Charles' attitude towards Sheryl, Isla had become increasingly worried.

Meanwhile, in the car, Charles hadn't said a single word. His face was cold like a stranger, and it

reminded Sheryl of the time when they had just met.

Since Charles didn't speak, Sheryl decided she wouldn't talk either. Instead, she gazed out at the

streets of Y City, which despite in midnight, were still brightly lit. A long time ago, they had been only

strangers, but had ended up becoming each other's closest person. Mysterious fate!

On the one hand, fate was a fantastic thing that could bind random people together; on the other hand,

it could also tear the closest of people apart like strangers!

What was the rule behind it? A person's morality? However, Sheryl didn't know how her morality could

have caused this. She thought about it, but she just couldn't find anything she had done wrong to

anyone.

It was obvious that God wouldn't spare anyone simply because of their good character.

"Sheryl, I really don't understand what you could be thinking right now." Charles finally broke his

silence.

Despite speaking to Sheryl, he didn't even glance her way. Instead, he stared straight ahead, his eyes full of anger.

"If you don't understand, then why should I bother to explain myself?" Sheryl retorted coolly, as she

kept staring out her window. She didn't mind offending him now.

"Don't you think that you

should explain? I know you are a proud woman, and you don't want to explain anything. Even though

you won't say anything, I can figure it out. But Sheryl, it's my mom! Why can't you just let it go for once?

You can't be so cruel to me!" Charles' tone was mixed with blaming and pleading.

"I'm cruel? Charles, are you blind?" Sheryl kept telling herself to stay calm and not argue with Charles,

but when she heard Charles accusing her, she just couldn't stand it anymore. Sadness overwhelmed

her.

"I prefer to be blind than be heartless!" Charles yelled as he suddenly hit the brake.

He had done everything he could to make up for the mistakes she had made. He had used both hard

and soft tactics, but she just wouldn't yield. How could he possibly manage to keep calm at this point?

The sudden brake caused Sheryl's head to hit the glass window. Rubbing her forehead, she cried out,

"So why did you pick me up? If you don't believe me, why are you bringing me home?"

"Do you think I want to bring you home? I'm only doing it because of Clark!" Charles snapped at her harshly.

"Well, Clark is not here! You are free to leave! What are you waiting for?" Sheryl responded in hysterics.

"Sheryl, you should be clear that this is my car, not yours. If anyone needs to leave, it's you!" Charles sneered, his eyes full of anger.

"Alright! I'll leave right now!" Sheryl unfastened her safe belt, opened the door and stormed away from the car angrily.

With tears in her eyes, she stood on the street alone in the cold night. When Charles saw that she had really left, he pounded on the steering wheel with intense anger. Then, he grumbled to himself, started the engine and sped off into the night.

Chapter 1100 Overnight Strolling

The noise roared in the night as the car drove away without a trace, leaving Sheryl frozen and at a loss

for what to do.

Never would she have thought that Charles would leave her alone there like he just did.

"Charles, you bastard!"

Distraught, she shouted at nothing as Charles already disappeared a while ago.

There was no chance of him even hearing her voice. As he drove away and thought about Sheryl's words, he went into a fit of rage.

Thinking back, he realized that every time they quarreled and he tried to make up for it, there was still difference between them.

Since he couldn't figure it out, he just tried to let it go. Anyway, since Sheryl could take a taxi to find Isla, she could afford to take a taxi home.

Dawn had already come when Sheryl arrived at Dream Garden. Charles had been waiting for her since he returned home, but failed to see her even though he stayed up all night.

The anxiety started creeping up his spine, and he was about to forget his pride and get up to look for Sheryl when she finally showed up. "Where have you been?

Why are you back so late? I was about to go look for you!" Charles complained in quick succession as

she entered the house.

It turned out that Sheryl walked back home the whole night by herself. It wasn't because she couldn't

find a taxi, but because she was too tired to say a word or face anyone. Instead, she walked like a

zombie at midnight on the street.

Checking the time, she realized that it was time for Shirley and Clark to get up. A fresh day had begun,

and she was going to send the kids to kindergarten.

Instead of going to her room, Sheryl headed for the bathroom to freshen up as quickly as possible so

she could see the kids off.

However, she came out of the room only to find that Charles had been busy with routines that were

normally part of her own job.

"Daddy, when did Mommy come back yesterday?"

As soon as Clark got out of his room, he asked how his mother was doing.

"Don't worry. Daddy went out to look for Mommy last night. I found her quickly and came back with

her!" Using a sincere voice, he wanted Clark to believe him. After all, Clark was rather sensitive despite

his young age, and Charles was afraid that he would strongly ache for his mother.

"Really? Daddy, where is Mommy now?" he exclaimed. It was clear what response Clark would have wanted to hear.

"Mommy is here."

As she observed the exchange, she saw that the only comfort she could be happy about was that

Charles didn't talk any nonsense in front of Clark.

As he saw her face, his expression lit up in a blink. "Mommy!" The boy ran to Sheryl and hugged her.

"Clark, you're such a sweet kid. Go and eat something. We're going to the kindergarten later," she said peacefully. So long as nothing out of the ordinary happened, Sheryl could remain calm. Even Charles couldn't tell what was wrong with her.

"Okay, Mommy."

From Clark's good mood, Sheryl felt rather scared. Since she had such a smart son, she didn't know how long she could hide from him if her relationship with Charles continued to deteriorate.

Instead of taking care of Sheryl, Charles walked over to Shirley's side. "Come, let's go eat, Shirley," he gently said to her.

"Okay,"

Shirley nodded.

"Clark, Shirley, Daddy will send you to kindergarten, okay?" Charles' tone was fond as he talked to the

kids.

"Daddy, why? What about Mommy?" Shirley inquired. After all, most of the time, it was Sheryl who sent

them to school.

It was only when Sheryl wasn't at home or busy when Charles would take the kids to school.

"Shirley, Mommy didn't sleep well last night and needs some rest now. Daddy should send us."

With the grace of someone who seemed older, Clark explained to his sister before Charles could even

try.

"Okay," she nodded with seriousness as she heard this. "Mommy, get some rest now!" she turned to

Sheryl and said in an adult-like tone.

"Shirley, good girl. Mommy isn't sleepy now. I had a good rest last night. Which one of us would you

like to send you to school? If you want Mommy to send you, then I will. Okay?"

Her eyes fixed on them, Sheryl lowered herself and squatted to look at the kids at eye-level.

"It's okay, Mommy. Daddy can send us since he wants to."

With a cute smile, Shirley continued, "Mommy must be tired since you send us to kindergarten every day."

"Yes, Mommy. You better take some rest right now," Clark confirmed. With a steely look, Clark fixed his eyes on Sheryl, thinking that she hadn't actually had a good rest since last night's outing.

"Well, since you said all that, I'll go back and rest. When it's about time, I'll just go to work," said Sheryl casually. Deeply touched by the two kids, she realized how lucky she was to have such sensible children for their age.

Since he wanted to send them off, she didn't bother casting a glance in Charles' direction and just let him go. Anyway, he definitely wouldn't leave the two kids halfway.

Instead, she just directly went back to her room. It was true that she hadn't yet rested all night. But when the time came, she couldn't feel the tiredness and sleepiness so much. She didn't want to bother going back to sleep. After all, once she was asleep, it would take her hours before she woke up again.

Checking the time, she saw she had a few hours left before having to go to work. She thought she

could use that time to tidy up the loose ends of the Tarsan Corporation's case. Instead of falling asleep,

she decided to finish work quickly and come back home to rest afterward.

With that in mind, Sheryl just went to the office after the other three left.

There was no one in the company, so Sheryl went straight to her office and engaged herself in work in front of the computer screen.

By the time the staff arrived, Sheryl had already done about as much work as she could.

"Sher? Why are you here? Didn't you go back home with Charles?" Isla asked. Having thought she already went to work pretty early, Isla didn't expect to see that Sheryl arrived even earlier than her.

"I just arrived early in the morning," responded Sheryl calmly. She had no intention of telling Isla about what happened the previous night. After all, if Isla knew what Charles did to Sheryl, she would definitely go and teach him a lesson.

"How come you came so early? Didn't you get to sleep well last night? Why didn't you take a break at home?"

Seeing Sheryl totally devoted to her work, Isla felt concerned for her.

"I'm fine. I couldn't fall asleep, so I thought I might as well come here since I had nothing to do at home.

I wanted to work on Tarsan Corporation's case in the company."

With a few words, Sheryl paltered this.

"Did you two have another fight when you got home last night?" Isla inquired. Given Sheryl's state last

night, Isla couldn't help but feel concerned.

"No, we were just tired and went to sleep soon after," Sheryl smiled and assured her friend. For some

reason, she couldn't bring herself to tell Isla the truth.

As she heard Sheryl's explanation, Isla felt reassured enough. "How's the case for Tarsan

Corporation?" she asked instead of pushing the topic further.

"I'm almost done. Give me another two hours, and I can finish it."

Taking a long, deep breath, Sheryl stretched her back.