

## **Wedded Bride 1161**

### Chapter 1161 Nancy's Condition

After taking their sweet time together, Charles and Sheryl tightly threw themselves into each other's arms, feeling the warmth and love from each other's embrace. Soon, they were off to a deep sleep.

That night, Sheryl had slept really well, and undoubtedly Charles did also. However, as soon as the rising sun cast a golden glow into the room through the glass window, they both had no choice but to get up and strive for their own busy life, even though neither of them wanted to get up yet.

Sheryl's night was so wonderful, and it was the complete opposite of her morning as she drastically overhauled Cloud Advertising Company by changing her customers and employees.

She had an extremely busy day ahead of her from trying to get familiar to her new clients to training and showing her newly hired employees their applied jobs. The company hadn't been this busy for a long time now.

Sheryl knew that many of her new clients came to cooperate and coordinate with her company due to her reliability and as well as Charles' reputation. Knowing Sheryl's connection with the big time chief executive officer, no one dared to stir up any trouble. Moreover, as long as the plans could satisfy them and their career, they were willing to ignore the tiny problems the new employees were causing.

However, Sheryl was the boss, and she always sought for perfection. Even though her customers gave

a blind eye on these small details, she wouldn't let these problems go no matter how small they were.

She would comfort her customers as well as teach and guide her employees on how to optimize their

plans and resolve these tiny details until there wasn't any problem to solve anymore.

As this teaching-by-doing technique went on for a long time, all the new staff finally got familiar with

their work, and the number of problems were lessening each day as they were all able to handle their

jobs smoothly.

Sheryl finally found a spare time on her day to lean back on her chair for a moment to close her eyes

and take a breath. Moments later, a knock came at her door and coming in was Isla with a folder in her

hand. Sheryl opened her eyes and sat up straight, looking at Isla, who had a bright smile on her face.

She walked in closer to Sheryl's desk and handed her the folder. "Sher, this is the financial report for

the last order. Please, make a confirmation."

"Okay, let me check," Sheryl replied as she took the report. Isla sat back on the chair in front of Sheryl's

desk as Sheryl looked over the report. Seeing how her company got back on its feet and right on track

placed Sheryl in a good mood these days.

As Isla watched Sheryl's eyes beam with delight, she broke the silence and offered, "Sher, shall we celebrate and relax tonight? We deserve it."

Sheryl's smile faded as she glanced back at Isla with confusion. "Celebrate? For what? Isn't it normal for our company to make money?" She looked at Isla, thinking that there was no need for a special celebration.

Isla chuckled at Sheryl's innocence, and in an excited and chirpy voice, she asked, "Do you really think there's nothing to celebrate for? Our precious company just survived against all odds! I mean, think about it. When we were at the brink of closing down, our own previous staff, not to mention our past clients as well, had lost their hope and didn't believe that Cloud Advertising Company would survive that downfall. But, how about now? Look at where we are now! We just stood taller and stronger. We have more orders than before, and we have been much better off than before! I'm starting to think that our previous staff and clients were the reason for our setbacks." Isla then started to laugh and felt pride as she spewed out the recent performance of the company as well as its achievements in a short span of time.

She smiled at Sheryl, who eventually smiled back. She felt fortunate to have listened to Sheryl's suggestion at that time, or else, this company would have remained in the hands of those non-enterprising staff. If not, as well, Cloud Advertising Company wouldn't be swimming in a pool of progress now.

Sheryl returned her gaze to the report and turned the next page before saying, "Well, it's unavoidable that the longer days those old staff worked in our company, the more languid they became. Then again, I broke off with them not because they were sluggish, but because they had insisted on leaving, and I couldn't detain them against their will. As for these new staff, I personally employed them with standards that I set myself. Only those who did high quality works can be hired into our company."

She couldn't help but feel proud of the employees she picked herself.

"So, at least, for these hard-working and outstanding staff who garnered excellent new orders for the company, don't you think you need to reward them with an excellent meal as well?" Isla just had to say it to pave the path for showing that this meal couldn't be saved.

Sherly removed her gaze from the report and stared into Isla's eyes as if asking her if she was being

serious. In a playful tone, she asked, "Isla, I'm starting to doubt your allegiance to me. How could you take their side and ask me to reward them with a slap-up meal?"

With a huge smile on her face, Isla leaned over the table. "Oh, come on, Sher. You know that I never take others' side easily. I'm still on your side as always. Then again, even if I take your side, I still can't ignore the hungry beast inside my stomach, can I?" Isla said with a small pout on her face.

"Well, you could have just gotten direct to the point, you know, that you want me to be the sitting duck.

You didn't have to go as far as using the new staff as an excuse to feed the beast."

Isla's cheeks started to warm as she realized that Sheryl had read through her, making her feel embarrassed. She shove this feeling away and said, "Humph. I don't care about the excuses I use. You tell me, though, celebrate or not?"

Sheryl looked at her for a moment and slowly nodded, granting her wish. "Fine, fine. Now that you have opened your mouth, how could I say no? Moreover, we have received that rest of the payment, so I will

treat all of you with a heaving plate. Is that enough celebration for you?" Isla nodded quickly with a

huge smile on her face. Sheryl added, "However, can I trouble you with the necessary arrangements?

Reserve a booth in a restaurant and notice all the employees, okay?"

"No problem. This is just a piece of cake! You can count on me!" Isla chuckled, feeling more excited

now that she got what she wanted.

Sheryl just smiled at her reaction, and of course, she wouldn't make a fuss anymore about this trifle

with Isla. Then Sheryl looked at the clock and stated in a calm voice, "There is still some time left

before dinner. If you don't mind, can you accompany me to the hospital?"

Without any hesitation, Isla answered with a sweet smile on her face, "Of course, I'm available. Even if

I were busy right now, I would still find time to accompany you."

After a beat, the smile on Isla's face dropped as she realized where Sheryl intended to go. She turned

to Sheryl with worry in her eyes. "Hospital? Why do you need to go there? Are you sick? Is there

anything you want to check on? Or someone admitted in the hospital?"

Sheryl shook her head as Isla started to observe Sheryl for any sign of illness. "No, no. I'm fine. Do you

still remember Nancy?" she asked.

Isla thought about it for a moment, and then a tinge of surprise was immediately written on her face.

"Of course, I remember her! She is your house maid, right? Why? Is she in the hospital now? What

happened?"

Sheryl nodded her head and let out a deep sigh. "Yes. She got hurt when she tried to protect Clark and Shirley from getting kidnapped. I still don't know how she is now. Since I finally have some spare time, I want to make sure that she is in a good condition," she explained with worry evident in her voice.

In detail, she told Isla what happened that day and how Nancy got hurt.

Hearing this, Isla also got concerned, but she didn't want to expose her worry to Sheryl for she knew that worry wasn't what Sheryl needed right now. Isla reached out for Sheryl's hand and said, "Don't worry, Sher. We can come to the hospital and check on Nancy right now."

Sheryl sighed once more. "I know. After all, the least I can do now is to visit her." If she could think of any way to wake up Nancy from her coma, then she would have carried it out at once. But that was the problem—the medical professionals couldn't do anything about Nancy's condition, more so for her.

All she could do right now was to wait.

Wait and pray to God for a positive result.

As she was lost in thought, her phone suddenly rang, bringing her back to reality. The caller was an unregistered number. "This is Sheryl speaking. Who is this?" she answered.

Isla watched as Sheryl nodded and then her face lit up with a smile. "Oh, really? That's great! We will come right now! Thank you!" Sheryl exclaimed in a tone laced with excitement and turned to Isla with a smile as soon as she hung up the call.

She was so happy that she lost her words.

"Sher, who was it? What happened?" Isla asked in confusion.

Sheryl couldn't help but blurt out immediately what she heard on the phone. "Isla, it was the nurse from the hospital. She informed me that Nancy had woken up an hour ago. She recovered from her coma!"

She felt so exhilarated hearing this piece of good news. It meant that Nancy was okay now, and as long as her body would start to regain its health, they wouldn't have to feel so guilty anymore.

"That is really great news! We should head there right now!" Seeing Sheryl with a glimmer of joy and worry-free, Isla, too, started to feel genuinely happy for Sheryl.

Sheryl stood from her seat and answered with the side of her lips raised in a grin, "Let's go!" Before they headed to the hospital, they decided to stop by the supermarket to buy a fruit basket for Nancy.

When they arrived at the ward, full of smiles, they found Nancy, sitting on the bed and eating the hot



congee. She lifted her head towards the door and saw Sheryl standing at the open door. Nancy's eyes

widened in surprise and she asked, "Sher, why are you here?"

Chapter 1162 Get Some Problems At Work

Sheryl walked towards Nancy's hospital bed. As she approached, her mind was filled with a lot of

hesitation. With a soft smile, Sheryl asked, "How are you, Nancy? Are you feeling any better?" Sheryl's

voice was low with a tinge of guilt. She gazed at the soothing smile on Nancy's face and felt the sting in

her heart once again for having suspected her for the abduction of the kids.

"I'm fine. The doctor came by and said I would get better soon. All I need is a good rest for a couple of

days. I know you are too busy these days. Thank you for dropping by," Nancy replied politely.

She had learnt about Clark's and Shirley's abduction. When she thought of the two kids, she felt guilty.

She had failed to protect them, after all. If anything bad had happened to them, she could never have

been able to forgive herself for the rest of her life.

"You are being too formal to me, Nancy. I'm glad to hear that you are getting better," Sheryl said with a

slight smile. She understood why Nancy suddenly turned so formal and courteous.

"She needs to stay here for another two days. If everything is okay with her, she will be released." A

nursing assistant who was responsible for attending to Nancy came in with a tray in her hands. She

gazed at Nancy tenderly and then turned towards Sheryl. When she spoke, the joy in her voice touched both Nancy and Sheryl with a lot of positivity.

"That's good," Sheryl observed with relief. "After you are discharged from the hospital, please go home and take some rest. When you feel that you are absolutely fit, you can join back to work."

"I will. Thank you, Sher," Nancy expressed her gratitude again. Every time Nancy thanked Sheryl or expressed concern about the kids, Sheryl could not help feeling guilty. "Did those bad guys get caught?" Nancy sounded concerned. 'Now that the kids have been rescued, the kidnappers should be arrested and the main criminal who was behind all this should also be put behind bars and punished, ' she thought.

"Yes. They had taken the mastermind behind the abduction under police custody. But his companions are still on the run," Sheryl blurted out the fact.

"So not all the bad guys got arrested?" Nancy asked with disappointment. Nancy's face grew grim as she thought of the culprits roaming free. But considering the case was closed since the prime culprit had been put behind bars, she was much relieved. Drawing a smile, she continued, "At least the one

who organized the crime got busted."

"Don't worry, Nancy. The kidnappers will be arrested very soon. None of them will be able to get away

with it," Sheryl assured Nancy in a firm and confident tone. Nancy smiled back at Sheryl reassuringly.

Everyone who was involved in kidnapping the kids would be punished without any respite. And there

were no two ways to it.

"I agree with you," Nancy replied politely. The entire family had gone through a very tough time in the

last few days. Only when each and everyone involved in it from start to finish was handcuffed and

adequately punished, would the Lu family and their well-wishers be at peace.

When Sheryl and Isla walked out of the hospital, dusk fell quietly. The setting sun spreading its crimson

hue through the sky, pale golden lined clouds hanging there adding to the ethereal view. Looking at the

tangerine sky, Isla reached out her hands and sighed, "People always say that the setting sun is

beautiful. Why didn't I find it before?"

"Come on, Isla, what are you trying to say?" Sheryl responded with a surprised look. Staring at the

emotional Isla, Sheryl understood her feelings. Isla had been a real life support for her and Charles

through thick and thin. Isla felt really relieved that they could come out of the ordeal.

"Nothing. I am just happy for you," Isla replied with a smile. Ignoring Sheryl's stare, she embraced the picturesque scene as she continued, "If anything had happened to Nancy, you would have been feeling guilty. But now that she is getting better, it's good news. Don't you think so?"

"You're right. Although the kidnappers are still on the run, they will be caught sooner or later. At that time we can relax. At least, people I care about are safe and they are with me. As for those bad guys, I will leave them to the police. We should live in the moment and be happy," Sheryl returned flatly. Sheryl seemed to have toughened a lot in the last few days. More than anything else, she had all her loved ones around her. She had her friend right beside her. She was thankful than ever before.

Although Sheryl knew that Rachel and Holley had something to do with the abduction, she had no intention of wasting time and energy dealing with them. Instead, she resolved to stay away from them and wanted to focus on her company and family.

"Yes, you are right. How about we go for dinner?" Isla reminded as she noticed that Sheryl was in a good mood.

"Oh, yeah, let's go." With a smile, she said, "Since you have arranged everything for me, I can't miss

the appointment. Right?"

"Of course. You have a point," Isla responded, as she laughed loudly. She had planned to enjoy a luxurious meal since it was Sheryl's treat. As she stopped laughing, she suggested, "It's almost time now. I told them to be there after they get off work. Let's get going."

"Okay," Sheryl replied as she glanced at her wristwatch. 'It's almost 6 p.m. When we get there, the rest of them are supposed to be there too, ' she speculated.

Sheryl was going to dine with her employees cheerfully. While it was a bonding time at Sheryl's office, Charles got some problems at work.

He did get some serious issues in his company.

Although it was unbelievable for such a big company with such strong goodwill in the market, it did happen. Some of his old clients proposed to terminate their cooperation with him. They declared that they didn't want to continue to work with Shining Company. When he inquired about the reason for their

decisions, they faltered and didn't say anything.

And so did the Zhang Group and Silver Corporation.

The two big enterprises didn't dare to offend Shining Company. They both explained that there were some problems with their new contracts with Shining Company for the second half of the year and they needed to make some changes before handing them to Charles.

Charles understood that this time was not going to be easy. Had this happened in the past, Charles wouldn't have suspected that something was fishy. But things got different now. Tarsan Corporation had just set foot in Y City, and its president Rachel had tasted her first failure in her attempt to set up Sheryl. She was not going to take this lying down.

Charles knew that Rachel hated Sheryl and she wanted to take revenge on her. After Rachel tried to destroy Sheryl, Charles made it clear to the entire business community that whoever dared to work with Tarsan Corporation was going to be his enemy.

Charles had a very clear intuition about what was going on.

Rachel, on the other hand, was seething in anger. She could not accept her failure. Besides, Charles had humiliated her on purpose which had infuriated her all the more. Hence she had planned to take all the clients away from Shining Company.

Shining Company was the biggest enterprise in the industry, so every big and small organization

wanted to partner with them. However, the advent of Tarsan Corporation was posing a befitting competition to them. The monopoly of Shining Company was challenged as the clients had nothing to lose even if they did not work with them.

Charles was aware of all the changing dynamics in the industry as well as the reason behind the changes. He was sure that Tarsan Corporation had its hand behind the long business associations of Shining Company falling apart.

At the same time, he knew Rachel very well. She was extremely adroit in manipulating and bribing the clients for her own benefit. If she hadn't whored herself out to them, the clients would not have had the nerve to go against Shining Company.

He despised the unethical business practices that Rachel employed in order to get her way out. It was intolerable for him to withstand her audacity to steal his clients.

'I can't let her get what she wants. She thought her company could replace mine with those dirty business practices. It's ridiculous! I will show her who the real boss is!' he thought.

"David, call up Silver Corporation's CEO Lance. Tell him that I want to see him. And ask him when he is

free for the meeting," Charles instructed. His voice was hoarse and hardly capable to suppress the anxiety.

David was stunned at the sound of his boss' voice.

Chapter 1163 I Will Side With You

"What? You got a problem with that?" Charles asked sharply, glaring at David. He had been in low spirits, and his assistant's stare made him feel uneasy. As a result, he was slightly irritated.

"I have no problem, Mr. Lu. I was just wondering one thing. Lance is always the one who asks to visit you. But you've asked me to contact him and inquire about his schedule. What if he belittles you?"

David explained hurriedly. That was his concern.

"That doesn't matter. I wanted to figure out his attitude towards Shining Company," Charles blurted out his thought. His purpose for this meeting was to figure out Lance's plan.

He wasn't certain how much the influence of Rachel's bribery had on Silver Corporation's president.

"Yes, Mr. Lu, I will make the call now," David obeyed with a nod. Taking note of the decisive look on

Charles' face, he didn't think it was a good idea to continue to question his decision. He hurried out of the office, returned to his seat and called up Lance.

In a blink, David showed up in Charles' office again. "Mr. Lu, I just called him," he reported.



"What did he say?" the boss asked.

"He said that he was flattered and could meet you anytime. He also said that you didn't need to come to him in person. He will be in your office at any time once you give him a call," David replied loudly.

Evidently he was quite satisfied with Lance's reply. "Mr. Lu, how about I call him and ask him to come over?" he suggested.

"No need. Ask him where he is. I will come to him," Charles answered after thinking for a second.

"Yes, boss," David returned.

"Wait," Charles called as his assistant turned around and walked towards the door. "Never mind. I will call up him myself," he corrected.

"Yes, boss," David responded, though he had no idea what was on Charles' mind.

The moment Lance answered Charles' call, he surmised that he must be in some club or bar—the background noise was very loud. Before he said anything, he heard the voice from the other end. "Turn off the music."

Lance did this to show his respect to Charles. And quickly, the music was shut off.

"Hello, Mr. Lu," Lance greeted politely.

"How have you been, Mr. Zhan?" Charles greeted back instead of getting straight to the point.

"I am fine. It's so nice of you to ask. I've got nothing to do but drink beer and eat skittles." Lance

laughed with a trace of embarrassment.

"Is that so? Where are you having all this fun, Mr. Zhan? I am envious of you," Charles quipped with a

fake laugh.

"I am having a drink with my friends at the Lavender Bar. You can come by if you don't have anything to

do," Lance offered out of courtesy.

"Oh I couldn't possibly interrupt your fun." "It's okay.

They're my business friends and they would be happy to see you," Lance said with fake enthusiasm,

betting that Charles would turn down his offer.

In fact, he was hoping Charles would decline. He was with Holley and Rachel, after all.

"Now that you insist, how could I refuse your hospitality?" To his shock, Charles accepted the offer.

Lance was struck speechless.

However, he hid the panic from his voice as he spoke. "That's great. How about I send a car to pick you

up?"

"No, thanks. I'll drive myself," Charles refused.

"Fine. Please give me a call on your way here. I'll wait for you at the entrance," Lance replied gingerly.

"Okay."

After Charles hung up the phone, David asked, "Are you really going to Lavender Bar, Mr. Lu?" "Yes. Is

that a problem?

It's just a bar," Charles said casually as he stared at David.

"No, no. I was just surprised. Since you got married, you haven't been to bars," David explained,

shaking his head.

However, he instantly regretted saying those words. 'It's boss's business. I'm just an employee. How

dare I meddle with his matters?' he blamed himself.

"You're talking too much today!" Charles lectured sternly, casting him a cold stare. Taking his suit

jacket, he strode out of his office, leaving David alone with a troubled look.

"Rachel, how about you two leave now?" Lance suggested to the woman. Although he had accepted

Rachel's request so that he could have sex with her, it didn't mean he had the nerves to offend Charles in public.

"Why? How could you be so rude to us?" Rachel asked in a sullen voice. She had allowed the old man to take advantage of her, but now he was asking them to leave. She was upset about how disrespectful he was being.

"Mr. Lu is on his way here. If he sees me with you, our companies will be in jeopardy," Lance huffed. He was becoming angry with Rachel's lack of cooperation.

"Charles. Again? It's always him," she uttered through gritted teeth, her face twisting in frustration. As furious as she was, she seemed to have no choice but to leave the bar. After a long pause, she reluctantly nodded in agreement.

Sensing the tension in the air, Holley comforted Rachel, "Please don't get Mr. Zhan into trouble. We'll have ample time to meet with him."

"Miss Ye is right. Be patient, Rachel. We can meet another day," Lance followed. He looked Holley up and down before turning his gaze back to Rachel.

"Mr. Zhan, I'm leaving for your sake. I hope you remember that and trust you will help me when I am in

need one day," Rachel said with fake sincerity. Now that she had succumbed to his request, Rachel

needed to make Lance feel that he owed her. Otherwise, her efforts would be futile.

"Rest assured, Rachel. I will always side with you. We're good friends and I'll always help you." Lance

looked down at his expensive watch and then added, "We're running out of time. We can talk another

day. If you don't leave now, you'll run into Mr. Lu and neither of us want that to happen."

"Okay, we're leaving right now. Please enjoy yourselves," Rachel nodded at Lance and started to make

her way to the door. 'It's okay, ' she thought to herself. 'I'll have plenty of opportunities to get him on my

side. No need to rush!'

Chapter 1164 It's A Good Thing

Rachel was still very reluctant when she came out of the private booth. She complained, "I have cared

for Charles for all these years, but what about him? He cannot even tolerate my existence in the same

room as him."

"Don't worry, Ms. Bai. We need to be patient. Everything depends on how we handle the situation.

Everything is on the road. As long as we don't give up, we will be able to walk on the side of victory!"

encouraged Holley. Holley was annoyed, but couldn't show it on her face. She had lost heart amid all

this negative results. But if she was discouraged, Rachel might lose her confidence completely.

"That's easy to say. I want to be able to reach the side of victory smoothly. Holley, do you know how much I like Charles, even after so many years? I've met so many men in my life, and whenever I am in a pickle, the first person who comes to my mind is still Charles."

Rachel hardly ever spoke about herself to other people, and she didn't know why she was opening up to Holley all of a sudden. She wanted to let it all out of her chest; otherwise she felt like she might choke to death.

"I know that feeling, how it is to always have someone on your mind unwillingly," Holley said. She could understand Rachel's pain.

After all, Holley was deeply hurt by that same feeling.

Rachel didn't know if her sorrowful feeling was born out of losing a perfect man like Charles, or because Sheryl's dreams were being fulfilled one after the other.

But no matter what it was, she wasn't reconciled and wanted to avenge herself, especially after once again witnessing Sheryl's happiness and experiencing her own downfall.

"Holley, I am really glad that I have you beside me. I don't know what I would have done without you,"

Rachel said gratefully. She knew that she wouldn't have gotten this far without Holley's advice.

But even with her assistance, there were no real benefits reaped out of all their hardwork.

They were still struggling to move towards success.

"Ms. Bai, by helping you I am helping myself as well. So, you don't have to be so formal with me.

Everything I do is not just for you, but for me too," Holley explained. Sheryl was involved in every one of Rachel's plans in the past.

And it was her involvement which had interested Holley from the beginning, But now, Holley's days were getting worse.

"Okay! From now on, we should work together and be braver. Let us not be afraid of anything. Till we achieve our goal, we needn't care about anything else."

Rachel looked at Holley; she felt that they were so similar.

While they were engrossed in their conversation, Holley saw someone familiar, but she couldn't see properly. She asked, "Ms. Bai, who is that?"

Rachel turned to look and her eyes widened. "Sheryl! Why is she here? It's like she is haunting us!"

Rachel cursed.

The place where Sheryl had originally planned to go for dinner was not Lavender Bar, but Isla had changed the venue for some reason.

But Sheryl had no complaints. As long as her employees were happy, she didn't mind where they went.

Isla knew that Sheryl wouldn't be bothered by the change in venue and that was why she had gone ahead with that decision.

They had many employees in the company now and all of them had to attend the dinner. They came one after the other, and when Sheryl and Isla arrived, there were still a small number of employees missing.

They were not absent from the dinner on purpose. Since some of them were new to the company, they were still getting used to the different environment of the company. Some assigned work had not been finished yet. So, they chose to stay back and finish it first.

They were eager to show their dedication towards the company, but more importantly, they knew that CEO Sheryl was a very rigorous person. She appreciated responsible employees who took their job



seriously.

Even though Sheryl had to wait for the others to arrive, she was satisfied by their dedication to their work.

She was so happy with their performance that she reserved seats for them, and booked a table near the door so that the others could see them as soon as they came in.

Sheryl sat near the main entrance, talking and laughing with her employees. The new staff interacted with her with a lot of respect. When they spoke to her, their attitude was humble, their posture was low,

and when Sheryl spoke, they made sure to listen very carefully.

This was nothing out of the ordinary, but it was an unbearable sight for Rachel and Holley, who were outside the door.

"Why? Why does she always win? Look at her! It's like all the scandal and rumors have done nothing to faze her!" The more Rachel thought about Sheryl's luck, the angrier she got.

"Why?!" Holley gritted her teeth in anger too.

But, an idea suddenly occurred to Holley. She said, "Ms. Bai, I have a feeling that it is a good thing that

we met Sheryl here today!"

"A good thing? How could you say such a thing?! You want me to watch her gloat in her happiness all day, to witness how lucky she is all the time? I can't imagine why you would think that this is a good thing." Nothing good ever happened to her when Sheryl was around. Holley's words were completely unexpected.

It was totally out of the blue! And confusing!

"Ms. Bai, I assure you that when I tell you my plan, you will know exactly whose misfortune it is that we met Sheryl here," said Holley, laughing evilly. She looked at the time on her watch and said, "I believe Mr. Lu would be here soon enough. When he comes, the play would begin."

"And..." Rachel started to say, looking completely lost.

Holley pulled Rachel towards the other side and said, "Let's get away from here for now. I will tell you my plan after that."

Rachel smiled, "Holley, you really are amazing."

"Ms. Bai, you flatter me. As long as my plans work out well for you, I am happy." Holley hid her real emotions well and put on her fake smile.

"Holley, as long as you help me get together with Charles, I will never forget you." Rachel felt so grateful for Holley's assistance. And anyway, whoever could help her get married to Charles was her benefactor.

Holley just smiled and acted coy. Rachel could never see through her false mask.

Chapter 1165 What Are You Doing

"Let's go to that corner and wait. We will be discovered if we continue to stay here," Holley said, changing the subject instantly.

"Okay," Rachel agreed without a second thought. She trusted in Holley. She was convinced that she could achieve her goal more easily with her sidekick's support.

Half an hour later, Charles arrived at Lavender Bar and Lance was waiting for him at the entrance.

Lance owned the bar; he wanted to show his hospitality to the very important guest.

The instant Charles' car stopped, Lance strode towards it and opened the door for his distinguished

guest. "Mr. Lu, I highly appreciated your presence at my humble place. Welcome to Lavender Bar,"

Lance said in a flattering tone.

"Thank you, Mr. Zhan. I'm only here to have some fun. I hope you didn't go into too much trouble for my

sake," Charles said. There was no aggression or arrogance in his tone.

"Mr. Lu, you are just being modest. If you wanted to relax yourself, you could go anywhere in the world.

But you chose Lavender Bar. I'm humbled by your trust and hence I can't fail you," Lance beamed.

"You do know how to please people, Mr. Zhan," Charles replied, laughing loudly. Lance's charming words lightened his mood.

"I'm glad you are pleased," Lance said with a wide smile. "Oh! I apologize, Mr. Lu. I should have invited you inside. Please, come this way. We can have a drink."

"Oh, sure," Charles replied with a faint smile before stepping into the bar with Lance.

"Ms. Bai, isn't that Mr. Lu?" Holley whispered to her boss as she spotted two figures at the entrance of the bar.

"Yes, that's him. Now, I can sit back and watch this interesting show," Rachel said with a smirk. She was confident that her plan would work this time around.

She intended to seize this opportunity to create a misunderstanding between Sheryl and Charles and make them turn against each other.

Her final purpose was to separate the two and make them stand at the door to their divorce.

She began texting Lance according to Holley's plan.

Her messages would include pleas and threats. She decided to start with a plead, asking Lance to do her a favor. In case he refused her request, her plan was to threaten him with their nasty secret.

The last person in the world Lance would want to know their secret was Charles.

Holley was the one who had come up with this whole plan.

As Rachel was typing the message, Holley's eyes were glued on Lance. She wanted to observe his reaction when he read her message.

Just as she had expected, Lance raised his brow when he opened the message. But since he was with Charles, he didn't dare show any emotions on his face. Placing his phone back into his pocket, he put on a fake smile and said to Charles with a gesture, "Mr. Lu, this way please. We've prepared a VIP room for you on the third floor."

With a slight nod, Charles strode towards the lift. His deep-set eyes and tall stature were a feast for Rachel's yearning eyes. Even though she was standing in a far corner, her heart palpitated as if she was a teenage girl who had just hit puberty.

'This man possesses an inborn irresistible charisma. Many years have passed, and yet, he affects me so much. I could never forget him. He will always be the one for me, ' she sighed.

The thought of getting him back excited and motivated her.

"What are we going to do now, Holley? Are we gonna stay here and do nothing?" Rachel urged. She was losing her patience.

"Be patient, Ms. Bai. Sheryl's room door is open at the moment, which means that she is expecting someone else. There are already many people in that room. So I'm guessing she is here with her employees. You know how such dinner works. She will not be leaving before midnight," Holley replied.

"And Mr. Lu isn't going anywhere either. After all, he just arrived. It's gonna take a while before he gets drunk. Haste makes waste, Ms. Bai."

'Hastes makes waste. I've repeated those words to Rachel more than once. But she has never followed my advice till now, ' she thought angrily.

Holley chased the annoying thought away from her mind. She still needed Rachel. Once she turned out to be useless to her, she would dump her. Holley would do anything to reach her goal.

"You are right. I will be patient. We'll wait here," Rachel said. She drew a long breath to hold back her

impatience before taking a seat in the corner.

A few minutes later, she got a message from Lance. It read, "What are you doing, Rachel? I need to focus on dealing with Charles. Don't cause me any trouble now, okay?"

"Mr. Zhan, I have no intention of getting you into trouble. I just need you to do me a favor. If you don't want to, then I will have to turn to someone else for help. But as for our secrets, I am afraid that..." She left the text hanging like that and sent it to Lance. Her message was clear. She assumed that Lance would know the consequences of turning down her request.

In a few seconds, Lance texted her back. It read, "You would achieve nothing by ruining me. You'd better keep that in mind, Rachel Bai. I could continue to work with Shining Company even if you desert me." It was evident that he was miffed by Rachel's threat.

"Do you think Mr. Lu would want to work with you if he knew what was going on between us? If you lose both Tarsan Corporation and Shining Company as partners, how will you manage your company? You really think that your company could survive alone?" Holley typed on Rachel's phone and sent it.

Rachel was slightly uneasy after Holley had sent the message.

"Do you really think this is going to work, Holley? What if he gets offended and refuses to meet us again? What would we do?" Rachel asked as she looked at the message Holley had sent.

"Don't worry, Ms. Bai. If we didn't do this right now, he would never agree to do you this favor. Even if he gets mad at you, it doesn't matter. When you meet him next time, you can apologize to him. You do know how to please a man, don't you?" Holley asked, as she assured the rattled woman. Rachel was not an innocent little girl. She knew what Holley was implying.

"As long as Mr. Zhan does what we ask of him without making any mistakes, Mr. Lu will not suspect that he works with us. If Mr. Zhan is not stupid, he will do us this favor," Holley said, with a calculated look in her eyes.

Chapter 1166 Stop Working With Shining Company

Lance texted her back. It read, "You're the boss, Rachel. Wait, I am on it."

When Rachel received the message, she broke into a hearty laughter. Putting her phone in front of her partner in crime, she exclaimed, "He accepted!" She stared at Holley in disbelief, absorbed in her thoughts. 'She is amazing. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have the nerve to send this text.'

"Ms. Bai, all you need to do now is wait patiently. Since he has agreed to help, I'm sure he will not let you down," Holley assured her in a calm tone. As she scanned the message on Rachel's phone, she



was elated.

"Yeah, I am gonna stay here and wait for the right moment," she nodded in high spirits.

While Rachel and Holley were waiting quietly at the corner, Sheryl was having fun with her employees.

Inside their compartment, Sheryl and her companions were having a great time. She was always

buried in work at the office, but she finally decided to let loose and enjoy her time. She not only

volunteered to sing to create a lively atmosphere, but also actively threw herself into games.

Sheryl's behavior made Isla's jaw drop. Isla was seeing a different side of Sheryl for the first time.

"Mr. Lu, this is your first time at the Lavender Bar. I would like to personally take care of you and make

sure you enjoy your time here. Let's toast to celebrate your first time at my establishment," Lance

proposed as he raised his glass at Charles. He was trying to get Charles drunk. That was the task

Rachel had given him.

Rachel would make her move after Charles was tipsy.

"Do you forget that I don't drink?" Charles snapped back with a raised eyebrow. That was a lie. He said

that to his business partners sometimes to avoid drinking, and right now, he didn't feel like drinking.

If he ever felt like it, he would. Otherwise, he would refuse calmly no matter who was offering.

And no one ever dared to force him.

And now, Lance was caught unawares by the sudden refusal.

Holding his wine glass in the air, he stood alone leering at the motionless Charles. Awkward, he didn't know whether he should put down his glass.

Dustin noticed that Lance was in an embarrassed situation. Coming to the latter's rescue, he made his way to Charles and tried to hand him a cup of tea. Looking at the two, he suggested, "Since Mr. Lu doesn't want to drink, he could indulge in some tea while you drink wine. What do you say, Mr. Lu?"

Charles didn't respond. He stared at the cup of tea in front of him.

"No offense, Mr. Lu. I usually have a drink with important guests when they come here as a sign of respect. I thought you might want some drink too," Lance chimed in hurriedly. "I apologize for doing this without asking you. You are not one of those people. I remember that you don't like tea. Please wait a moment. I will get you soda."

Saying that, he sprinted towards the door.

"No need." Charles' icy voice echoed throughout the room as Lance reached for the door. The latter

paused immediately and turned to Charles with a baffled look. "No soda today. Since you've prepared these drinks for my sake, I will have some of that wine," the young president said casually.

"That's great! Thank you, Mr. Lu. To our friendship!" Lance gushed with a wide smile, as he drained the liquid in one gulp. He felt the strong alcohol take effect in his body. He was slightly uncomfortable.

When Charles had said that he wasn't going to drink, he had mulled over how to explain to Rachel that he had failed the task she had given him. But to his delight, the unfathomable young CEO had changed his mind.

Lance didn't give a damn why he had suddenly decided to drink. He only knew that he needed to grab this chance and complete his task.

Ever since he had started his business years ago, he had put lots of energy and time into his company.

People said that women had a tough time surviving in this world. But in Lance's opinion, it was men,

the successful ones without any background, who led a much more difficult life than women.

Common people might admire or even respect small businessmen. But when they were in the midst of those who were more affluent and powerful, they were just nobodies and they had to go to great

lengths to butter them up.

They even had to swallow their self-esteem to expand their businesses. Compared to the efforts and sacrifices they had made, drinking a cup of liquor in one gulp was nothing.

Life was tough for people like him. It was difficult to satisfy everyone.

"I'm impressed, Mr. Zhan. You downed your liquor in a gulp. I think it's my turn," Charles said loudly, as he picked up the glass of wine and swigged it. Charles was simmering with rage for what Rachel had done to him. That was the original reason why he had agreed to drink.

"Wow, you surprised us, Mr. Lu. Looks like you are good at drinking after all," Lance praised cheekily, gazing at Charles. "Mr. Zhang, get us some more wine. We're running out," he said as he grinned at Dustin.

"Right away," Dustin replied with a slight bow. He would never defy Lance's orders since he had already recognized him as his superior. Although they were both successful businessmen, Lance was richer and more resourceful than Dustin. So he didn't have the guts to offend Lance.

Soon after, Dustin came back to the VIP box with a waiter carrying a case of Chinese liquor. Lance had asked specifically for that liquor.

After Charles had downed several glasses, he began to feel slightly dizzy. Slanting his eyes at Lance,

he asked sarcastically, "Mr. Zhan, I heard that you had made several girlfriends lately. Is that true?"

His sudden question made Lance's heart skip a beat in fear. He speculated that Charles had learnt

about him fooling around with Rachel and Holley.

'Although the two women are enchanting, they are completely different types. Rachel is sexy, and

Holley is innocent. I am attracted to them; I can't resist their temptation, ' he thought.

"Please don't tease me, Mr. Lu. I haven't been seeing anyone. In my free hours, I hang out with my

male friends for either dinner or a drink," Lance explained hurriedly. 'If I admit the truth, Charles will be

pissed, ' he thought nervously.

"Are you sure about that?" Charles countered.

"Of course! I am being completely honest with you. Did someone speak ill of me to you? I swear I

would never do anything indecent," Lance defended himself, playing innocent. He was a pretty good

actor.

"If you are telling the truth, then why did you terminate your contract with Shining Company?" Charles

questioned nonchalantly. As he downed another glass of liquor in one gulp, his angular face turned red.

There was a resolute look in his enchanting eyes.

"Mr. Lu, where did you hear these rumors? I am not stupid enough to stop working with Shining

Company. There is a small problem in our contract for the second half of this year, and my employee is

working on it. It's my utmost honor to be your partner. How could I terminate the contract with you? I

am not an idiot," Lance extricated himself, trying to convince Charles.

Chapter 1167 We Did It

"Are you sure?" asked Charles. He looked so serious with his stony facial features. He gazed at Lance

with his cold eyes which shocked him.

"Of course, I am sure. Mr. Lu, you have to trust me," replied Lance in a sincere tone. He stared at

Charles and waited for his reply.

The other entrepreneurs also gazed at Charles and made the same promise. Although those promises

were ostensibly varied, they roughly meant the same thing.

Charles did not expose their hypocrisy since he knew that it wouldn't change anything and it was no fun

doing that to them. Now that they had all made promises to him, it meant that though they had chosen

Tarsan Corporation earlier just for kicks, they would come back to Shining Company in the end. They

were loyal to Shining Company when the moment was right for them.

They all understood that Shining Company's position in Y City could not be shaken by Tarsan Corporation very easily. They would not destroy the future of their companies for Rachel's private affairs.

In other words, they were just using each other for what they needed at the moment.

"Well, now that you have all made your promises, I propose a toast to all of you here," said Charles in a casual tone. Charles somehow felt at peace. He knew that they would come back to his company.

He decided not to interfere with their affairs since they wanted to start fresh. He was well aware that those people would come back to him when they ran into a brick wall. And by then, they would understand his company's position in Y City.

What was more, Charles was incredulous that a woman like Rachel could run a company.

'I should try to win people's support in Y City by taking this opportunity. It is a good chance for me to gain some momentum, ' Charles thought to himself. A faint smile crept over his face.

"Mr. Lu, you are too kind. We are the ones who should be proposing a toast to you," said Lance politely.

He continued to stand beside Charles, pouring him more drinks.

"All right, then. Cheers!" Charles shouted out. He burst out laughing and took a sip of the wine.

His somber mood had finally cleared and he felt joyful.

Sheryl had called him sometime back to tell him that she needed to attend a company dinner and that

she might be home late. Clark and Shirley had been picked up by Melissa and they were probably in

bed already, asleep. Now that he finally had some free time today, Charles decided to let go of his

worries and have a good drink.

After three more glasses of wine, Charles started to feel a little dizzy. He didn't mean to drink so much

since he wasn't a frequent drinker. He hadn't meant to drink so much from the beginning. However,

once he started, he got attracted by the mellow smell of the wine.

Lance drank a lot too, but he was used to it. So he had a better capacity for liquor.

Charles started muttering under his breath and he was even a bit unsteady on his pins. Seeing this,

Lance walked out and sent a message to Rachel in a hurry to tell her that Charles was drunk.

Rachel and Holley had been waiting for a long time for the message from Lance. They had been

waiting for so long that they thought Charles might not get drunk at all. So, they were surprised when



they received the news from Lance.

"Holley! Look at this message! We did it! We finally did it!" Rachel said excitedly as she read the heart-stirring message.

Holley glanced at Rachel's phone and smiled wickedly. "Let's go. It's time! After all, we do not want to neck with Mr. Lu in the hall."

Rachel laughed and said, "You are right, Holley." She then turned to a waiter. "Excuse me!" She was so pleased and her breast was filled with various emotions.

The waiter who was standing close to Rachel trotted to her immediately. He stooped down and asked softly, "What can I help you with, young lady?"

He was respectful, and very professional.

However, Rachel was irritated by his words. "Young lady?! I don't like that moniker," she said in a very arrogant tone.

"I am so sorry. Please don't be mad. I didn't mean to offend you," apologized the waiter hastily. The waiter was just a trainee who still hadn't graduated from college. And he was at a loss of what to do

since Rachel looked so indignant. He knew that the woman must have a high social status in the society and he was afraid that she would lodge a complaint against him.

"This is Ms. Bai," said Holley. She heaved an irritated sigh at Rachel's behavior since she was purposefully making things difficult for the waiter. She was making trouble out of nothing. It was getting late and if they didn't move fast, Sheryl might go home soon.

"I am so sorry, Ms. Bai. I am really sorry. Please forgive me. I will not make that mistake again," said the young waiter repeatedly. Thanks to Holley's intervention, the young waiter knew how to address Rachel.

"Don't worry. We are not going to bother about it. Book a VIP box and a room for me. Remember that the room needs to be close to the elevator. Are you clear? Hurry up!" said Holley impatiently. She didn't want to waste anymore time since she was anxious to move on to the next part of her plan.

"Thank you. Thank you for being so forgiving," said the waiter thankfully. He hastily ran away from them to book what they had asked.

Of course, the waiters in Lavender Bar weren't so respectful to every guests who came here, but Rachel had arrived with Lance, who was their boss. So obviously, Rachel was a distinguished guest in

the bar. Although Lavender Bar was just a small part of Lance's estate, he would bring his most important clients here all the time.

That meant that Rachel must have an impressive background and that was why the waiter maintained a respectful attitude towards her.

"Rachel, we shouldn't be wasting time on such trivial matters. It is getting late. If we don't hurry, Sheryl might leave," persuaded Holley.

Rachel was so irritated earlier, but after hearing Holley's words, she was determined not to haggle over it. "Right! We should move. Now that everything is prepared, let's get on with it," replied Rachel.

"Okay, remember to send a message to Lance when we get to the box," reminded Holley. A sly smile crept over her face once again as she thought about what was about to happen.

"I will. Don't worry," said Rachel, nodding her head. She waited quietly.

Shortly afterwards, the waiter came rushing to them. "Ms. Bai, I have arranged everything for you. Do you want to go right away or do you want to wait for a moment?" asked the waiter.

"Lead the way now," replied Rachel in a rather impatient voice. She was still a little bit infuriated by the

waiter.

"Okay, Ms. Bai. Please follow me. This way please," said the man in a polite tone. Saying that, he

leaned slightly and pointed towards the elevator.

Chapter 1168 To The Men's Restroom

As Rachel and Holley entered their booth, the former sent Lance a text as planned.

It read, "We are ready. Bring Mr. Lu out."

After sending the brief message, she was feeling thrilled.

"Shall we open the door now?" Rachel inquired eagerly. She couldn't wait to make her next move. If

everything went according to their plan, Sheryl would be very upset. The thought of her enemy being

distraught brought her much excitement.

"Don't be in a hurry. We haven't received Mr. Zhan's reply yet." Holley stopped her, shaking her head. 'If

we open the door now, what if Sheryl or Isla goes past the booth and sees us? That will screw up my

plans, ' she mulled.

"Right, you have a point," Rachel agreed meekly. She was going to stick to Holley's advice on this

matter. No matter what Holley said, she would agree to it without any doubts. Her planning had been

perfect so far.

She had no other choice but to trust Holley because she had no idea how to get revenge on Sheryl by herself.

A few minutes later, Rachel received Lance's message. It said, "I've brought him to the restroom."

"Charles is in the restroom. What should we do now, Holley?" Rachel asked after she read the message twice.

"I see. Let's go meet him there. Come on, Ms. Bai. You are not still worried that people might see you and him together, are you?" Holley responded casually as she flashed her boss a meaningful smile.

She knew that it was time to kick things up a notch. 'Things are gonna get more interesting now, '

Holley giggled inwardly.

A relieved smile appeared on Rachel's face. She said in a self-assured tone, "I am not worried about that. We came here to have a good time. There is no rule that I can't be where Charles is at the same

time. Besides, I didn't expect that he would be here. If anyone asks, this is all just a coincidence."

"Exactly. All of this is nothing but a coincidence. After all, we live in Y City; anything can happen around here," Holley echoed with a loud laugh.

Rachel laughed and said, "Let's get going."

"All right."

Hand in hand, acting like they were close friends, the two headed straight to the men's restroom. Their

layout on the third floor was pretty interesting. In other words, Rachel had made it interesting.

Rachel's, Charles' and Sheryl's VIP booths were adjacent to each other. Charles' booth was on the far

right, Sheryl's was in the middle and Rachel's was on the left. If Charles had to go to the restroom, he

had to turn right, which meant that he wouldn't have to walk past Sheryl's or Rachel's booths.

But if Rachel needed to get to the restroom, she would have to pass both Sheryl's and Charles' booths.

The lift on the third floor was on the left. So, if Sheryl needed to take the lift, she would have to walk

past Rachel's booth.

This was why Rachel had chosen that particular booth.

On their way to the restroom, they saw that the door to Sheryl's booth was finally closed and so was

the one to Charles'.

'So far, so good.

No one can ruin our plan now, as long as Mr. Zhan's friends hold their tongues, ' Rachel brooded

gleefully.

The thought of Lance's friends in that booth didn't bother her at all. She was confident that those crafty, shrewd businessmen would not snitch on her.

When Rachel and Holley reached the entrance to the restroom, a familiar voice reached their ears from the men's room. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lu. I got an urgent call and someone is stirring up trouble downstairs. I should go over and check what is going on. Would you be able to return to the booth alone?"

"I can handle myself. I am not drunk. Go take care of the situation," Charles replied. Although he was tipsy, his voice was still bewitching. There was a sexy huskiness in his voice.

"How about I ask Dustin to accompany you back to the booth?" Lance proposed deliberately, hoping that he would refuse.

"I said I could handle myself!" Charles snapped angrily. Drunk people hated to be looked after. Charles was no different.

"Okay. I got to go. This is kind of urgent," Lance rumbled apologetically. He trotted out of the restroom impatiently.

"How is he, Mr. Zhan?" Rachel asked the moment Lance came into her view.

"Drunk. You better not do anything stupid. And as for your threat, you'd better give me an explanation tomorrow," Lance whispered in Rachel's ear in an icy tone.

"Mr. Zhan, please don't be mad. It's complicated. I don't have much time now, but I will come over and explain everything tomorrow," Rachel replied with fake sincerity.

Lance was in no mood to argue with Rachel. He didn't know what the woman was up to and he had no intention of figuring it out. He had done what she had asked. There was only one thought in his mind at that moment and that was to get out of there as soon as possible. If Charles came out and saw him standing with Rachel, he would be in big trouble.

He cast Rachel a stern look, and snorted at her response. Without waiting for her reaction, he strode away.

Holley and Rachel were in no mood to care for Lance's behavior. Their attention was fully on Charles who was still inside the men's room.

"Ms. Bai, are you an adventurous person?" Holley asked Rachel with a mysterious twinkle in her eyes.

"What do you mean?" Rachel asked, looking puzzled.



"Would you like to go inside?" Holley suggested, looking at the entrance of the men's room.

"Have you lost your mind?" Rachel raised her voice slightly, glaring at Holley. "That is the men's room.

How can I go in there?"

she hissed in a low voice as she met Holley's mischievous eyes.

"Ms. Bai. Do you want to create a situation where he wouldn't be able to ignore you even though he

hates being in your presence?" Holley inquired, a mysterious expression settling on her face.

"What are you saying? Make it clear."

"You should go in there and ask him why he is in the lady's room with an innocent look." Perceiving the

confusion on Rachel's face, Holley explained further, "Drunk men can't stand being set up or

misunderstood. So, he will try to defend himself."

Rachel agreed with Holley's idea. As she was about to nod, Holley continued, "Besides, if you don't

retort and apologize to him gently, he will be pleased."

"I see. You are suggesting that I catch his attention first and then make him talk to me..." Rachel

paused. Cracking a contented smile, she said, "Okay, I'm on it. Stay here and don't let anyone in. Do

you understand?"

Chapter 1169 You Need My Help

"Rest assured, Ms. Bai. I will keep an eye out," Holley nodded.

"Good," Rachel said with an approving smile. She glanced around surreptitiously. After making sure

that no one was around, she made her way to the men's room.

As she was about to step inside, she ran into a man who was coming out of the restroom. He was

bewildered. He stopped and scrutinized the beautiful woman. She threw a warning glance at the man

as he continued staring at her.

He opened his mouth, attempting to say something. But when he met Rachel's threatening gaze, he

froze and held his tongue. The second he got over the fear, he ran away in a fluster as if he had seen a

ghost.

Holley was amused by the scene which was unfolding in front of her.

'What a coward! Unlike him, Charles is a handsome, competent and well-bred gentleman. Nowadays,

men like him are so rare, ' she thought.

Charles was alone inside the restroom now.

He was stuck inside because he had drunk too much. He seldom drank, and as a result, he felt his

stomach churning. With his hands pressed against the edge of the basin, the omnipotent president

lowered his head and puked again and again.

When he was finally done, he opened the tap to wash his face. And he reflected, 'I cannot do this

anymore. I drank too much!'

A short shrill scream pulled him back from his thoughts. "Oh my God. What are you doing here?"

Charles was familiar with the voice. And he found it disgusting.

"Seriously? Are you kidding me? Why are you here?" Charles asked with a poker face. He looked up in

the mirror and saw a dumbfounded Rachel whose jaw had almost dropped to the floor.

'Why does she always have to appear around my corner?

Or do I hate her so much that I'm hallucinating about her?

Oh, yeah. This is just an illusion. Otherwise, why would she be in the men's restroom?' he brooded.

"Charles, I know that you don't like me. But even so, how could you come into the ladies' room to

corner me? This is a public place," Rachel declared in a furious voice. She made it sound like she was

truly surprised to see him there.

"Rachel, open your eyes and check if you are really in the ladies' room. This is so ridiculous," Charles said defiantly, rolling his eyes at the woman. 'I am definitely in the men's room. Lance brought me here, and there was another man in here just now, ' he thought.

"I am pretty sure that I entered the ladies' room..." Rachel insisted, as she let her voice trail off. Acting embarrassed, she hurried out and raised her head to check the sign. In a blink, she came back and muttered, "My mistake. It is the men's room."

Her cheeks were colored in crimson. With a coy look, she uttered apologetically, "I am sorry. I thought you were in the wrong place. I am so sorry..."

Charles was slightly shocked to see her act in such a humble manner. Rachel was bossy, as far as he knew.

"That's enough. Now that you know, get out!" he demanded in a harsh tone. Astonished as he was at her new attitude, he still couldn't control his abhorrence for her.

"Charles, I feel really sorry for what happened to your wife. I never expected such a thing to happen. It was all Holley's and Duncan's doing. They did all of that behind my back," Rachel said, pretending to look upset.

Holley hadn't asked her to say those words. It was her own script.

Since she had spent so much time with Holley, she had learnt a thing or two from her. Even if she hadn't met Holley, she already had the heart to readily sell others out for her own good.

"So, you are saying that it was Holley's idea to set Sher up?" Charles asked, leering at her. Rachel's statement caught him by surprise, not because he believed her words, but he had always thought that Rachel had teamed up with Holley. However, it never dawned on him that they were actually just taking advantage of each other and that they would rat each other out for their own interests.

'Birds of a feather flock together, ' he thought in disdain.

"Yes. They used me. But, I should also take responsibility for what happened. We have known each other for a long time. I don't want to see you saddened by all this," Rachel replied, lowering her head.

Sensing that Charles was less hostile towards her, she was overwhelmed with joy. But her face didn't betray her feelings.

She put on an innocent look, trying to prove that she had nothing to do with Sheryl's lewd videos and Clark's and Shirley's abduction.

But she had no idea what was going through Charles' mind at that moment. He had started to suspect why she had entered the wrong restroom.

'Lance used an excuse to leave me alone here...' he pondered and it immediately dawned on him.

'She is really something. Even Lance has taken her side.

Did they really think that they could fool me because I got a little drunk?'

Although Rachel was playing innocent in front of him and was trying to please him in such a humble way, his heart didn't soften for her, let alone forgive her.

He saw through her trick, but he decided to play dumb because he wanted to know what she was up to. In a casual tone, he said, "It is such a coincidence that you are here too."

When Rachel heard this, she was convinced that her plan had succeeded. With an elfin smile, she replied cheerfully, "Oh, yes. I wasn't expecting you here. How about we get out of here first and talk later? We might make a scene if people see us in here."

Although she was no longer a teenage girl, she used to be such a good actress. So she played coy without any flaws. Her trick would've worked on any other man. But this was Charles.

She had chosen the wrong person.

"Okay," Charles agreed with an indifferent smile. He planned to go along with her to see what game she was playing. So, he decided to follow Rachel out of the restroom.

"Charles, you are drunk. You need my help," Rachel said loudly, as she placed his arm around her neck. And Charles didn't refuse. She spoke loudly so that Holley would hear her and hide somewhere quickly.

Holley did get Rachel's message. As Rachel and Charles walked out of the restroom, she turned around and went straight to the ladies' room.

"Slow down, Charles. This way," Rachel said, turning to wink at Holley.

Holley knew what she was supposed to do next. When Rachel inclined forward to block Charles' sight, she ran quickly and was soon out of their sight. As she passed Sheryl's compartment, she knocked hard on the door three times.

"Who is it? Come on in!" a female voice resounded from inside the booth.

Chapter 1170 Uneasiness

There was no reply. Holley had already slipped away quietly.

Isla was closest to the door. When Holley had knocked, she was the one who had spoken. Noticing that

no one answered, Sheryl asked curiously, "What's going on?"

With a shrug, Isla replied lazily, "Never mind. Perhaps someone got lost, or it was some drunk fellow who got the wrong compartment."

"Oh, okay," Sheryl replied. Since Isla's assumption made sense, she decided to let it go.

However, out of curiosity, a girl rose from her seat and made her way to the door to check if someone was still around.

Her eyes fell on two figures in the corridor and her mouth went agape in shock. With a stunned expression, she closed the door in a hurry and sprinted back to her friend. Leaning forward, she whispered in her ear and told her what she had seen.

Thunderstruck, her friend, who was a blabbermouth, exclaimed, "What? Mr. Lu is here with Ms. Bai?"

The explosive news filled the room and everyone stared at her, widemouthed.

The girl who had seen them outside regretted it immediately. Rattled, she glared at her friend with her reproachful eyes not knowing what to say.

As silence fell, the girl who had yelled out the news realized that she had made a serious mistake.

Now, everyone in the room knew that Sheryl's husband was sneaking around with Rachel.



And Sheryl had heard it clearly too. 'I've complicated things for her, ' she thought.

The staff held their breaths. They didn't dare say anything in front of their boss because they knew that

Sheryl held a grudge against Rachel.

"I will go check it out myself," Sheryl said, breaking the suffocating silence. She couldn't believe what

she had heard. 'I know Charles very well. He would never lie to me and sneak around with Rachel

behind my back under the pretext of a business appointment.

After all, Rachel set me up and even kidnapped Clark and Shirley, ' she thought.

"Let me check, Sher," Isla proposed as she pulled Sheryl back to her seat. The girl's finding left Isla in a

panic. She knew that her subordinate wouldn't lie about this.

"No. I must see for myself," Sheryl persisted, looking anxious.

"Fine, I will come with you," Isla said, knowing that her friend had made up her mind.

The two hurried to the door. When Sheryl opened it, they saw the backs of Rachel and Charles. The

two were talking to each other and were laughing occasionally.

From where Sheryl and Isla stood, the two of them seemed to be flirting with each other.

The intimate scene almost took Sheryl's breath away. She hated to believe what she was seeing with her own eyes. She couldn't even muster up the courage to catch up with Charles and ask him what was going on. Isla intended to dash forward and question Charles, but Sheryl pulled her back and closed the door.

"Why did you stop me, Sher? Don't you want to figure out what is going on with them?" Isla asked Sheryl, her eyes full of fury. 'I can't watch this silently. If Charles is really cheating on Sheryl, I will not let him go easily, ' she thought angrily.

"Isla, I beg you. Let it go. I don't want to be a laughingstock in front of my employees. They are watching. I don't want to be humiliated again," Sheryl whispered in Isla's ear, giving her a tight hug.

She didn't want to make a fool out of herself in front of her employees. And more than that, she had no heart to put Charles in an awkward situation.

She still hoped that the love between Charles and her was as pure as always.

God knew how much she wished that this was all just a dream.

Isla agreed reluctantly. As she regained her composure, she said, "Wait for a minute, Sher."

Sheryl was ignorant of Isla's plan. But when she gazed into her decisive eyes, she was convinced that

Isla would not do anything to hurt her.

"Attention, guys. The party is over. It's late. You should all go home and get some sleep," Isla declared.

The staff understood why the party had come to an end ahead of time, but no one dared to gossip about it.

"Oh yeah, we should leave. We need to get back to work tomorrow."

"Yeah, if I stayed any longer, my mother would nag me."

"Good bye, Ms. Xia, Isla. See you tomorrow!"

"See you tomorrow!"

The whole bunch swarmed out of the booth. When they reached the lift, they were taken aback by the sight in the booth next to the lift.

Rachel and Charles were sitting opposite to each other in the booth. Charles had his back to the door, and no one could capture his expression. But the gorgeous woman looked bashful. From where the staff stood, it looked like the couple were making out.

As the employees let their imagination go wild, some talkative members couldn't hold their tongues. But

considering that the booth's door was wide open, they didn't have the nerve to discuss it loudly.

"Sher, it's just you and me now. Can we go and teach that unfaithful Charles a hard lesson now?" Isla

blurted out as she looked at the empty room with no one but Sheryl in it.

Sheryl was opposed to her idea. She stopped Isla from rushing out because she didn't want to

embarrass herself and her husband.

"What are you afraid of, Sher? You should go find him and figure out what he is doing here with

Rachel," Isla urged in a stern tone. "Fine! If you don't want to, then you stay here. I will find the answer

for you."

Saying those words, she strode towards the door.

"Isla..." Sheryl tried to grab her hand, but Isla was already gone. Out of options, she followed her friend

out.

When she exited the booth, she saw that all of her employees had their eyes fixed on the booth

opposite to the lift. Although they weren't making any comments, she could see by their expressions

that they were seeing something nasty.

"What are you all looking at?" Sheryl queried to her colleagues, ignoring Isla.

At that moment, she let the uneasiness get the better of her.

Sheryl was too anxious to control herself.

Isla also sensed that something was off. With a furious expression, she ran towards the booth.