

## **Wedded Bride 1191**

### Chapter 1191 A Heart Attack

As soon as the ambulance stopped in front of the entrance of the hospital, paramedics rushed to carry

and transfer the unconscious young man to a stretcher. Without missing a beat, the patient was pushed

towards the emergency room while Sheryl and Isla followed behind. The doctor kept shouting "Excuse

me, excuse me!" as they made their way urgently inside the emergency room.

Sheryl ran as she tried to catch up with the medical workers. She then moved towards the doctor and

asked, "What's the matter with him? How is he?"

"We can't be certain and specific at this point, but all we know is that he may have a heart disease and

needs to get an operation right now," the doctor replied in haste and proceeded to instruct the rest of

the staff.

Sheryl watched as the doctor used the telephone to ask about an available room, and after the blink of

an eye, the patient was transferred into an operating room. The doctor stopped Sheryl and Isla, telling

them that he would inform them right away after the surgery.

As the physician entered the operating room, leaving them behind in the waiting area, a nurse walked

towards Sheryl and Isla. "Miss, are you the patient's relative? We have a policy here in the hospital,

saying that we can't operate on the patient without the bills getting paid first, at least in half," she said.

Sheryl turned towards the door of the operating room and thought, 'Looks like the young man is seriously ill and needs to get an operation right now.'

Without any more hesitation, she grabbed her purse and followed the nurse towards the nurse station.

The nurse started to type away on the computer. As the nurse processed the payment, Sheryl mused,

'Saving a life is doing the good thing. Regardless whether the young man chooses to work with us or not, I will help him out. I can't stand the thought of him dying when I have the chance to give him a possible longer life.'

Finally, the nurse handed the bill to Sheryl as she said, "Here is the bill, miss. Please, have a look."

Sheryl took it and scanned through the paper. Without uttering a word, she walked towards the cashier's window.

"Sher," Isla called from behind as she tried to stop Sheryl.

Sheryl paused and turned to Isla. "Yes?"

Isla looked at Sheryl with hesitation and asked, "Are you sure you're going to do this?" Isla wasn't a

mean person, and she cared for the young man as well. But considering that he was a stranger to

them, she was afraid that Sheryl might get fooled.

Sheryl gave Isla a weak smile and replied lightly, "Yes, I am sure, so don't worry." Sheryl didn't care if

she was just being tricked. All she cared about was the thought that the young man might lose his life if

she didn't pay the medical fee for him right now. If she did end up lose some money, at least she had

saved a patient.

Moreover, she believed that the young man was not a liar.

'The young man was about to start his own business, but he had some argument with his partners and

failed to open the company, ' she thought.

Sensing that Sheryl had already made up her mind, Isla nodded and decided not to stop her. She

waited until Sheryl came back after taking care of the bill.

Getting the signal, the doctor and his team started the operation immediately.

Sheryl and Isla sat as they waited. They even took turns standing up and walking back and forth just to

ease their own anxiety. For an outsider, they both looked like the patient's family.

Seconds turned to minutes and minutes turned to hours as they waited. The longer they waited, the

more worried they became about the young man.

Isla stopped pacing back and forth and sat beside Sheryl once more. After glancing around and found

no one else, she turned to Sheryl with a scowl on her face. "Do you think he will get through this, Sher?

What if he dies on the table?" she blurted out.

Sheryl's eyebrows furrowed into a frown and then she immediately replied, "Come on, Isla, what are

you talking about? Why are you thinking like that?" Sheryl's reaction made Isla's eyes widen in

surprise. At that moment, Sheryl looked as if she was the patient's real family.

She kept her stare at Sheryl and noticed the worried look in her eyes. She pointed out that Sheryl was

becoming way too concerned about the young man, which reminded Sheryl of her place.

As the two engaged in a conversation, the doors of the operating room finally opened and out was the

doctor. Sheryl and Isla stood up from their seats immediately as the doctor approached them. He

smiled at them and said, "Congratulations! The operation is a success. He will be placed in a ward

soon, but it will still take some time for his consciousness to come back. Rest assured, he will be fine."

The doctor smiled as he continued to inform them about the young man's situation. In his eyes, both

Sheryl and Isla were family of the patient.

Sheryl and Isla didn't mind it and didn't explain or even retort. After thanking the physician, they waited for the patient to come out of the operating room.

Not long after the doctor left, the rest of the team pushed the patient's bed out of the operating room and proceeded to take him into a ward, while Sheryl and Isla followed behind.

As soon as they were comfortable inside the ward, Sheryl and Isla thanked the staff and sat on the sofa, feeling the anxiousness being replaced with relief and exhaustion. It didn't take them both long enough before they fell into a short slumber.

"Sher! Sher, wake up!" Sheryl heard, making her eyes slowly flutter open. Isla's face came into view.

Sheryl sat up and turned towards the direction where Isla was pointing. She noticed that the young man's finger was starting to move. Sheryl immediately wiped the sleep out of her eyes as they approached the bed, waiting for the young man to wake up. Finally, his eyes started blinking and stared at the ceiling for a while as if he was wondering where he was. Then, he turned to the two women and became even more confused. Of course, he didn't recognize them both, so he asked, "Who...who are you?"

Sheryl and Isla exchanged looks before they turned to him again. "We work for Cloud Advertising Company."

Before Sheryl could finish introducing herself, the patient's eyes lit up and he immediately asked with a tinge of excitement in his voice, "Cloud Advertising Company?

Are you the president of Cloud Advertising Company, Ms. Xia?" He had been to the company building with his friend before, so he hadn't completely forgotten about Sheryl.

Then again, he was confused as to why she was here with him, and until this moment, he still had no idea what was going on.

Sheryl nodded and replied, "Yes. I am Sheryl Xia."

His eyes widened more in surprise as he asked in disbelief, "Did you take me here?" There were more reasons to be confused now.

Before Sheryl could reply, Isla beat her to it. "Yes, we did. I mean, who else?" As for Isla, she didn't think highly of the young man at first, but the moment he started to talk, she started to change her mind.

He was not only good looking but also polite. Good young men like him were so rare nowadays that

Isla soon became fond of him and thought of him as her little brother.

"Thank you very much, and I apologize for the inconvenience I have caused," he said with great

gratitude. He even tried to sit up to show respect to his saviors, but Sheryl stopped him, knowing that

he just got out of surgery. Sheryl gave him a smile and said, "You're welcome, but if you don't mind me

asking, what happened to you?

"Do you know you have a heart problem?" She tried not to sound like she was prying. He sighed and

explained, "I was diagnosed with CHD, and seeing where I am now, I presumed I had a heart attack.

Fortunately for me, you brought me to the hospital. Otherwise, I might have been found dead in my

office already." Isla nodded slowly and responded, "I see."

She started to have some sympathy for him. 'He is cute and polite. What a poor guy!' she thought with

a sigh. Excited and grateful as he was, the young man still had some questions and doubt. Politely, he

asked, "I don't mean to be rude, but how did you know that I passed out?"

"Well, we dropped by Lansh Technology and intended to talk to you about our cooperation. But when

we got there, even though the lights were turned on, we didn't see anyone. We felt like something was

wrong, so we searched the rooms one by one, and there in one room, I found you unconscious at the

desk," Sheryl explained, understanding that this piece of information was really a point for confusion.

"I see. Thank you," the patient replied, nodding approvingly. He opened his mouth to say something

more but stopped.

Sheryl looked at him and thought about inquiring him about Lansh Technology, but then she realized

that she didn't know his name yet. "Mister, do you mind, what is your name?" Shery asked courteously.

"I'm Nick Ge, and with my colleague friend, we founded Lansh Technology," Nick Ge replied,

introducing himself.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Ge?" Sheryl asked with concern before she would start talking about

business and ask the questions that had been on her mind. As she started at him, she started to

remember him by the mention of his name. She had met him last time with another guy called Mr. Sun.

Chapter 1192 Sinking Into The Depths Of Hopelessness

"I feel much better now. Thank you so much for your help, Ms. Xia. You saved my life! You can rest

assured that I'll pay you back for all my medical treatment expenses. I'll transfer the money to your

account as soon as I get discharged. Please leave your details with me," Nick gratefully said.

"It's nothing, really. I just did what anyone would do, so please don't let it burden you." After a pause,

Sheryl continued, "Nick...I've been curious about something. I heard that your company was about to

start running. It's such a critical moment when your employees should be there preparing for it. But

when you fainted, no one was around. Why is that?" Finally, she was able to voice her questions out.

She had been wondering about this since she saw him lying unconscious in the office.

Hearing her questions, Nick began to explain to her what he had been through. "It's a long story..." As

he told her, he became more and more frustrated.

According to Nick's story, Sheryl and Isla already knew the reason why their company couldn't open on

time.

In truth, it wasn't so different from what they saw on the news—Nick had a falling out with his partner

who, in anger, left the company with all of the start-up capital. The partner practically disappeared since

then.

"So that means your company probably won't be set up, right?" Isla asked him directly. It was better to

hear the truth straight from the company's founder. Whether or not the preparation work was going

smoothly was important to her.

Since it wasn't his business alone, Isla wouldn't let him avoid answering the question. If the situation

could be stabilized, they could establish a proper business partnership with him.

"The reason why I was working alone at the company was that I had some hope that I could change its

current situation on my own. I've devoted so much to this company...You have no idea how hard I've

been working to get it started. I don't want to lose it. It may not be in operation yet, but I know it has a

promising future," said Nick.

Even if he did believe what he said, he still looked rather frustrated.

The complex emotions laced in his words reached Sheryl. It was true—he had put in so much work and

effort into starting the company, and missing out on the opportunity to launch it could result in a huge

loss for him.

"Have you been working extra-long hours these days? To the point that you passed out from

exhaustion?" It occurred to Sheryl that there must be some signs before he passed out.

People with congenital heart disease should avoid overworking themselves—Nick went as far as to risk

his own health for the company's sake, but in the end, his condition got the best of him.

When Sheryl asked, he lowered his head shyly and answered, "I know how bad my health condition is,

but I really don't want to give up that easily." His eyes were almost twinkling.

It seemed that nothing, not even a heart disease, could stop him from realizing his dream. Because

they shared the same drive for work. Sheryl and Isla could understand why he was pushing himself so

ardently.

They had all been there—they had all pushed their limits for the sake of their goals. Such times were

always difficult, leaving them only themselves to depend on.

"What were you doing at the office?" asked Isla curiously. Since he was unable to launch the company

because of his lack of money, she didn't understand what he needed to stay there all day and night for.

In such a condition, he wouldn't have been able to earn any money, anyway. It wasn't realistic to

believe that he could change anything on his own, thought Isla.

"I was working on a new project. If I can finish it successfully, it will garner millions of dollars. With that

money, I can start running my company again. It's the best way to get out of this situation." To Nick,

Sheryl and Isla were kind people who helped him without hesitation. With that in mind, he believed he

could trust them enough to tell them what he planned to do since he knew they wouldn't try to probe

him about it.

"I see..."

What is the project?" Isla smiled and asked.

"I can't divulge any details, but my research will be completed soon. By then, you'll know what it's all

about," he replied proudly. As he explained what he could gain from his project, Nick couldn't help but

smile eagerly.

"Of course, you shouldn't be talking too much about it. I'm sorry I overstepped and asked about

something confidential." Being in a company herself, Isla understood Nick's refusal to disclose the

details of the project. As an afterthought, she realized that it was a bit reckless of her to ask such a

question. Fortunately, Nick did not mind it so much.

"Actually, it's not a business secret, but it involves a relatively new concept. It's hard to explain it without

using many technical terms right now, so it's better to wait until the product is released. At that time,

would you like to come see it together? I bet it will surprise you." The more Nick talked about his new

project, the more confident he felt about it. Some redness stained his cheeks along with his excitement

—even his eyes seemed brighter.

"That's great. Don't forget to send us the invitations. We hope you can recover soon."

With a smile, Isla bade him goodbye.

"Of course, that's for sure. I'll send you the official invitations," promised Nick.

"I must thank you again for sending me to the hospital. It's gotten pretty late, you don't have to waste

your precious time on me. Once I can get out of here, I'll visit you to express my gratitude."

Realizing that he had taken up so much of their time, he felt a little embarrassed.

Looking at her watch, Sheryl realized it was already five in the afternoon and they hadn't had lunch yet.

It sure was a bit late, but if they left right then, there wouldn't be anyone around to look after Nick.

"Where's your family? Do they have time to take care of you?" asked Sheryl.

Lowering his head, Nick ended up swallowing back what he began to say.

Though Isla and Sheryl felt that he was at unease, they didn't know how to comfort him as they weren't

all that familiar with Nick.

Eventually, he explained, "I'm an orphan, so there's no family to take care of me."

His reveal surprised them both.

"The only person I could rely on was a classmate from college—he was my partner. Because of our contradictions, he ended up taking away all our money." Not everyone could understand that feeling of betrayal.

The two girls could see deep sadness in his eyes and they knew he was on the edge of desperation.

"So...

no one can come to look after you here?" asked Sheryl, feeling pity for him.

"It's okay. I can find a nurse to do it. Please don't worry about me," said Nick. From her expression, he could tell that she was already worried. Her care touched him and he tried to comfort her.

"Are you sure you have enough money to hire one?" Isla voiced her doubt. Though she didn't mean to offend him, Isla knew that if he had the money, he would be able to pay Sheryl back immediately, before he even left the hospital.

Nick's heart sank when Isla saw through him. Never would he have thought that one day, he'd be so transparent to strangers. Luckily for him, his saviors were the ones who discovered his secret.

"I have enough for now."

Not wanting his image to be torn apart, Nick pretended to be calm and relaxed.

Growing up as an orphan, he worked harder than anyone else who had support from their parents—

this turned him into a competitive, driven person who was determined to overcome any obstacle in his

path.

Chapter 1193 Nursing Assistant

"Oh, well, I know a person who worked as a nursing assistant for over twenty years. She does a good

job at it for she is well experienced, but her rate is a little high. Then again, I think that you won't have a

problem getting her paid, will you?" Isla asked tentatively. She knew that Nick didn't have enough

money, and she deliberately said those words to see his reaction.

When Nick's reaction didn't change, Isla reached for her phone immediately so as to convince him that

she really did know someone and would call that nursing assistant right away. She swiped her screen

to unlock her phone and clicked her contacts where she searched for the name of that nursing

assistant.

As Isla was scrolling on her phone, Nick cleared his throat and spoke, slightly tensed and

embarrassed. "Um, Ms. Zhao, please, don't bother yourself."

Isla shifted her eyes from her phone to Nick. Her eyebrows furrowed slightly. "Are you sure? I guarantee that she is experienced and a professional in her field. It usually is hard to make an appointment with her considering the number of people seeking her help, but I know her personally. If I ask her for help, she will immediately postpone off her next appointment and come here to look after you," she continued.

She eyed Nick carefully and would like to see if the young man would confess that he didn't have money to hire a nursing assistant. If he told them the truth, then both of them would be willing to help out.

Nick bit his bottom lip, and after a moment, he agreed reluctantly, "Okay. I trust you. Please, call her." To Isla's surprise, the patient went along with her suggestion, but she kept her surprise to herself, maintaining the relaxed expression on her face.

"Oh, come on, Isla. Don't bother your friend anymore. You can't give her a call just because you know her personally and let her postpone and call off her other appointments. It's not fair to the other clients who had set beforehand, you know," Sheryl interjected, winking at Isla in secret. Even though she knew little about Nick, she knew enough and observed enough to sense that he was a stubborn person.

She could sense that he would rather get himself into trouble than admit that he had no money. At the thought of this, Sheryl started to feel pity on the obstinate young man. She even connected his stubbornness to her own. Then again, at this case, she was fully aware that he was badly in need of their help.

Again, regardless of whether or not they would cooperate and work together, Sheryl would still be willing to lend a hand.

Isla sighed. At the thought of what Nick had been through, she had no heart to continue to feign to push him into confession, so she looked at him in the eye and offered sincerely, "Well then, I don't have much work to do recently. How about I take care of you until you get better? You can get me paid and repay the medical expenses to us when you are discharged from the hospital. What do you say?"

Nick's eyes widened in surprise and embarrassment, but before he could reply, Sheryl added immediately, "I don't think she can do this job alone. How about she and I can take turns in attending to you? When she is busy, I will come by, and vice versa. Payment procedures will be after you are recovered and released from here. Deal?"

She had been in low spirits these days that she thought about switching her bad mood by helping this poor young man out.

Nick looked at them both with a weak smile. Without thinking about it, he shook his head and declined, "I really appreciate your offers, and thank both of you for it, but I can't accept it. I already have bothered you two enough, and I don't want to be any more of a bother. Even without your help, rest assured, I can handle myself. I can just order some food when I am hungry, so there is no need to worry about me."

He gave them an assuring smile. He didn't think that it was right to accept their good offer for he didn't know how to repay their kindness. Besides, he had lost everything. It would be more difficult to return their favors when he had nothing left to give.

'I am already fortunate enough to meet them in this cruel world. They already have saved my life, so I can't let them take care of me anymore. It's too much,' he thought.

"Oh, no, no, it's okay, really. We don't have much work to do. Besides, you just got out of surgery. You are too weak to take care of yourself. Anyways, I'm sure that you will get better in a couple of days, and when you are discharged from here, we can wash our hands of you," Isla persuaded earnestly. She

pouted as she hoped that she could convince him to accept their help.

However, Nick shook his head once more in reply. He didn't want to owe them a lot.

Before he could speak, he noticed that the dextrose in his IV bottle was running out. He needed a new

one. As he laid there in his bed, he reached out his hand in an attempt to hit the nurse button, but to no avail, since it was far from his reach.

He tried to sit up, so that he could reach the button, but since he had just gotten out of surgery, he couldn't do it still.

He realized that without anyone else around, he couldn't even get a new bottle.

Sheryl noticed Nick's attempt and was quick to understand the situation. She moved forward and pressed the nurse button. She then turned to the patient and asked, "Are you sure you can take care of yourself without our help?"

Nick looked away from her as he felt his cheeks warm, slightly embarrassed. He knew that considering his situation, he had no other choice but to accept their kindness. With gratitude written all over his face, he expressed, "You are right. I can't do this on my own. I really feel grateful and thankful for the

both of you. I promise that I will repay my debts after I am released."

"You have a heart disease, so don't think too much about it. Focus on your recovery, and we will help

you along the way," Sheryl replied in a bid to comfort him.

A knock came at the door and in was a young nurse with the new infusion bottle in her hand. She

excused herself in and replaced the empty bottle with the new one. After she finished, she looked at

the patient and then at the two stunning women sitting at his bedside. In a playful tone, she joked, "You

are so lucky to have two hot girls look after you."

Nick clearly was a shy and easily embarrassed guy, because as soon as he heard the nurse's joke, his

cheeks started to color up in crimson.

"Oh no, don't get us wrong. He is our little brother, and he does not have a girlfriend ever since. Look at

him. You embarrass him," Isla explained. She pretended to be an indulgent sister and treated Nick as

her brother.

She couldn't allow anyone else to make fun of her little brother.

"Hmm, is that so?" the nurse murmured. She turned her eyes to the patient again and commented on

how cute and handsome the young man was.

She couldn't take her eyes off Nick's face, and as she stared at him obsessively, her heartbeat started to race.

"It's true. I was wondering if you have a boyfriend. If not, then what do you think of my brother?" Sheryl teased. Looking at the two of them, she thought that they looked perfect for each other.

'Hmm. It would be a good thing if the two could end up being together.

Maybe, I can get them together, ' she wondered.

The nurse's cheeks turned redder than Nick's at Sheryl's question. Without answering, she excused herself and hurriedly walked out of the ward.

As soon as the nurse left, Sheryl and Isla burst into fits of laughter at the bashful nurse.

Isla sighed as soon as the laughter had died down. "Ahh, it's so good to be young. I admire those young and innocent people."

Sheryl scoffed and sniffed at Isla's exaggerated remark. "You sound like you are already an old grandma."

"Well, I may not be a grandma, but I'm definitely not young anymore. I'm married and have a child. How

"pathetic I get, especially when I meet a cute, young lad," Isla retorted. She didn't hide her emotions

anymore. She just loved the feeling being with those who were younger than her, especially with

charming lads. Staying and interacting with Nick made her feel the vigor and beauty of youth.

#### Chapter 1194 Worry

"Oh, really? Are you serious about that? Aren't you afraid that I'll tell Aron?"

Isla's reaction amused Sheryl; the former looked like a teenage girl who just hit puberty. 'She looks

funnier than that bashful nurse,' Sheryl thought.

"He won't get jealous. Go ahead and tell him if you want," Isla responded.

"How about Nick? What if you embarrass him?" Sheryl asked her, as she caught a glimpse of the

patient lying in the bed.

Realizing that Nick heard their conversation, Isla grinned. "Don't take it too seriously, Nick. It was just a

joke," she explained.

Without realizing it, she called the young lad "Nick" instead of "Mr. Ge." Clearly, she already saw him as

a friend.

As introverted as Nick was, he didn't feel awkward after hearing Isla's joking remark. With a friendly

expression, he responded, "Thank you for being so good to me, Isla."

A bright smile grew across his face, making him look more enchanting.

His acknowledgment pleased her. Eyes full of adoration, she gazed at the patient and beamed, "Don't worry about anything, Nick. Stay here and rest. Sher and I will help you out."

Merry laughter and conversation filled the ward until the night fell quietly. Considering that Nick wasn't able to take care of himself, Isla proposed that she or Sheryl should stay to watch him in the evening, but the man firmly turned down the offer.

While they argued over it, the nurse entered the ward to check on Nick's condition. As she happened upon their argument, she volunteered to keep close watch over him since she was on duty that night; she even handed him her phone number and asked him to call her if there was anything he needed.

Since the nurse treated him so well, Nick didn't refuse her help. It was eight in the evening when Isla and Sheryl left the ward without any more worries.

"You need to treat me to a meal," Sheryl demanded as she abruptly grabbed Isla's arm. To look after Nick, she had skipped lunch and supper, but she didn't feel the hunger until after she stepped out of the hospital.

However, she didn't want to go home for dinner. She even started to dread of going home. It was bad enough that she might not see Charles when she got home. What made it worse, Melissa would be there to talk her down.

It was no wonder that Sheryl was miserable in that house.

If it weren't for Clark and Shirley, she might have failed to make it through these days.

"Are you kidding me, Sheryl? Why do I have to treat you? You insisted on dropping by Lansh Technology. It's your fault we got caught up in so much," Isla snapped back, with arms folded across her chest.

"Seriously? This is all my fault? I didn't make us stay there for so long after he finished the operation.

You stared at that guy like you were obsessed—you're the one who didn't want to leave. If it weren't for you, we would have already had dinner," Sheryl argued.

"I'm not obsessed with him," she denied. "I just couldn't leave him alone..."

"Oh, please. Don't kid yourself. We both know what you were doing, so stop arguing with me. You owe me. Whether you like it or not, you're treating me to dinner," Sheryl persisted eloquently. 'I've waited long enough. Finally, I got a chance to have her treat me to a meal.

I'll make sure to have a fancy one, ' she planned in her head.

"Fine, fine. You win." Isla gave in. Anyway, she was starving too. 'Well, it's not a big deal. I can treat her if she insists, ' she thought.

Although the two bickered, none of them really cared who would pay for the meal.

They were best friends, after all.

"So what do you wish to eat, Ms. Xia?" inquired Isla teasingly. Grinning at Sheryl, she gushed, "Last night, Aron gave me an allowance so you can eat whatever you want."

"Oh wow, is that so? He's so nice to you," exclaimed Sheryl, pretending to look surprised. Isla couldn't help but snap, "Of course, it is. Otherwise, how would I have money to treat you to a meal? I'm penniless because my salary's too low!"

Isla feigned her whining while Sheryl feigned feeling distraught.

"I can't believe what I just heard! Are you complaining that you have a low salary? Don't you know your pay is second only to mine? You reminded me. Perhaps Cloud Advertising Company doesn't make much profit. Suddenly, I feel like I'm a poor boss. What should I do now? Shouldn't you take

responsibility and treat me to meals for the next month to comfort your supervisor?"

Sheryl rested her head on Isla's shoulder.

"What are you doing, Sheryl? We're out on the street. People are watching us. You're embarrassing

me. They might think that I bullied you," Isla returned as she pushed Sheryl away.

"So what? I feel terrible. Give me a hug," retorted Sheryl coquettishly, acting like a wayward child.

Pedestrians walking by the two women cast them confused glances, but Sheryl remained unmindful of their stares.

With a sigh and a resigned look at her confidant, Isla yielded. "You got me."

Eventually, she reached out her hands and gave Sheryl a big but momentary hug. To avoid causing another scene, she let her go after a second. Still, Sheryl seemed content with her little victory.

"You're the best, Isla."

Sheryl spoke softly, overcome with bitterness. Since she was a rather good actress, Isla couldn't tell that she was really upset. "Let's go. You're way too sentimental today. I can't take it," Isla urged.

Sheryl's behavior was a mystery to Isla and the former had no intention of telling her friend what was going on with her. Shaking off her negative feelings, Sheryl finally said, "Let's go to a western

restaurant. I want to eat steak."

"Okay, okay. Let's get going," agreed Isla instantly.

After the two enjoyed full meals, Sheryl bade Isla farewell and drove to Dream Garden. It was nearly

midnight when she arrived. Charles had called her several times before she reached the house, but

she couldn't take the calls because her phone was dead the whole evening.

The kids were asleep in their room and Melissa wasn't in the living room. It was the first time since

Melissa's return that Sheryl found it so quiet in the house.

Soon after, Charles arrived as well, relieved to see Sheryl back at home. With a frown, he said, "You're

finally back, Sher. Where have you been?"

'He's in his casual business suit. Did he just arrive home? Or is he going somewhere this late?'

wondered Sheryl. Without sparing him another glance, she headed upstairs; the house was so quiet

that only her heavy footsteps could be heard. When she was halfway up the stairs, she paused and

coldly answered Charles, "I had dinner with Isla."

"Why didn't you tell me? I was so worried about you that I went out to look for you. I even went to your

office but you weren't there," he continued. Instead of the reproach Sheryl was expecting from his tone,

it was laced with evident concern.

'He went out to look for me?' she thought to herself.

Chapter 1195 Get A Cut

Sheryl was not sure whether she should believe in Charles' words. 'Maybe he is telling the truth. Maybe

he is not. He could have gone to Cloud Advertising Company after hanging out with Rachel,' she

thought in her mind. The inability to trust Charles was extremely frustrating for Sheryl. No matter how

much she tried she could not get her faith back on him.

"My phone was dead and Isla forgot to take her phone. So I could not call you and tell you that I was

going to be home late," Sheryl replied in a cold voice without even looking at Charles' face. As she

uttered the words in a trembling voice, she realized that she found a lame excuse. But she didn't lie

about her dead cell phone.

She was not yet ready to reveal her doubts about him and Rachel. She shuddered at the thought of the

possible outcome if she brought up the topic.

She could not let him go.

"Sher, I don't know the reason why you have become so cold towards me. I just hope that you can

have some faith in me instead of trusting some bad people," Charles said, emphasizing on the last

sentence. Recently Charles had been noticing a striking change in Sheryl's behavior. She just became

unusually quiet. And all his attempts were met with a cold and indifferent response from her. Sheryl

was slowly building a shell around herself which Charles found extremely hard to break through. He

had a very strong intuition that Rachel might have some kind of involvement in it.

But right at the moment, all he could do was try to make Sheryl confide in him about what was going

on. That was the only way in which he might find a solution to their problem.

However, Sheryl's mind was too clouded to read the earnestness in what Charles said. She ended up

misinterpreting his statement.

'Is he trying to escape from the situation? Perhaps he is trying to cover up the mistake he made,' she

surmised, tears peeping through the corner of her eyes. She turned her face away from Charles to

make sure that he could not gauge at her state of mind by looking at her face.

"I'm going to bed," Sheryl uttered in an icy tone. With her chest brimming with all sorts of conflicting

emotions, Sheryl felt like being breathless. The best way she could avoid an argument was to run away

from Charles. Otherwise, she was afraid that she might be out of control and blurt out all her complaints and confusion about her husband and Rachel.

She didn't want to see that happen.

She hated to break down in front of someone when she was in a helpless position. But it was becoming increasingly difficult for her to hold her composure.

"Sher..." Charles tried to say something, but Sheryl had already hurried into their bedroom.

Charles let out a sigh of helplessness, engulfed in inexplicable frustration. At the moment, he sensed that he was losing Sheryl.

That was how he felt.

He tried his best to clear up the misunderstanding between him and his wife. He made many attempts, but all his efforts ended up facing Sheryl's indifference. And now he was at a loss and didn't know how to change her mind and get her back.

When he returned to bed, Sheryl was already lying in her side of the bed with her back to him. Charles knew that she was not sleeping, yet her eyes were closed in a pretense of being asleep. He let a heavy sigh and lay down on the other side of the bed. The expanse of the bed space between them, the

unfurled bed sheet, and the silence in the room loomed heavily on each of their chests. On the two sides of the same bed, both Charles and Sheryl remained engulfed in their respective dilemmas until both their minds and bodies gave in to a deep slumber. As the sun rose, they got up as usual. Charles headed straight to his company. Sheryl dropped her children off at school before she went into work.

Nothing had happened in Dream Garden except for the fact that Nancy and Gary were absent.

Things were much sorted in Cloud Advertising Company at the moment.

Apart from taking charge of her company, Sheryl also needed to attend to Nick who was still in the hospital.

Compared to her, Isla paid more attention to Nick. As it was close to lunchtime, she emerged into Sheryl's office and said to her, "Sher, I almost finished my work at hand in the morning. I am going to the hospital to take care of Nick. When I come back, you can go there. This way we can take turns taking a break. What do you think?"

"How about I stay here and you go attend to him today?" Sheryl joked deliberately.

"No way! Not in the following three days. I did some research on the Internet last night and found that

the patients are too weak to take care of themselves in the first three days after their operation. So this

is the time that he needs us more than any other time," Isla stressed as she pulled out her cell phone to show the information to Sheryl.

"Okay, Isla, no need to show me. Now that you want to go there, please go ahead. I am having a

headache," Sheryl said as she flinched her eyes, pretending to rub her temples.

"Whatever. You must go there after I am back. Do you hear me?" Isla said commandingly as she gave her boss a stern glance.

"Okay. You are the boss," Sheryl replied with a faint smile.

"That's good!"

With a beaming smile, Isla turned around and headed towards the door.

"Wait. What's that in your hand?" Sheryl asked as she caught sight of the thermal, insulated food jar Isla carried.

"It's chicken soup. Aron made it for me last night. I didn't drink it all. So I thought of taking it to Nick," Isla replied frankly. Isla was candid enough to reveal her fondness towards Nick in front of her best friend.

"If Aron came to know that you brought the chicken soup he made for you to Nick, he would be

heartbroken," Sheryl teased, as she shook her head at Isla. Sheryl gazed at Isla's face and speculated

about her state of mind. What really bothered her was the change in Isla's attitude.

'She always refrained from going to Lansh Technology. But at the moment, she is so enthusiastic in

paying a visit to the president of that company,' she mused.

"No, he wouldn't," Isla replied confidently. "And even if he was heartbroken, I know how to make him

happy. He is the only one I love. I am so nice to Nick because I treat him like my little brother. I am a

very kindhearted person and hate to see others suffer."

She didn't want to waste any time driving to the hospital to visit Nick.

Sheryl watched Isla's energy and enthusiasm with a helpless expression. She kept her gaze fixed at

Isla's receding figure as long as it was visible and then went back to her work.

Back to Dream Garden, Melissa was all alone in the entire house. As she made lunch in the kitchen,

there was a stiff frown on her face. It was as if she was carrying out the cooking process mindlessly.

Her hands were at work, but her gaze was fixed at one place. Something was not falling in place in the

way she wanted it to be. She had asked Charles to get Leila out of jail more than once, but he didn't make a move. As a result, she started to grow impatient.

She wanted to ask her son when he would help Leila out, but she didn't dare to mention this to him frequently. Once Charles backed out, her plan would be ruined.

Since Nancy wasn't home, she had to take her place and help around the house. All the unpleasant thoughts overwhelmed her, making her upset all the more.

Although Sheryl and Charles didn't have lunch at home, she still had to cook for herself. With so many things on her mind, she became distracted and cut herself accidentally. As a result, she ended up getting a deep cut on her finger.

Melissa grimaced in pain. She looked around to find the first aid box to dress her wound. But blood kept oozing from her finger. She quickly grabbed hold of some tissue papers and pressed them on the wound. But as soon as she released the wound, blood started oozing again. As many times as she repeated the process, the same thing happened. Unable to stop the blood flowing out of her finger, she went into a panic.

She felt miserable thinking that at this hour of pain and helplessness, and there was no one in the

house to help her out with a simple bandage to stop the blood flow. When she ran out of all the options, she had no other option than to turn to her son for help.

When Charles received her call, he was in a meeting. As soon as he learned about the emergency at home, he rushed out of the conference room regardless of others' stares. He headed straight to the car and zoomed out of the parking lot. He drove as fast as he could to reach Dream Garden at the earliest.

As he parked his car in his driveway, the house was absolutely silent. At the thought of his mother being all alone and in distress, he felt his heart in his mouth. He somehow locked the car and rushed

into the house. When he dashed into the house, sweat was dripped from his head and he was breathless. "How are you feeling, Mom?" he asked anxiously after he found Melissa in the living room.

"I wrapped the wound with some tissue, but the blood keeps flowing..." she replied in a trembling voice. Seeing her son, she heaved a sigh of relief and tears started streaming down her cheeks. There were many blood-stained tissues scattering on the ground near her.

Charles' eyes popped up to see the number of tissues scattered all over. Without wasting time, he said nervously, "Let's go. I will take you to the hospital and get your wound dressed."

He grabbed lots of tissues to wrap Melissa's finger, escorted her to his car and drove away.

On the way to the hospital, Charles drove at a dangerous speed. There were several times that he

almost crossed over the red light. If Melissa hadn't been with him, he would have even driven over the

speed limit.

Soon the two arrived at the hospital. Charles paid the medical bills and led her to the doctor. The

physician disinfected the wound, dressed it and gave her a shot. After that, the physician asked

tenderly, "I have bandaged the wound. How are you feeling, Mrs. Lu?

The cut is not deep. Please remember to come here and change the dressing."

Chapter 1196 A Good Son

"I see. Thank you, Doc," Melissa replied with a diplomatic smile. She was never an easygoing or polite

person, but she wanted to make a good impression on her son.

"I'm flattered. I just did my job," the physician responded, pleasantly surprised. Charles was one of the

shareholders of this hospital, so Melissa's modest reaction caught the doctor off guard.

Melissa nodded at the physician out of courtesy. Shifting her gaze to Charles, she said tenderly, "I'm

sorry that I've taken so much of your time. I'm fine now. You should go back to your work and I'll take a

taxi home."

"It's okay, Mom. I'll take you home. Don't worry about my work," Charles replied with a slight smile.

Sensible women could always successfully arouse men's compassion. Melissa knew this and easily tricked her son.

Charles was clueless as he was just so happy to spend time with his mother. He found that his mother had changed and thought that it was perhaps because spending time with him turned her into a sensible mother.

As far back as he could remember, his mother had been a good, reasonable woman. But when he was a teenager, she left Dream Garden and he hadn't seen her since.

When Melissa had first disappeared, Charles often saw her in his dreams as the same gentle and kind mother he once knew.

But as time went on, he found that the dreams of her stopped. This devastated him and he felt so lost. He had almost forgotten about her when she entered his life again.

When Melissa first moved in with him, he was thrilled but a little uneasy. It had been fifteen years since she had left him and things were very different now. The years apart seemed to have formed a large

gap between them.

However, regardless of what had happened and Melissa's obvious hostility towards Sheryl, she was

still his mother.

Considering that Melissa needed some time to adjust when she first moved into Dream Garden,

Charles had chosen to forgive her unreasonable and crazy behaviors. But it had been a while since his

mother had moved in with them, and she had gotten to know all the members of the family.

Just like other mothers, Melissa started to treat the family in a more amiable and friendly manner.

Charles could sense that Melissa had learned to control her temper and hadn't gotten Sheryl into any

trouble. Without having to worry about the disputes between his wife and mother, he believed that he

could handle his business.

"I'm glad to hear you say so. But I really don't want to waste too much of your time since it is working

hours," Melissa said, pretending to put on a worried look. She was a smart person, so she hadn't

refused or accepted his offer.

"It's not a big deal, Mom. Don't worry," Charles reassured, giving his mother a smile to set her mind at

ease.

"Okay," Melissa finally agreed. She was willing to spend time with her son alone, especially after she had made such a good impression on him.

"Let's get going," Charles proposed. As he advanced forward, he held Melissa's arm cautiously and led her to the door.

"Goodbye, Mr. Lu. Bye, Mrs. Lu," the physician said courteously, watching them walk out the door with admiration.

'She is blessed to have such a good son. And he is also lucky to have the chance to repay his mother, ' he sighed.

As the pair approached the lift, Melissa caught sight of a restroom not far from them.

"Wait, Charles, I need to go to the ladies' room," she began.

"Okay. Do you need a nurse to come with you?" Charles asked. He was a considerate man.

"Oh, there's no need. The cut in my hand is not deep. I can handle myself," Melissa assured him. She waved her hand at her son to show that she could take care of herself.

Noticing that his mother was in high spirits, he didn't stop her.

He stood in front of the elevator, while Melissa made her way to the bathroom.

As Melissa turned left, a familiar figure walked by her. It was Sheryl and it was clear that the young woman hadn't seen her.

With a shopping bag full of fruits in her hand, she strode forward. Melissa assumed she must be visiting a friend.

When Melissa turned around, she found that her son hadn't spotted Sheryl, and vice versa.

Immediately, Melissa thought that something must be wrong. So, instead of going to the restroom, she quietly followed Sheryl in an attempt to figure out who she was going to visit.

Technically speaking, she wanted to know the gender of the patient that Sheryl was going to visit.

On her way to Nick's ward, Sheryl got a call from Isla. "What took you so long to answer the phone, Sher?" Isla whined.

"What's up? I'm in the hospital. I'll be in Nick's ward in a minute," Sheryl said.

"It's Amanda. She had a fever and I need to see if she's okay. That nurse who was on the night shift got off work and went home. I have to leave Nick to you. I'm on my way home. You'd better go take care of him. No one is there to help him hit the nurse button when the liquid in the infusion bag runs out," Isla

explained.

She was not only worried about her sick daughter but also Nick who was lying in a hospital bed getting an IV drip.

"Oh, I see. Well I'm almost there. You should direct your attention on taking care of Amanda. Don't worry about Nick," Sheryl comforted. As a mother, she could understand how anxious Isla was with her daughter getting sick.

"Okay, thank you, Sher."

"Why so formal, Isla? You don't owe me anything. I'll take care of Nick. So don't worry about him. Just drive carefully," Sheryl said as she walked towards Nick's ward.

"Oh, I just reached his ward. I've got to go. Bye," she continued as she paused outside of the door.

"Okay. Get inside. I'm sure you'll take good care of him," Isla returned as she let out a sigh of relief.

'Now that Sheryl is with Nick, I can focus on my daughter,' she thought.

Sheryl hung up the phone and entered the ward.

Chapter 1197 Wake Up

"Hello, Sher," greeted Nick, smiling brightly at the sight of his visitor. Although he was still stuck in bed,

he looked much better— the smile on his face was dazzling and radiant. Exuding his usual easygoing yet well-read air, he looked more enchanting than the previous day.

Staring at the handsome patient, Sheryl was engrossed in her thoughts. 'He is an orphan but he's so good looking.'

"I brought you some fruits. What would you like to eat?" asked Sheryl, still in a good mood. Noticing Nick's improved condition and cheery attitude, she felt happy for him.

"Thank you, Sher," he politely responded. Since yesterday, he began calling her "Sher" instead of "Ms. Xia." Clearly, they had gotten more comfortable around each other. "An apple would be nice."

Being called by her first name let Sheryl feel more at ease being around the young man.

"Alright, hold on. I'll peel one for you."

With a delightful smile, she granted his request.

As she placed all the stuff on the table, she picked up a big, red apple and took a seat beside the patient. Appreciating the nicely grown apple, she jokingly said, "This apple looks delicious. I also want one."

"How about you peel two? One for you and one for me?"

"Good idea."

After taking two apples, she entered the bathroom in the ward without sparing a glance at the door.

All the while, Melissa stood right outside the ward, eavesdropping on Nick and Sheryl's conversation.

With the door ajar, she peeped in through the crack and saw the young man. 'Even though he's no big celebrity, he's even more handsome than many actors.

Most importantly, he's young and Sheryl just smiled at him, ' she mused.

Melissa hadn't seen Sheryl smile at her son that way in a long time.

Originally, she thought that the couple treated each other indifferently due to her presence in the house.

After pondering, she came to the conclusion that Sheryl was actually having an affair.

'I've always known that Sheryl isn't a good person. According to Leila and my observation, she's a sly, wretched woman. Now, she even dares to meet her lover in a public place...' she remarked to herself.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got until she finally decided to do something for her son.

However, she didn't think it was an entirely bad thing for her, and instead she regarded it as a good chance. Whether or not she could kick Sheryl out of Dream Garden depended on the next few actions

she took.

'Since she's preparing the fruits in the bathroom, I don't think she'll leave the ward right away. What if

Charles sees her sitting on another man's bed, laughing and talking with him?'

The thought of finally getting rid of the woman excited her.

Turning around, she went back to her son.

"You're finally here, Mom. What took you so long?"

"There were so many people in the bathroom.

I waited for a bit but the line wasn't moving so I came back." Feigning a resigned look, Melissa sighed.

Upon hearing this, Charles furrowed his brows. Having dropped by the place several times since he

had invested in the hospital on behalf of his company, he was rather familiar with it already. 'I

remember there's another restroom in the inpatient department.

All the wards in that area have a bathroom. If we go there, Mom won't have to wait in line,' Charles

mused.

"I see. If there are many people here, why don't you go to the inpatient area?"

"How do I get there?" she deliberately asked. Of course, she knew exactly where Charles was referring

to. On her way back to meet him, she already found the bathroom in the inpatient area; to make her

son catch Sheryl cheating on him, she had to pretend that she didn't know her way to the restroom.

"It's over there," Charles replied, pointing to the area. Seeing the confusion on her face, he said, "Never

mind. Come with me, I'll bring you there."

"Am I taking too much of your time, Charles?" Expertly putting on a guilty face, she looked up at her

son.

"Mom, I've told you so many times, you don't have to be so formal with me. I'm your son.

As long as you need me, I'll be here for you. So don't think too much," Charles said earnestly.

"Alright. My son is really all grown up," she returned with a loving smile. In spite of the situation, she

was truly touched by his words. As her son walked towards the inpatient department, she followed

behind.

It was a rather long walk along a hallway until they reached the end. As they approached the restroom,

Charles stopped outside Nick's ward accidentally.

"Have you seen that one? It's a restroom," he said to Melissa, pointing in front of them.

"Yes, I can go there now. I'll be back soon," Melissa said curtly. 'Great!' Melissa thought, overjoyed deep down inside.

"Alright," Charles agreed. Of course, Charles had no intention of following her to the restroom; it wasn't his style to wait outside the ladies' room.

Being a good actress, Melissa trotted toward the restroom hurriedly.

When she was out of sight, Charles began scrolling through his phone.

At that moment, a familiar laugh reached his ears from the ward behind him.

"Sher, this is really good, so crisp and sweet. Where did you buy them?"

"I'm glad you like it. Do you really want to know where I got them?"

"Yes, of course. When I leave the hospital, I have to buy some. It's the most delicious apple I've ever

had." When Nick was finished with the IV, Sheryl helped him sit up against the headboard while he ate the apple she peeled for him.

Sitting on the sofa opposite Nick, Sheryl was truly happy to see the patient enjoy the fruit. With a slight smile, she said, "The fruit shop is far from here. I got them on my way here from home. If you really

love them, I'll buy some and bring them to you when you get discharged."

#### Chapter 1198 Reach Her Goal

It was a peaceful afternoon, and the hospital room was quiet. "Thank you for being so nice to me,

Sher," Nick said gratefully as a smile formed on his lips. He was noticeably better these days, and his

mood had lit up with Sheryl's and Isla's company.

"You're welcome," Sheryl said with a grin. Meanwhile, Charles stood outside the ward's door.

He had seen what went on inside through the door crack. He couldn't believe that his beloved wife

stayed alone in the ward with a strange man. They even talked and laughed cheerfully.

'I haven't seen her smile like that for a long time. Most of the time, she doesn't even spare me a glance.

Whenever I try to talk to her when she gets home, she says she's tired, takes a shower, and goes to

bed. She doesn't even give me a chance to talk to her.

But now, she is talking happily to another man and even smiling at him. They look like a couple in love,

' he brooded.

Fury consumed his heart little by little. He clenched his fists hard in irritation that the veins popped out

under his fair skin. He even planned to break in and talk to Sheryl.

At that same time, Melissa got out of the restroom. When Charles reached out to open the door, his

mother's voice entered his ears. "You were right Charles. There were only several people. I don't know why they didn't use this bathroom here."

As she spoke, she slowly walked towards her son.

Charles' fists subconsciously unclenched themselves when he saw Melissa approaching him. He

smiled awkwardly and asked, "Are you done there?"

"Yes, let's go home. After you drop me off, you can go back to your company. Although you're the boss,

you still need to deal with your work. Sher works so hard at the office. You're a man, and you should

work harder," Melissa said.

This was what she wanted—Charles caught his wife sneaking around with another man, but he

couldn't barge in and figure out what happened due to her presence.

She wanted to see her son unable to vent his anger until he couldn't sleep or eat well. She wanted him

to remember that his wife flirted with another man behind his back during working hours.

In that way, the mere sight of Sheryl would stir Charles' hatred and anger. The longer this continued,

the stronger his negative feelings for Sheryl would be. Once he lost control of himself, the result might

be what Melissa wanted to see.

"Charles...

I am speaking to you. Are you listening?" Melissa asked. Her eyes were transfixed on her distracted son.

"Oh...

I am. Let's get out of here, Mom," he said as he came to his senses. His handsome face dimmed with a seething rage.

The harder he tried to hide his emotions, the more twisted and disturbed he looked.

"Hmmm," Melissa muttered when she saw her son's face.

The two headed towards the elevator. Charles didn't speak or even look at Nick's ward the whole time until they had gone inside.

Only he knew how he truly felt.

He had a bunch of mixed feelings. He was disappointed, annoyed, resentful, and reluctant.

On the other hand, Sheryl and Nick quietly ate their apples. An awkward silence enveloped the room.

Finally, Nick broke the silence and spoke.

"Thank you for coming over and taking care of me, Sheryl. I know that you have lots of work to do at

your company. To be honest, I feel really sorry for bothering you and Isla."

"It's okay. As long as you get better, our efforts won't be in vain," Sheryl said with a smile. However,

Nick was still bothered.

"Sheryl, please hear me out. Look at me, I'm fine. I can sit up on my own or hit the nurse button. You

and Isla don't have to drop by every day because I can handle myself. I don't know how to repay your

kindness if you continue to delay your work to take care of me," Nick blurted out honestly.

He felt sorry to have the boss of the company he was going to work with, attend to him in person. 'I

can't let them continue to look after me like this,' he thought.

He initially didn't refuse their help since he couldn't take care of himself. However, he recovered quickly

and he believed he could handle himself. 'Now that I can do this on my own, I have no reason to bother

them,' he thought.

"What if you need to use the bathroom?" Sheryl asked. Now Nick was speechless.

Ever since the operation, Nick had used the urine bag. Isla and Sheryl never complained about it.

Whenever they saw that the bag was full of liquid, they emptied it.

A blush appeared on Nick's cheeks. After a while, he said, "I could get out of the bed. I just need more practice. If you don't believe me, I can show you right now."

Every time he saw them take his urine bag and empty it, embarrassment and guilt overwhelmed him.

However, he couldn't stop them.

Recently, two thoughts always lingered in his mind. One was that he might have died in his office if Sheryl and Isla hadn't taken him to the hospital.

The other was that he would have had a hard time if they left him alone after the operation.

Fortunately, he had met two kind people who had changed his fate.

His gratitude towards Sheryl and Isla was beyond words.

"I know how you feel, Nick. But sometimes you should learn to accept when others offer their help. You are still weak. You might have postoperative problems after the surgery. In other words, you are still in danger. Don't stress yourself too much.

If you think that you owe us, you can pay us back someday. You are young and have a long way to go.

Your top priority now is to get better. Do you understand?" Sheryl lectured. Nick nodded at her in

understanding.

Soon enough, Sheryl left the hospital at 5:30 in the afternoon. She called Isla to ask about Amanda's condition. Isla told her that Amanda was better after she took the medicine. Isla initially planned to take Amanda to the hospital but decided not to when her daughter got better. She just took care of the kid and observed her condition at home.

As a mother of two kids, Sheryl gave her confidant some advice before ending the call.

After that, she drove straight home. Since she was busy taking care of Nick recently, she had spent less time with Shirley and Clark. She felt sorry for her children, so she wanted to get home before they went to bed.

No sooner did she open the door to the house than Clark and Shirley sprinted to her from the living room, opening their arms and demanding a hug. "Mommy, you're back," the two kids greeted happily.

It was customary for them to welcome their mother home from work. However, their normal behavior oddly warmed Sheryl's heart.

"Clark, Shirley, have you behaved yourselves at home?" Sheryl asked them tenderly. She squatted

down to their eye level and looked at her lovely children.

"You don't go home on time to take care of them. Now you asked them if they had behaved

themselves," Melissa quizzed with a stern look. She had been in a good mood. After Charles had

dropped her off at Dream Garden, he left home and hadn't come back yet.

She understood why her son was reluctant to be home. Thus, she was convinced that she was close to

reaching her goal—separating Charles and Sheryl.

'I can't miss even a single chance to make fun of her. Once she leaves here, I won't be able to do that,'

Melissa mused.

However, Sheryl was not in the mood to argue with Melissa. The young mother locked her eyes on her

children as if she didn't hear the sarcastic remark. "Would you like to play with me in your bedroom,

Clark, Shirley?" she asked them fondly.

The two kids beamed happily at their mother. "That's a great idea, Mommy," Shirley said and smiled

from ear to ear.

#### Chapter 1199 Cut off All Means Of Retreat

Sheryl took the kids to their bedroom to give them a bath. It was a rare incident that Sheryl was there

with Clark and Shirley at their bedtime. Needless to say, the kids were exhilarated and more playful

than usual. A mild smile appeared on Sheryl's face when she heard her kids giggle as they got into the

bath. The splashing sound of the water, the sparkling eyes, and their hearty laughter filled the space

with so much of positive vibes that for a moment it appeared to Sheryl that everything was perfect. She

felt as if she was in a happy bubble far away from all the stress and heartbreak reality. But deep

inside she knew that her world was falling apart and she did not know how to save it.

After the kids took a bath, Sheryl led them to the bed. When Sheryl was about to coax the two kids into

sleeping, Melissa appeared in front of the door and stood there staring the three of them inside the

room. Her lips curved into a crooked smile. Then her face became grim as she fixed her gaze on

Sheryl.

Her face became stern as she thought of Sheryl's neglecting her downstairs. She could not take the

insult without retaliating. So she followed them upstairs and waited outside the door waiting for Sheryl

to come out.

"Would you like to join us, Grandma?" Clark said in an excited voice as he was the first one to spot

Melissa standing silently at the door.

Sheryl got startled to hear the word "Grandma" and looked back to see Melissa standing there. There

was a mild awkward smile on Melissa's face for she had been exposed unexpectedly.

Now that she had been discovered, she stepped inside the room. Putting on a stern look, she cleared

her throat and said to the kids, "It's late. You should go to bed early. Both of you have to go to school

tomorrow."

Upon hearing this, the two children closed their eyes obediently. When they drifted off to sleep, Melissa

broke the silence. "Don't you think that we should have a talk?" she asked in an arrogant manner.

"What do you want to talk?" Sheryl asked with a puzzled look.

"Why are you asking me? Don't you think you owe me an explanation for your recent behaviors?"

Melissa grilled with a bossy air. "But more than that there is one thing that I am curious to know. Will

you still refuse to move out of Dream Garden when you and Charles get a divorce?"

"I see. Turns out that you still haven't given up that stupid thought," Sheryl snorted, sneering at Melissa.

'I was too naive. I thought that she was concerned about me and she had come to comfort me. How

ridiculous I was!' she mocked herself in her head.

"Ha! Now that something has happened between the two of you, you are bound to slit up," Melissa

remarked casually, rolling her eyes upward. Sheryl was amazed to see the contentment on Melissa's face.

"What do you mean?" Sheryl asked her with a frown.

"Nothing." Melissa shrugged in an indifferent manner.

"Did Charles say something to you? Or did you hear some rumors?" Sheryl guessed that Charles had confessed about his affair with Rachel to Melissa. And Melissa was pleased to know that Rachel would become her daughter-in-law.

Melissa remained silent and did not bother to reply to Sheryl's questions. In fact, she enjoyed the troubled look on Sheryl's face.

She wanted to mislead Sheryl to suspect Charles.

She wanted to make Sheryl and Charles misunderstand each other. Her aim was to make the couple turn against each other and end up with a divorce.

Looking at a distracted Sheryl, Melissa drew out a satisfied smile, turned around and headed downstairs unhurriedly.

Knowing that Melissa wouldn't give her any answers, Sheryl stood still with a brooding face. She

mulled over the whole situation and analyzed all the recent events.

After she connected all the dots, she had figured out an answer.

However, that was not the reply she wanted.

Charles hadn't come home yet. In the past, he would have given her a call no matter what happened.

However, he hadn't even texted her, leave aside giving her a call.

'Is he so infatuated with Rachel that he even doesn't bother to give me a call?'

She felt a sting in her heart the moment the thought of Rachel and Charles being together came to her

mind. She shut her eyes tightly and shook her head. She didn't dare to think further.

She was afraid of getting an answer that would make her collapse.

Three days had passed.

Today Nick was going to be discharged from the hospital.

According to his doctor, he was supposed to stay in the hospital under observation for over half a

month and could only be released if all his test reports were found to be normal.

However, Nick had made up his mind and the physician couldn't convince him to stay in the hospital

any longer. Even Isla and Sheryl tried to make him see reason, but ultimately had to give in to his strong will.

"Okay, now that you have already made up your mind to leave the hospital, I will not stop you," Isla agreed reluctantly. Though Isla did not approve of this decision, she had no way to stop it. She was aware that her insistence would make no difference. After all, Nick was the patient. Now that he had already decided to be discharged, the hospital had to respect his decision than hers.

Besides, Nick was recovering quickly. Even though he was weak, he would get better with proper rest and nutritious food.

"I understand your concern Isla. I know that you want me to be good. But I have lots of things to do. I can't waste time lying here," Nick said, fixing his eyes on Isla. He knew that Isla opposed his leaving the hospital because she was concerned about his health condition.

Nick was recovering from life-threatening heart disease. However, that could not pull him back from pursuing his dream. He needed to finish the program that he had worked on for such a long time instead of lying here in the hospital bed. It was his dream and he just wanted to start working on it all

over again.

Hearing his words, Isla looked more disgruntled than before. "Till the time you didn't say that I was okay

with you being discharged from the hospital. But now I can't let you go. Don't forget that you are still a

patient. You can't push yourself too hard," Isla lectured with knitted brows. She had decided to respect

Nick's decision. But his statement made her worried.

"Don't worry, Isla. I will take good care of myself. If you don't believe me, you can come over to Lansh

Technology and keep an eye on me," Nick told Isla with a reassuring smile. Nick was thankful to both

Isla and Sheryl. Had it not been for them, he had no one to be on his side during this time of distress.

Isla and Sheryl took turns attending to him during his stay in the hospital.

Sheryl, who had always maintained a neutral stance as opposed to the overindulgent Isla intervened.

"Come on, Isla, we all have to live our own lives. Now that it is his choice, we should learn to respect

his decision. What do you say?" Sheryl reasoned with Isla.

"How can you take his side, Sher? He is young and he doesn't know how to take care of his health.

Can't you see how weak he is? If we let him leave the hospital, we will put him in danger." Isla raised

her voice. Isla was irked by the nonchalant attitude shown by Sheryl towards the ailing Nick. As far as

Isla was concerned, Nick was young and needed proper care and surveillance in order to recover completely. She really hoped that Nick could stop being so stubborn and continue to stay in the hospital.

'Why doesn't he understand the importance of his health? He has his entire life ahead of him to fulfill his dreams. For now, he should only think about getting better,' she thought.

"Come with me, Isla," Sheryl said as she pulled Isla by her arm. She had something to tell Isla, but she didn't want Nick to hear that.

"What's up?" Isla asked with a frown.

"Just follow me." Sheryl winked at Isla and pulled her out of the ward.

"What would you do if you were in Nick's shoes?"

"Why do you bother asking? Of course I will not do anything until I get better!" Isla didn't understand why Sheryl would ask her this question. She stared back at Sheryl with creased eyebrows.  
'It is not for nothing that they say that health is wealth. If he is sick, how can he continue with his career?' she thought.

However, Sheryl helped her to get a real perspective. "Isla, don't forget that Nick doesn't have money.

He doesn't have money even to pay the medical expense. He can't get us paid. He even doesn't have

money to support himself. Do you think he can slow down at this point?" Sheryl reminded Isla who

slowly released her frown as she began to see the other side of Nick's situation. Isla heaved a sigh and

nodded her head in agreement with Sheryl's words. However, she was still not at peace with the idea.

On the top of that, Sheryl's reminding her of his financial conditions added to her anxiety for Nick. She

became silent and lowered her head in dejection. Sheryl understood what was on Nick's mind. 'He is

going to cut off all means of retreat. If he doesn't do anything, he will live in regret for the rest of his life.

Stress is fatal for heart patients, ' she pondered.

"Are we really out of options? Can't we do anything to help him? He is too weak..." Isla said in a low

voice. What Sheryl said made sense to her. Despite that, she was still worried about Nick's health. She

felt extremely regretful that she could not give him the care and support he needed.

"As you said, he is weak. And that's exactly why we should agree to his decision," Sheryl suggested.

"What do you mean?" Isla creased her brows and stared at Sheryl waiting for her to explain her

statement.

## Chapter 1200 The Brave Nurse

"He is such a persistent man and has countless things to do. Of course, he knows his body and will take good care of himself. Even though he always pushes himself, he won't compromise his health for the sake of his dream. When he is tired, he will take a break. However, when he feels good, he will work hard on his career and exceed expectations. He will balance work and rest, even if it may take him longer to finish his work. After all, he doesn't have any other choice," Sheryl explained.

When she noticed a sense of hesitancy on Isla's face, she continued, "Most importantly, as long as he is busy at work, he will not think about those unpleasant things. That way, he will be positive and always have a good mood. So, I think it's better for him to leave the hospital than to just lie in the bed idly. Don't you think?"

Isla surveyed the speaker up and down with curious eyes.

"What? Why are you looking at me like that?" Sheryl asked, noticing Isla's stare and feeling rather uneasy.

"Well, I was just wondering when you became a thinker. You made a very good point. I'm quite surprised," Isla remarked in a teasing tone.

Disbelief was written all over her face.

"Isla, why are you making a big deal of this? I'm not dumb, you know? I actually have a brain. Didn't

you know that?" Sheryl snapped in a triumphant tone while she proceeded to glare at Isla.

"Oh, now don't be like that. Come on, Sher. Relax... Let's go inside," Isla said with a resigned look on

her face. 'What on earth came over her? Is this really my best friend, Sher? It's unlike her to be this

opinionated and defensive. Did she have a bad day?' A barrage of questions ran through Isla's mind.

Isla and Sheryl entered the ward. Fixing her eyes on the patient, she offered, "Where are your things?

I'll help you collect them." Evidently, Isla was persuaded by Sheryl.

"It's over there. Thank you," Nick replied in a joyous tone as he pointed at his belongings. Nick was

oblivious. He didn't hear Sheryl and Isla's conversation outside of his ward. Nevertheless, he knew that

Sheryl convinced Isla to change her mind. Above all else, he was grateful and wanted to thank Sheryl.

As he wanted to do so, he shifted his gaze from Isla to Sheryl. Meeting his grateful eyes, Sheryl smiled

at him.

Nick nodded at her as a means to show her gratitude.

Isla was a rather efficient person. It only took her several minutes to pack all of Nick's things. "My job is

done here. Did you complete the discharging formality documents?" Isla asked the patient.

"Oh, I'll get it," Sheryl offered as she watched Nick shake his head at Isla. 'Since Isla helped him gather his stuff, I should probably do something for him too, ' she thought.

"Okay...Well, you better hurry up. Otherwise, you will have to wait in line for a long time," Isla advised.

With the birth of her daughter, Amanda, Isla got used to having to bring her ill daughter to the hospital.

So, she knew exactly how to deal with hospital procedures.

Amanda had a fever the other night. Luckily she managed to recover quickly after taking medicine, which set Isla's mind at ease.

It took Sheryl until noon to finish all the procedures and return to the ward. Nick had been in the hospital for nearly a week. Although he hadn't recovered yet, he still managed to walk. He didn't look like a patient anymore. The three of them managed to leave the hospital quickly.

"Sheryl, Isla, I'm fine. I can take a taxi home. You don't have to give me a ride," Nick said as they stood together outside the hospital. 'I can get home by myself. I don't want to bother them any longer.

After all, I already owe them a lot, ' he mulled.

"Don't be silly! It's perfectly fine. Where do you live? Perhaps I can give you a lift," Isla blurted out generously.

"Let me guess...No matter what my answer is, you will just continue to say that you happen to be going in the exact same direction as me, won't you?" Nick grinned. 'It's so good to be taken care of by them. It has been a long time since someone treated me so well,' he thought, feeling touched inside.

"Is it that obvious? Yes, you understand me," Isla returned, as she flashed the young man an embarrassing, yet sweet smile. 'No matter what he says, I will take him home and that's final,' she resolved.

"Well, fine then. Let's go. I will take the passenger seat and tell you the way to my house," Nick complied. He opened the door and got into Isla's car.

"Good, that'll be helpful," Isla said with an approving smile.

Watching the two leave, Sheryl smiled. As she was about to get inside the car, she heard someone's voice from behind. "Wait..."

She paused, immediately turned around and saw the young nurse who volunteered to attend to Nick that night.

Nick saw her through the car's rear-view mirror. He hurried out of the car and put on a slight smile. "Oh, hi. I intended to say goodbye to you before I left, but your colleague said that you were not there," he said to the nurse.

"Oh, no. I knew you were leaving. They called me..." the nurse nodded.

"So, you came here just to see me?" Nick asked, moved by her behavior. The memory of them staying alone in the ward that night remained vivid in his mind. He would never forget that night since it was the first night he had spent in the hospital after his operation. Meanwhile, he was badly in need of people's help.

Hearing his question, the nurse blushed. She shook her head as she explained, "No, you got me all wrong. I actually came here to replace my colleague as she had to leave work suddenly. She called me and asked me to cover for her and mentioned that you were discharged today."

Her explanation seemed convincing. Even so, it didn't make any sense whatsoever. Now, of course, no one wanted to figure out whether or not she was telling a lie.

However, even though she fooled him, she failed to fool Sheryl and Isla, who both knew that she had a

thing for the attractive young man.

Even though she came up with a story to counter her feelings, Nick sensed the nurse's admiration for

him. He felt pleased, as he also had feelings for her. Nevertheless, he was broke and his career was a

mess. That was why he hid all of his emotions. Compared to the nurse, he behaved way more

reserved. He said flatly, "Oh, okay. Thank you for taking care of me that night. I appreciate it. Bye!"

Without granting himself any chance to change his mind, he turned around and walked towards the car.

He was afraid that he might lose control of himself and expose his true feelings towards her.

"Nick!" the nurse called out.

Nick paused and stood still. It was almost like his shoes were glued to the ground.

"I attended to you the entire night, Nick. Don't you think you should at least know my name?" the nurse

continued desperately. She was aware that she would lose contact with him unless she told him

something about herself.

"Okay, what's your name?" Nick asked in an indifferent tone without turning around to look at the

beautiful girl.

From where Sheryl stood, she could see Nick's unpleasant facial expression. Tears began to form in

the corners of his eyes, but he managed to keep them from falling.

The nurse could tell Nick exuding a rather distant and indifferent aura. 'When he got out of the car, he was so nice to me and I could sense that he was indeed pleased to see me.

That's why I mustered up the courage to pursue my feelings for him, ' she thought.

"Give me your phone!" the nurse demanded as she stumbled closer to him, halted in front of him and held out her hand.

"My cellphone is going to die!" Nick refused.

"Give me your cellphone right this second. I won't take no for an answer," the nurse insisted.