

## **Wedded Bride 1201**

### Chapter 1201 What Bad Luck

The nurse took the phone from Nick, put her phone number and name in it, and then handed it back.

"Now you have my name and number. You can call me if you need help."

Looking at his phone, Nick was about to say something, but Isla replied for him, "Rest assured. I'll let him call you."

"Thank you, Isla," the nurse said sweetly, overjoyed by Isla's statement.

"You're welcome. He's very lucky to have your heart," Isla whispered in the girl's ear. Pulling back, Isla flashed the nurse a reassuring smile to show her that she would do everything in her power to unite the couple.

"Thank you, Isla. I'll treat you to a meal sometime," the nurse gushed with a beaming smile.

"Oh, there's no need. If you have time, you can go to Nick's house and cook for him instead," Isla said, winking at the nurse. Stealing a glance at Nick, Isla looked back at the young girl and said, "We should go. Keep in touch."

"Okay. I will," the nurse returned, nodding her head eagerly.

The three got back to Isla's car. When Isla started the engine and drove away, Sheryl, who was in back

seat, broke the silence. "It's so good to be young," she sighed.

"Love has nothing to do with age. If you want it, you could have lots of suitors. But you only love

Charles and you'll never give another guy a second's worth of attention," Isla teased.

She thought Sheryl had made peace with Charles for it had been a while since they had caught him

with Rachel alone at Lavender Bar.

However, Sheryl remained silent. It was true that she wouldn't fall in love with anyone else other than

Charles. But she wasn't sure whether if he felt the same way.

Nick's house wasn't far from the hospital and it took Isla less than twenty minutes to drive there. Nick

and his colleague had originally rented the condo, but the man now lived there alone.

Back then, Nick had some money so he chose a fully furnished apartment in a well-equipped housing

estate with lots of green space. When the three got out of the car and entered Nick's condo, Sheryl and

Isla glanced around. It had three rooms and a living hall. To their surprise, the apartment was clean and

tidy.

This made the two women even more fond of their young friend.

"Sheryl, Isla, my place is a little small. Please make yourself at home and have a seat," the young man

said as he scratched his head. Something suddenly occurred to him. "Oh, what would you like to drink?

I'll get it for you."

"Your home is lovely, Nick. I'll have some water, thank you," Isla replied with an approving smile.

"Did you check that nurse's number? What's her name?" Sheryl asked with interest.

"Not yet," Nick replied honestly.

"You should check it out. We don't know her name yet. She's pretty and she's into you," Isla urged

eagerly.

"Oh, jeez. Why are you women so big on gossip? You two are already married and have children, but

you act like teenage girls interested in someone else's personal life," Nick snapped with a blush.

"It has nothing to do with age. Go check it now," Isla said impatiently. She wouldn't let the topic go.

Resigned, Nick pulled out his cell phone, unlocked the screen and discovered that the nurse's name

was Cassie.

A small smile slowly crept onto his face. 'It's a good name,' he thought to himself.

"Cassie..." he murmured.

"Cherish her. She's a nice girl," Isla remarked. Although she liked Nick very much, he was like a little brother to her and she wanted to protect him. She was so happy for Nick that a beautiful girl was into him.

Nick was tongue-tied. He didn't know what to say. Considering his current situation, he had no plans of being in a relationship, at least not until he got his company back on the right track. Of course he wouldn't tell this to them.

Sheryl and Isla meant to leave Nick's house as it was lunchtime.

They intended to take Nick out for lunch. But since he was just released from the hospital today and was too weak to walk around, they decided against it.

Nick proposed to cook lunch for them, but they declined his offer. After all, he was a patient and he needed rest.

When the two stepped out of Nick's house, Isla inquired in a coquettish tone, "What would you like to eat, Sher?"

"Let's go get Japanese food. Last time I went to a Japanese restaurant, but the food wasn't authentic,"

Sheryl replied. It crossed her mind that she hadn't real Japanese cuisine in a very long time.

"I see. I know a very popular place that serves real Japanese food. Let's go, I'll take you there," Isla

returned excitedly. She loved Japanese food.

Back at Tarsan Corporation, Rachel was caught up in her work. She was very busy, but all her efforts

were not in vain. Her company had established business relationship with several big enterprises in the

city. Lance had been coming by to see her frequently and had even promised to marry her. She would

never agree to marry that old man, but she wasn't stupid enough to outright turn down his offer. Lance

was still useful to her, after all. She had to flirt with him, and meanwhile, fool around with another men.

"Holley..." Rachel called out.

"What's up, Ms. Bai?" Holley asked, who was in Rachel's office. She always brought Holley along with

her when she went to meet with her lecherous clients. Holley had also done her part to please them.

"Our hands have gotten quite full these days. What would you like for lunch? It's my treat," Rachel

proposed, as she lowered her head and looked at her expensive wristwatch. 'Our employees have

already returned from their lunch breaks, but we haven't eaten anything since breakfast,' she thought.

"Oh, I do feel tired. But I have no idea what to eat." After thinking for a while, Holley said with a smile,

"Would you like Japanese food? I know one Japanese restaurant and the food there is delicious."

"Okay, let's go. Since it's my treat, we'll go wherever you want," Rachel agreed with a smile. She was in high spirits, so she went along with Holley's suggestion with no hesitation.

"Please give me five minutes. I need to touch up my make-up," Holley said.

"Okay."

As it turned out, the Japanese restaurant that Isla had mentioned to Sheryl was the same one that Holley had recommended to Rachel. When Rachel and Holley arrived at the restaurant, Sheryl and Isla were still on their way.

They took a seat and ordered food. As they began having a pleasant chitchat, Holley suddenly caught sight of Sheryl and Isla walking through the door.

"Ms. Bai, look!" Holley said to Rachel under her breath as she pointed towards the entrance.

"Shoot, they're here. How would we run into them during lunchtime?" Rachel whined with a frown at the

sight of Sheryl. Her good mood was instantly ruined by her enemy.

"What bad luck! Do you remember how Sheryl bullied us at Tarsan Corporation last time? We finally

have our chance. Do you want to get even with her?" When Holley finished speaking, a scheme began brewing in her mind.

### Chapter 1202 Get Tripped

Rachel took a sip of the steaming hot soup and lifted her head from the soup bowl. "Of course I do. Do you have any good idea?" she asked, fixing her eyes on Holley. In regards to Sheryl, Rachel counted on Holley's advice.

Despite the fact that none of Holley's tricks to set Sheryl up had worked till now, she was relentless in her efforts.

Her sole purpose was to make Sheryl leave Charles.

Nothing felt so pleasant to Holley than to see Sheryl suffer. She could go to any length to torment her half-sister.

As Rachel kept staring at Holley, she could see Holley's face turn into a heinous smile. "Yes, I do.

Please wait and watch," Holley replied. Her face brightened up as she fixed her gaze at someone who had just entered the restaurant. Her face brimmed with confidence. Rachel did not need any hint to understand that Holey was staring at Sheryl. It was clear that she had come up with a really evil idea.

Slowly, a crooked smile appeared on Rachel's face as well.

"I came here before. The food is yummy," Sheryl remarked as she entered the restaurant with Isla.

Sheryl remembered coming to this place once with Charles.

"See? I knew you would love this place." Touching her stomach, Isla urged, "Hurry up. I am starving."

Talking and laughing, they quickened their pace. They had spent a whole morning helping Nick deal

with all kinds of discharge formalities and pack up his stuff. As a result, they were exhausted and

hungry. Focusing on the palatable cuisine they were going to relish, they didn't notice Holley and

Rachel sitting at a nearby table.

Holley remained silent and she even gestured for Rachel to be quiet. Rachel nodded and waited for

Holley to unfold her plan.

Side by side, Sheryl and Isla strode forward. Slowly, the distance between them and the table where

Rachel and Holley were sitting was getting closer.

As Sheryl was about to walk past them, Holley stuck out her right foot under the table to block Sheryl's

way swiftly. Neither Sheryl nor Isla had expected that.

Caught off guard, Sheryl tripped and fell to the floor hard. Although the floor was made of wood, the

heavy fall almost killed her.

"Ah!" she screeched. Sheryl fell on her side and half of her face hit the floor. For a moment, she got

scared that her face might get distorted. She felt a throbbing pain coming from her cheek as if her

cheekbones had got broken.

"Are you okay, Sher?" Isla inquired with a rattled expression, gaping at her friend on the floor. The

moment she crouched down in an attempt to help Sheryl up, she caught a glimpse of the one who

organized this accident.

After throwing Holley a furious look, she squatted down to check her friend. With worry written all over

her face, she asked anxiously, "How are you feeling? Where did you get injured? Are you all right?"

It hurt so much that Sheryl couldn't utter a word. She struggled to move while a sense of excruciating

anguish ran through her body. As a result, she chose to remain still. After a while, she opened her

mouth, "I'm fine. I will be up soon."

'If I let Isla give me a hand, she might touch the parts I got injured. I should help myself up,' she

decided.

After Sheryl assured her that she was able to get up on her own, Isla turned to Holley. "What's wrong

with you, Holley? How could you do this to Sheryl in public? I don't get it. Why would such an evil

woman like you be still alive?" Isla scolded Holley and stared with her eyes dilated. If eyes could kill,

Isla would have burned Holley alive right there. She was enraged beyond words to see Sheryl's face

twisted in pain.

Holley pretended to have fallen from the sky. She gave a surprised look at Isla as the later hurled

curse on her. "What are you talking about? I did nothing. I even didn't see you come. She didn't watch

her way. How could you put the blame on me?" Holley snapped back, casting Isla a contemptuous

stare. She then looked Rachel in the eye, and the two shared a satisfying smile with each other.

"Looks like you haven't learned much from the lesson I taught you. Otherwise, you wouldn't have come

to try my patience," Sheryl said to Holley menacingly as she lifted herself from the floor slowly.

There was some dirt on her clothes, and her face turned red and swollen. She was still under a lot of

pain. She had also gotten a lot of bruises that remained hidden in her clothes.

Despite the fact that she was in such an awkward situation, she still gave off a powerful aura.

"Sheryl, don't think too much of yourself. I said I didn't see you. It was an accident. Besides, you should

have watched your way. It's your fault, not mine. So stop being paranoid," Holley retorted loudly and shrugged her shoulder as if she had nothing to do with this.

She didn't care even though many customers were watching them. Rather she was happy that so many people had their gaze fixed at Sheryl who was certainly not at her graceful best at that time. It gave her pleasure to see Sheryl swollen in the face and her clothes clad with dirt all over.

Isla could read the contemptuous means that Holley was hiding being her nonchalant look. The fact that she was deriving pleasure from Sheryl's pitiable state got Isla seething in anger. "You did that on purpose. I am asking you to say sorry to Sher," Isla demanded coldly as she stood in front of Sheryl and pointed at Holley's face.

Her icy tone made the air thicken with tension and chill.

"Apology! Seriously? You must be kidding. Why would I do that? Who do think you are? What makes you think I would do what you ask me to do?" Holley responded with a scornful laugh. Looking at Sheryl's puffy face, she gloated over her accident. She scoffed, "She didn't watch her steps and she ended up like this."

"She is right. Some people like to attribute their own mistake to others. What a mean and shameless person," Rachel followed with sarcasm.

"Rachel, I advise you to shut up. Otherwise, you can't blame me if you get injured," Isla warned as she approached Rachel slowly. Her stare was so piercing that it could even kill anyone. "Or perhaps you and Holley did all of this. You are her compliance, aren't you?"

"I... I am not her compliance," Rachel stammered. Isla maintained her attacking stance at both of them. Suddenly, Rachel could feel her heart trembling. The joy on her face disappeared and fear gripped her

mind. With every passing moment in front of Isla's glaring eyes, she could feel that fear grew stronger. She didn't know what was wrong with her. She swallowed once and kept reassuring herself that there

was nothing to be scared of. Isla was just threatening them. She wouldn't hurt them. Just in time, Isla spoke again.

"Now that you're not her sidekick, you better hold your tongue if you don't want to get yourself into trouble," Isla continued as she stared at Rachel with threatening eyes.

"Isla Zhao, you have gone too far. The crowd can be my witness. We were eating here. She was too careless to take care of herself. How could you put the blame on me? Do you think we have the

superpower to foresee that you would walk past us?" Holley spoke for Rachel as her boss was rendered speechless.

She had to come to Rachel's rescue lest her boss should vent out anger on her after Sheryl and Isla left.

Since she still needed Tarsan Corporation to have her back, she couldn't afford to mess with Rachel.

"Yes. They have been here for a long time. They haven't changed their seats. Before you came, they were at that table. I don't think it's their trick. Perhaps it was just an accident. There is no need to push them so hard. Besides, this pretty girl didn't get seriously injured. Just let it go. Don't be so mean!" A man intervened in their dispute.

#### Chapter 1203 The Answer

The crowd thought that they had figured out the whole thing. Instead of criticizing Rachel and Holley, they started to rebuke Sheryl and Isla.

For them, Sheryl and Isla were deliberately making trouble out of nothing.

"I agree with him. You should hold yourself responsible. Why blame it on others? It's not right!"

"Oh, yeah. Don't be so dramatic. It was just a fall. Nowadays, girls are so fragile. They always make too

much of a big deal out of nothing!" an old lady lectured scornfully. She also remarked that young people were lazy and narrow-minded.

"What are you talking about? How could you say that? Are you blind or something? What if she has a concussion due to this fall?" Isla berated those onlookers.

Pointing at Sheryl's face, she continued, "Can't you see that? Her face is swollen."

"It's not a big deal. She will be fine after she uses some ice bag at home," someone chimed in.

"Whoever takes a fall will get a puffy face. Don't be so fussy!"

When the one who expressed his opinion got a follower, most of the crowd would take his side and reasoned out to justify that they were right.

None of them cared about the fact, let alone how the real victim felt.

"How about I trip you to the floor so that you will feel the pain my friend is suffering? I would like to see if you could still say the same words?" Isla snapped, looking outraged. 'It is no doubt that those people left their heads somewhere. We just wanted to have lunch.

Why would we end up in such big trouble? What's wrong with the world?' she thought angrily.

"You are being impossible and you refuse to admit that. But can't you see, the fall is a pure accident?"

And now you are trying to blame us.

You are only making a fool of yourselves, don't you think?" Rachel broke in.

"What a petty girl! She deserves this!"

"Oh, yeah, she deserves this!"

The more Isla heard negative remarks from the onlookers, the more upset she got. 'These people are

really good at confusing right from wrong. No matter how hard I explain, they still think it is our fault,

and they see themselves as brave, honest heroes,' she sighed with a speechless expression.

Holley and Rachel did not expect this to happen. After sweeping their gaze through the crowd of

onlookers, they let their focus finally settled on Sheryl. The irritated look on Sheryl's face amused them,

yet they hadn't shown the pleasure on their faces. They felt so good to see their enemy in an awkward

position.

"Sheryl, I think I don't need to say anything to defend myself. People are smart, and you can't fool

them. Your trick is definitely not going to work," Holley proceeded as she stared at Sheryl.

Sheryl was too angry to retort. Though she could still feel the sharp pain emanating from her face and

her knees, she hadn't checked her injury yet.

"Come on, guys! Please go back to your own seats. There is nothing more to watch. They don't mind

being a laughingstock, but we simply don't want to create a scene. I feel responsible though, I should

not have put my foot there," Holley said with a sigh, noticing that the audience had been on her side.

"Young lady, don't say that. She will think that you are afraid of her, and she will continue to bully you. It

is her fault, not yours. She is at wrong, but she does not want to admit it. It is only a matter of honesty!"

a woman in her late forties pointed out, feeling sorry for Holley.

"Madam, you are right. But still, they made a scene because of me. I just want to let it go. You came

here to have lunch after all, but instead, you have watched us argue with each other. This is a public

place. I don't want to bother you," Holley replied, pretending to be a good girl.

"Look at this girl. How kind she is! That girl who fell is so mean!"

someone from the crowd exclaimed.

"Shut up, all of you! You are not the one who got injured. You have no say in this matter!" Isla couldn't

bear hearing them speak ill of her best friend anymore.

"I actually intend to let her go. After all, she and I have known each other for such a long time, even

though we have been against each other for years. But now that you think it is entirely my fault, I simply can't let it go!" Sheryl, who hadn't extricated herself, slowly stood out. Stepping forward beside Isla, she spoke while facing the crowd.

"In fact, it's easy to find out the truth. I'm sure this place has a monitoring system. If we want to figure it out, we can go and check the security footage!"

Rachel and Holley turned pale. Holley had noticed that there was a surveillance camera on the corridor when she had entered this place earlier.

'Once they check the surveillance video, they will find out that I set Sheryl up,' Holley brooded with a worried look.

'Once these people learn the truth, Holley and I will be in deep trouble,' Rachel thought.

Rachel winked at Holley, and the latter nodded as she immediately understood what was on her boss' mind. As soon as the crowd paid attention to Sheryl, Holley sneaked up to the counter. Several minutes later, she cautiously returned to her seat seemingly undiscovered.

"Yes, that's right. The truth will prevail once we see the surveillance video," Isla went along with Sheryl.

"There is no need to waste time checking it. Obviously, you are wrong," one said to Isla.

"Aren't you so sure that it is my fault? So what? You are afraid to see the video. Are you worried that

you might find out that you misunderstand us?" Isla quipped provokingly.

"You must be kidding. You made a mistake. We have nothing to do with this. Why would we be afraid of

knowing the fact?"

"Now that you want to check the surveillance video, you can go ahead. Then we will know who to

blame!"

"I agree. We should let them go since they want to check the footage. Though I only have little time to

finish my lunch, I will let them realize their own mistake!" There were some young cynic and idlers

among the crowd who were against Isla and Sheryl.

No one would oppose their proposal at that time. What everyone wanted was the answer.

Chapter 1204 Anything else

The situation worsened as none of them was ready to admit their misdoing. All they wanted was to see

and enjoy the awkwardness of Sheryl and Isla. All the people in the restaurant had stopped eating and

gravitated towards the four of them.

Holley slightly nodded at Rachel and she immediately picked up the hint with an easy smile on her

face.

Isla walked to the cashier's counter and said to one of the workers, "Excuse me, sir, may I check the real-time monitoring recording, please?"

"I'm sorry, miss. But according to the rules of our company, the surveillance videos are forbidden to be checked," the worker replied politely, bowing himself in front of Isla.

Isla creased her brows upon hearing the reply. However, she maintained her composure and insisted,

"Why? I'm not asking for your secret video, I am just asking for the daily ones. I'm sure that they're not your secret videos, so why can't I check it? Could you please give me an answer?" Isla was angry

when she heard that she couldn't check any videos, even the daily passenger's videos. However, she

knew that she could not lose her temper right now. The priority at the moment was to prove that Holley was responsible for the entire debacle and for that she needed the cooperation of the restaurant staff.

Hence she knew that she had to deal with the situation through logic and reasoning.

"I'm very sorry, miss, I have to abide by the company rules. I'll appreciate it if you can respect my work.

Thank you," the worker replied in a flat manner and stood in front of Isla with his eyes lowered

displaying respect. He posed as if he was helpless and could not fulfill Isla's demands out of the fear of losing his job.

Isla couldn't believe it, and said, "What's gotten into your boss' head? Can he really fire you just because of such a small thing?"

"Hey, what's wrong with you? He told you that you couldn't see the videos, and that's the company's rules. Just let him be, okay?" The crowd around the four of them, who were silent spectators until now, started voicing their opinions. "Why don't you just get out of here? Don't presume that no one knows what happened. We were all present right here. We have seen it all. You can't blame someone like this," came from an unknown face.

"Yeah, it's obvious to see what happened. There's no need for the surveillance video. It's the company leaders who set the rules but not the workers, can you please stop making trouble for him?" another one said.

"Get out of here, you two stupid cows! We're here to have our meal. Don't make trouble for yourself. You're not welcomed here." another woman said angrily.

"Get out of here! Get out!"

More people began to yell at them.

"Just get out of here! You make me sick. Look at you, who do you think you are? Do you really think

you are someone that matters? You just accidentally fell down, but you disturbed all the people over

here. How can you do that?"

Sheryl turned around and protested, "We just wanted to make sure what had happened, and we didn't

do anything to bring trouble to others. Why should we get out? Who are you to tell us whether we have

the right to be here or not?"

Sheryl stood strong at the face of crowd hurling abuses on them. The people turned deaf ears to the

logic she gave and insisted that Sheryl and Isla should leave so that peace could be restored in the

restaurant. "No! You don't have any right to stay here today. Why don't you just shut your mouth and

get out of here right now? Or you are waiting for me to throw you out!" Sheryl and Isla didn't expect to

be snowed under by the strangers in this manner. As they were being hurled with abuses and curses,

Holley and Rachel stood by the side and enjoyed the scene. They put up innocent looks on their faces

and occasionally shared candid glances and sly smiles with each other.

Sheryl was now standing at the center of the storm, and she could feel the abuses falling on her like stones and arrows being hurled at her. Yet, she tried to stand strong and fought back as much as she could. Slowly, they could feel the crowd getting the upper hand. Sheryl could not find any good clue to turn the situation in their favor.

Isla stood beside Sheryl, trying to protect her but still had no way. Holley and Rachel were looking down and sneering at them but did nothing to help them. But when Sheryl had almost lost all hope to escape the trap, a man's voice stormed through the hall, making everyone startled. The entire crowd looked around to see as he demanded an explanation.

"Who told you that we can't check the surveillance video?" he asked.

He took long and impactful strides ahead as he approached the epicenter of the chaos. He was tall and strong with an impressionable personality. Hearing what he said, all the people held their breaths and hovered.

The worker recognized the man, he stammered, "Mr.... Mr. Lu." He suddenly remembered that this was the man his boss eagerly wanted to meet. His boss tried his best to manage to meet Charles, but at last, he couldn't even see his secretary.

The same Charles Lu was standing in front of him. The worker regarded him with awe. How could he

lose this chance to earn some brownie points and be in the good books of his boss? Without wasting a

single moment, he sent a message to his boss telling him what happened.

Charles walked directly to the worker without looking at anyone around. He looked at the worker and

firmly asked, "Answer my question, who told you that the surveillance videos are forbidden to check?"

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Lu. The surveillance videos can definitely be checked, but that lady ordered me to say

that," the worker stammered pointing his finger at Holley. He was very well aware who the man was. He

was even intelligent enough to understand that his future in the company was in this man's hand to a

large extent.

So how could he not tell him the truth? Besides, he didn't want to miss the chance to do something

outstanding for the company he worked for.

As soon as the worker spoke, there was a sudden hustle bustle in the room all over again. The crowd

that had gathered around them gaped at Holley, Sheryl, and the worker. Now they started casting angry

looks at Holley.

They couldn't believe that it was Holley who set all this and was pretending to be innocent. They were

now feeling sorry for Sheryl who also got hurt so badly. They felt embarrassed for having hurled such

abuses on her. The worker glanced at the people around and continued, "I'm telling you the truth, Mr.

Lu. The woman came to me secretly and gave me some money. She asked me to say that the

surveillance videos were a trade secret, so no one but my boss could check them. I can show you the

video on how she bribed me." He kept repeating himself. Charles got pissed off when he heard that

and he interrupted the worker, "Enough! Show me the videos now! All of them." The worker nodded

and said, "Yes, Mr. Lu. Just one second." He stopped talking and got down to his work at once.

The surveillance videos were shown to all the people soon. It was very clear that Rachel and Holley set

all that. The entire conversation between them and how Holley tripped Sheryl, even her evil smile was

clear in front of everyone.

Moreover, how Holley walked to the cashier to bribe the worker before Sheryl went to ask for the video

was clearly recorded.

"Oh, my goodness, look what we have done! We wronged the two girls! Now we know who the real

liars are. How foolish of us! How could we believe in those liars?" The people around began to realize

that they had made a mistake. And now the abuses and curses turned towards Holley and Rachel.

"How could you do that? How could you blame the others for what they didn't do?"

another lady said pointing at Holley and Rachel.

"We wronged you two. We're sorry for what we said to you just now!" It seemed that they had forgotten

how they abused and cursed Sheryl and Isla just a while ago. And now they began to blame Holley the same way.

Holley and Rachel tried to use the mob power to harass Sheryl and Isla. And now the entire situation turned against them. Both of them stood there looking like thieves.

"Holley, is there anything else you want to say?" Isla walked to Holley, stared at her and asked in a low and stern voice.

Chapter 1205 Your Woman

Holley froze like a statue. She hadn't expected Charles to show up at this point. It also hadn't occurred to her that she had wasted a large sum of money for nothing. What was worse, her behavior had put her into an even more embarrassing situation.

"What are you looking at? Go mind your own business," Holley shouted at the onlookers with an

exasperated expression. She couldn't stand other's chiding and reproachful glances especially with Sheryl and Charles around.

"What a mean woman! She took advantage of our sympathy to bully innocent people!"

"She's such a shameless woman. How could she continue to stay here? Isn't she ashamed of herself?"

"

"Go away!" Holley bellowed as she glared at the crowd with a threatening look. She was done with the harsh remarks. Most importantly, she didn't want Charles to see her in such an awkward position.

"Don't mess with her. She's such a bad person. What if she takes revenge on us?"

"You're right. It's pointless to continue to stay here. We should go grab something to eat. There's no need to waste our time here. Let's get going."

As the onlookers started to walk away, a woman in her late forties made her way over to Sheryl and stopped in front of her. "Young lady, you better be careful. It's difficult to handle those who will stab you in the back," she reminded earnestly.

Sheryl smiled at her and nodded. She knew the woman's comments were coming from a good place.

But she couldn't forget that this same woman had scolded her in the front when she had been misunderstood.

'Why are there so many self-righteous people in this world? They think they know everything and they only believe their own judgement. What a world!'

As Sheryl was absorbed in her thoughts, Rachel and Holley were about to run away. She planned to stop them and teach them a hard lesson, but she let them leave after seeing how miserable they looked.

When she thought about those pictures of Charles and Rachel, she found Rachel so disgusting that she was unwilling to stay another minute in the same room with her.

Soon the entire crowd dispersed, leaving Sheryl, Isla and Charles standing in front of the counter. "Why are you here?" he asked with a frown.

"Mr. Lu, do you have a problem with us being here? Do you think we're not qualified to eat here?" Sheryl asked in a derisive tone. She was grateful to Charles for his coming to rescue. However, she was still angry with him.

As a result, her gratitude toward him was defeated by anger and hatred.

"Now that you're here, let's have a seat!" Charles invited in a cold tone. He had trouble standing

Sheryl's hostile attitude. 'I helped her out but she still treats me in such an unfriendly way. She hasn't

even explained what was going on with her and that young man at the hospital. But she always

presents herself as the victim,' he pondered, miffed inside.

He had no idea what he had done to Sheryl to deserve her indifference and anger. He loved her so

much and did everything to suck up to her, but she remained unmoved.

'Is it fair that I'm always the only one trying in our relationship?

If we go on like this, will I be able to keep her by my side?

Can we live happily together for the rest of our lives?' he wondered.

In fact, he was happy to accept Sheryl for who she was. He wanted to spend the rest of his life with her

and resolved to cherish her, dote on her and love her for the rest of his life.

However, this was all based on the Sheryl's promise to be his wife and to be loyal to him forever.

As far as he was concerned, Sheryl didn't love him wholeheartedly. Charles was having a hard time

believing she would stay by his side for the rest of her life.

"Sher, what's going on with you two? You're both acting kind of strange," Isla asked her confidant,

sensing the intensity in the air. She thought Sheryl and Charles had made peace. But in fact, the

couple's relationship had been getting progressively worse for some time now.

Ignoring her question, Sheryl turned around and said to Isla, "I don't feel like eating here. How about

we go somewhere else?"

"Sheryl, don't you think we should sit down and have a talk?" Charles asked with a sullen look as he

grabbed Sheryl's arm quickly.

"What is there to talk about? I have nothing to say to you," Sheryl snorted without turning to look at

Charles. She didn't dare meet his gaze. As upset with him as she was, Sheryl knew that she might fall

for his enchanting eyes.

Closing his eyes in frustration, Charles decided he needed to figure out what was going on between his

wife and that young man at the hospital. Otherwise, he might lose his mind. "You have nothing to tell

me? There's nothing you think you should explain to me?" Charles continued, disappointed by Sheryl's

reaction.

"Oh, wow, that's funny. What do you expect me to explain?" Sheryl responded with a desperate laugh.

She didn't understand what Charles meant. 'I did nothing wrong. Why does he think that I owe him an explanation?' she thought indignantly.

"Are you sure? Then tell me, who is that young man you visited at the hospital?" Charles queried hysterically as his face turned dark with fury.

"Young man? Charles, you followed me? You're not in a position to grill me like this. Did you forget what you did?" Sheryl spat furiously, as she turned around and glared at Charles.

'I wan't going to bring up the affair, but now he's accusing me of cheating.  
This is so ridiculous,' she thought, seething with anger.

"I didn't follow you. Besides, even if I did, what's the problem with that? You're my woman," Charles replied in a bossy manner.

"Your woman? You still think of me as your woman?" Sheryl grilled, tears rolling down her cheeks.  
"What do you mean by that? You'll always be my woman," Charles responded with a confused look.

"If that was really true, then why would you sneak around with Rachel behind my back? Why?" Sheryl finally blurted out the insecurities she had kept buried for days.

The moment the words were out, she instantly felt relieved.

The burden of the affair had been suffocating and it had finally been lifted. All she wanted was for

Charles to admit to his mistake.

Chapter 1206 Leila Is Released From Prison

"What are you talking about? When did I fool around with Rachel?" Charles asked, fixing his eyes on

Sheryl. Sheryl had finally opened up on the matter which was troubling her for so many days. But what

she said left Charles completely speechless. 'How could Sheryl suspect me to have an affair with

Rachel? What made her to even believe that?' Questions flooded him. He felt like it was completely out

of the blue. He waited for Sheryl to speak more about it.

"If you didn't see Rachel, how can you explain those photos? And why would you stay with her alone

that night at Lavender Bar?" Sheryl blurted out. Finally, as Sheryl spoke her heart out, her emotions

came overwhelmingly. Her eyes were red and she seethed with a distressed face.

"What photos?" Charles asked, looking bewildered. "As for that night at Lavender Bar, it was a

misunderstanding."

"Why are you even asking me? Now that you cheated on me, you should have known that your secrets

would be exposed one day. I saw you and Rachel flirt with each other in the photographs. So stop

playing as if you don't know anything," Sheryl snapped back with a sneer.

"Calm down, Sher. It looks like Mr. Lu isn't lying. Besides, what pictures are you talking about? Why

didn't you tell me?" Isla chipped in. "Where did you get those photos? Did Rachel give them to you? If

you got those pictures from Rachel, you should have investigated them first. Perhaps it was a trap. You

can't believe her words," Isla mediated. Sheryl became quiet after hearing Isla. Now she felt that

perhaps she had been in a hurry to judge Charles.

"Yes, Sher, Isla has a point. Where did you get those photographs? Are you sure that they are not

processed?" Charles asked after regaining his composure. Charles was completely flabbergasted by

the entire thing. All these days, Sheryl kept it all within herself without even bothering to tell him the

reason behind her coldness towards him. Now that Isla put things into the right perspective, he

suspected that Sheryl might have been fooled by Rachel.

After introspecting the entire situation, Sheryl began to speculate that the photographs might have

been morphed. She opened her phone quickly and showed the pictures to Charles. To give the couple

some time to clear the air, Isla bid farewell to them and left the restaurant.

Very soon the misunderstanding was cleared. Sheryl was regretful of the fact that she did not speak

about this openly with Charles, while, he was relieved to have won back his wife's faith on himself.

They sat and chatted at the Japanese restaurant until it was closing time. It had been quite an ordeal

for both of them. Now, after having all her doubts cleared, Sheryl was back to being the candid and

loving wife she had always been. Charles was happy to see her smile again. Having been through this,

they realized how lucky they were to be with each other. It would be a pity if they had split up due to

some nasty trick played by someone.

It was not just Charles. Even Sheryl owed some explanation to her husband regarding her relationship

with Nick. Charles told Sheryl everything that was going on between him and Rachel. He agreed that it

had been wrong on his part to have neglected her in the past few days. He apologized to Sheryl for

that. The couple finally cleared the air. They promised to share everything with each other and spend

quality time without any misunderstandings or suspicions.

"Sher, I will not do anything that will make you misunderstand me. Promise me that you will come to me

first if you have any doubt in your mind about any such similar matters, will you?" Charles said as he

looked at his wife in the eye with affection.

"I will," Sheryl replied tenderly. They walked out of the restaurant and headed towards the car. In the last few days with Melissa at home and the Rachel-Holley duo posing new challenges for them at every step had put their love and mutual understanding to a tough test. However, at last, it was Charles and Sheryl who had the last laugh. Though the ordeal was not over yet, as long as they were together and had faith in each other, they could tide over all the hurdles. That was what Sheryl and Charles felt inside their hearts. They felt stronger as they walked hand in hand. Charles squeezed Sheryl's hands. Sheryl looked up at him. Their eyes met and they smiled at each other.

Today was a big day for Melissa and Leila. The latter was going to be released from the prison. Melissa was excited to meet her cellmate. In the afternoon, Melissa took a taxi to prison. The sun was at its peak and the open area outside the prison gates was scorching hot. Melissa stationed herself close to the prison gate. She felt the strong rays of the sun hurting her eyes. That reminded her of the hard times she had to face during her tenure inside the jail. Suddenly her breathing became heavy as those moments of loneliness and hatred got rekindled in her mind. Then she heaved a sigh and breathed out the heaviness out of her chest as she reminded herself that all those things were in the past. Now she

was under the care and love of her rich and competent son who took good care of her and gave her a comfortable life. Although he had refused to follow her advice to divorce his wife, she didn't get angry at him since he was her closest kin in the world. Besides, her son had been very nice to her. He even had agreed to help her get Leila out and he lived up to his words. When she thought of this, a triumphant smile lurked at the corners of her lips.

As the gate of the prison opened slowly, Leila came into her view. She looked frail and tanned. As soon as she caught the sight of Melissa, she gave her a smile. Melissa was overwhelmed with joy as she caught sight of her friend that she had known in jail. Dashing forward, she took hold of Leila's hands. With excitement in her eyes, she said in a motherly tone, "My poor child, you have suffered so much. Now you are free. Just put all the miserable memories in jail behind and start a new life. I have gone to great lengths to get you out because I wanted to return the kindness you extended towards me when we were cellmates. As long as I am alive, I will help you live a good life."

Upon hearing this, Leila couldn't help but jump into the old lady's arms. She held her tightly and broke into an uncontrollable sob. Melissa comforted her tenderly. With tears flowing down her cheeks, Leila said in an almost choked voice, "Thank you, Melissa, you're the best. You know what? Since you left

the jail, I was afraid that I might not be able to see you again. I was so sad that I couldn't find anyone to

talk to. But now you're here. I am so glad." Melissa patted her shoulder gently to comfort the girl.

All of a sudden, something occurred to Leila. She let Melissa go and roved her eyes over her from

head to toe. Then she asked curiously, "Oh, how did you get me out, Melissa? I thought that you..."

"Here is the thing. Charles Lu is my son. I and he had some misunderstanding and he didn't like me.

But now we get along very well. After all, blood is thicker than water. We cleared the air and are happy

with each other. I asked him to get you out. You are a good girl and you deserve better than the dark

cells," Melissa replied with sobs.

As Leila heard Melissa speak, her face changed. She didn't know how to react. "Really? I...I didn't

expect that Charles is your son. What a coincidence! I can't believe that. No wonder I thought that I had

met you somewhere the first time I saw you," Leila responded, and the surprise in her voice was

evident. Leila's eyes glittered with hope. As surprised as she was, she also felt lucky to have gotten on

well with Melissa and left a good impression on her. Here was another trump card in her hand. 'As long

as I am nice to her and try to make her happy, I will be able to go near Charles again, ' she snickered.

Suddenly, all her tears disappeared and her face glowed with a new ray of hope. She looked forward to better and happier days.

Melissa called for a cab. Considering that Leila might have nowhere to go, she decided to take her home first so that she could take some rest.

As the cab dropped them outside Dream Garden, Leila looked at the Lu family's residence with renewed hope. Melissa led her into the living room with utmost hospitality. When they entered the house, they ran into Sheryl. Melissa was surprised that she was still at home during the working hours.

She wondered whether she should use it as an excuse to make fun of Sheryl. But before she could open her mouth, Sheryl questioned harshly, "Mom, why did you bring this woman home? Do you know that she stole my son..." Melissa interrupted her furiously, "Where are your manners, Sheryl? Leila is a good friend of mine. I know that there is some misunderstanding between you two. But she is my guest. I hope that you give her some respect and be courteous with her. You're not the head of this family."

With a slight smile, Leila cut in, "Sheryl, I know I did something that made you misunderstand me. But I really want to make peace with you because I don't want to put Melissa and Charles in an awkward

position. Can you forgive me? I hope that we can get along with each other."

Sheryl was completely dumbfounded. Firstly, getting to see Leila was the last thing she had expected.

And secondly, Melissa and Leila hurled their own arguments on her and denied her a chance to voice

her opinion. All of a sudden, Sheryl felt like an outsider in her own house. 'Am I in my dream? Did I

enter the wrong house?' she wondered.

"Leila could get out of the jail because of Charles. It was me who told him that I didn't want to see her

suffer in jail once, and he helped her out. So you should be friendly to Leila if you don't want to make

him unhappy," Melissa added.

Each and every word uttered by Melissa pierced into Sheryl's heart like sharp knives. Today she has

realized the true meaning of the popular proverb—words were sharper than weapons. She wanted to

ask Charles whether he had thought of her feelings before agreeing to help Leila out of the jail. She

wanted to ask him if at all he loved her honestly. However, given the soft nature of Sheryl and since she

had gotten too far in this relationship, she was also scared to figure out the answers to her questions.

Chapter 1207 Endurance

Sheryl summoned all her remaining strength and stared at Leila. "No matter what you say, I will never

forgive you. I don't want to see you in this house ever again. Please leave as soon as possible," she demanded. Without waiting for their reaction, she strode towards the door, opened it and stepped out.

The moment she slammed the door behind her, she was suddenly hit by a wave of exhaustion. She struggled to move her legs as they felt like they had been replaced by heavy sandbags. Wearily, she dragged her body into her car and drove off.

Melissa's face had grown so dark that it was almost terrifying to look at. She glowered at the door, her hands shaking by her side. She managed to cool herself down after a minute or so and she went towards Leila to gently pat her back. She told her comfortingly, "Leila, just ignore her. She has no right to say those things. Make yourself at home. She's not the queen of the house."

"Thank you Melissa. I know you have my back, but I can't bear to see you and Sheryl fighting because of me," Leila responded charmingly.

"To be frank, I truly dislike Sheryl. Charles deserves much better than her. But she's very manipulative and charming, so Charles has become a whipped husband and listens to her every word. Leila, I need your help. I want you to work with me to kick her out of the house. She is not fit at all to be the mistress of this house. You are so different from her! You're kind and pretty, just the type of girl I want for my

Charles. I've always liked you, Leila. I want you to be my daughter-in-law someday. So, what do you

say? Will you help me?" Overcome with emotion, Melissa blurted out her true feelings.

Leila was thrilled by Melissa's words. But she chose to lower her head and play coy. She told Melissa

shyly, "To be honest, I've had feelings for Charles for quite a long time. But I never tried to pursue him

because of Sheryl. Coming here today and seeing you get bullied by her makes me so angry. So I'll

accept your offer, Melissa. I'll help you get her out of the house and also fight for my own happiness at

the same!"

After dinner, Leila accompanied Melissa to do some shopping. The two walked together hand-in-hand

and looked very close. Anybody passing by on the street might even mistake them as mother and

daughter. Strolling along the commercial street, Leila drank in the sight of the bright lights and huge

crowds. She was suddenly hit by a huge wave of nostalgia. How she had missed the hustle and bustle

of large cities! The two entered a clothing shop and Melissa's eyes were immediately drawn to a

beautiful dress. Unfortunately the bright color and modern design gave her second thoughts as she

feared she would be too old to pull it off. Leila noticed Melissa staring longingly at the dress and

immediately knew that she loved it. She told Melissa in her most charming voice, "That dress looks so lovely! Why don't you give it a try, Melissa? You have fair skin and a good body. I'm sure it will look amazing on you."

Melissa's heart melted at these words and she couldn't help grin. Beaming happily, she answered, "Oh don't be silly. I'm too old for this fashion. How could I wear this dress designed for you young people?"

"Melissa, you don't look old at all! You still look like you're in your 30s! Just give it a try. You never know until you put it on. I was planning to buy you a gift and seeing how much you love this dress, I know exactly what to get for you. Go on, and try the dress. It's my treat," Leila said, still trying to suck up to Melissa. Saying this, Leila took the dress off the rack, thrust it into Melissa's hands and pushed her to the nearest fitting room.

As Melissa was trying on the dress, Leila started daydreaming and plotting how to make Sheryl leave. It had only been a few hours but she really enjoyed spending time with Melissa. Now all she had to do was get rid of Sheryl. 'Sheryl is obviously in love with Charles. But does Charles feel the same way about her? First things first, I need to find out how much Charles cares about Sheryl. Does he really love her? If he doesn't, it should be easy enough to split them up. But if he does, then I need to work

out a long-term plan, ' she brooded.

The fitting room door opened and she looked up, quickly withdrawing her pensive look. She surveyed

Melissa from top to bottom and put on an admiring expression, saying, "Wow, Melissa! You look so

gorgeous. I didn't expect the dress to look so good on you. It's like it was tailored specially for you!"

"Oh Leila, you're such a sweet talker. I know I look like an old lady trying to relive her youth, no need to

flatter me so." Melissa blushed but couldn't hide the pleasure in her voice when she spoke. She looked

at herself in the mirror and twirled happily, feeling 20 years younger.

Sheryl was emotionally exhausted. She had been through so much over the past few weeks. First,

Holley and Rachel had conspired to make her doubt Charles and cause a misunderstanding between

them. Afterwards it had been Charles' turn to distrust her, thinking she was having an affair with Nick.

She was so grateful that Charles wasn't the type to leave things unsettled. If he hadn't pushed her so

hard, she could have lost him! Thankfully, Charles was a persistent man until finally, she blurted out her

suspicions. She couldn't bear the thought of losing him over such a silly misunderstanding.

She was so glad that her Prince Charming hadn't given up hope. This time, she wasn't going to make

the same mistake. Before the situation got any worse, she wanted to fill him in on what was going on,

and what was on her mind. She wasn't going to wait any longer.

The sooner they talked, the sooner they could share their thoughts. Charles would know why she was

behaving in such a way and she would also find out why he had gotten Leila out. They had been

through so much and Sheryl was sure that she knew him well enough to know the reason, but she still

wanted confirmation.

She really hoped that she was right—Charles had helped Leila get out of jail for Melissa's sake, not

because of Leila herself.

When his phone rang, Charles was still buried in office work. But he picked up the phone immediately

when he saw Sheryl's name appear on the screen. He asked dotingly, "What's up, Sher?"

Ever since they had cleared the air, he had been more gentle and caring towards her.

"Are you still at the office, Charles? I need to talk to you about something. Can I come over to Shining

Company in a while?" Sheryl went straight to the point. She thought it would be best to tell him in

person, not over the phone.

"What happened? It sounds urgent. Since you're planning to come over, should I get David to pick you

up?" Charles inquired, curious and slightly alarmed at the same time. He couldn't think of a single

reason why Sheryl would need to come over to the office to see him immediately. Despite the slight

worry, he couldn't help feeling excited that his wife was planning to drop by.

"No, it's okay. I'm already on the way. Just wait for me there and don't go anywhere. I'll be there in a

short while," Sheryl answered curtly. She was calling him to make sure that he was in the office, not

because she wanted to be a spoilt wife and demand for someone to come and fetch her.

"Okay then. Drive carefully, alright?" Charles responded in a similar tone. He knew his wife well. From

the tone of her voice, he could tell that she wanted to talk to him about something serious, and not just

visiting for fun. That was why he adjusted his response accordingly, knowing that she wasn't in the

mood for pampering.

"Don't worry. I'll see you soon." Sheryl couldn't help smiling slightly as she hung up the phone. Charles'

caring side was one of the reasons why she loved him so much.

As Sheryl was on her way to Shining Company, Holley and Rachel were rushing to get to Silver

Corporation.

"Holley, I swear I'm not trusting you ever again! Ever since I returned from abroad, you've managed to

mess up every single plan. I don't want to work with you anymore!" Rachel grumbled. She still couldn't

get over what had happened the day before.

They had felt more like running away in disgrace when they left the Japanese restaurant. Not only did

they have to put on a thick face and ignore the other customers' scornful looks, but also they had to

face Charles' contempt.

It was a huge blow to Rachel. She couldn't remember the last time she had felt so embarrassed. It felt

like an impressive insult.

"Ms. Bai, this time it was really unanticipated. You were there too, and you know we almost succeeded.

If Mr. Lu hadn't turned up, things would have been much different. I really had no idea he would appear

at the restaurant," Holley tried to defend herself. But she knew that whatever she said wasn't going to

make any difference. If everything went on smoothly, she would get rewards from Rachel.

The second things started getting out of hand, it was suddenly her fault. It didn't matter whether it was

something she could control or not.

She was hurt and frustrated but was willing to endure Rachel's abuse simply because she was dying to

see Sheryl go down.

"Don't give me excuses! Ever since you turned up, it's been nothing but accidents. How can there be

so many accidents? Why is Sheryl so lucky? Why do things always go her way? It's not fair!" Rachel

screamed. Rachel had come up with a lot of bullshit in the past, but in her eyes, this explanation was

the worst yet. It made her blood boil to hear the pathetic words coming from Holley's mouth. They were

all just excuses to cover her own incompetence.

#### Chapter 1208 Learning The Lesson

No matter what Holley said at that moment, Rachel would only take it as some excuse—it would have

only made her despise Holley even more than she already did.

"Excuse me. We have an appointment with Lance."

In spite of the anger she felt, Rachel put on a smile the moment they arrived at the Silver Corporation.

"You must be Ms. Bai. Please proceed to the meeting room. Mr. Zhan will be there any minute now,"

the young receptionist told her. It was a surprise that she still had to wait because she had already

given him a call before they arrived.

"The meeting room? Where is he? How long do we have to wait?"

Normally, for every appointment she requested with Lance, he would be the one waiting—he would even cancel his meetings to accommodate her.

Now, he would go so far as to send her to some meeting room as if she was any other associate.

The thought left a bitter taste in Rachel's mouth. What made him change so fast?

Was it because of what happened the night before? Charles ended up blaming her and Holley for Sheryl's suffering and in return, made Lance distance himself from her.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Bai. I'm not sure how soon Mr. Zhan will be available. Please wait patiently."

Though the receptionist replied carefully, her tone obviously turned impatient in contrast to how she had originally received Rachel and Holley.

The two had been bending their backs trying to get all the cooperation opportunities in Y City, yet somehow, Charles managed to destroy almost all of them. To make sure their efforts didn't go to waste, Rachel couldn't do anything but endure what she had to, even the receptionist's rude attitude.

In this situation, she was even afraid that Lance would refuse to work with her—prior to heading there, he had refused to answer her call until she used another phone to dial him up. Although he did agree to the meeting, it was with obvious reluctance.

At the moment, Rachel was submitting to quite the humiliation.

Perhaps begging for Charles' forgiveness would be a quick fix for the situation, she thought, but it

wasn't the right time to do so yet. The man clearly despised her. It would take a long time before she

could get him to consider trusting her again.

Without any time to lose, her first priority was to make sure that Tarsan Corporation survived in Y City.

If in the trial operation phase, all Tarsan Corporation's cooperative partners ditched the corporation,

Rachel was well aware of the great loss it would cost the company. And as vigorous as the business

competition was in Y City, it would be extremely difficult for Tarsan Corporation to occupy a place in the

business world again.

Although the corporation could bare some short-term losses, if these losses continued, all the

shareholders would want Rachel out of her position to run Tarsan Corporation. After all, she was the

one who, in spite of the opposition she faced, insisted on moving the corporation to Y City.

If Tarsan Corporation didn't survive, all the blame would be on her and she would lose absolutely any

say in the corporation's development. By then, she would be in a real hell. This was her last chance to

save the rest of the cooperation opportunities for Tarsan Corporation.

"Watch your attitude, young lady! Just give Lance a call."

Seeing that Rachel was offended, Holley snapped at the receptionist.

The girl wouldn't even take them seriously. Even though Holley knew it was silly to cause a little scene,

she knew she had to do something to show Rachel that she was trying to get some results.

Also, she thought that intimidating the receptionist might work.

However, all the girl did was roll her eyes at Holley and ditch any effort to be polite. "Miss Ye, I'm just

the receptionist. Mr. Zhan wouldn't answer me if I called. How about you call him again? Since you're

such a big shot, he would certainly take you seriously."

'Good...that's enough, ' Holley thought, knowing that she didn't go along just to fight with the desk girl—

she just wanted Rachel to see that she would help her get what she wanted while suffering just as

much as she did.

With that, Holley ignored the receptionist and turned to face her boss. "Rachel, we shouldn't waste time

here. Let's look into what's going on."

Holley, of course, got what she wanted. Seeing that Holley defending her, Rachel felt much better.

Besides, it didn't seem like they had any choice but to go wait in the meeting room.

With a nod at Holley, Rachel gave the receptionist a hostile glare before walking away.

Meanwhile, Sheryl arrived at Charles' office.

"What's wrong, Sher? What's bothering you?"

Although Charles was clearly in the middle of something when Sheryl stepped into the office, the

moment she did, he put aside all his work and took a seat beside her.

"Charles, I need to talk to you. I hope this won't make you uncomfortable."

"Sher, where did that come from? You're my wife. If you want to talk, then of course, let's talk. We need

to be honest with each other. It won't bother me. Remember how Rachel put misunderstandings

between us to cause trouble to our marriage before? If we had talked things through in the first place,

we probably could have avoided most of the pain. I don't want to go through that with you anymore," he

said, looking at her with soft eyes. Even then, when he thought about the horrible things Rachel had

put them through, he felt disgusted. As payback, he already destroyed all the business cooperation

Tarsan Corporation owned in Y City—he even made those who had already signed contracts with

Rachel refuse to work with her.

In such a situation, Charles knew it would surely take Rachel a long time to deal with those problems.

The best scenario would be Rachel failing to follow through with her plans and disappearing from Y

City for good.

"Speaking of that, you were the one who was mistaken, thinking that something was happening

between Nick and me. You hadn't even talked to me for days. I almost thought for sure that you were

going to leave me and go back to Rachel. I even thought of raising Shirley and Clark alone. You have

no idea how scared I was," she complained. Whenever she remembered those days when she and

Charles were so distant from each other, it made Sheryl terribly upset—it was too miserable a time, as

if her whole world was crashing down.

Immediately, Charles tried to soothe her, "Sher, honey, I would never leave you. It would kill me if I ever

lost you. That's why I went straight to you to ask about Nick. I'm so glad that I did. Otherwise, I

would've never known about your concerns and our misunderstandings. If you kept suppressing all

those negative feelings inside, our relationship would just get worse and worse. I really don't want that

to happen."

"Well, I have also learned my lesson. This time, I came to find you," Sheryl smiled tenderly. 'So gentle

and understanding...How wonderful the man before me is...' Such thoughts ran through Sheryl's mind.

Suddenly, she got a feeling that she owned the most beautiful thing in the whole world. As long as she

was with him, nothing else mattered.

It no longer mattered, all those hard times Melissa had given her—she would never again believe it

when Melissa tried to convince her that Charles didn't love her. From then on, she promised to use her

own heart to feel Charles' love and affection for her.

Chapter 1209 I've Missed You

"Mom said that you got Leila out of jail." Sheryl went straight to the point. Staring at Charles, she tried

to see through his true feelings about the matter.

"Really? I didn't expect her to be released so early.

But how did you know?" Surprise and confusion flooded Charles. It was his doing; since Melissa

repeatedly asked him to get Leila out of prison, he had no reason to refuse her requests. Besides, he

initially put Leila in jail because he wanted to teach her a lesson. Since she was in there for so long,

Charles believed that she should have realized her own mistakes and turned into a better person.

Otherwise, he couldn't think of any reason for Leila to be so nice to a strange old lady in prison.

Since Leila wasn't completely irredeemable and his mother adored her, Charles didn't think it a bad

idea to help her get out—he even thought that it would be a good decision if she could keep his mother

good company and make her happy.

"So your mom wasn't lying. Explain it to me, Charles!" responded Sheryl, disappointment and

frustration flashing through her eyes. As she recalled Melissa's and Leila's statements, Sheryl felt

rattled inside—she was sure to keep her gaze completely focused on Charles. She didn't dare blink,

making sure she missed none of his facial expressions as the topic of Leila was brought up.

"Sher, I don't know what Mom said to you...But I hope you can believe me. Here's the thing, Mom

ended up being Leila's cellmate in jail so they became good friends. When Mom left prison, she kept

telling me that she had a close friend who was still behind bars and she just asked me to help her out,"

he narrated. After a pause to gage Sheryl's reaction, he continued, "I guess you can sense that Mom is

still rather unhappy with you these days. I thought maybe Leila would provide for a good distraction. If

she has a friend to keep her company, she won't be so lonely anymore and will probably stop bothering

you. What do you think?"

It wasn't news to Charles how deeply his wife hated Leila, so he knew that she was extremely upset

about him helping the woman get out of jail. To avoid causing any more misunderstanding between

them, he carefully explained his side.

"What you said is reasonable. But have you ever thought about this? Once your mom gets on well with

Leila, I'll have two women working together against me instead of just one," reminded Sheryl. Indeed,

she wasn't worrying over nothing. While she was at home, Melissa had already chosen to take Leila's

side.

Sheryl could already tell that Melissa and Leila were practically like family and she was left as an

outsider—Charles belonged to Leila and Leila was the real hostess of Dream Garden.

"Don't worry about that. I will not allow that to happen. Leila won't be allowed to stay at our house. If

necessary, I'll confront Mom about it as well. So please rest assured. I promise, I won't let you get hurt

because of Leila," Charles assured his wife, understanding her misgivings. As her husband, he would

never want to let her concerns become reality.

"You know what? Mom brought Leila home and the woman was still too perky. I don't think spending

time behind bars really taught her anything." Sheryl's tone was flat.

"Mom brought Leila home today? Leave it to me. I will take care of this. Perhaps it's Leila's first day out

so Mom is still catching up with her. I will do my best to stop Leila from coming to the house. I'll do

anything I can. What do you say?" Charles said with guilt and sincerity evident in his voice. When he

thought of Leila, his expression turned stern. Staring at Sheryl, he said with his eyes sparkling with

anger, "And tell me, what did Leila say to you? You're my woman. I will not allow her to bully you."

"What do you think she said? She just made the same old insulting remarks. She still hates me," Sheryl

casually replied. Still, Charles' commitment to her almost melted her heart. In an earnest tone, she

added, "I know you care about me and you mean what you said. But things change every day. We can't

foresee what will happen in the near or far future. I have faith in you and our love, but something could

get in our way to happiness."

What she said summed up her concerns but she was unsure whether or not Charles could truly

understand how she felt. Regardless of that, he was her husband and the one she trusted most.

"I know...There is uncertainty in the future, and many people seem to want to get in our way. But I will

not let anyone ruin our family. You have my word on that," he swore as he leaned forward and held her hand tightly.

The two were so close that they could feel each other's breathing. Charles watched the endearing woman with intent until his eyes fell right on her red, plump lips. Their lusciousness aroused a strong desire in his heart.

Numerous misunderstandings prevented the couple from enjoying their sex life for days. Even though they were tougher than most and could pretend it wasn't a big deal, they couldn't totally get rid of their nature—the desire for sex.

Regardless of gender or status, people needed to satisfy their urges.

"Sher...I've missed you. I've missed you a lot..." he confessed in his sexy, bewitching voice as he stared at her obsessively. Gently stretching his arms around her slender waist, he lowered his head and sealed their mouths with a kiss.

Sheryl kissed him back fervently with a similar desire to share in their intimacy once again. It had been such a long time since she could be passionate with her beloved man—she didn't care if they were in his office where someone could walk in at any second.

All she wanted in that moment was him.

'We're married and we're not doing anything wrong. It's not a big deal if someone barges in and sees

us. I don't even care if they hear us and gossip about us. I want everyone to know that Charles is my

husband.

He belongs to me. No one can take him away from me." Such possessive thoughts ran through her

head.

The two indulged in a wild kiss as they both felt their bodies burning up as if they both had a fever.

Their passion filled the entire office.

Yearning for more, Charles swiftly lifted Sheryl up and strode to the couch before gently laying her back

down on it. As if it was their second nature, the two began unbuttoning each other's clothes. Soon, their

quick and heavy breaths resounded in the room. Just as Charles was about to make love to her, he

came back to his senses.

"Sher...let's go home or to the hotel nearby. We can't do this here..." he proposed, almost in defeat.

It was his priority to find a comfortable bed so that he could enjoy the night with his wife.

Chapter 1210 Fear Death

"I agree with you," Sheryl agreed with a sweet smile. Her cheeks blushed, Sheryl whispered in Charles' ear, "Perhaps we can have fun in your car. Is this your plan? I remember that you don't like driving SUV. But today you..."

Charles gave her a naughty look and smiled. "That sounds great. Why didn't it occur to me? Oh, yeah, we can have sex in my car! I'm going to try something new. I'd like to see if it's more exciting," Charles responded with a wide grin, as he lifted himself from Sheryl reluctantly. He fixed himself up quickly and then buttoned Sheryl's shirts. Holding her hand, he proffered eagerly, "Let's go, Sher."

But it seemed Sheryl had some other plan. She leaned back on the couch and pulled Charles closer. "I'm so tired, honey. I don't want to walk," Sheryl said coquettishly.

Pouting her lips, she put her arms around his neck intimately and stared into his eyes. She wanted to see his reaction.

"Oh, is that so?" He drew a playful smile. Then he replied in an equally indulgent manner, "What about I carry you to the car?"

Sheryl looked at him from the corner of her eyes and said, "What will your employees say if you carry me in front of them?"

Charles gave an impish smile and replied, "Who cares? I will carry you in my arms in front of everyone.

You are my wife. You are the woman I love the most. Besides, you're the most beautiful woman in the world. I will make you the happiest woman that others will be jealous of."

As he spoke, he lifted her in his arms and carried her to the door. Pushing the door open, he strode towards the entrance ignoring his employees.

And true to his words, the entire office staff stared at their boss with their mouths agape and their eyes almost popping out.

'Is this really the serious and aloof Mr. Lu? Why did he always turn into a sweet gentleman in front of his wife?

He is an aggressive business leader who keeps his employees on their toes always. But when he is with his wife, he seems to be an indulgent husband,' they thought with admiration.

The young girls in the company started whining. "Oh my God, Mrs. Lu is so lucky. I wish that I could be carried out of the company by a rich and handsome man like this. When will I meet such a guy?" said one.

"If a man treats me so well, I will marry him immediately even if he has no money and status. But why

couldn't I encounter such a man? Why? It's not fair!" remarked another one.

The female newcomers in Shining Company who were single all had their hands on their chest and a

prayer for themselves on their lips as they saw the way their president treated his wife. Talking about

couple goals, Charles and Sheryl had created a new benchmark.

Soon, Charles and Sheryl took the elevator to the underground parking lot. Charles rubbed his nose on

Sheryl's cheeks. Sheryl blushed red as she burst into laughter in Charles' arms.

"Why are you laughing?" Charles asked frowning and smiling at the same time.

"Haven't you seen the envious looks on your employees' faces? I was wondering perhaps I shouldn't

have let you carry me this way in front of them. After all, they are young and they don't have boyfriends

yet," Sheryl explained.

"It's okay. That's what I want!" Charles said with a triumphant look. With Sheryl still in his arms, he

walked up to his car. He slowly opened the door and let her in.

It was a silent, dark night. The entire office was empty except for just one room where the lights were

on.

The clock struck 2:00 a.m. Just like the second hand on the clock that ticked off tirelessly, Nick was working relentlessly in his office. He had been working at a stretch since 3:00 p.m. the day before. In all this while, he did not get up from his desk for a single moment—neither for dinner nor for using the restroom. Once in a while he would just gulp some water down his throat and go back to work. At the moment, his top priority was to catch up with the time he had lost during his stay in the hospital. The sudden and absolutely unexpected cardiac operation that he had to go through consumed a lot of valuable time. Lying in the hospital bed for so many days and that too, at this point of his career had stopped him from working towards his goal with the same aggression. Hence, he did not want to waste any more time. He had to complete his research project as soon as he could or else it could hurl death bolt on his career.

He had been working on this project when he had to be admitted to the hospital. And now, he was just inches away from the completion of the project. Once he finished the remaining part, he could assess the feasibility of the scheme. Even though his physical conditions after the surgery were such that he needed to be in the bed, his mind could not be at ease till he could complete his project. He put his

health on the back seat and prioritized his work. He mustered his will power and tried with all his might

to hold on so that he could see his work getting completed as soon as possible.

However strong he made his mind to forge ahead with the mission, his body was too frail to keep up

with his grit. He could feel his eyes burning from prolonged staring at the computer screen. Even his

back was sore. He stretched his back. He felt the strong sting at the corner of his eyes as he shut them

tightly for once and opened them again to focus back on the computer screen. He kept telling himself

that he could not give in to the physical constraints. He could not compromise because of his health

issues at any cost. His body had to be his ally at this hour of need. Once he finished this project, he

could take rest for a long time until his body healed completely. But not at this time. Not today.

Nick keyed in the last data into a computer. When the image appeared on the screen, his face lit up.

The light radiating from the computer screen reflected on his pallid face. His red sunken eyes sparkled

as the computer screen mirrored in them. He had nailed it at last! Yes! He had done it despite all the

financial and health hurdles.

His eyes were glued on the screen and a wide victory smile on his face. He had foreseen that the

project would be successful. He knew that his efforts wouldn't be in vain.

The data on the screen showed that his project was practical. He already had a plan to sell his work.

This project would bring him a big sum of profits and it was only a matter of time.

He transfixed his gaze on the result for a while, basking in delight. After a while, he felt sleepy. He

yawned and rubbed the part between the eyebrows.

That was how our mind and body functioned. As long as the mind was at work, the body complied with

the process. But once the mind became calm, the other senses took over. The same thing happened

with Nick. His eyes came drooping in sleep. But a sharp pain in his stomach tormented him.

He knew the reason. The long hours he put in his work depriving himself of a healthy diet had finally led

to stomach upset. Every time he had an upset stomach, he had to endure this churning pain.

In the past, he wouldn't have taken it seriously. He would pop a pill and drink plenty of water. Mostly,

that would be a quick fix for him to feel better.

But now things were different. After all, he had just had cardiac surgery. If he didn't get immediate

medical attention, he could end up in risking his life. When he had been discharged from the hospital,

the doctor had specially ordered him to get more rest, avoid excessive fatigue and go to the hospital if

he felt uncomfortable. He realized that he needed to reach the hospital at the earliest.

Without any delay, he staggered up from his seat, grabbed his car keys and headed straight for the underground parking lot.

When he finally plodded to his car, he could hardly stand straight. The throbbing pain in his stomach was literally pulling him down. He stretched out his hand to open the door, but a strong convulsion seized him and he could not even open his car.

He looked around helplessly. The strikingly empty and silent parking lot seemed to be engulfing him in its darkness. Suddenly a strong fear consumed him.

'What should I do now? The pain is killing me and it's impossible for me to drive to the hospital,' he mused.

He got into a panic. However, he didn't want to die. With trembling hands, he took out his phone and made a call to his assistant.

The latter picked up the phone promptly. Nick told him about his condition and asked him to reach the underground parking lot as soon as possible.

By the time he ended the call, he collapsed and sat on the ground with his back leaning against his car.

Cold sweat started dripping from his forehead.

A self-mocking smile lingered on his lips. It turned out that he was not as brave and strong as he had

thought he was. He was afraid to die in this way. He still had a lot of things to do. Most importantly, he

still had his dream that he had not achieved yet. He did not want to die. Not like this. Not now.

Time ticked away, and every passing moment seemed like ages for him. Slowly an engulfing chill filled

the parking lot.

He eventually lost his remaining strength. Leaning to one way, he sank to the ground and lay curled up.

He crossed his arms over his chest trying to keep warm.