

Wedded Bride 1251

Chapter 1251 Was She Poisoned

The two women went out after washing their hands. The sound of heeled shoes click-clacking on the

floor reverberated in the washroom long after they had left.

Lost in thought, Rachel followed the two out of the washroom.

She always had the impression that Lance was in good terms with his wife. After all, Miranda had been

determined to marry him even when he was still a penniless young man.

If, as the two women said, Miranda was indifferent to Lance's death, Rachel couldn't help but doubt if

the woman truly loved her husband.

She seemed to recall something relevant but ended up being confused later. Rachel didn't quite know

how to sort things out.

The day for the public trial finally came. Rachel got up early and headed off to court.

It was only a few days since she last saw Holley, but Rachel found her looking very haggard when they

met again. Holley's face was sallow, and her eyes were dull; she looked like a different person.

She felt sorry for Holley, but at the same time, she felt a little relieved she was not in her situation. She

was slightly worried that Holley would suddenly reverse her confession in court.

At the moment, it was quite hard for her to express her mixed feelings.

The formal atmosphere in the courtroom made Rachel feel involuntarily depressed.

The lawyer she hired for Holley did everything possible to defend her, but the woman was still sentenced to a fixed-term imprisonment of ten years.

As the judge was about to announce the verdict, Rachel felt extremely nervous. And when she finally heard the decision, her heart sank.

On the other hand, Holley just accepted everything very calmly. She didn't offer any explanations, nor did she complain about her fate. Perhaps, she had already accepted the outcome.

Before she was brought out of the courtroom, she gave Rachel a grave look.

In her gut, Holley believed she had completely gained Rachel's trust this time. As for the rest, Holley could do nothing for now but make gradual plans.

When she remembered the way Holley looked at her before leaving the courtroom, Rachel was more determined to get her out of jail.

If Holley hadn't taken the fall for her, she would have suffered all this herself.

Although it would take a while to prove Holley's innocence, Rachel thought she could use her social connections to help spring her out of jail. Saving Holley from being tortured in prison was the least she could do.

But at this point, who should she turn to for help? The truth was that her social ties weren't great.

After careful consideration, Rachel decided to call Dustin. He knew people from various trades and might come up with a good idea to help her.

"Hello, is this Mr. Zhang? I'm Rachel. I want to apologize for offending you the last time. I hope you can forgive me," Rachel said contritely.

"Didn't I tell you not to call me again? I recently heard you and Holley murdered Lance. How can you be so cruel?" Dustin said.

There was a sharp accusation in his tone.

After he heard the news about Lance, he didn't want to believe it. In his mind, Rachel was a simple-minded woman, so it never occurred to him that she would have the guts to do such a thing.

But he also understood that it was unwise to judge a woman based on her appearance alone. So, he had to watch out for Rachel, and stay away from her.

When she heard what Dustin said, Rachel felt very disappointed. She suddenly realized how difficult it was to ask the man for help.

"Please, believe me, Mr. Zhang. Holley and I were set up. We didn't murder Lance. Would you be open to having dinner with me tonight? I'll explain the whole thing to you then," Rachel said imploringly.

"That won't be necessary. I'm not interested in hearing anything you have to say. So, let's stop this.

Don't bother me anymore! I don't want to see you again," Dustin snapped, losing his temper.

He had to admit that Rachel was very attractive, and he had thought of making her his mistress again.

However, he knew Rachel to be very persistent. If he developed an intimate relationship with her, she would haunt him. Besides, she was a threat to him now. When he thought of all this, Dustin decided to stay away from Rachel.

Because of his indifference towards her, Rachel had no choice but to hang up. She was dismayed but refused to let it go.

So many men like Dustin had crossed paths with Rachel. She still remembered how they would whisper sweet nothings to her ear, almost like they would be willing to sacrifice their lives for her.

Eventually, they showed the ruthless side of their character. And it was incredible, and terrifying, to see the changes.

Her experience with such kind of men made Rachel vow that one day, she would stage a comeback, and take revenge on all these unconscionable men.

At the hospital

As she followed the ambulance to the entrance of the hospital, Sheryl suddenly found herself surrounded by a large crowd of reporters. Her heart was beating fast, and she felt something unfortunate would happen. Sheryl was looking for an opportunity to leave discreetly, but eagle-eyed reporters stopped her.

"Mrs. Lu! What are you doing here? Is it because Miss Zhang was poisoned in your house?" the newsmen asked. The newshounds crowded Sheryl and insisted that she give them a detailed account of what happened to the woman.

The question shocked Sheryl. She wondered, 'No one has yet found out if Leila fainted due to poisoning. So how do these reporters know about it?'

Since there wasn't enough time to think about their questions, Sheryl replied, "Miss Zhang is

unconscious now and in urgent need of medical attention. Please make way for us. Once she regains consciousness, she will explain everything that happened."

After her pronouncement, the reporters turned to look at Leila, who was on a stretcher, unmoving.

Fearful of delaying the rescue of the patient, most of them stepped aside to let the medical personnel through. Some reporters managed to take quick shots of her before making way for the stretcher-bearing men.

Quickly, Sheryl took the opportunity to follow them to the emergency room.

But once Leila was inside, the reporters again turned to Sheryl to keep asking questions.

Since they intended to distract her, the reporters were cunning as they asked the questions. If Sheryl gave inappropriate answers, they would see through her vulnerability. But since she had dealt with these fast-talking reporters in the past, Sheryl was naturally careful as she spoke to them.

No matter what the questions they threw at her, Sheryl had a stock answer—"You have to wait for Leila to wake up."

Although the reporters would have wanted to badger Sheryl for not answering their questions, they did

not dare as a sign of respect. They were in a hospital after all. If they made too much noise, security guards would surely drive them away. After several minutes, some reporters left the hospital, but the rest of them stayed.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Sheryl waited outside the emergency room. She was not leaving even for a moment.

Half an hour later, she began to feel anxious since no one was coming out to update her about Leila's condition.

As much as she detested Leila, Sheryl must be responsible for her. The woman was in her home when she had the accident. Besides, Leila's life was at risk. So, Sheryl could not afford to be careless.

And since she was so worried about Leila's safety, she didn't mull over clues that would help explain what happened.

When she finally calmed down, Sheryl realized that there were so many doubts about Leila's alleged poisoning.

The doctor's words as he treated Leila in the emergency room kept replaying inside her head.

"The patient was poisoned. She fell unconscious and has not woken up. Can you please see what's

wrong with her?" Sheryl told the doctor.

"She was poisoned?" the physician repeated. "How can you be so sure? Did you see her take anything

poisonous?" he rattled off. His questions flustered Sheryl, and confusion was all over her face as she

failed to answer them.

Replaying everything that transpired, Sheryl couldn't help but ponder about the events that took place.

When Leila fell unconscious, what made Melissa so sure it was due to poisoning?

What Sheryl knew for sure was that Leila was not sick before she arrived at her house. And when she

sat down and talked to Melissa, she was in high spirits and didn't look ill at all.

Not long after, Melissa asked Leila to go upstairs to get some medicine. 'So what happened in the living

room before I went back downstairs?' Sheryl wondered.

Then Leila took a sip of tea without eating anything else. Within half an hour, she was unconscious and

didn't respond.

So, if she lost consciousness at that time, there was probably something in the tea. But how could that

be?

If that tea had been poisoned, Sheryl would know about it. When Nancy was boiling water and making the tea, Sheryl was almost with her the entire time during the process. She certainly didn't poison the tea, and neither did Nancy.

The only thing that made sense was that the tea contained something poisonous, which caused Leila to lose consciousness after drinking the beverage. Was there some other reason for her losing consciousness?

Chapter 1252 Investigate Leila

Sheryl looked tensed as she started to fidget in her seat. She needed to take some responsibility for this accident no matter what caused Leila to become unconscious all of a sudden.

Leila had come over to Dream Garden and due to some unknown reason, she went into a coma. Once this news got exposed to the public, it would have a very bad influence on the Lu family and everybody would point a finger at Sheryl. She shuddered at the very thought of it. Almost everyone in this city knew about the rift between Sheryl and Leila. They could never be friends. Everything that had taken place between the two of them was widely known by everyone in the city.

Now Leila had an accident in Dream Garden with Sheryl being around. Undoubtedly, it was a big scoop of news for the media and they wouldn't let Sheryl go easily this time.

'Leila, I just hope your accident has nothing to do with my family. In that case, even if people put the blame on us, we would be able to explain to them,' Sheryl prayed.

At this hour of despair, the only person she could think of was Charles.

Charles had gone abroad for some urgent meeting related to his business. Sheryl felt extremely helpless without him by her side.

'Should I tell Charles about this?' A very ardent urge to call him up gripped her mind.

But she stopped herself. And after she mulled it over, she decided not to let him know about it at the moment. 'He has gone abroad for some emergency situation in his business. Telling him will only distract him,' she thought.

'Once Leila's life is out of danger, I'll talk to her and figure out the reason behind her getting sick. If it is because of the tea, I'll not flinch from taking full responsibility.'

However, if her accident has nothing to do with us, I'll convince her to explain the truth to the public,' Sheryl thought in her mind.

Weighing all the pros and cons of the situation in her mind, Sheryl lifted her head; her eyes fell on the

reporters who had gathered in front of the emergency room. She was struck with a splitting pain pulling her head apart. 'But the thing is, if these people continue to stay here, things will only get complicated even when Leila wakes up,' she thought.

In San Francisco

In a hundred-story imposing skyscraper, dozens of people had gathered for a business meeting on the top floor. The conference continued for more than two hours but they hadn't put forward a solution to the problem as yet.

Charles chaired the meeting. He furrowed his brows, and a trace of sternness flashed through his deep-set eyes.

'It's pointless to continue the meeting. It's only a waste of time,' Charles thought. For him, time was the most precious thing which he couldn't afford to waste.

It had been a week since he had been miles away from home. He had no idea what was going at his house. He didn't worry much about his company, but his concerns were his wife, children, and his troubled mother.

"Mr. Lu, considering our current situation, I think we should take a strict measure. Only if we perfect

rules and regulations for penalties and rewards will our employees work harder..."

As one leader from the right voiced his opinion, Charles' phone vibrated.

He slightly rolled his eyes downward and caught a glimpse of his cell phone. When he saw the caller ID

on the screen, his eyes widened in surprise.

It was a call from his house.

Without a second thought, Charles rose from his seat and grabbed his phone. Nodding at the people

seated around the table, he said curtly, "I have to take this." Without waiting for their reaction, he took

long strides and went out of the conference room.

All the people in the room shared confused glances with each other. They could not understand what

kind of an emergency might have cropped up to make their boss who hated to see others taking calls

run outside the conference room for a call.

Even if they racked their brains, they would never expect that it was a personal call that could make

their boss leave the meeting and run out of the room.

When he walked to the end of the hallway, Charles picked up the phone. With a long face, he asked,

"What's up, Mom?"

He had a strong intuition that Melissa wasn't calling for some good news.

Ever since he had stepped out of the house, he had been worried that Melissa might get Sheryl in

trouble and they might get into a fight. He had a weird love-hate feeling towards his mother.

Sometimes, he found her pitiful, and sometimes, he found her annoying.

As he held the phone close to his ear, Melissa's terrified voice reached him. "Charles, we are in grave

trouble at home."

His heart jolted. It turned out that his speculation was true. However, since he had assumed this, he

wasn't much taken aback by the news. He closed his eyes once and heaved a sigh. Then he regained

his composure and asked, "What happened?"

"Leila, Leila, she..." Melissa paused for a moment and started to sob. A couple of seconds later, she

started to speak again, "Sheryl poisoned her. And now I don't even know if she is out of danger yet..."

"What are you saying?" Charles interrupted her abruptly in a raised voice. When he heard Melissa's

update about the uncalled for even that had taken place in their house, Charles' heart almost leaped

out of his mouth. "How did it happen?"

On the other end of the line, Melissa's face gradually broke into a cold smile. Charles was reacting exactly in the same manner as she had envisioned. And she replied in a pre-decided manner maintaining her panic-stricken voice just as before, "Leila had some tea Sheryl made for her, and then she fainted. She is still in the operation theater at the hospital. I can't think of anyone else except Sheryl. She hated Leila. She must have done this to get back at Leila."

"Mom, there must be some misunderstanding. Where is Sheryl? Is she at home?" Charles responded as he recovered from the shock.

"She tried to cover up her crime and pretended to be a nice person by sending Leila to the hospital. But she can't fool me," Melissa snorted in a defiant tone.

Charles knitted his brows. He felt like all of this was some kind of crazy plot which he thought would only appear in soap operas.

"Mom, listen to me. Please don't do anything or tell anyone about this. I'll be back and take care of all this," Charles urged before ending the call.

Melissa looked at the dark screen on her phone and a sinister smile cracked her lips.

'Sheryl, your life is over. I don't think you can get out of this,' she sneered.

With his eyes glued on his cell phone, Charles put on a grave expression. He kept considering about

Melissa's remarks. 'I must find out the truth as soon as possible,' he resolved.

Charles quickened his fingers on the dial once again and put the phone back to his ear. As soon as the

phone was answered, he instructed curtly, "Barrett, book the earliest flight back for me right now."

"Are you coming back, Mr. Lu? Have you solved the problems over there?" Barrett threw some random

questions at his boss. He was slightly shocked by the news. 'That's incredible. I didn't expect that Mr.

Lu to be so amazing that he took care of such a difficult situation in such a short time,' he thought with

admiration.

"Not yet. But I have something urgent to deal with, so I need to go back. I'll leave the matters here to

other people," he replied. "Oh, one more thing. Investigate thoroughly about a person," he ordered.

"Who?" Barrett asked.

"Leila Zhang," Charles answered.

"Oh, you want me to investigate Leila, Miss Zhang?" Barrett blurted out in a surprised tone. Leila used

to be Charles' secretary and an ex-colleague, so Barrett knew her.

"Yes. I need to know about her background and recent daily activities," Charles confirmed.

"Yes, Mr. Lu," Barrett agreed promptly.

Charles went back to the meeting room and entrusted the business matters to the man who was

immediately next to him in the hierarchy and whom he trusted most. Although he wanted to handle the

business matter all by himself, he couldn't focus on them after coming to know about the debacle that

took place at his own house. He could not wait any longer to go home and be with his wife who was in

distress.

A few hours later, a plane bound for Y City took off.

In the afternoon, Charles walked out of the exit of the airport. Even with a gaunt face, he looked

energetic.

Barrett didn't come to pick Charles up for he had something important to deal with at the office. Instead,

he arranged the driver working for Shining Company to pick up his boss. "Where do you want to go, Mr.

Lu?" the chauffeur inquired respectfully, as Charles got in the car.

"Municipal First Hospital," Charles replied in a flat tone.

Without asking any further question, the chauffeur started the engine and headed straight to that hospital.

Chapter 1253 Struggle With The Press

Back in the hospital, Leila was still under the emergency treatment. The light outside of the operating room was still on.

Sheryl paced back and forth, feeling the panic rise inside of her, but she managed to stay calm still.

She looked over behind her and saw there were still a few journalists lingering by the door with their eyes opened wide ready for any new update.

The newsmen didn't dare cause a scene. Moments ago, there were more than two handfuls of press waiting outside, but now there were only one or two workers of each journal or newspaper office left, waiting to get the latest report on this situation.

Sheryl understood them. They were only doing their own jobs and only fulfilling their own tasks to make a living, but she hoped more that they would leave at once and give her the respect and privacy she and Leila deserved. They felt like bombs ticking, ready to explode at any time.

Although they were behaved right now, for sure, once the doctors were out to give the details of Leila's

situation, they would create a commotion to get the information first, so that they could publish first.

Sheryl did not want that to happen, so she had to find a solution to make the press leave as soon as possible.

'What should I do?' she asked herself, still pacing back and forth.

Two hours passed and still, she had nothing. She tried her best to think and figure out a way. Suddenly, as if a lightbulb flashed on top of her head, she thought of an idea.

'They like it best to drag up hot gossip about the stars.' She didn't know if the information in her mind could attract their attention, but it was still worth a try.

As she thought about the words she was going to say, Sheryl slowly took her cellphone out and pretended to answer a call. With a loud and audible voice enough for the press nearby to hear, she said, "Hello? Rachel? How come you thought of calling me?" Sheryl paused, pretending as if the caller on the other end of the phone was talking.

"Wait, what? You are having dinner with Steve? My God, is he Steve Pei? The one who won the award of Best Actor this year?"

As Sheryl spoke, she started to notice that several of the journalists perked their ears and couldn't help

but listen in on the conversation carefully. By the time they heard Steve Pei's name, their eyes opened wider as if they just heard something juicy, and they became anxious to hear more of the details, walking nearer towards Sheryl.

Sheryl saw their restless action out of the corner of her eye, but she stood and showed her back towards the press, pretending that she didn't see them, and continued to pretend to chat with Rachel on the phone.

"Really? You and Steve are good friends? And that you often see each other? Oh my God, is there something between you two? Girl, you are so lucky. I tried to make an appointment with him for several times already, but he never responded to my requests..."

The press gathered near Sheryl unconsciously. By now, they were slowly becoming uninterested about Leila in surgery right now and focused their attention on Sheryl, who was spouting more juicy information.

"So, where are you having dinner? Really? The Sandesy Restaurant? No way. The seat reservations there are extremely difficult to get. I have to reserve a seat one week before, so I get a good one! It

must be because of Steve's charm and power. Oh, Rachel, you are extremely lucky to be with him tonight."

Sheryl turned around and pretended to look shocked and angry. She suddenly stopped speaking and said into the phone, "Rachel, excuse me for a moment." Afterwards, she covered the mouthpiece on her cell phone and turned to the press around her with furrowed eyebrows. "Didn't your parents ever teach you that it is rude to listen in on other people's calls?"

The journalists exchanged embarrassed looks without saying anything.

At that very moment, Sheryl could see how anxious and eager these journalists were to confirm the reliability of this information they just heard from her. All of them looked like they were about to race to Sandesy Restaurant.

Sheryl narrowed her eyes and eyed them carefully. She then asked them a question that would purposedly catch their attention. "Say, what can I do to make you stop following me?"

All of them turned to exchange looks once more, and finally, a journalist, who looked like he had been dying to ask some questions to get some scoop, spoke. "Mrs. Lu, there is one thing if you don't mind.

Did you really mention Steve Pei on the phone right now?"

"Yes, so what about it?" Sheryl responded and pretended to be innocent.

All of them started to talk to each other, creating quite a fuss.

"Is it really Steve Pei? Because if it is, that would be great. He finally shows up in public once more.

There has been no news about him for several days now."

"I know, right? Most of us thought he went abroad after gaining those big awards. I wanted to have an

interview with him, but I couldn't seem to get a hold of him." "Hurry!

Ask where he is exactly!"

As Sheryl listened in on their remarks and comments about Steve Pei and how they wanted to be the

first to get a statement from him with enthusiasm, deep inside she was laughing secretly. Outside,

however, she didn't say anything and kept her innocent look at them.

Finally, a newsman turned to her and bowed before he spoke. "Mrs. Lu, it was impolite of us to have

offended you before. For that, I apologize."

Sheryl made shooing gestures on her free hand and said, "Never mind about that. I don't care

anymore, but can all of you leave? I need to have a private chat with my bestie on the phone. Are you

really just going to stand there and keep listening?"

Sheryl could see the restlessness in these people as if they couldn't wait and stand there any longer,

so one asked directly on behalf of all of them, "Mrs. Lu, if you don't mind, can you tell us where Steve

Pei is exactly? We promise not to bother you again."

Deep inside, Sheryl sneered. She admired the speaking skills of these people. They just told her that

they wouldn't bother her anymore just because there was another juicier and hotter news to them.

Besides, how could these vampires be willing to give up such an exclusive reporting?

Then again, despite her deceit, she would have achieved her goal. These people would leave one after

another. It would take more than half an hour to the Sandesy Restaurant by car from here, and about

two hours was needed to go there and back here in the hospital once they found out that Steve Pei

wasn't there. If there was a traffic jam, the longer it would take for them to get back here.

That would buy Sheryl some time. She might even have time to transfer Leila to another hospital where

they wouldn't be bothered by the press immediately.

Sheryl's lips perked up into a smile and she asked, "If I tell you, will you really stop bothering me?"

"Of course," all the newsmen said with a nod of agreement.

After all, getting an exclusive interview with the popular super star and best actor in the whole

entertainment circle was far more better than the unclear affair of the Lu family. Compared to the

former, the latter was hardly worth the headlines.

"Okay, well then, I can tell you this secret, but you have to promise me that you won't spread the news,

because if too many people know about it, my bestie would be in big trouble. After all, she is on a date

with Steve and doesn't really appreciate people disturbing them right now," Sheryl said and stressed

with a serious look on her face.

"We understand, Mrs. Lu. Please, stop keeping us in suspense."

"They're having dinner in Sandesy Restaurant, but later, they will go to the West Theater to watch a

play. You have to hurry if you want to catch up on them. Anyway, you may find them in either of these

two places."

All of them heard it clearly and got excited to the point that they didn't even bother to thank Sheryl.

They just immediately grabbed their stuff and left. Besides, the first publishing office who got to have an

interview with Steve Pei would win. As long as there was a man taking the lead in this group, most

people followed and went away.

Sheryl was relieved to see them all flee and planned to put her phone back in her purse, but she

stopped as soon as she noticed that there was still a handful of journalists who stayed and didn't even

make a move to leave.

At this point, Sheryl was not in the mood anymore to keep continuing her act and talk to herself on the

phone. She put her cell phone away and walked towards the five journalists.

Sheryl stopped in front of them and eyed them carefully before looking at them with such bitter irony

and said, "How silly of you to remain here, not tracing the tracks of Steve!"

Unexpectedly, the five of them just glanced at Sheryl without any expression on their face and

continued to stand there, taking Sheryl's words as bullshit.

Sheryl frowned and tried to remove the disappointment on her face. She didn't know that these people

were just under orders to stay and wait. Regardless whether they would get any useful information in

the end, they looked like it would be difficult for Sheryl to shoo them away until Leila woke up.

Chapter 1254 Done

Because of the disclosure of some secret information, their bosses had already figured out that Sheryl

must have something to do with Leila's poisoning. Their bosses were also informed that once Leila

regained her consciousness, she would cooperate with the following actions. As such, the impact of the

accident was purposely maximized. It started as a spark, but was fueled into a huge fire.

Sheryl noticed that no one actually showed any interest in talking to her. She had no way to play the

same trick again, so she just sat on a bench nearby quietly. Obviously, there was no use attempting it

again.

Right at this moment, a tall figure approached from the other end of the corridor.

It was Charles. He had started looking for Sheryl as soon as he reached the hospital. After learning that

Leila was in the emergency room, he wasted no time rushing there.

From afar, he could see Sheryl sitting alone on the bench. He could recognize her familiar figure

anywhere. Seeing her sitting all by herself, he couldn't help but feel heart-broken.

"Sher!" Charles called out.

Hearing his familiar voice, she initially thought she must be hearing things. 'I must be daydreaming right

now. How could he possibly be here?' Sheryl thought to herself.

Letting out a doleful laugh, she shook her head, sorrow clearly visible on her face. How she wished to

have Charles by her side right now! Then, she wouldn't feel so lonely. At least, she would have a shoulder to lean on.

"Sher!" he called out again, after walking closer.

Upon hearing his voice again, Sheryl stood up abruptly, turning her head. She watched in disbelief as the man walked closer and closer.

'It really is Charles. But why is he here?' Sheryl wondered.

"Sher!" When Charles finally got close enough to her, he scooped the woman into his arms. For the third time, he called out her name, softly and affectionately this time.

"Charles!" Sheryl hugged back tightly, tears welling up in her eyes.

She had been holding back her emotions for too long. With Charles by her side, there was no way that she could hold onto the tears any longer. It had been such an awful day for her. Charles was like a beacon of hope in the sheer darkness. Finally, she had someone to rely on. All she wanted to do was hide in his arms and vent all her emotions.

However, as much as she wanted to do so, she couldn't. There were still some reporters keeping a watchful eye on them right now. Plus, they were at the hospital. She would refrain herself from

behaving like an emotional wreck in a public space.

"Why are you back?" Sheryl asked, raising her head to look him in the eye.

Even though Sheryl was trying her best to hide her tears, Charles quickly understood the haze in her

eyes. Grief-stricken, he patted her head and said, "Mom called me and told me what happened here.

You don't have to worry. I'm here with you now."

'Melissa called Charles back?' Sheryl thought to herself, puzzled.

The thought immediately made her tense.

'What is Melissa up to this time?'

Sheryl had never imagined her to be so kind-hearted. The last thing Melissa would do was call Charles

back to help and console her. She must have some sort of ulterior motive, something perilous.

Despite her suspicion, she couldn't say it out loud. After all, Melissa was Charles' mother. If Sheryl said

anything, Melissa would try to ruin her relationship with Charles.

"Thank you, Charles." Again she buried her head into his chest. Out of the corner of her eye, she could

clearly see the reporters with their eyes fixed on them, ready to take photos for their headlines

tomorrow.

"Charles, the reporters are around. I can't talk to you so freely..." Sheryl murmured to him.

His eyes suddenly turned cold. He was so excited to see Sheryl that he forgot to even scan his

surroundings. Now that Sheryl had mentioned it, he noticed the reporters. The small crowd of people

nearby seemed to be chatting, but they would casually glance in their direction. They were watching

them!

An expression of anger flashed across his face.

Letting go of Sheryl's hand, he uttered, "I'll deal with this."

"Charles..." Sheryl warned quietly. She was worried about what Charles was planning to do.

"Don't worry about it Sher." After giving her a reassuring glance, he walked straight up to the crowd.

Upon seeing Charles approaching, the group of reporters stood up straight and smiled. However, they

wouldn't look him in the eye.

"Hey fellas, shall we have a little chat?" Charles invited with a composed look.

The reporters looked at each other, worried for what Charles was going to do. They were expecting

someone else to speak first. They had heard stories about Charles using brutal methods against his

business opponents in order to build his empire.

They didn't think mercy was even a word in his dictionary. How could they not be afraid of such a man?

But they had no choice, as reporting on Charles was an order from the top. While they had originally

thought this task would be simple, they hadn't expected the sudden return of Charles. It had turned

their simple task into an impossible one.

"What? Don't you want to chat with me?" The second time Charles asked the question, his tone

became even colder.

"Since it appears you don't wish to speak with me, then it's best that you leave."

Once again, the reporters exchanged nervous glances. Terror was evident in their eyes.

They were intimidated by such a powerful man.

But should they leave? If they left just like that, their bosses would be unhappy with their results.

However, the man wasn't going to let them have their way. To confront the powerful man or to confront their bosses?

It was a hard decision.

In such a difficult predicament, the reporters were starting to become agitated.

"Okay, I understand that you have your orders. Which newspaper are you working for?" Charles asked and then added, "I don't want to make things difficult for you. So just tell me. I'll give your bosses a call."

All the reporters quickly told Charles the name of the newspaper they worked for.

Without hesitating, Charles took his phone out of his pocket and made several calls.

"Hey, Mr. Zhang, Charles here..."

"Right, Mr. Wang, your man is following me. I didn't know that you took such interest in my personal life..."

"Mr. Li, ask your people to leave right now. It'll be like nothing happened..."

After ending the call, Charles happily slid his phone back into his pocket. Turning around, he walked towards Sheryl without taking even a glance back at the reporters.

"Done." Charles beamed at Sheryl.

The lady was pleasantly surprised. 'He fixed it so easily, ' Sheryl thought to herself in awe.

In no time at all, the reporters who had been watching her were gone. To be more precise, they had

fled as if Charles were a monster.

Sheryl was amazed by Charles' power. He had made a few simple phone calls and now the annoying followers were gone.

"Don't give me that admiring look," he said, smiling. Suddenly, Charles winked and gestured to below his belt. "I've been missing you a lot."

Sheryl was stunned for a brief moment, but then became bashful. To ease her embarrassment, she punched his chest with her small fist.

How could this man say something so blatantly sexual in the hospital...

"Let's go." Abruptly, Charles started walking with Sheryl in his arms.

"Go? But..." Sheryl was confused. Leila was still in a coma, how could she just leave?

"I'll have someone stay here with Leila. Don't worry. I bet you're exhausted. Let's go back and rest."

Prompting her gently, Charles kissed her nose.

"Well... Okay then." Sheryl suddenly remembered that her children would be home from school by now. She had to go back home to check on them, or else she wouldn't stop worrying about them.

The answer was rather satisfying for Charles. With a huge grin, he accompanied Sheryl towards the

main gate of the hospital.

Chapter 1255 Visit Holley In Prison

Rachel heaved a deep breath as she waited. Not long after, the door opened and out was Holley with a

couple of prison guards beside her.

Watching Holley being held by prison guards and the thought of her having to stay here made Rachel

feel guilty.

Rachel observed Holley discreetly as Holley made her way towards her. As she sat down in front of

her, Rachel spoke with sincerity evident in her voice. "Holley, I'm really sorry for what you have

suffered."

As Rachel observed her, she recalled that Holley looked more gaunt than she was in trial.

However, right now, the look in her eyes had changed the last time she saw her.

Rachel remembered how vacant and dim her eyes looked during the trial, but now there was a hint of

gleam shining in her eyes.

On the other hand, Holley felt satisfied as she sensed that Rachel was indeed touched and sorry by her

sacrifice. 'Soon, she will trust me again, and this will pave my way to success in getting back at Sheryl, '

she thought to herself.

Holley cleared her throat, interrupting Rachel's train of thought. As soon as she caught Rachel's

attention, she said with certainty, "Ms. Bai, you have to listen carefully. There is no time dealing with

what already happened, so we have to focus on what we can do next, rather, what you can do next for I

am clearly stuck in here. I suggest that you investigate Lance's wife. I have a strong gut feeling that she

set us up and really has something to do with this case."

Holley's words entered Rachel's ears one by one, and her statement immediately reminded Rachel of

what she had heard in the restroom the other day. The puzzle pieces began to fit and align, and all of a

sudden, all her confusion and perplexity vanished into thin air just like that.

Rachel's eyes widened as she finally knew what was going on. She turned to Holley and replied,

"You're right. How dumb was I that I didn't immediately suspect her? Oh, for God's sake, she watched

the video about me and her husband!"

Then, she paused for a moment with a pensive look as she thought about this carefully.

"Well, I heard some rumors about Lance and his wife. It looks like they were not that close as they

publicly disclosed. Hmm, something's fishy," Rachel continued, her eyebrows furrowed into a frown.

Rachel bit her lower lip. The more she thought of it, the more excited she became. All roads led to

Miranda, and Rachel felt certain that she was the one who framed them.

She turned to Holley once more and gave her a weak but hopeful smile. "Thank you for the tip, Holley. I

assure you that I will find out the truth soon, and I will get you out of here."

Right now, she was convinced that she could figure out the real identity of the murderer for now she

had a lead.

Holley nodded and returned Rachel's smile. "I believe you, Ms. Bai."

However, deep inside, she still had some apprehensions and was worried that Rachel might not be

able to handle this matter, especially when she was stuck in this prison and could only help Rachel by

giving her insights.

Holley's eyebrows arched slightly as she added, "Be careful not to alert Lance's wife or even give her

any hint that we are onto her. Right now, surely she is not thinking that we suspect her and is planning

to investigate her. Her guard is low, so this is a good chance to find out the truth.

Still, I worry, Ms. Bai. Please, if you don't have a proper detective to follow her, I highly suggest you

contact this person."

Rachel thought about it for a moment. Then again, it was Holley who thought about going after Lance's

wife, so right now, since she also didn't know any detective around that well, she decided to trust Holley

once more. She handed Holley a notepad and a pen where Holley wrote down Bernard's phone

number before giving it back to Rachel.

Rachel placed her notepad in her purse and gave Holley a determined look as she announced with her

hands balled into fists, "Holley, I am really sorry that you are here, but I promise you that I will help

clear your name. Just, please give me some time."

As soon as Holley took notice of her determination from her voice and her expression, her mind

immediately started to feel slowly at ease. As the time ticked by and for the rest of the visiting time,

Holley gave Rachel some advice and tips on investigating Lance's wife.

The visiting hour finally ended, and as Rachel stepped out of the prison gates, she felt her mood light

up for she finally knew what to do next. She was no longer at the dead end.

On the way to her apartment, Rachel didn't think of anything else but this case and the investigation of

Miranda.

Even though she already decided to get the number Holley recommended, she was still unsure whether she could really rely on this person. She wondered as well whether it would be much safer to just hire a private detective to be sure that she would be able to get useful information to prove Holley's innocence.

Rachel felt confident that she would be able to gather necessary evidence to prove that Miranda was the one guilty and was the one supposed to be in prison right now as long as she didn't give up.

When she reached her apartment, she had already made a decision.

She decided to trust Holley's contact and see if he could really be up for the job.

Rachel walked inside her house as she took her cellphone out of her handbag, dropping the bag on the couch. Without further ado, she dialed the number and was surprised that the other end of the line picked the call immediately after the first ring. Rachel removed her surprise and cleared her throat as she asked politely, "Hello? Is this Bernard?"

"Yes, speaking. Who is this?" Bernard replied, his deep voice ringing into Rachel's ears.

As for Bernard, he felt like he had heard this voice before. 'Her voice sounds like Rachel Bai. I always

admire that star, ' he wondered.

Thinking about Rachel calling him sounded crazy, so he shook his head to expel these crazy thoughts.

"My family name is Bai, and Holley is a colleague of mine. We were hoping you could help us with a

case. We were framed, and Holley is in jail. She gave me your number, because she knew you could

help us prove her innocence," Rachel replied in all honesty.

Bernard had heard and understood what the woman on the other end of the line had said. Then again,

what struck him most was knowing that the caller was a Bai, making him feel thrilled and hope highly

that the person he was talking to right now was indeed Rachel.

It had never occurred to him that a celebrity he was deeply obsessed with would actually call him. If

only he knew, he would have prepared himself.

He felt like he was in a sweet dream, flying into cloud nine. Then again, he had never been this

nervous before.

Bernard listened as he could hear the woman he suspected to Rachel breathe. As her breath reached

his ear, an electric feeling surged throughout his body, making his heart race and his breathing rapid.

He felt so excited and overwhelmed that he didn't know what to say next.

A few seconds had passed, but Rachel still didn't receive any response. She wondered what something

happened on the other end of the line, but as she heard his breathing, she speculated that the man

probably was not willing to take the job and was coming up with ways to turn her down. She felt her

patience running out, and as she was about to speak again, his voice rang into her ears once more.

"I will take this case," Bernard replied with determination evident in his tone.

"May I know your full name? Are you, perhaps, Miss Rachel Bai?" he asked carefully as he didn't want

to sound creepy. He held his breath to wait for her answer, because he might be wrong about it.

As for Rachel, his question took her by great surprise. She hadn't known any Bernard, but this man

seemed to have known her. "Yes, I am indeed Rachel Bai. Have we met before?" she asked in

curiosity.

"I...Well, no. Honestly, I am a fan of yours, and I was really upset after knowing that you had decided to

quit show business," Bernard explained. There was no reason for him to lie about it.

He was a professional and even looked respectable. No one would believe that he, who looked

indifferent and seldom talked, actually had a side that acted awkwardly like this. He was thankful that

Rachel had called him first, because if Rachel saw what he looked like right now, perhaps she would doubt his capability in the field.

Meanwhile, as Rachel heard Bernard's remarks, she was taken back to her pleasant days as a popular star.

Back then, she felt like a shining princess worthy of pride and fortune. She still had Charles who loved her and kept her company, and had thousands of fans who looked up to her and even to the point of idolizing her.

She was reminded of the feeling when she stood on the stage, all eyes focused on her.

When she drew a bright smile unconsciously, photographers would take pictures of her and her fans would call her name crazily, calling for her attention. Many great companies swarmed and flooded her manager's phone as they want her to work for them.

'Perhaps I got all of that so easily. That's why I didn't cherish them,' she mused, sighing deep in her heart.

Before Bernard could wonder where she was, Rachel removed her thoughts away from her memories

that were buried deep at the back of her mind. "Oh, is that so? Well then, it is my honor. I didn't expect you to be a fan of mine. Anyways, when are you free? We need to talk about this case and about your task in person," Rachel said, eager to stop thinking about her glory days.

"Any time," Bernard replied immediately without even looking over his calendar. He mentally noted to postpone whatever he had tasked just to give time for Rachel.

"I see. Do you know Tarsan Corporation? Let's meet at the coffee shop near Tarsan Corporation at 10:00 tomorrow morning," Rachel proposed.

"Noted. I will be there," Bernard replied, feeling excited to see Rachel. He looked over his calendar and moved the task for tomorrow on another time.

After she ended the call, Rachel sat on her couch and immediately felt the exhaustion of the day. Still, she couldn't stop thinking and was still engrossed in her own thoughts.

Knowing that Bernard was a fan of hers, she was quite sure that he would do his job well to please her. Rachel felt relieved for she was really eager to find out the truth, particularly for two reasons. One was because she was thankful of Holley. And the other was because she didn't want to give Holley a chance to back out and put all the blame on her. She was afraid for selfish reasons, but who could

blame her?

As long as she still didn't find the person who murdered Lance, she wouldn't be able to sleep and even eat well as if there was the Sword of Damocles hanging over her head. She felt like she could hear a ticking bomb just near her.

Then again, it was also a way for her to get the support from Holley. After all, Holley had over half client resources, and she surely needed her help for her company to get through this. With all these in her mind, Rachel fell asleep, exhaustion taking over her.

The next day, Rachel got up and did her usual routine. Knowing that she was going to meet Bernard, a fan of hers, she took more time in dressing up and fixing her looks.

In the morning, she finally arrived at the rendezvous. She knew she was late for a couple minutes, but she did it on purpose anyway.

As she saw Bernard wave after her, she walked towards him. When she was near the table, Bernard rose from his seat and smiled, offering his hand. "Hello, Ms. Rachel Bai. I'm Bernard. It's a pleasure to meet you. You are really more gorgeous in person."

Chapter 1256 Cut to the Chase

Looking at this man with a mature appearance, but behaving like a green young boy, Rachel couldn't help giggling in her mind.

She didn't know why, but her lightheartedness at the moment didn't stop there and suddenly she burst out laughing. Her friendly laughter quickly dissipated the embarrassment gnawing between them.

"Thank you for saying that. I'm glad. Nice to meet you, too," Rachel responded, slightly lowering her head. She felt a bit shy as she unconsciously combed her beautiful hair with her hands.

Bernard's heart did a quick double flip as he continued admiring her enticing beauty. He mentally admonished himself, realizing that he was almost caught gazing steadily at her. Before everything turned awkward again, they both decided to order coffee and snacks and started their conversation in a business-like manner.

"The truth is, Holley got involved in this homicide case of Lance, the CEO of Silver Corporation. But she was wronged indeed."

Rachel cut to the chase. "We are suspecting that Lance's wife is the real murderer and the mastermind."

She paused for a moment gathering all her thoughts, then she continued, "But we haven't collected any

conclusive evidence yet. So I'd like to ask you to do us a favor to investigate Lance's wife."

Rachel felt a little nervous. She could tell Bernard was shocked by his facial expressions. She was

totally apprehensive whether he would turn down this challenging and complicated mission or not.

"Of course, if you find out the truth, the payment will be a generous one. I can pay you the deposit first."

"The payment doesn't matter. I would like to do that for you, but is there any aspect that needs extra

attention? Any time required for the investigation?" he replied calmly.

"As soon as possible. Never leave any chance for her to notice what we are doing," Rachel reminded

him.

Later on, Rachel filled him in some useful information about Miranda. After reaching a consensus over

the formal issue, they both gradually felt relaxed.

Rachel was conscious of the fact that Bernard couldn't help staring at her, but once they made eye

contact, his eyes would dodge subconsciously.

She found his reaction kind of cute, and that triggered her interest a lot. Even though she knew as

crystal clear that Bernard was into her, she just pretended to be not aware at all.

This was one of those times that a sense of frustration came to her like an invited guest. Majority of males like Bernard had a crush on her, which meant she still had some charisma that she could be proud of. However, it was not the case with Charles because it never worked at all to make him fall in love with her again.

Maybe if Sheryl was not around, only then could Charles realize what a good girl she was. Such an unwanted thought was like lightning that flashed by in her mind. But before it could affect her in any way, she had already chased it away. Turning back her attention to Bernard, she gave him a small smile and bid him farewell after concluding their meeting.

While waiting for the updates from Bernard, Rachel also hired another private detective to work on tracking Miranda at the same time.

To her surprise, she got the good news from Bernard first.

Through some insiders from Silver Corporation, Bernard had confirmed that Miranda did come to Lance that day, and it was indeed her that faked the CCTV video footage submitted to the police in their initial investigation.

Although it was not one hundred percent sure that Miranda was the murderer, she was now under huge

suspicion based on the present evidence. Rachel was really excited about this breakthrough during the process of investigation.

She had predicted that this was only the tip of the iceberg. More clues would soon appear as long as the investigation was carried on. She believed that the truth must be revealed someday.

With newfound determination, she urged Bernard to keep on digging deeper and to ensure to keep her posted with new development as soon as possible.

Rachel was very vocal about her close rapport with Holley. And one of the reasons why she hoped Bernard to find out the truth soon was that she wanted not to arouse resentment from Holley.

The urgency Bernard felt in Rachel to know about the truth, immensely put him under pressure. But at the same time, a strong sense of responsibility arose spontaneously from the bottom of his heart.

"All right, I will keep you posted as soon as there is progress or new evidence," Bernard promised her. After hanging up, he resumed working again.

Disguising himself as a newbie employee at Silver Corporation, he pretended to pass by the reception desk.

"Hey, girl. Your earrings are so cute!" Bernard looked into Lena's eyes earnestly and exuded wholehearted appreciation.

Taking a glimpse at Bernard's handsome face, Lena felt her cheeks hot and lowered her head. "Really? Thank you. Only the earrings are cute?" Lena couldn't help teasing him.

"How come! You look glittering like the golden jewelry." There was a sign of chuckling around his mouth.

"A-ha, you are good at sweet talks. Your girlfriend must be very happy to hear them every day!" Lena prompted.

"My girlfriend?" Bernard looked around on purpose and then stared at Lena's face.
"Where?"

Lena acted as if she was angry, and patted him on the shoulder affectionately.
"Well, you know what? Yesterday, I saw Mrs. Zhan here at the company. She looked really kind and nice! I suppose that she must have had a good relationship with the late Mr. Zhan."

Bernard heaved a sigh to make it sound spontaneous and natural.
"I can see that you are quite innocent, my bro," Lena replied in a meaningful way.

"How so? Am I wrong?" Bernard arched his brow in surprise.

Lena waved towards Bernard, indicating him to come a bit closer and then she whispered in his ear,

"Yesterday, it was already late when I left the company because I had to finish some reports. And I saw

Miranda get into a car with a man hand in hand!"

The words that Miranda happened to visit Lance on the day he died almost escaped her lips, but

fortunately, she held herself checked before spilling them out.

It was far more serious than the usual gossips. As the saying goes, "Out of the mouth comes evil."

"Wow, I never imagine Miranda would do that! I just thought they had an intimate bonding!" Bernard

acted like he was extremely shocked by the revelation.

And Lena's words gave him a new direction for investigation. Since he just focused on Miranda, only a

little evidence was found besides that of Miranda faking surveillance videos.

So maybe it was a wise choice to work on Miranda's lover. Something unexpected might come out.

On the other hand, when Sheryl and Charles arrived home, they both noticed Nancy was looking

around at the front gate.

"Nancy," Sheryl called. Sheryl knew that Nancy was frightened and still scared.

"Thank God you are home. Well, how is Leila?" Nancy asked. Speaking of which, Nancy saw Charles

coming out of the car as well, and was surprised. "Charles, why are you coming back so early?"

She knew Charles was abroad and had to return until next week.

"There are some incidents at home, so I need to come back and fix them," Charles explained.

She nodded, but suddenly changed her face and wondered if the issue Charles mentioned was the

case of Leila being poisoned.

Since she had been expelled from Dream Garden last time, she had a rough time living outside. But

she was lucky enough to be rescued by Sheryl and return here. As a result, she swore to God that she

would do some good deeds, and no longer meddle in other people's affairs.

But this time, she had no idea why she ended up like this. In all honesty, she didn't do anything wrong,

yet she still was in trouble.

"Charles, I..." Nancy insisted on saying something else but was interrupted by Charles.

"Nancy, I know what you are going to say. I have my own way to fix it. Please just go and prepare for

dinner." Charles rejected her by saying this.

Hearing this, Nancy began to feel increasingly upset instead. However, when she looked at Sheryl, she was nodding towards her with a smile.

She then felt better. Being a little settled, she heaved a sigh and headed to the kitchen.

Chapter 1257 I Didn't Do It

Sheryl and Charles headed upstairs. As they made their way to the bedroom, Sheryl didn't see any sign of Melissa and wondered if she went out.

As they finally closed the bedroom door behind them, Sheryl couldn't take her curiosity anymore. She decided to go back down and ask Nancy where Melissa was. As soon as she turned around to go, however, Charles stopped her by grabbing her hand.

Sheryl turned around and wondered why Charles stopped her until she saw the flirtatious look on Charles' face.

"Honey, we haven't seen each other for a week. Don't you miss me?" he asked soulfully.

Sheryl was immediately mesmerized by Charles' handsome face and the way he talked to her made her heart skip a beat. It didn't take long to return to her senses. Charles expected to receive a flirty look back, but he only received an angry stare.

'How can this guy still be in the mood to flirt with me? I'm already in big trouble. Leila is still in the hospital, and God only knows if her operation will be successful. I am totally not in the mood to deal with him right now,' Sheryl whined in her own mind.

Charles noticed this and begged in a sweet voice, "Honey..." He gave Sheryl a pitiful look before he fluttered his long eyelashes.

Sheryl looked at him for a moment. 'What should I do to this man?' Finally, she heaved a deep sigh and gave in. She moved closer and touched his well-structured face. Narrowing her eyes, she whispered, "Charles, I'm really worried..."

"I know, darling. I know." Charles then grabbed her hand which was on his face, placed it near his lips, and kissed it. He looked Sheryl in the eye and promised earnestly, "Don't worry. I will take care of this."

Charles then wrapped his arms around Sheryl, receiving an embrace back from her. His words and being in his arms made Sheryl's anxiety slightly fade away. As she was about to say something, her eyes widened as she heard children's voices downstairs.

Sheryl pulled back and looked at Charles with a huge smile before she exclaimed in joy, "Clark and Shirley are back!"

Sheryl immediately rushed out of the bedroom with Charles following after her. "Watch the stairs, honey."

Sheryl smiled and waved at him to hurry up. Before she could use the stairs, she noticed Melissa coming her way.

Both of them exchanged glances. Sheryl detected the repulsion and schadenfreude in her eyes. She had no idea when her mother-in-law started to be hostile towards or why she even acted that way towards her. She felt that Melissa's aversion and hostility towards her had increased.

Sheryl pretended to be oblivious of her provocation. She smiled at Melissa and greeted, "Mom!" Melissa scoffed and made no response. There was no point in hiding that she despised Sheryl and how she never deserved any of her respect, since his son wasn't around anyway.

Melissa's negative response didn't faze Sheryl even a bit for she was already used to the way Melissa treated her. Still with the smile on her face, she continued to head towards the stairs. As they walked past each other, Melissa whispered, "This time, I am sure that you will be kicked out of this family."

Although Sheryl had already given up on making Melissa like her, she still felt a pang in her heart at her words. Despite the fact that she knew Melissa hated her, the hostility in her words just wasn't easy to ignore.

She lifted her head abruptly and regretted doing so for she met Melissa's eyes that were full of malice and threat.

Melissa's gaze felt like a sharp and poisoned knife that even a single prick or pierce could take one's life in a blink of an eye.

Sheryl couldn't help but feel terrified by her sinister stare. She held on to the banister near her to support herself as she trembled. She tried to hide her fear, but Melissa was just too much. In a shaky voice, she asked, "Why are you so mean to me? What did I ever do to you?"

Melissa started to burst into laughter as she looked at Sheryl who was with a scared face. As soon as her laughter died down, she replied, "Why? You ask? It's because you're a vile and flirty slut. Do you really think that you are good enough to be Charles' wife?"

Sheryl blinked. Her teeth clenched as she wiped the sweat out of her forehead. She didn't know how to react to that. It wasn't the first time that Melissa had made disparaging and insulting remarks towards

her. In fact, there were countless times already, but despite that, she felt so upset like this for the first time. In the past, she would have felt terrible and tried to defend herself because she wasn't a bad woman as Melissa cursed. But now she was sick of explaining and trying to defend herself to Charles' mother, so she chose to be the bigger person and said nothing.

"Cat got your tongue? What? I got you, didn't I?" Melissa sneered, rolling her piercing towards Sheryl. Sheryl stopped trembling and felt the cold fill inside her. She shrugged and responded, "Whatever you say." She heaved a deep sigh and decided to stop wasting her time arguing with Melissa, because it was already a lost cause, so she tried to cheer herself up by the thought of her children and focused her attention towards her way down the stairs.

"Where are you going, bitch?" Melissa immediately grabbed Sheryl by the arm and bellowed testily, "Where are your manners? You are being so rude. Is this how you treat your husband's mother? Didn't your parents teach you any manners at home? Oh, I bet they are terrible people, and that's why you grew up to be such a horrible person!"

Sheryl couldn't endure it anymore. She could take Melissa's attacks about her, but mentioning her

parents was already crossing the line. She turned around and gave Melissa a glare with a bit of ferocity in her eyes. "That's enough! You've gone too far!" Sheryl exclaimed, removing forcefully Melissa's hold on her arm.

She didn't expect that Melissa would insult her family again. She already forgave her after Melissa

insulted her, but saying bad things about her parents was way out of the line.

Melissa narrowed her eyes at Sheryl and continued to upset her. "Did you? Did you just try to hit me?

This is who you truly are, right? Oh, I really wish Charles was here so he could see your true colors!"

Melissa eyed Sheryl and sneered at her. She was trying to get on Sheryl's nerves. 'Once Sheryl beat me, there will be consequences that she won't be able to bear.

Plus, I can put the blame about Leila being poisoned on her,' she thought. All she ever desired right now was to kick Sheryl out of this house and even of the family.

Before Sheryl could say anything, a familiar voice reached Melissa's ears from the top of the stairs.

"Mom! What are you doing? I saw what was going on in here!"

Melissa's eyes widened in surprise as she was startled by the voice. She raised her head and saw Charles standing at the top of the stairs looking down at her.

She immediately started to panic. 'How long has Charles been standing there? How much did he hear?

What if...'

The more she thought about all the possibilities, the more flustered she grew. 'I can't let my negligence ruin my plan.

I need to turn this situation around and do something that would make Charles detest Sheryl. That way, Sheryl will surely be out of this house, ' she swore to herself.

A sinister look flashed across her eyes, making Sheryl alarmed for she was the only one who saw.

Melissa looked at Sheryl and resolved to herself, 'I'll make sure that you will stay away at all costs.'

Melissa returned her gaze to Charles and pretended to look surprised. "When did you come back, my dear Charles?"

"Just for a while," Charles replied coldly and pressed his thin lips, the displeasure evident on his face. At this point, Melissa thought it was now or never. She grabbed Sheryl by the arm again and tightened her grip, pulling her down towards her direction.

Sheryl's eyes widened in shock and she was completely freaked out. Out of instinct, she caught

Melissa by the arm and dragged her in her direction to stop her body from leaning forward. The second

moment, Melissa let go of Sheryl's arm and allowed herself to fall back.

Melissa screamed as she leaned forward without anything to hold on to.

It happened so fast that Sheryl did not have time to react, because the next second, Melissa's body

was rolled down the wooden stairs.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Melissa stopped at the end of stairs, lying down unmoving.

Sheryl froze. Her right hand still stuck in mid-air as she watched Melissa roll down the stairs with a

blank expression.

Sheryl was lost for any reaction as she was left there aghast by the situation in front of her.

"Mom!" Charles bellowed in a husky voice and dashed downstairs.

Sheryl managed to slowly look up and saw the dark look on Charles' face. As he ran past her, he

bumped into her, causing her body to fall on one side and lose her balance.

The impact of Charles' bump would have sent Sheryl down the stairs as well if she hadn't been able to

hold on to the railing.

After managing to stand, with a tremble in her body, she turned and saw Charles holding Melissa. Her

eyes opened wide as she saw blood, dripping from Melissa's head.

"Nancy, call an ambulance!" Charles shouted before turning to raise his trembling hand and touch his

mother's face. Fear and panic were written all over his face as he caressed his mother. In a hoarse

voice, he whispered, "Mom, stay with me. Mom. Say something. I can't lose you. Hold on, Mom. Mom!"

Melissa blinked slowly. She rolled her eyes up and gave her son a quick look. She then struggled to

raise her hand and pointed at the terrified Sheryl on the stairs. "Sheryl... Sheryl Xia... pushed... me..."

Melissa managed to utter these words, going on with the plan she had came up with.

Charles' eyes dilated in shock and disbelief.

Sheryl wondered what Melissa could have uttered, but after seeing Melissa pointing at her, her face

started to turn bloodless with fear and panic.

'I...I d-did nothing. I...I s-swear. I d-didn't p-push her. I d-didn't!' Sheryl explained in her head.

Sheryl hoped that Charles wouldn't believe Melissa as she slowly turned her gaze towards him. She

knew it was the end for her as soon as she saw that his eyes held so many different emotions.

Chapter 1258 I Believe You

As soon as Melissa uttered those words, she lost consciousness, her head falling into Charles's arms.

Charles' eyes widened in fear. "Mom!" He shouted in a rage and panic. He raised his head and roared

as he looked around for help. "Nancy! Where are you? Call an ambulance! Hurry!"

Hearing Charles' panic roar, Sheryl immediately was brought back to her senses. She rushed hastily

downstairs. Nancy ran towards them as well. Nancy's eyes widened in shock. For a moment, she was

at a loss for words and didn't know what to do.

Nancy's hand covered her mouth as soon as she noticed the blood. She glanced at Sheryl and

uttered, "Sher, what..."

Sheryl looked at her back and interrupted her. "Nancy, we need to hurry. Go help Charles get Mom in

the car. I will drive."

Without waiting for her response, Sheryl hurriedly ran to the underground garage and drove the car out

herself. There was no more time to call the driver, and it would be best and time-saving if she drove.

After all, this was an emergency.

As soon as Sheryl was able to park the car at the gate, she lowered the window. She saw Charles

coming out with his mom in his arms. "Hurry!" Sheryl shouted.

Charles didn't answer and continued to move fast as he could while carrying his mother. Nancy rushed over to open the rear passenger door. Charles laid Melissa in the back seat and secured her with a seatbelt. He adjusted the height before closing the door.

Sheryl's eyebrows furrowed as she looked at Charles who was still standing outside of the car. "Aren't you coming?" she asked.

Charles raised his head and stared at her deeply as if he was deep in thought. Not long after, he went over towards the driver's side without saying anything.

Sheryl looked at him in doubt and confusion.

Before she could say anything, Charles said coldly, "Get out."

"What?" Sheryl asked, not knowing what he meant by that. Did he want to drive to the hospital himself?

Charles just stared at her coldly, making Sheryl get out of the car in a hurry. As soon as Sheryl was out, Charles took the driver's seat and closed the door in front of her. Sheryl ran towards the passenger seat, but before she could get in, the car started all of a sudden, leaving her frozen in her spot.

The car almost ran over Sheryl's foot. One move forward would have flattened her foot entirely.

Because of the sudden start, Sheryl moved one step back immediately to avoid the car and could do nothing but watch the car speeding away from her.

In a flash, the car was out of her sight.

Sheryl stood frozen in her spot. She didn't know how to feel anymore. All she could think about was the expression in Charles' eyes before he got in the car. She remembered how coldly he looked at her; it was like a sharp spear piercing her heart.

Her heart started to break into pieces as the look of Charles before he left was stuck in her mind. She couldn't believe that the look could go from flirtatious and loving to deadly in less than an hour. She felt her body start to tremble unconsciously. She raised her head and closed her eyes to take in the shine of the sun on her body, but no matter how she stayed put, embracing the sun, she still couldn't seem to feel the warmth. All she could feel was a chill running down her spine.

Meanwhile, Nancy, who came back inside after opening and closing the car door moments ago, noticed Sheryl still standing outside. She took a double look by the living room window to make sure, but she really wasn't seeing things, so she rushed out of the house. "Sher, aren't you supposed to be driving to the hospital? What happened?" Nancy asked in surprise as she looked at a dazed Sheryl.

Sheryl didn't budge or even say anything back to Nancy. Nancy's eyes widened in concern as she noticed how pale Sheryl's lips were. "Sher, are you okay?" she asked, worried about Sheryl's sanity. Still, Sheryl didn't say anything. Deep inside, she knew that this time she wasn't going away with anything anymore, and for sure, Charles would not forgive her. She felt a pang of pain in her chest at the thought of it.

It was also then that she finally realized that no matter how deep their love was, it still couldn't be compared to the family affection. After all, Melissa was Charles's mother. This time, if something really bad and serious happened to Melissa, Sheryl would surely be the first to blame. Then again, even if there was nothing serious, it would still be difficult for Sheryl to stay at the Dream Garden.

Because of this thought, Sheryl understood why Melissa acted with great confidence and certainty a while ago. Melissa most probably planned to fall down the stairs. Thinking about how Melissa was willing to risk her life made Sheryl realize how desperate Melissa was and how much she really wanted Sheryl out of the house.

All of these thoughts had done nothing but bring about ache in Sheryl's heart. A warm tear fell down on her cold cheek.

Nancy's eyes fell down as she saw the tears on Sheryl's cheeks. She thought that she was scared, because her mother-in-law was placed in a critical condition, so she comforted Sheryl. "Sher, it's okay. I know Melissa will be fine. Don't worry too much."

Sheryl opened her eyes and gave Nancy a glance before shaking her head in a trance. Without saying a word, she slowly walked towards the house.

At that moment, Clark ran over from the back garden with Shirley before Sheryl could go inside. He saw Sheryl and shouted with a huge smile on his face, "Mom!"

As she heard and saw the kids coming over towards her, Sheryl immediately raised her hand to wipe the tears from her face. She didn't want to let her children see her tears for they would worry about her.

However, Clark was keen and saw the tears his mom was trying to hide. 'Why did mom cry? Did something happen?' he wondered, the smile on his face slowly fading away.

The two kids ran towards her. Sheryl crouched down to their level to hug them both. As they pulled away, Shirley gave her a smile and asked, "Mom, you didn't pick us up from school today. Did you get

up late?"

Sheryl gave her a weak smile and answered as she tucked Shirley's loose hair behind her ear, "No, sweetie. Mom just had something to do. I'm sorry."

"Mom, did something happen? Why were you crying?" Clark suddenly asked, taking Sheryl aback.

She didn't think that Clark would be able to observe her carefully. Her smile dropped as she looked at Clark and hesitated, not knowing what to tell her kids.

Ever since Clark was still in his early childhood, he was already sensible and keen. He could guess or ask others about many things even if his mom didn't tell him. Sheryl admired Clark for that, but right now, she wished that he hadn't seen her tears.

Sheryl thought about it for a while, and after some contemplation, she answered honestly, with words that they could understand, "Well, darling, Grandma fell down the stairs, but Mom wasn't able to save her. It is Mom's fault that Dad had to send Grandma to the hospital."

Clark's and Shirley's smiles faded away from their faces and they were filled with worry and concern. After a moment, Clark leaned his head and asked in a serious tone, "Did you not save Grandma on

purpose?"

Sheryl's eyes widened a little by this question. She looked at Clark and felt sad after seeing Charles in

his complexion. She removed these thoughts away and shook her head at her eldest. "No, Mom was

scared at that time. It happened too fast. Grandma suddenly fell, and it was too late for Mom to save

her."

Clark nodded slowly and placed a hand on Sheryl's arm. In a firm voice, he replied, "Mom, I believe

you."

Sheryl's eyes widened in shock.

Her son just said that he believed her. His words were more pleasant to hear than anything else at that

moment. Those three words were like Valium for her and made her feel calm and relieved for no

particular reason.

Sheryl hugged her son and kissed the top of his head. She felt tears roll down her cheeks again, but

this time, it was because she felt moved and thankful to have Clark as her son. As they pulled away,

Sheryl immediately wiped her tears. Clark continued to comfort his mother.

"Oh, Mom, don't be sad. I know Daddy won't blame you. He is clever. He surely knows that you didn't

do it on purpose."

'I wish, my dear, ' Sheryl thought as she gave her son a smile. If only Charles would not misunderstand this situation. If only he would believe her. If only...

Meanwhile, back in Tarsan Corporation, the employees were jittery recently.

The mainstay of the company, Holley, was still in jail, while Rachel seldom showed up, and nobody, not even one of them, knew about her whereabouts.

Because of that, the business of the company was at a standstill, and the company only operated depending on only several orders without even any stability and consistency.

Some of the top managers in the company were connected with the head-hunting companies in secret and wanted to find a new job, because they started to feel uncertain about this company.

However, this day, Rachel was in the company, and nobody expected her to come. She caught the workers who gathered lazily around a table and chatted as if they were having a tea party. Rachel looked at her watch, even though she knew that it was still work hours.

The pestilential atmosphere in the company irritated Rachel, making her lose her temper immediately

regardless of her grace for the first time.

She crossed her arms above her chest. They still hadn't noticed her come in, which made her all the

more annoyed. "All of you don't need to work, right? I guess, it was my fault for hiring a bunch of losers

to chat here. Directors of every department, note the names of these saboteurs. Dock their one day's

wages."

Hearing Rachel's voice, everyone turned to her with wide eyes. After listening to what she had said, the

office that was full of chatter now was filled with dead silence. After a long while, the manager of the

Executive Department, Marcelo Wang, saw everyone's mute look of appeal and bit the bullet to

plead, "Ms. Bai, please. It is everyone's fault, and in behalf, I apologize. I promise it will never happen

again." Marcelo Wang swallowed a lump in his throat and wiped away the sweat that soaked his

forehead because of his nervousness.

He lowered his head in embarrassment and continued, "I hope that you, Ms. Bai, can forgive them. It is

difficult to make a living nowadays. They have families to raise and work hard for. Can you please let

this one time pass and not dock their wages? Just this once."

All others looked at him as if he was a hero, but as for Marcelo Wang, he didn't dare raise his head to

look at Rachel.

Chapter 1259 Renew The Contracts

Catching the employees talking to each other during business hours, Rachel became furious. Marcelo

stepped in and asked her to be lenient to the employees. This made Rachel angrier. She believed that

to reach success in life, one had to work hard and learn to obey rules. In this case, her rules were the

ones they should obey as long as they were employees in her company.

She clapped her hands to get the attention of everyone. In a loud sarcastic voice, she said,

"Congratulations! You really made my day! What do you think you're doing, huh? Is that what you call

working hard?! Well, let me tell you this! If you think you're working hard already, you are all wrong! I

don't pay you a lot of money just to sit and talk shit to each other! This is my company, and you are all

here to respect me by abiding by my rules!" Without thinking twice, Rachel turned to Marcelo and

yelled, "I already made up my mind. You are fired! Clear out your desk as soon as possible and get out

of my company!"

Firing Marcelo was a warning for everyone to know how serious she was with her company rules.

Furthermore, she wanted them to see that there wouldn't be second thoughts on firing them once she

found out that they violated her rules. However, her rash decision on terminating Marcelo did not invite any positive outcome on work ethics among her employees. Instead, they started to question the legality of the termination. Moreover, the employees started to rebel against her and question her authority.

Everyone could see how shocked Marcelo was. His flattering smile slowly disappeared, he tactfully defended himself by saying, "Ms. Bai, I didn't do anything wrong. As a matter of fact, I worked myself harder in the last few years to reach this position."

As hard as he could, he maintained his calm image as he continued to fight for his right. "You cannot fire me. I believe I contributed a lot during the difficult years of building this company up."

"Cut the crap, Marcelo. As the head of Administration, you should know the procedure from top to bottom. Take your things and leave before I call security." Then, without looking back, Rachel walked to her office without a care in the world.

Her time was so precious than to waste it arguing with a lowly employee.

"Oh, Marcelo..." The employees couldn't believe what Rachel did to Marcelo. They were strongly appalled to what she did. All their sympathies went to Marcelo. Those employees who were near

Marcelo came forward to comfort him. And, one thing was happening among the employees—they were all complaining.

"This time, Ms. Bai really went too far! I couldn't believe she disregarded you after you made great contributions in this company. How could she fire you just because of you standing up for us?"

Marcelo had been good to all the staff. He always put the employees first before himself. He encouraged them to do their best, and he always saw potential in them. When the employees were in trouble, he would take the blame. It was the reason why Marcelo lost his job. He defended them.

Though Marcelo was already aggrieved, he still comforted the employees. Smiling bitterly, he said, "It doesn't matter. The corporation is in the losing end right now. I am really thinking of looking for another job. I couldn't make up my mind to quit because I had deep feelings towards the company. But with this incident, it decided for me and made my situation easier. Now, I can really look for a new job with a light heart."

Although he didn't mind leaving the corporation, the feeling of humiliation was still there. It would also be easier if the new companies he would be applying for would see that he resigned from his position

rather than being fired.

"Now, everyone. Go back to your stations. If Ms. Bai sees you relaxing from your work, she will surely

be angry again. If that happens, no one will save you anymore."

When everyone went back to work, Marcelo walked towards his corner. He prepared everything for an

easy turn over to his successor.

He got everything itemized so that the newbie could start working as soon as possible. Though it was

not his job anymore, he felt it was the responsible thing to do. And, despite of his relationship with the

owner ending badly, he didn't take what happened to his heart. For him, revenge was not a right thing

to do. It would only cause an agonizing life.

After working in Tarsan Corporation for many years, he was sad to leave.

'When I got hired by this multinational corporation, my family and friends were so happy for me. Some

even envied me. I was so proud and this became my motivation to work hard. Just now I told others

that I had intended to leave, but I didn't really look for a new job. Why? It's because those were just

words. I love my job and I didn't really have an intention of quitting it.'

But what happened today was so unexpected. I felt loss...'

After a few months, Marcelo became problematic. His savings were almost gone. He didn't know how to tell his family what happened to him.

Meanwhile, at the Tarsan Corporation

Rachel, sitting in her office, was angry again at the idle employees.

Her thoughts were soon interrupted by a knock. It was her assistant. She looked worried.

Hesitating, she informed Rachel of a new dilemma. "Ms. Bai, there are several contracts which are

about to expire. They used to send someone to renew them at least a month before expiration. But this

time, with the deadline fast approaching, nobody came. No one even called..."

Upon hearing the news, Rachel felt downhearted. It seemed that the company was bearing more

losses now.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier? What was the in-charge doing? He should have contacted those people a long time ago! If we lose those clients, who will take the blame?! You?!"

Rachel yelled at the assistant. She didn't stop until she saw the assistant nearly in tears.

Somehow, feeling a bit guilty, Rachel stopped. She realized her shouting would not do anything to

make those clients go back to them. Calmly, she said, "Okay, I got it. Prepare the list of those

companies and send it to me. I will handle it personally."

After leaving Rachel's office, the assistant felt relieved. But she couldn't help whispering to herself, "It

was not my fault. Why did Ms. Bai blame me?"

In the office, Rachel felt exhausted. 'If only Holley were here, she could definitely handle the daily

affairs of the corporation. And I would only be focusing on the more important matters,' thought she.

That was only a wishful thinking on her part. She had to manage the corporation herself.

After the list came in, Rachel looked at the names of the companies and thought the best strategy to

convince them to renew their contracts with them. But before she could call them, someone knocked at

the door.

Six people came in after Rachel let them in. They handed her their resignations.

"Well, what's going on?! You all want to quit?" Rachel asked furiously. Up to now, she hadn't realized

that dismissing Marcelo made the employees unhappy.

"Ms. Bai, we think we are not the right people the corporation needs. Thus, we are tendering our

resignation."

"That is unbelievable! You have been working in Tarsan Corporation for many years now. Then, all of a

sudden, you realized you were not suitable in your positions here?! Why didn't you resign earlier?"

Rachel was losing her control. It was obvious that they wanted to quit their jobs because the

corporation was in a crisis. She hated their lame excuse. She knew it was unwise to let these

employees go, but she couldn't control her anger anymore. A civil conversation with them would be

impossible now.

"Ms. Bai, I do hope you accept our resignation." Frowning, one of the employees looked at her. She

was worried. Crossing her fingers, she hoped that Rachel would honor their decision.

"Fine. If that's what you want, then go. Leave as soon as possible. And, good luck to all of you."

Rachel was seething deep down. She gritted her teeth to avoid saying something hurtful that may

aggravate her already strained relationship with her employees. She gave them a forced smile.

Though her words were a blessing, her tone said otherwise. She didn't think they would have a better

job.

"Thank you, Ms. Bai. We sincerely wish Tarsan Corporation to continuously thrive by all means." For

once, there was no argument between the boss and the employees. They quietly placed their resignations on her table.

When Rachel waved to the door, they left. She realized now that directing her rage at them would not help. What she needed was time and space to think about the status of the company.

'Tarsan Corporation has problems both internally and externally,' thought she. With her hand on her forehead, she was thinking on how to deal with the existing problems. This made her depressed.

One of the reasons why the employees were resigning was because they were disappointed with her. It reached its peak when she fired Marcelo. But there was another one reason. Behind her back, rival companies were recruiting them. And, they were considering their offers mainly because they were not happy anymore at the present treatment they were receiving under her supervision.

Sadly, Rachel hadn't figured it out. Though many employees already left, she didn't take the time to reflect on the reasons of the exodus of the employees. Nor did she think of a solution. That became one of the big pitfalls of the Tarsan Corporation.

Rachel might have been a successful actress if she continued working in films or TV series. However, as a corporate manager, she was a failure.

Looking back at the list of the companies that her assistant sent her, Rachel prepared to call them one by one and talked about renewing the contracts.

"Hello. Good morning. May I speak to Mr. Zhao, please? This is Rachel Bai from the Tarsan Corporation."

"This is Alan Zhao speaking. Good morning, Ms. Bai. To what honor do I have this call for?" Alan Zhao asked casually.

"We have been partners for several years now. And, within the years of our partnership, we didn't face any major problem. I called you to talk about the contract. I heard you hadn't renewed it yet. Why is this so? I am wondering what's taking you so long."

Alan Zhao laughed and replied, "I know we have a happy and successful partnership. But lately, I heard from a little bird that Tarsan Corporation had problems due to mismanagement. Now, it is losing miserably."

Rachel's face darkened. 'Who the hell is that little bird?! Wait till I get my hands on his pretty neck!' She was now more worried of losing this important client!

Chapter 1260 See You Tonight

"Mr. Zhao, I believe there is a misunderstanding here. Tarsan Corporation does have some insignificant problems, but they all are already solved. You don't need to worry about them at all," promised Rachel on the phone.

"Ms. Bai, this is not about whether the problems in the company have been solved or not. This really is all about risk management. What I want you to understand is that the bigger the company is, the bigger the risk is at stake in every decision. So, I really have to be cautious. After all, my company is indeed very big. Are you with me on this?" Alan answered.

Rachel gritted her teeth in anger. 'Cunning fox!' she thought.

"Of course, I can understand you, Mr. Zhao. But at the same time, I also hope that you can kindly take our company into consideration. We are also a reliable big company. Trust me, you won't feel disappointed," Rachel assured him.

She thought for a while and then added, "I remember Mr. Zhao said to me you wanted to invite me for a drink, right? I see it that today is the right day. So let's go for a drink tonight. What do you think?"

Rachel couldn't help thinking of his disgusting lustful eyes. But she had to make this decision to save her company.

"All right! It's great! We will definitely meet by then!" Alan laughed loudly on the other end of the phone.

After Rachel hung up the phone, she slumped in her chair. Fatigue crawled on her.

But there was no time to rest. She got up shortly and continued working. She checked her note and

realized that in a few days there would be a client's birthday party.

Even though this client's company was not very big, it was a stable cooperator. She had to maintain a

good relationship with them. Her hope was simply that the birthday party could bring her more potential

clients.

Her phone rang yet once again. Rachel felt like her brain was going to explode. Boy, how she wanted

to turn off the phone and put all of these bullshits aside!

A long vacation was what she needed the most! She'd like to relax in a beach, along with the rhythmic

and soothing dynamic of the tides, or literally anywhere that could help her get rid of her work for a

while.

She decided to ignore the calls and then took a nap in her office. After she woke up, she checked her

phone. There was a message from Bernard.

He must have some good news for her! She couldn't wait to read the message and call him

immediately.

"It's me. Did you find any clue?"

"Yes. I found out that Miranda has a long-term lover. I investigated into her lover and had some

breakthroughs."

Rachel would literally kill to hear it.

"What is it?" Rachel asked anxiously, so anxious in fact that she unconsciously raised her voice two

pitches higher.

"Her lover has a foreign bank account. Every month there would be a big amount of money transferred

into his account. It turns out that the money she transferred is the result of her laundering Silver

Corporation's property. Worse yet, they have done it all along for quite a long time," Bernard said.

Rachel felt excited as soon as she heard the news.

This was the most exciting thing for her to know in a while.

"As for the evidence, I have collected them already and sent them to your mailbox. You can check them

at your convenience," Bernard continued.

Rachel observed that Miranda and Lance didn't look as intimate as they performed. However, she

didn't expect Miranda to do something so disgraceful.

She couldn't help thinking of Miranda's feigned behavior and the false impression of "a lovely couple"

that she created before. An idea struck her all of a sudden.

"Do you have anything else? Such as the direct evidence of Miranda's involvement in the murder?" she

asked again.

"Not yet. What we know for sure is that she faked the CCTV. I'm sure as long as I dig into this case,

we'll find something."

In fact, Bernard hadn't had a good sleep these past few days in order to help Rachel. He didn't want to

disappoint her, so he stalked and spied on Miranda and her lover nearly 24/7.

He tried not to sound exhausted on the phone, even though he knew that Rachel wouldn't even care

about him the slightest even if she had known about his sacrifice.

"Fine. Keep working on it. I'm waiting for your feedback." Rachel sounded very frustrated and upset.

She did it on purpose.

As she expected, Bernard felt so heartbroken right after he heard her frustrated voice. He truly yearned to see her happy and radiant face as she had been in the spotlight.

She was his muse. He felt like there was an obligation for him to maintain her pride and well-being, though she herself probably did not even care about his feeling.

"Yes. I'll try my best!" Bernard promised.

He made up his mind to find out the truth as soon as possible.

At the hospital, Melissa was sent into the emergency room. Charles waited outside and didn't dare to move a step.

Everything happened too fast, and his mind was also overly occupied by his worry toward Melissa that he could barely care about other things. Not long after though, he finally had a moment to think the whole thing through.

He recalled what he saw in the stairs. At first, Melissa and Sheryl were talking with each other. He couldn't hear them, but they both looked unhappy. They had conflicts very often, so Charles didn't feel surprised at all.

However, he didn't expect to see Melissa rolling downstairs in front of him.

He was scared by the scene. Melissa was all he cared about at that time because he couldn't stand seeing her in such a dreadful pain. He was barely able to even mind himself.

He vaguely remembered seeing Sheryl panicking. She opened her mouth, about to say something. But in the end, no single word was said.

How did Melissa fall down at all? As far as he could see, Sheryl dragged Melissa. Sheryl was standing on the upper stairs while Melissa stood down to her. She pulled Melissa towards herself with full might which finally caused Melissa falling.

But was it really the case?

He couldn't believe that Sheryl would act so evil toward Melissa. She was her mother-in-law! How could she manage to do this? No! No!

It couldn't be Sheryl! It couldn't be her!

Charles kept denying this possibility in his mind.

However, there was a weak voice yelling in his heart, "It was indeed Sheryl who did it! But she didn't do

it on purpose!"

'If this is the truth, I won't blame Sheryl for it, as long as she admits her fault. She didn't do it on

purpose, I know!' said Charles in his mind.

Charles stopped thinking randomly. Melissa was still in the emergency room. He stared at the door. As

of that time, he could not do anything but to wait! He would know the truth after Melissa woke up, at

least that was what he thought..

As Charles was waiting, the door of another emergency room opened all of a sudden.

He looked at it. A few doctors and nurses wheeled a gurney through the door.

"Mr. Lu, good to see you here." One of the doctors recognized him. He strode towards him and said,

"This patient is called Leila Zhang. She had food poisoning earlier today. We have saved her after two-

hour operation. Had she been sent to the hospital a little bit later, we wouldn't have been able to do

anything. The problem is, your wife sent her to the hospital today, but she is not here now, and we need

to discuss, you know, the cost."

"I see. I will pay her medical fee. Could you please get her a nursing assistant to take care of her?"

asked Charles.

"Very well. She is on the right hand. No need to worry," said the doctor. They had been worrying about the cost since Leila was left alone in the hospital. However they were really glad that Charles was willing to take the responsibility.

The operation had been over, but Leila was still too weak to wake up.

The nurses wheeled the gurney into the patient room. Charles withdrew his gaze.

At that time, he felt there was something unsettling about Leila's "food poisoning" case. There was something not right. According to what Melissa told him through the phone, Sheryl put poison in Leila's tea to kill her.

Sheryl seemed to have the right motive as well as the right reason to do so, but he knew Sheryl well enough that he didn't believe she would dare to do that.

Sheryl was an extremely kind woman. Leila had tried taken Clark away from her, which of course was intolerable for any mother, but Sheryl agreed to bring her to justice instead of retaliating with her. How could she do such an act after Leila was set free from prison?

Charles thought that it might be a trick by Leila to have herself tortured so that she could fool Melissa

and Sheryl, and set Sheryl up. Was it even possible?