

## **Wedded Bride 1341**

### Chapter 1341 Meeting

Judging from the look on Melissa's face, it was easy to tell that she was very unhappy. It seemed that something was bothering her. Walking to the table, she pulled out a chair carelessly. The loud noise made by her pulling out the chair was an announcement to everyone present that she was not in a good mood today.

Disturbed by her careless actions, Charles shot Melissa a glance silently. The expression on his face seemed to be telling her to stop making a scene. Seeing the glum expression on Charles' face this time, Melissa eventually calmed down reluctantly.

On the other end, Leila didn't say anything as she walked to the table and sat down. She had noticed the silent conflict between Charles and Melissa, so she simply wanted to be quiet and stayed out of it.

Knowing Melissa, Leila understood that she was hesitant about apologizing to Sheryl. She thought that an apology to Sheryl was something Charles wouldn't let go easily, so Melissa had to deal with it eventually. In fact, she even thought that Melissa should say sorry to Sheryl as soon as possible. At least in this way, Charles still would respect Melissa for acknowledging her fault.

Seated just beside Charles, Sheryl was really quiet all the way. Even though Melissa's face was

expressionless, she felt furious when she saw the calm look on Sheryl's face. She thought that Sheryl was making a display of winning through quietness. Her passiveness insulted her in such a way that she felt like talking to a robot or punching a pile of cotton in that matter. No matter how hard she hit on her, still she didn't fight back and got no response from her.

Under Charles' consistent stare, Melissa finally made up her mind to apologize to Sheryl after taking several deep breaths. Though she found it hard in her heart, she was left with no choice under Charles presence.

"Sheryl... I'm sorry for what I did yesterday. I shouldn't have gotten so emotional. Please forgive me,"

Melissa said reluctantly while looking at Sheryl straight in the eye. Her voice sounded hoarse, however.

She seemed to be saying those words through clenched teeth.

Still, with no expression on her face and placing down the bread on her plate, Sheryl slid it aside a little bit. Then she raised her head and looked at Melissa with a blank face, but she was surprised that such an arrogant lady like her would apologize to her. At that time, she didn't expect that Melissa would bow the neck to her. Swallowing her pride was not Melissa's thing after all.

"Look, Mom, I'm fine. I won't blame you for being emotional on impulse," said Sheryl. Then she added sincerely, "Let's just let the past pass. As your daughter-in-law, I really hope that we can get along, so Charles won't be put in a dilemma because of us. I believe that both of us are the women Charles loves very much. I think that he also really hope that we can get along. Don't you think so, Mom?"

When she spoke, there was a sweet smile on Sheryl's face, and her voice was so soft that it seemed that she didn't bother about their conflicts yesterday.

However, on the other hand, Melissa didn't appreciate Sheryl's kindness at all upon hearing her words. She thought that Sheryl was saying these things just because Charles was sitting right in front of them now. What she really wanted was to slap Sheryl in her face for her hypocrisy.

Since Melissa had prejudices against Sheryl, no matter how sincere Sheryl was, Melissa still didn't believe anything she had said. Even though Sheryl said that she had forgiven her, Melissa still thought that Sheryl had a speculating mind and she was just pretending to be a nice person.

"Yes, you were right. We should get along with each other," Melissa replied even though she didn't mean any of it. After all these ordeals, she thought that she had lost her dignity as mother-in-law, but she knew that she had no choice but to repress her true feelings toward Sheryl for the moment.

Thus, she decided to play along with Sheryl, pretending that they had made it up and put all this behind her.

Just observing the two of them, Leila, who knew well about Melissa, felt a little sick looking at her acting. Since Melissa almost got her into trouble this time, Leila realized that she couldn't count on her in the future.

Though he was just silent this time, Charles knew that his mother didn't want to apologize to Sheryl.

But he also knew that she would stop stirring up troubles from now on. With that in mind, he was glad that his mother and Sheryl finally got along.

"Dad, Mom, Shirley and I have finished our breakfast. Could you drive us to school?" Clark asked, interrupting the sudden silence that commenced at the breakfast table. Even though he didn't know what exactly had happened, he had noticed that something was wrong, so he tried to change the subject by asking his parents to send them to school.

"Okay, you two grab your schoolbags. Dad and Mom are going to drive you to school together,"

Charles said with a sweet smile on his face. Leading them out of the table, Charles bend down and

kissed Clark and Shirley on the cheeks.

Hearing that her mom and dad would drive them to school, Shirley ran to get her schoolbag gladly and excitedly skipped her way out.

Meanwhile at Tarsan Corporation, inside the cozy office, the aroma of brewed coffee filled the room.

Ever since Rex had warned Holley, she began to keep her head down and focus on her work.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Someone was knocking at the door forcibly. Hearing the loud bang on the door,

Holley was interrupted out of her reverie. She made a sudden jerk causing the coffee placed on her table to spill on the papers that were neatly placed nearby.

"Come in!" Holley said without raising her head as she was busy wiping the mess the coffee had made on her table.

"Yes, Miss Ye. I'm here to inform you the meeting this afternoon," a woman replied politely.

Recognizing her secretary's voice, Holley raised her head and gestured for her secretary to start.

"Miss Ye, our Corporation and the Shining Company are going to have a project meeting this afternoon at three o'clock in our meeting room. The top executives of both companies have to be there. I've

already sent the meeting files to your email. You can look through them first." While holding a file holder

in her hand, the secretary informed Holley her schedule for the afternoon.

"Okay, got it. I'll check my email," Holley replied shortly. Waving her hand to gesture for her secretary to

leave after her reminders, Holley thanked her and instructed her to make another coffee for her.

Nodding her head, the secretary walked out of Holley's office quietly.

Looking at her messy table and thinking about the meeting this afternoon, Holley was annoyed. It was

going to be a difficult battle. The project didn't go as well as she thought. They had found a new conflict

of interest in the project. However, neither of the companies wanted to make any concession, so they

had to negotiate with each other again.

The only comfort she was looking forward to was that she would be able to see Charles this afternoon.

Considering that she hadn't seen Charles for several days since he left the hospital and Rex warned

her to stop cheating on Black, Holley just couldn't shut the idea off her mind. Thinking about the

situation she was in, she felt a little sorry for herself.

At half-past two, Charles and the other managers from the Shining Company arrived at the building hall

of the Tarsan Corporation. The staff who were responsible for greeting them had already been waiting on the first floor with pleasant smiles beaming on their faces.

"Good afternoon, I'm the manager of Tarsan Corporation. My name is Todd Sun. Nice to meet you all.

Let me lead you to the meeting room," Todd Sun greeted Charles politely.

Taking a step forward, he reached out his hand to Charles to welcome him with a handshake. "Mr. Lu, please this way."

After Charles and the other managers followed Todd Sun into the elevator, the staff on the first floor began to have a heated discussion.

"Wow, Mr. Lu is really tall and handsome. He looks so young."

"He is rich, handsome, and a successful businessman too!"

"He is not only a successful businessman but also a heartthrob."

All the women by the entrance seemed to be so attracted to Charles. In their eyes, he was such a wonderful man but beyond their reach. The one that existed only in their dreams.

The moment all the top executives from the Tarsan Corporation who had already seated themselves waiting in the meeting room saw that the executives from the Shining Company walked in, they stood

and greeted them with their heads bowed low.

Searching through the crowd, Holley's gaze was drawn irresistibly to Charles as he walked into the room with the others. He had such an imposing appearance that showed his confidence; it would be impossible not to notice him.

No matter how many times Holley had met Charles, she still couldn't stop her heart from beating so fast every time she caught sight of him. Her heart was full of love for him, though she knew that he was already married.

Not very long after the meeting began, their negotiation came to a deadlock. The executives who were responsible for the project of both companies quarreled over the matter. Each of them wanted to win over the project.

"We think that Choice A is the best choice. We've dealt with similar cases before and we're confident that we can handle our cooperation well if we select Choice A," said the project manager of the Shining Company. Standing in the perspective of the Shining Company, Choice A was definitely the best choice. It could not only save their cost but also publicize their company's reputation by coping with

similar cases they had done before.

#### Chapter 1342 No Compromise

The project manager of Tarsan Corporation was not one of the saints who viewed people only by their good virtues. The intention behind Shinning Company to come up with Plan A was obvious, but it brought no benefit to Tarsan Corporation. Even if the plan was agreed upon, the deal would be of little value or interest to Tarsan Corporation.

"I disagree with Plan A. Now that we've mutually decided to cooperate with each other, we should take both of our mutual interests into account. Plan A will take too much time and cost too much resources; it is far from being feasible for Tarsan Corporation. I suggest we move with Plan B, because it will do good not only to both of our companies, but also to our entrusting company."

Once the representatives from Shining Company heard those words, they rolled their eyes at once, indicating strong opposition. Shining Company would obtain nothing if they were to follow Plan B. On the surface, it looked as though Plan B aimed to profit both sides, but that was simply not true.

As a result, the meeting seemed to have run into a dead-end in the middle of the negotiation process.

Without showing any intention of compromising, the project manager from both sides argued sharply against each other.

"Everybody please calm down! If we wish to come to an agreement, we must remain calm. Now, why don't we all take a break?" Holley decided to cut in and get involved. When she realized that the situation was about to get out of hand, she stood up and acted as an intermediary to settle everyone down. She declared a time-out, before the argument worsened. However, sitting still in his chair, composed, Charles seemed to have a card up his sleeve.

Soon, peaceful silence permeated the meeting room, as most of people walked out one by one leaving behind a few people still sitting in their chairs.

Holley went out to call her secretary in, and reminded her secretary to tell the project manager to prepare a PPT before the second-half meeting began.

Holley wanted to regulate every member from her company, in preparation of the battle during the next half of the meeting. After explaining the assignment to her secretary, she began to think of anything else that might help. As she kept thinking, she looked around the room; at last, her eyes stopped on Charles.

She walked over to him and said, almost in an imploring tone, "Mr. Lu, may I have a word with you in

private about the joint project?"

She couldn't afford to make any mistakes. The project meant too much to her company. If today's meeting failed to come up with a unified goal, the project would have to be delayed. And that would be financially disastrous for Tarsan Corporation.

On behalf of Tarsan Corporation, this time Holley was picked to be the decision maker on the joint project. To earn the opportunity, she had made a play for this significant task. Although she was doubted by most of shareholders during the board meeting, she survived against the other candidates in the end.

It didn't take Charles too long to figure out what exactly Holley was going to discuss with him.

Nonetheless, he was ready to disagree with any of her suggestions. But since he didn't want to be blatantly rude to her, he looked at her and nodded his head slightly.

"Of course," Charles replied. He gestured for her to lead the way and followed her out of the room. He walked casually, allowing nothing but a profound look on his face.

In truth, Charles was supposed to be just as worried and careful as Holley. After all, he knew for a fact that if the joint project was delayed even by one more day, it would add a little more damage to Shining

Company. In spite of that, Charles also knew, that business was no different from gambling. Whoever could stay calm and composed in the face of trouble, would be the winner! He learnt such a principle by heart and always remained sober while dealing with business. In his view, no matter how big of a risk he was going to take, he had to be willing to stick to his decisions; even he would, on this occasion, pay the price for delaying the project for a very long time.

"Mr. Lu, as you can see from the elaborate discussions in the first-half of the meeting, both sides have failed to reach an agreement, divided by a difference in opinion. My hope is that we both can take a step back on the issue, and then perhaps we can find a middle ground. Don't you agree?" Holley turned and asked, once they got outside.

Charles didn't respond at once. He stayed silent and observed her. From her expression, he caught her anxiousness to solve the problem. Her discomposure was exactly what he was looking for. To Charles, the business field was no different from a duel. Failing to hide one's weakness was an unforgivable mistake. If he wanted a victory, he just needed to be patient and sense his competitor's weakness before striking with his sword. Holley was on her way to expose her weak point.

"Mr. Lu, if we can't reach an agreement on this project today, it would be bad for both companies.

Moreover, if the entrusting party can no longer put up with the delays for too long, both of our companies' reputations will be ruined!"

Holley didn't give up trying to persuade him, despite Charles' unwavering composure. In hopes of convincing him to see it her way, she laid down all her cards on the table.

Although Holley used a bad analogy, by informing him that both of their interests would be impacted, to intimidate him, Charles didn't even raise his eyebrows to exude a trace of concern. Finally, in a cold voice, he said, "Miss Ye, on account of this issue, I don't think we need to have any further discussions. I have made myself very clear. I intend to stick to the standpoint of my company. I will only adopt Plan A, regardless of what you say."

Charles' staunch response took her by surprise. In an instant, Holley felt at loss for words. Her mind stopped processing thoughts, like a tape player jammed all of a sudden. Her face darkened with disappointment and she lowered her head.

Out of sheer desperation, Holley urged again, "Mr. Lu, why don't we both make a compromise, and take a step back, so this project could be carried out smoothly? Wouldn't that be more beneficial to

both of our companies? Would you please take my words into further consideration? I am really looking out for both of us!"

This time, she put herself in the lowest position and displayed a humble image in front of Charles, in hopes of softening his heart.

Unfortunately, her soft tactics made no difference to Charles. Instead, he detected her diminishing morale and regarded it as a sign of defeat. He could not become more stubborn and firm. "There really is no need to reconsider, just as I have told you, Shining Company and I won't make any compromises in any form! My group only will take Plan A as the final solution. There will be no other alternatives,"

Charles said bluntly. The timbre of his voice sounded even colder than before. Having run out of patience, just as he finished talking, he turned and was ready to walk away.

'This joint project is already half-done. This is such a critical point in the negotiation stages that I can't allow any kind of problems to come my way. Otherwise, I will lose my grip on my position again!' Holley couldn't stop thinking to herself. Panic and desperation took over her as she watched Charles walk away.

At once, she shook her head to dismiss all thoughts and rushed to stop Charles. She reached out with both of her hands and grabbed his sleeve, begging, in a rueful voice, "Charles, please give me a break!

Don't you care about me anymore? I have no other way this time; you have to help me!" Her eyes were filled with tears and seemed to bore into Charles.

As Charles turned around to face her, her tear-soaked eyes began to swell and turn red. To arouse his sense of sympathy, she forced her eyes to water, feigning helplessness. With trembling lips and eyes glistening with crocodile tears, she locked him in a gaze.

However, without any hesitation, Charles responded to her pleas with a frown and shook his hand, trying to get her hands off of his sleeves.

Even in the face of Charles' ruthless rejection, Holley did not give up. At the moment, she had no choice but to depend on Charles. This was an act of desperation, made by a woman clutching at straws to retain her career, since he was the only one she could turn to for help. The harder Charles pulled back, the greater efforts she made to tug at his sleeve. As they kept tugging with each other, their bodies got closer and closer. At first glance, if passers-by didn't observe closely, they would only assume that Charles and Holley were a couple engaged in intimacy in public.

Suddenly, a shrill sound of thud rang out, alerting Holley as she loosened her grip without a conscious thought. Judging from the sound, she assumed it was created by a man who threw a hard punch to the wall. 'Who is punching at the wall, with so much force?' she wondered. Without rhyme or reason, she had no idea why she felt cautious. Before she made her decision to find the source of the sound, she even thought of escaping from the scene as soon as possible. Nervously, she tilted her head and looked towards the direction where the sound came from.

Meanwhile, Charles couldn't be more tired of Holley's persistent tangle. He had run out of patience with her and her impetuous behavior didn't help him to feel any better to give a thought about compromising. On the contrary, he felt disgusted as he started to consider whether he should even cooperate with a company in which Holley was a part of. When he noticed her distracted state, he forcefully shook her hands away and quickly walked back into the meeting room.

It was Black who had thrown the punch causing the disruptive noise. Before he spotted what Charles and Holley were doing outside, he was hoping to ask Holley out to lunch. But now, he was completely infuriated. He couldn't bear the thought of seeing the woman he loved the most having intimate

interactions with another man, especially in public!

As Black recalled what Holley had told him about her relationship with Charles, Black couldn't help

shaking his head in disappointment. He felt utterly stupid for believing everything she had said. 'I

thought you said you and Charles were just normal partners!' he thought to himself.

Livid and broken-hearted, Black felt like a man both cheated and betrayed by his own stupidity. His

face darkened with a mirthless glare, like the sky riddled with dark clouds. The fire in his eyes indicated

the torrents of rage and wrath that were about to unfold.

Chapter 1343 Please Come Back To Me

Looking sideways, Holley was frightened out of wits when she saw Black. On the back of her mind, she

could foresee the terrible consequences the incident would cause her and how things would slip out of

her control. Without any hesitation, she loosened her grip of Charles and trotted towards Black

subconsciously.

When Black saw her approach, his face turned ghastly pale with anger. Turning his head away from the

unpleasant sight, he ignored Holley and strode away immediately. Holley tried to chase his footsteps,

however, Black was a tall man with long legs and he was determined to leave this place and keep his

distance away from her. Thus with his long strides, it was impossible for her to catch up with him.

Black went out of her sight soon. Holley had to give up and leaned against the wall, panting. She pulled her phone out and called Black, but couldn't get through. She had to explain to him, but he just refused to listen to her.

Sad and dejected, Holley didn't know what to do. But no matter how restless she was, she had to cheer herself up and force herself to attend the meeting.

The meeting was resumed and Holley pinched her arm, trying her best to focus on what others were talking about, but she just couldn't concentrate. She just sat there in a trance. The project manager of Tarsan Corporation was talking something about the plans, but she couldn't care less. Her mind had drifted away.

"And this is our opinion. We insist on Plan A. Thank you!" The delegate of Shining Company made a bow and returned to his seat.

After that, the delegate of Tarsan Corporation also stated his opinion. Time was going by, yet the members still couldn't reach a consensus on this issue. The delegates were restless and raising their voices as to force the meeting to a stop. However, the project manager of Tarsan Corporation stood up

and raised his voice breaking the incessant huddles.

"Miss Ye, I'd like to hear your thoughts on this," motioned the project manager of Tarsan Corporation,

shifting his eyes towards Holley's direction. Both sides could not convince each other, and the

atmosphere grew tense, so he wanted to seek help from Holley.

To his dismay, however, Holley was absent-minded. All she was thinking about was the man who had

turned his back on her. When she suddenly heard someone call out her name, she came back to earth.

She cleared her throat and blinked nervously. "Excuse me, but could you repeat your question? I didn't

catch it."

"What do you think of the reasons that the Shining Company gave us in adopting Plan A, Miss Ye?"

With every eye in the meeting room focused on her, Holley was in a cold sweat. She clenched her fist

and forced herself to come up with an answer, considering that her brain was almost blank yet

preoccupied at the same time. Though she was thinking hard as to answer the question, still nothing

concrete came into her mind.

As a matter of fact, she was completely at a loss as to what they were talking about, let alone the

reasons given by the Shining Company. But she couldn't just tell them that she was absent-minded, or

else not only her but the whole Tarsan Corporation would be disgraced. Right at that crucial moment, she panicked even more at the thought that she was carrying the name of the company with her and that she would dragged them down in case she failed this time.

"Well...I think there is probably some truth in their arguments, but according to the project itself and the particular case of Tarsan Corporation, the question as to whether we should adopt Plan A is still up to discussion. Thus, I suggest that we keep it that way for the mean time. Maybe...uh..maybe it would be for the good of everyone, right?"

Confused as to where the words came from, Holley's answer was vague and ambiguous. It was nothing but rubbish to the attendees of the meeting. Everyone, including the managers from the Shining Company, cast a strange look at her, which had put a huge strain on her. Everyone, including the project manager of Tarsan Corporation, had expected something from her. Something that would probably put an end to the endless argument and force the battle towards their side. However, hearing the words from her, everyone was surprised.

Unused to hearing such a vague opinion from Holley, Charles glanced at her coldly. Yet deep inside

him, he was laughing secretly. He looked down upon and pity those who were perfunctory, and believed that Holley was not qualified to be his partner nor his opponent.

As silence commenced after Holley spoke, the project manager of Tarsan Corporation noticed the embarrassing atmosphere. Thus he smiled and stood up. "It seems that we can't reach an agreement today. Why don't we call it a day and discuss it later, so we can have more time to think about it and improve the plans? Mr. Lu, Miss Ye, what do you think?"

By the way it appeared, Holley knew that he was trying to extricate her from the awkward situation. She had no choice but to nod her head in haste. Furthermore, she also realized that it would be to her advantage because she could escape and look for Black immediately. She was desperate after all.

On the other side of the table, Charles also nodded in silence. Others, then, echoed his words. They collected the papers spread on the table, moved their chairs and left the meeting room. Off they went, and Holley herself couldn't wait for the room to be emptied for her to hurry out. She thought it would be

rude as a member of the host company to leave the room first.

After everyone had left, including the project manager who gave her a quizzical look before leaving,

Holley rushed out anxiously. All she wanted to do now was find Black, explain to him and make it up with him again. She couldn't afford to let the day end knowing that Black was mad at her.

When she got out of the meeting room, Charles walked past her. But she couldn't care less. She had completely forgotten her former plan, thus she just let him pass and tried to shut every idea of Charles out of her mind at the moment. Though it was hard for her to do, still she managed to do so for her own good.

Holley still remembered the words that Rex said to her that night. He warned her not to hurt Black's feelings anymore, or he would take revenge on her relentlessly. For sure she would be sorry in case that happened. Though Black had done her no harm yet, she was too afraid to dare him and fuel his anger.

At the thought of this, Holley's face went pale with fear. When she came to the gate of the company, she was already in a cold sweat. Cold shivers ran down her spine as she thought about how she would explain everything to Black.

With her mobile phone in hand, she kept calling Black, hoping he could answer the phone. To her disappointment, no matter how many times she called him, all she could hear was the machine's cold

voice, "Sorry! The number you dialed is unattended."

At the Hu Group, cold air welcomed Holley as she entered. Determined to face Black, she went to the reception area and asked, "Hello, my name is Holley Ye. I have to see Mr. Hu right away. Could you tell him that I am here?" Normally it would take more than an hour to get to the Hu Group, but Holley was so anxious that she beat several red lights and managed to arrive there in forty minutes.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Hu is not here. He left his office earlier. You can leave a message and I'll tell him as soon as he comes back." The receptionist was a young girl, and judging from the expressions on her face, she gave Holley an honest answer.

'What? Black is not here? Then where could he be?' she thought silently. Frustrated, Holley had come all the way from her company to find Black, only to find that he had left his office. But she had to explain to him; she had to do that no matter what. Determined as she was, she glanced at her wristwatch and thought that she had still time to find him and fix everything. Thus she looked at the receptionist and said, "I see. Thank you."

In her haste, Holley nodded at the receptionist politely and rushed out immediately. Black wouldn't

answer her phone call, so she decided to go to his house and try her luck.

"That Miss Ye might be a girlfriend of Mr. Hu if you'll ask me." A clerk leaned against the front desk,

holding a cup in her hand. "So she came here to find him? Just look at her, so anxious and desperate.

Maybe Mr. Hu has broken up with her and she doesn't want to give up easily. So she came and tried to

make up with him." Leaning even closer, the clerk whispered to the receptionist. Almost every girl in the

company knew Black's reputation when it came to women. Thus, Holley's actions were not new to

them.

Furthermore, it couldn't be denied that girls were extremely imaginative, and the clerk as proof of that.

Much even more of a fortune teller for that matter.

"Is that so?" the receptionist asked in astonishment upon hearing the clerk's assumptions. Young and

innocent as she was, the receptionist didn't think that way and was surprised to hear her colleague's

words. Without any idea of what was happening, she just simply believed on everything that the clerk

had said., "You see, she was so anxious to see Mr. Hu that she was almost bathed in sweat. If she

came with some business, then why did she refuse to leave a message? So I think she came here for

some private affairs. Since it is a private affair, what else can it be aside from emotional disputes? I

really think Mr. Hu dumped her."

The clerk was a middle-aged woman who liked to tittle-tattle and was extremely good at it. The receptionist was soon convinced by her analysis and nodded with admiration. Looking at Holley's back as she headed towards the exit, the receptionist couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

Though she had her back on them already, Holley knew that they were gossiping about her, but she had no time to argue with them. She ignored them, hurried to her car and started it. The car roared down the highway and headed for Black's house.

After a couple of minutes, she stopped the car at Black's gate.

"Black? Are you home? Please talk to me."

At the gate, Holley kept pressing the doorbell and calling his name, but nobody answered the door.

Holley was starting to get hopeless this time.

Desperately, Holley had been looking for Black since the moment the meeting was over, but she couldn't find him anywhere. Now she was overwhelmed by regret, fear, and tiredness. She threw herself down in an agony of pain and sorrow.

She tried his phone again, but Black's phone was still powered off. Holding the phone in her hand, Holley laughed bitterly to herself. This time, she had pushed him over the edge and he was really mad at her. Holley always had confidence in herself, but this time was different. She was not sure whether she could make up with Black again. "Please, come back to me," murmured Holley painfully as bitter tears fell from the corners of her eye.

Chapter 1344 Get The Fuck Out!

'Where is Black? Where did he run off to all of a sudden?' Holley wondered. She found herself tied up in knots, disquieted by Black's sudden disappearance.

Suddenly, it dawned upon Holley that she knew nothing about him. Just now she realized that she had no idea where to look for him, besides his company and his house. In fact, Black's personal life, his friends and where he would go for some down-time were a complete mystery to her.

Helpless and exhausted, she had no choice but to wait for Black outside his doorstep.

Just outside Black's house, Holley sat on the floor looking drawn and haggard. Deep down in her heart, however, she firmly believed that Black would soon appear in front of her. After all, Black loved her dearly and would come back to her after his anger had dissipated. Drifting off to her daydreams, she imagined that Black would be so moved to see her waiting for him that he would forgive her and

everything would get back to normal.

Unfortunately, even though she had somehow spent several hours waiting out in the cold, there was still no sign of him.

Suddenly, feeling a sharp pang of pain thrust through her stomach, she realized that she hadn't eaten anything since afternoon, not even a drop of water. 'I hope I don't get stomach cramps again. I really should be more thoughtful about my eating habits,' she thought, feeling worried about her health.

The more she thought about food, the harder it became to tolerate the hunger eating at her insides. Her stomach growled as though it were complaining and she squirmed on the floor to try to silence the rumbling. Famished and light-headed from the gnawing hunger, she felt tiny beads of sweat form on her forehead.

Without a conscious thought, she covered her belly with her hands hoping to provide even the slightest bit of comfort to herself.

Soon, the voices in her head were telling her to leave, instead of struggling with hunger and stomachache. 'Why would you be so stupid to suffer for a man? Why don't you just walk away and let

him do in whatever way he wants to do? Is he really worth the price you are paying for him?' Even in a

daze, however, she was taken back to what Rex had said to her the other night. Ever since that day,

his words had been haunting Holley, and she trembled every time she was reminded of the thought.

She didn't have the nerve to imagine what would happen if Rex were to keep his promises. 'What if...

Black said something to Rex? If he thought that I had secretly kept in touch with Charles, he would

completely lose it. No! I have to fix this before something bad happens!'

Although, the negative thoughts did nothing to improve the situation, Holley couldn't stop thinking about

the dire consequences. The Hu family had accumulated their fortune with the help of their close

connection with gangsters and members of the underworld. If Rex wanted to punish her, she would

have no way to escape.

The scary thoughts sent shivers down her spine.

All she could do now was put up with hunger and keep waiting for Black patiently.

As the sky darkened, it became quieter, reflecting a sense of horror. Heavy mist dispersed and

swallowed her surroundings. It smothered the greens of the leaves, the grasses and the underbrush. It

leached out their color, turning everything the same stony grey as the rock.

If anything, the chilly air made matters worse as she regretted not bringing an overcoat with her to fight off the cold. Dressed lightly in a one-piece dress, she couldn't stop her knees from knocking, despite her best efforts to wrap her arms around her legs.

She found herself encouraged by the darkness to close her eyes and slip away into the depths of unconsciousness, but a pair of bright, dazzling headlights forced her bleary eyes open.

Excitement pushed her body up, but she squinted her eyes, struggling to adjust to the sudden brightness after being subjected to nothing but darkness for a few hours. By a quick reflex, she raised her arms and blocked the lights, but a tear or two managed to escape from the corners of her eyes.

Much to her delight, it was Black's car and she could see the man she had been waiting for sitting in the driver's seat. However, as she lowered her eyes, she quickly noticed a young woman in low-cut dress, resting her head on his lap. Needless to say, Holley was taken by surprise!

As Black held the woman in his arms, he got out of the car and swung the car door shut. They stumbled their way towards Holley, both of them undeniably drunk. When Black walked close to the door, he found the woman sitting at the corner of the doorway, gazing at him. A grim shadow crossed

his face, however, that quickly turned his smile into a bemused frown. Immediately putting on a cold face, Black marched on with the girl in his arms.

Black stopped before Holley, as she looked into his eyes with a rueful expression. Acting as if he didn't know who Holley was, he kissed the charming girl right in front of Holley. Reaching into his pocket, he took out the key and opened the door. Just as he was about to get in, Black cast a disdainful glance at Holley.

"Black, stop!" Holley shouted, as her face turned livid. Infuriated, she gathered the last vestige of her energy to stride ahead, in an attempt to grab Black's arm. However, she failed to realize her feet had gotten paralyzed momentarily as they had been fixed in the same position for a long time. Struggling to find her footing, she stumbled forward for a few inches.

In spite of that, her full attention was on Black and the girl he was holding in his arms. Shrieking with utter displeasure, she complained, "Black, what is this? Who is this girl? Why are you taking her home with you at this hour? How could you kiss her right in front of me?"

Rage painted her facial expression. In a voice that quivered at almost every word, she bombarded him

with questions. However, the only response Black gave her in return was a cold glance.

From his impenetrable eyes and inscrutable countenance, Holley read no patience at all, only ironic sniggers.

Holley's anger had reached its climax. Her eyes were ablaze with fire that knew nothing of forgiveness.

She took a deep breath to calm her senses, before she sprang and forcibly pulled the girl out of Black's arms.

Black could feel the strength in Holley's pull, as he was forced to release his hold on the girl's slim figure. Taken aback, he stood still and stared into Holley's eyes with a startled look.

Holley eyed the strange girl in front of her, carefully observing her. She looked ravishing, with an hourglass figure that was beyond comprehension. Hurling curses at the girl in her mind, Holley cast her eyes at Black, brimming with envy. If only looks could kill!

"Black! Are you deaf? Who is she? What is going on between the two of you?" Holley's face contorted with venomous outburst. Even if her love for Black was fake, Holley still couldn't bear to see him with another woman in his arms.

"Holley Ye! You'd better size up the current situation! Who do you think you are? Who gave you the

right to meddle with my business? You don't need to know who she is!"

Black raised his voice. His aggressive response indicated his total indifference which Holley had never seen before.

"Black Hu! You asshole! How could you treat me like this?" Black's cold-hearted response drove the tears from her eyes all the way to tip of her chin. All of a sudden, the pain and exhaustion that had manifested in her body struck her hard.

On the verge of collapsing, she found great difficulty in standing straight. She also noticed that her voice was becoming weaker and weaker.

Eventually, the fierceness faded away from her eyes as she dropped her head and remained silent.

After midnight, the mist began to condense into beads of water, painting the night into an even chillier darkness. Although the door was already shut, Holley stood there alone in the doorway, sinking in deep sorrow. Dew flowed from the roof and dropped onto her hair, the coldness from which caused her to shake like a dry leaf.

After a long while of waiting patiently, she finally decided to leave. As soon as she got inside the car,

she turned on the heating. The moderate temperature quickly got rid of the shivers, but it had no effect on her heart!

The pain in her stomach made it increasingly difficult for her to muster any strength to start the car, so she rested her tired head against the steering wheel, physically and mentally defeated.

After ten minutes of rest, Holley finally regained whatever that was left of her sanity and drove away.

After Black walked into the dining hall with the girl, he couldn't wait to push her against the wall, lift her hands over her head and lock both of her wrists to the wall.

Finding no desire to look at her face, he closed his eyes and released his anger in the form of carnal pleasures.

His hungry hands ran all over her body, caressing her skin. He shoved his tongue down her throat and sucked her kiss. The girl was aroused, as though his fingers had short-circuited her mind in the best possible way. In response, she keenly moved her hands to encircle his neck and wrap her legs around him.

Black had picked up this random floozy at a nightclub. Preying on lonely men at the bar was her way of having fun. Sometimes, she'd look for wealthy people and sometimes, she would just be driven by a

ravenous appetite for carnal pleasure. Back in the afternoon, she picked a nice bar and prepared

herself to meet a rich guy. The moment Black set his foot into the bar, she had set her sights on him.

Her lustful eyes, devoured Black's handsome face and masculine figure. More importantly, she cast her

yearning eyes to the watch wrapped around his wrist. At once, she evaluated its value and got

dumbfounded. The watch Black was wearing was worth more than the price of an apartment.

Immediately she knew what she wanted and presented herself on a silver plate to him.

She noticed Black sitting across her, drinking by himself, and knew that this was a rare opportunity she

couldn't afford to miss. Without further delay, she walked over to his table, and flashed him a charming

smile which allowed her a seat at his table. That was how they met!

While she was enjoying Black's passionate kiss, he suddenly loosened his grip on her body and

pushed her away.

"Get the fuck out!" Black shouted, out of the blue. His eyes were full of hatred and his face hardened.

Needless to say, the girl was puzzled and shocked by the sudden change of his expression. With a

dumbstruck look on her face, she stood there wondering what had happened. Black narrowed his eyes

and yelled again, "Didn't you hear me? I said, get the fuck out!"

Black's angry, contorted face, frightened the girl out of her wits! In a hurry, she scrambled to gather her things from the floor and ran out of the house half-naked.

Chapter 1345 Every Detail Counted

"You're nuts!"

Freeing herself away from Black, the woman ran away as fast as she could. Though she was already out of breath, she didn't stop until she was at a safe distance away from Black's house. Looking back, she shouted and cursed at the damn house with all her might.

After Black kicked out of the woman, he walked into his bedroom, annoyed and vexed as ever. He lied down on the bed and stared at the ceiling, not sleepy at all.

He kept thinking about what happened today. This morning, he came across Holley and Charles, who were very intimate with each other. Just now, Holley ran away, angry and sad after seeing him on top of another woman.

'Damn it!' Black cursed, punching the pillow beside him. On the back of his mind, Black regretted that he had fallen in love with such a woman.

He thought about the time he spent with her, every twinkle and smile she made. The way she looked at

him, her sexy voice, their interactions, and all the little things that drove him crazy at that time. Now all those memories were torturing him. Everything just turned into his saddest reminiscence.

Right at this moment, Black wished he had never met Holley. In that way, he would be much happier with his easy-go-lucky way of life. Commitments, strings and attachment were the reasons why he hated having intimate and long relationships.

As stubborn as he was, Black wasn't an emotional person before he met Holley. He used to be free and had no intention of settling down, not to mention being emotionally influenced by a woman.

Being desolate and caught up in a situation as this while slumped on his bed, Black pitied himself and looked down upon the idea that he was turning into an emotional man.

Meanwhile, Holley didn't get home until midnight.

With everything that happened earlier, she felt exhausted. She tossed and turned in bed but couldn't fall asleep, no matter how hard she forced to close her eyes.

As long as she thought about Black's betrayal, she felt furious and sad. Although an hour passed after that incident, the scene was still vivid in her head.

She was afraid that she would lose Black just like that, which, as for her, would mean that she would lose everything. It was because, at the time being, Black was the only person who would offer her help and support unconditionally.

"No! I wouldn't let that happen," she thought. Weighing things out, Holley couldn't lose Black just like that. She needed him, not because she loved him, but for business reasons.

Thinking things over, she realized that she had to do something to win back his heart. After all, Black was important to her right now. He was essential and irreplaceable, thus she must do everything to mend what was broken between them.

Yet, thinking about how worst the problem was, she had no idea what she could do to win back his heart. Besides, Charles stood in their way. She must think of a way to make Black believe that she had nothing to do with Charles.

Lying in her bed, Holley thought about it for a long time before she finally came up with a vague idea.

Inside her, Holley was convinced that Black still loved her. Whenever people loved someone, there would be a weakness at some point. If Holley could find out Black's weakness, she could make use of it and make him trust her again.

All her life, Holley was a doer. She jumped out of her bed immediately, picked out a strapless top and black hot pants from her closet. Her hourglass figure looked very sexy in the mirror. Holley then put on a coat and walked out of the door.

It was midnight and the late evening chill greeted her as she made her way to her car.

Stepping on the accelerator, Holley drove to a bar and parked outside. She took off her coat before she walked inside.

Although it was midnight, the bar was bustling. The lights were dim, creating an atmosphere that would turn people's intimate desires. Everyone was drinking, dancing or flirting with strangers.

Looking daring and ravishing on her outfit, Holley sat down in front of the counter. Just a few seconds after she sat down, some men around her lay their eyes on her, wanting to hit on her.

Since she was going to a bar tonight, Holley dressed up. She was beautiful, needless to say sexy. Her pair of soft, long legs which were as white as milk kept drawing men's attention.

"Give me a whiskey, please." Flicking her hair backward, showing her bare shoulders, Holley told a bartender. If she wanted to win back Black's heart, she couldn't afford to miss every detail. She had to

make it so real so that Black would trust her again.

"Sure, just a moment."

The bartender showed off his skills, in an attempt to impress Holley. Less than a minute, a whiskey was done especially for her.

"Thank you," Holley said, absent-minded, not minding the bartender's show of interest.

One gulp after the other, Holley drank shot after shot, trying to make herself drunk. As the cold liquor went through her throat, she couldn't tell whether it tasted bitter or sweet.

"Hello, young lady. Are you alone? May I buy you a drink?" A few minutes later, a stranger walked over to Holley, bent down and invited her.

Slumped on the bar this time, Holley lifted her head, took a glance at the man and shook her head silently.

Through her blurred visions, she thought that this man was nice. Although he was a little old for Holley, he looked rather handsome. Holley wouldn't bother flirting with him if only it was on normal days, but tonight was different. She had something in mind and she didn't have the mood to deal with this man.

Usually, in the bar, people were quite an observer. They knew when to take actions or just leave in

hitting with girls. This man, however, was stubborn. He was clueless and thought Holley was playing hard to get.

He walked closer to Holley and put one of his hands on her shoulder.

"Would you mind if I join you? What do you say? Can I?" Raising his brows he asked in a rising tone.

Under the dim light, they looked like a sweet couple.

Though a little dizzy, Holley didn't expect the man to be this clueless. He was like a fly, constantly flying around her and annoying her with his buzz.

Vexed, she looked at his hand on her shoulder and shook it off indifferently.

"Stay away from me. I am not interested in you." However, Holley's words didn't work out as she had expected. Somehow, her coldness and rejection excited the man.

Perhaps it was because of the desire to conquer or to prove himself. The more rejection he got, the more desired he was to conquer her as if he could only feel satisfied in that way.

Therefore, even after the man heard Holley, he had no intention of giving up but decided to take a step forward. It was like he was turned on by her stubbornness. He was determined to get her laid tonight.

"But I am interested in you. What can I do about that, sweetie?" Leaning closer to her, the man whispered in Holley's ear. He was so close that he almost kissed her ear, which made Holley sick.

"Fuck off." Pushing him, Holley lowered her voice and snapped. She turned her back against him and ignored him. With her lips pursed, her annoyance was obvious.

"You..." The man's face turned gloomy immediately. When he was about to lose his temper, a friend of his stopped him.

"Let it go, man. We're here to have fun! Come with me. I saw some cool chicks over there. Let's go!"

Without waiting for the man's answer, his friend pulled him away. His friend really didn't want to make a scene at the bar and cause some trouble. It would do them no good.

Thankful that she was alone this time, Holley continued to drink after the annoying man left. Soon, she was drunk and was slowly getting blank.

Chapter 1346 Still Caring About Her

With hundreds of thoughts running down her mind, Holley took out her cell phone from her bag and

logged in her WeChat account absent-mindedly. Looking at Black's profile picture, she was lost in

thoughts while unconsciously rubbing the screen with her finger. She was half-minded as to whether

she would send him a message or not.

However, she thought that if Black still cared for her, her plan would work. With all her hopes high, she was carefully thinking about her plan of action, though her mind was a bit preoccupied at the moment.

Pushing through with her plan, she opened the chatting window and typed words intermittently, but didn't send them out yet. For a moment, she paused and wondered if Black was making love with the woman who had been in his arms.

The thought made her shiver in annoyance. However, no matter what it would take, she wanted to bet that Black still cared for her and wanted her back.

Though she wasn't sure about her assumption, in Black's point of view, she didn't guess wrong.

In his apartment, Black was lying in the bed, tossing and turning while cuddling a pillow on the side of his bed. He was not in the least sleepy and Holley's face constantly flashed in his mind and the look on her face as she saw him intertwine with another woman. He didn't want to admit that he couldn't forget Holley, but that was the case right now.

Thinking about how foolish he was, Black smiled bitterly. In one way or another, Holley had been special to him and he felt comfortable and at peace whenever he was with her. Admitting it all, he must

say he had loved that woman whether he liked it or not. How ironic! Although it was Holley who had betrayed him first, he didn't want even to pretend to be intimate with other women. Though he had been used to playing with women before, yet this time he couldn't understand why he felt guilty in some

way. When he was kissing that woman, Holley's angelic face kept flashing on his mind as if reminding him to stop what he was doing. Black was totally in a daze at this moment.

Thus, to shut all these thoughts out of his mind, he picked up his cell phone and looked for something that would entertain him as he wanted to have some fun. But unconsciously, he opened the chatting record between Holley and him. The sweet moments in the past were still vivid in his mind, but now, they were more like a huge irony to him.

Before today, Black had always been frequently checking his cell phone, for fear of missing any of Holley's messages. He was like a lad fallen deeply in love—even a casual reply from her would have made him blush with excitement.

Reading through the messages, he pulled himself back to reality and was about to exit the chatting interface with Holley, but suddenly found the prompt displaying "Holley is typing..." At the sight of the

prompt, his heart thumped faster. He wondered what could she be sending him this time. Would she apologize? Black went excited and puzzled at the same time.

He waited patiently not taking his eyes away from the phone screen. However, after a few minutes, he still hadn't received any message from Holley though the chatting interface still showing that "Holley is typing..."

What did she want to say to him? Was it that long that up to now she wasn't able to send it out? Or was she still thinking about what else to say? Was there anything to say between them after all? Maybe the chatting app was just broken, or the connection was just poor. With these questions in mind, Black thought angrily and opted to just turn his phone off.

But he couldn't shift his eyes away from the screen, nor did he dare to turn it off. He was just so curious to know what Holley was about to say.

At the bar

Around Holley, some people were walking up and down the stage while some were hailing in excitement. But none of these could impact Holley's mood. She felt the world seem to be quite and time seem to stand still. She was immersed in her world and just kept her silence while looking very

lonely.

Amidst the loud music and the dim dancing lights, she looked at the colorful cocktail in front of her with eyes that were dull and blank.

Although she was already very drunk and she already looked wasted, she managed to stay conscious and she still remembered what she would do tonight. Holley had a surprisingly admiring sense of self-control.

Under the impact of the alcohol, her hands trembled slightly as she raised her cell phone and took a selfie. In the photo, she looked a little drunk and her narrowed eyes were innocent and charming.

Behind her was the dim dancing floor, swarming with maniac looking men ready to devour any innocent drunk girl if they were given the chance.

With the photo captured perfectly as she desired, she typed for quite a while before editing the content she would post in her WeChat Moments.

The caption said, "The man I love deeply misunderstood me. My heart aches so hard that I can't breathe. I just want to get drunk at the Blue Shadow Bar. But why so many nasty men come to me and

harass me? I just want to stay quiet and enjoy the moment alone."

Holley repeatedly checked the fussy and sentimental words and confirmed everything was okay before releasing the message and the photo in her WeChat Moments.

With a triumphant smile on her face, her eyes sparkled after the message and the photo had been sent. She felt relieved and then continued to drink the cocktail in front of her.

After waiting for a long time, Black didn't receive any message from Holley, so he gave up and exited the chatting interface. He felt a little boring, so he began to browse his WeChat Moments absentmindedly. Suddenly, he was attracted by a post. The post was from Holley this time. He knitted his eyebrows as he examined the photo and the caption along with it.

Black's heart ached at the words. He felt responsible for Holley's misery right now. He hoped that he was the beloved one Holley was referring in her post and what he had seen between earlier when she was with Charles was just a misunderstanding.

But if that was the case, Holley wouldn't have made him feel so humiliated and sad over and over again. She could have done something to explain what happened to her and make things up with him eventually.

Confused even more this time, Black continued to read the words carefully. He felt heartbroken when he found that Holley got drunk at the bar. He couldn't help but click open her photo. In the photo, Holley's face was pink and her eyes narrowed slightly which looked so charming.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes widely, as if he had seen something astonishing. He jerked himself out of the bed and stood still facing the window.

With shivering hands, he enlarged the photo. Holley was still as beautiful as usual. However, he saw in the picture that a man was staring at her from behind. In his eyes, Black saw acquisitiveness and determination, which were both too familiar to him.

Black's heart sank at the sight of it. He wanted to put down his cell phone and pretend that he had never read the post and seen the photo. With several thoughts running down his mind, he still felt confused about their relationship. If they had already broken up, he shouldn't worry about her. Or if it was the other way around, if she still loved him, she wouldn't dare do such reckless actions knowing that he would be mad at her.

However, he couldn't stop worrying about her. Within a second, he couldn't stand it any longer, so he

put his coat on in a hurry and soon disappeared into the darkness.

Minutes later, Black arrived at Blue Shadow Bar at an incredible speed.

Outside the bar, he raised his head and looked at the name of the bar before striding into it. The

moment he entered, he scanned the area with keen eyes looking for Holley.

Anxiously, he walked straight to the bar counter and looked around, searching for Holley. After a while,

he found her slumped and a bit unconscious at the far end of the counter.

From the way she drooped at the bar, Black could tell that Holley was too drunk and had been

unconscious for some time. She lay her head on the counter, eyes closed.

Just then, Black saw a man come to Holley and sit beside her. He stared at her with lustful eyes and

was about to touch her.

Seeing that, Black narrowed his eyes and looked at that man furiously.

It was as if a bomb had exploded in his head. Black couldn't control his anger anymore. He rushed

toward the drunk man and gave him a heave kick. The man was knocked to the floor surprised as to

where the kick came from.

Still feeling angry, he crouched and punched the man hard in the chest with his fist not minding the

crowd gathering around them.

The man curled up like a shrimp, moaning in pain. He wanted to beg Black to let him go. However, he couldn't utter a single word at all.

While he was wondering why he had been beaten up, he saw Black step over him and look over to Holley. The moment Black held Holley in his arms gently, the drunk man knew the reason. He regretted being blind and attempting to harass the woman.

Carrying her in his arms right now, Black looked at Holley. She looked rather calm now and was so charming with her scarlet cheeks. Feeling her warmth while carrying her close to his heart, Black was occupied by her again. When he gently held Holley up and was about to walk her out of the bar, he heard her mumbling his name.

Thinking Holley was awake, he unconsciously looked at her. However, Holley still closed her eyes firmly and there was no sign for her to sober. She frowned, looking as if she was very uncomfortable, and she repeated muttering his name.

Overwhelmed by his affection towards her, Black couldn't stay calm anymore. His heart trembled as if a

warm current welled up in his heart and softened him.

#### Chapter 1347 Getting Back With Each Other

Black stared in surprise at Holley. He could hardly believe what he had just heard. Black was desperate

to hear it again to confirm to himself what he heard was true. Holley was in such a deep daze, and he

shook her gently to rouse Holley from her drunken stupor. He asked loudly, "Why did you call my

name?" After all, a drunk person always told the truth. Black thought this was an ideal opportunity to

have some insight into Holley's inner thoughts. That was why he was keen to question her about her

feelings for him while she was drunk. However, much to Black's disappointment, Holley didn't say

anything.

Black could tell that Holley was near unconsciousness. She gazed at him through bleary half-closed

eyes and then her lids were too heavy to keep open any longer. Even though Holley closed her eyes,

she could still feel Black's intense gaze on her.

He calmed himself down, cleared his mind, and then decided that it was best to take Holley back to his

house. Black picked her up in his arms and carried her to his car. Carefully he put her in the back seat,

and he then got into the driver's seat and drove home.

Black finally arrived home about half an hour later.

Black didn't wake her up. Instead, he took off his jacket and covered Holley with it. Then he picked her up and carried her into the house.

Black opened the door to his bedroom and tried to lay Holley down. However, Holley had other ideas.

When Black tried to remove her arms from around his neck, Holley reached out and held on again. This happened several times, and each time, Black gently and patiently tried to persuade her to let go.

Finally, Holley had cooperated and allowed him to put her on the bed. Holley's neediness for Black even in her drunken state had softened his heart, and he let his guard down.

"Ouch! My head hurts a lot!" Holley mumbled, continuing to act as weak as possible, taking advantage of her drunken state to earn Black's heart again. She coughed hard. Black immediately reacted by helping her sit up, patting her back to relieve her.

"Black, I feel thirsty. Water," Holley said in a croaky voice. She looked pale and feeble.

Black felt sorrowful to see Holley in such a state, and his heart ached for her. He rushed into the kitchen and mixed honey into a glass of water. He hoped that it would ease her suffering and dissipate some of the effects of the alcohol. Black held Holley against his chest and patiently fed her spoonful

after spoonful of the water mixture.

However, before Holley managed to drink all of the honey water, she frowned and suddenly felt

disgusted. Using the last amount of her strength, she pushed Black away and began to vomit.

There was no food at all inside her stomach, and all the puke was a yellowish liquid. After retching, she

felt out of breath and weak.

Black felt anxious when he saw that. He patted Holley on the back to ease her. Then Black carried her

to the bathroom, where he helped her rinse the bitter taste out of her mouth. By the time he brought her

back to the bedroom again, he was in a sweat.

However, he didn't stop to rest. As soon as Black entered the bedroom, the foul stench of the vomit hit

him instantly. Quickly he pulled the covers off the bed and cleaned up the mess, and by the time he

had done all of that and taken a shower, dawn was breaking.

Black stood exhausted at the foot of the bed and watched Holley sleeping. He contemplated going to

the living room and sleeping on the sofa. However, after thinking about it for a moment, he decided to

stay in the room with Holley just in case she needed him for anything. Fatigue had finally kicked in, and

Black sat next to her, resting his head on the bed while holding Holley's hand. He quickly fell asleep.

It was late afternoon when Holley had woken up. She slowly opened her eyes and squinted in the bright sunlight. She then rolled over, and as she did, Holley held her throbbing head.

Struggling to sit up, Holley noticed that Black was lying in bed beside her.

A delighted smile crept onto her face, and even though she felt awful and her head felt like it was in a vise, it had all been worth it. 'My trick worked well on him. I knew he wouldn't leave me alone because he loves me truly, ' she thought. Her plan had been successful.

At that moment, Black began to stir awake. Holley feigned a surprised tone and asked softly, "Black, are you awake? Why am I in your house? Didn't you...?" She choked back the tears with a frown on her face when she had remembered something. Holley's expression became distressed, and her lips quivered.

Black gazed at her with affection and explained gently, "Last night you got drunk at the bar. Don't you remember? You were too far gone to sober up any time soon. A bastard was going to take advantage of you and pick on you, but before he got the chance to hurt you, I beat him up. Then I brought you home."

"But weren't you going to stay with a young girl last night? You even said that you didn't love me and that I had no right to take care of your business..." Holley burst into tears when she recalled everything that had happened. Her words were full of envy and blame against Black. Black felt embarrassed and was overcome with a feeling of remorse.

He scooped Holley into his arms and kissed her forehead. "Holley, I'm sorry I hurt you. I didn't sleep with that girl. You are the only one that I love and the only one that I want to spend the rest of my life with. Please forgive me! I won't let you down or break your heart ever again. And I'll never allow anyone to hurt you."

Black cupped her face into his hands and looked intently in her eyes. There was nothing but sincerity, love, and affection in his eyes for her.

Holley pretended she was moved by his words and hugged him tightly. With teary eyes, she looked at him and said, "I love you too. More than anything in the world. You can't abandon me anymore; without you I can't live." Then she buried her head into his chest.

Suddenly Holley pulled herself away. With a frown, her look turned stern and solemn. She intended to

explain what had happened that day at Tarsan Corporation.

"Black, I was looking for you the whole day when you walked in on Charles and me at Tarsan Corporation. Whatever you thought of us, you had misunderstood the scene. I swear to you what you saw was not what you think. Charles and I were discussing a joint project. Due to our difference in opinions, we got into an argument. That's why I held him by the sleeve. There was no intimate act at all! You have to believe me!"

Black nodded his head. His face showed that he did believe her.

"I trust you. It's all my fault. I should have asked you first before I drew that conclusion. Please forgive me. I promise that won't happen again," Black promised and kissed her lips.

Holley continued, "Can you tell me why you were with that woman last night? Who was she? You even took her home and kissed her in front of me!" Holley exuded a look of mild anger, but her eyes betrayed a hint of astute expression, and she gently punched him in the chest. Though it didn't hurt, it had aroused Black enough to let his guard down and tell the truth.

"I didn't do anything with her. When you left, I felt so sorry and completely downhearted. Then I yelled at her to drive her away. I didn't sleep with her, I promise!"

Black regretted and felt guilty for what he had done. If he knew Holley's love was just as true as she said it was, he would never have done anything to hurt her. Nor would he have gone to the bar and brought that woman to his house.

Upon hearing the truth directly from Black and seeing the look of grief and remorse in his eyes, she finally settled down.

The morning turned out to be wonderful. Black and Holley had got back with each other and regained the love and trust that they used to have.

In Dream Garden, Leila was becoming more and more anxious. She hadn't made any progress with her relationship with Charles. Charles was completely ignoring her and showed indifference to her. He only cared about Sheryl. Once he got home, he spent nearly all of his time with Sheryl leaving no chance for Leila to approach him.

Sheryl's presence almost drove Leila crazy. She blamed Melissa's stupidity for still not being able to drive Sheryl away from the house. Leila couldn't think of a way to leave a good impression on Charles.

However, eventually, she came up with an idea. She thought, 'If I can't leave a favorable impression on

Charles, then why don't I try on his children? If his children like to have me around, I may have a chance to get closer to Charles.'

#### Chapter 1348 Nurturing Relationships

It was Friday night and the family gathered together to have dinner as usual. Leila took a quick glance at everyone. They were all busy eating.

"Tomorrow is a weekend and there's no school." Leila broke the silence. "Why don't we take Clark and Shirley to the amusement park? The kids study very hard all week. I think it's a perfect time to enjoy."

Melissa had no objections. She always agreed with Leila.

Sheryl also wanted to hang out with her kids but the thought that Leila and Melissa would join them made her feel sick. However, she couldn't think of any other reason to say no. Besides, it was not a big deal. So she also nodded.

Charles wouldn't make himself a wet blanket by refusing the proposal since everyone seemed to like this idea.

"Great! That's it then. We're all going to the amusement park tomorrow!" Leila announced, gazing at

Charles lovingly. She felt proud that he agreed to her proposal. But, as usual, he ignored her.

All young and young at heart love amusement parks; Clark and Shirley were no exception. Upon

hearing the plan, they jumped and cheered with joy. The unhappiness that the school work had brought them now disappeared and their gloomy hearts cleared up.

"Mom, I'll go to the park wearing my lovely new hat. Don't forget to remind me to bring it tomorrow!"

Shirley hadn't stopped capering and clapping since she heard the decision. Now she was busy thinking what she should bring with her tomorrow.

"All right, all right! I promise." Sheryl was amused by her lovely little girl. She patted her hair tenderly and smiled.

"Please wake me up early. I don't want to be late." Shirley put on a wide smile and blinked at her mom, fluttering her long eyelashes, her big eyes filled with expectation.

Clark, who was sitting beside her, also grinned with excitement. 'Great! We can have a wonderful time tomorrow!' he thought.

"Okay! I'll knock on your door to wake you up before the sun rises, lazy piggy." Hearing Sheryl's words, Charles couldn't help laugh out loud. With the woman he loved and his adorable children around him, he felt so blessed.

"I'm not lazy piggy! Clark is!" Shirley yelled at Sheryl, pouting. She blushed as her father continued laughing. Embarrassed, Shirley covered her little face with her hands.

Clark sighed and pulled his sister's hair gently to get even.

It was already late, but the children were so excited that they couldn't fall asleep. They lied in their little beds with their eyes widely opened and kept chattering.

"I'll count to three, then you need to close your eyes and sleep. Or else, I won't take you to the park tomorrow," Sheryl threatened them. Sheryl had tried her best to put the kids to sleep for the last 30 minutes but failed. The children were too energetic to be put into bed. They ended up laughing and chatting instead.

"Okay, Mom. We'll sleep right now! Good night!" With this, Clark and Shirley pulled the quilt and closed their eyes. "Good night." Sheryl stood up and carefully walked towards the door. Holding the door knob, she took a quick look at the children before she closed the door, but saw them open their eyes again.

Sheryl felt amused. She walked back in, tucked the quilt around the children and left the room. It had been a while since she last saw the children this happy. There was no harm in letting them relax a little.

Sheryl had hardly closed the door when she heard the children's giggles again.

To everyone's disappointment, Charles got a phone call from the company, telling him that there was an emergency. Needless to say, he couldn't go to the amusement park with the children any more.

"Sorry, kids. I have something very important to do now and I can't go with you today. Mom will take you there instead. I wish you have a good time. I'll go with you next time. I promise. Okay?"

Clark and Shirley were a little frustrated and disappointed. They lowered their heads and pouted their mouths. But they were both sensible children. They could understand their dad, so they didn't cry or yell.

"All right, Dad. We understand," Clark answered.

"We can go to the amusement park together next time!" Shirley added in a hopeful tone. They tapped on their father's arm, comforting him.

Charles was moved by his children. They were like little angels. How lucky he was to have such lovely and understanding kids!

"Dad loves you both." Charles hugged them in his arms and gave each of them a tender kiss on the cheek.

"Don't worry about us. I'll take care of Clark and Shirley," Sheryl smiled warmly, her eyes focused on her lovely family.

"Thank you, Sher." Charles walked towards Sheryl, letting go of his kids. "You should also take good care of yourself because you are my baby too!" Charles leaned against Sheryl and whispered in her ear. Sheryl blushed, shyness and happiness filled her eyes.

Standing close to each other, Charles wrapped his arms around Sheryl's waist to pull her closer. They gazed into each other's eyes lovingly, dismissing everything else around them. It seemed that they were emerged in pink bubbles of love and nobody could step inside. Leila, who was standing beside, clenched her teeth wrathfully.

"Please take them to the amusement park and please make sure that they are safe. Call me immediately if anything happens," Charles told the driver.

"Yes, Mr. Lu."

Charles reminded them again to be careful before he left home for work.

The amusement park was busy as expected on a weekend. It took them some time to find a parking space.

They arrived there at noon, when the heat of the sun was at its peak. As they got out of the car, the heat wave came at them. Despite the hot weather, the children were still full of energy as always. They wiped the sweat off their foreheads and rushed into the park impatiently.

"Aunt Melissa, Sheryl, it's so hot. I'll take care of Clark and Shirley, so you two can take a rest,"

suggested Leila. "I'll take them to the merry-go-round first. Kids sure like that."

She pulled a handkerchief out of her handbag and patted on her sweating forehead.

Leila believed that she needed to spend more time with the two children, so they would become fond of her and she would win their hearts soon. After all, children are naive and credulous.

Leila put on a wide and warm smile, that nobody noticed the coldness in her eyes.

"I don't see why not," Melissa acknowledged. "Thank you, Leila." Melissa glanced at Sheryl with disdain as she said these words, highlighting the sarcasm in her tone as she continued, "How considerate of you!"

Melissa was delighted to see Leila actively approach the children. She could play with them and get along with no issues. Deep inside, Melissa really liked Leila and she would be very happy if her son,

Charles, would marry her. They would form an enviably happy family if the children liked their new mother.

After Charles and Sheryl got divorced, she wouldn't let the latter take the children away, especially Clark, her grandson. Since Leila would become their new mother someday anyway, Melissa believed that she should start nurturing relationships with them as soon as possible.

#### Chapter 1349 Leila's Instigation

Sheryl was skeptical of Melissa's motivation. She never really adored Clark and Shirley, and never once offered to take care of them. She wondered why Melissa was so warm-hearted all of a sudden. No matter what, Sheryl decided that she would never take her eyes off her kids. Even if she allowed them to play with Leila, she would watch over them, ready to jump in if the situation called for her protection. With that in mind, she gave Leila a slight nod as consent.

Leila squatted down and smiled at the kids, trying to relax them.

"Clark, Shirley, let's ride the merry-go-round now. Shall we?" Leila's voice was soft enough, almost like a whisper. She offered her hands to the kids.

Clark and Shirley turned to their mother, as if asking if that would be okay. Their twinkling eyes begged her to say yes. They made her heart soft.

"Go ahead, I'll be here in case you need me," Sheryl smiled. She reached out to touch their heads and encourage them.

Clark and Shirley took Leila's hands joyfully and went towards the merry-go-round. Melissa and Sheryl followed a few steps behind and took a seat on a bench nearby.

Leila was very careful when she was with the kids. She lifted them astride the carousel and then sat with them. Soon enough, the installation started, the song "It's a Small World" played. They enjoyed the ride very much, giving loud cackles as the horses floated up and down.

Sheryl took out her phone and recorded the joyful moments of the kids. The footprint of their growth was so precious to her, and she wanted to document as much as possible. She couldn't help smiling while she looked at them from afar.

"Mom! Look at me!" Every time the carousel passed by Sheryl's seat, Shirley would wave to her and scream out cheerfully, full of excitement. Clark, on the other hand, was busy managing his rein, pretending he was on a real horse.

Sheryl also waved back at Clark and Shirley. The lovely interaction was so sweet that she couldn't turn

her eyes away from them.

"Leila is so nice to Clark and Shirley. She loves them like they are her own. I'm so happy to see them get along with each other. Don't you think so, Sheryl?" Melissa asked abruptly, giving Sheryl a meaningful look.

She wanted Sheryl to know that she was replaceable, and that Leila was as qualified to be a mother to the kids as she was. Other women could also accompany the kids to grow up.

She couldn't wait to see Sheryl's jealous reaction when she realized that her kids could also play happily with another woman and live without her. Melissa would be complacent whenever Sheryl felt hurt.

Somehow, Melissa's words did hurt Sheryl. She even had an illusion that Leila wanted to take her kids away from her again.

Despite the feeling, Sheryl tried to constrain her frustration and pretended that it didn't bother her. She didn't want Melissa to know about her weakness.

Feeling quite disappointed, Melissa was supposed to comment again, when Sheryl suddenly remarked,

"Since Leila loves kids so much, why don't you find her a boyfriend, Mom? Once she has a boyfriend,

she can get married and have her own kids. In that case, she doesn't need to covet other people's husband and children, which is a win-win situation to both of us. Everybody can live a peaceful life."

Sheryl's voice sounded cold. She stared at Clark and Shirley the entire time, and never bothered glancing at Melissa.

Ignited by Sheryl's statement about Leila, Melissa flared up, and her face turned red with anger.

"Sheryl, what did you just say? How can you say that Leila covets your husband and children? Don't ever measure the stature of great men by the yardstick of small men! You are so mean to think of Leila that way. She is a noble girl. What's more, she has so many excellent pursuers to choose from. Each of them are rich and handsome. You don't need to care about that!"

Melissa was angry that things didn't go according to her liking. It annoyed her more when Sheryl dared to speak with her like that. She felt that Sheryl was not paying attention to her. On top of that, she wouldn't allow Sheryl to speak ill of Leila. She was her choice after all.

Sheryl gave Melissa a contemptuous look as she answered impatiently, "You know clearly that what I said is true, so don't mistake that for being mean. If Leila really has so many suitors, can you please

help her choose one from them, Mom? Let her marry someone and stop lodging at other people's home."

"Mind your words, Sheryl! She isn't lodging at our home! I invited her to accompany me, so she is my guest," Melissa reproached angrily.

Sheryl just curled her lips and decided to ignore her. She could never reason with Melissa, since she was so stubborn and arrogant. She didn't think that an argument with her would make sense. As long as Melissa would leave her alone, she wouldn't mind letting her win in this debate.

Melissa was rendered speechless when Sheryl totally ignored her. She was ready to bombard her with thousands of arguments, but Sheryl turned a blind eye at her. Melissa stared at her angrily, provoking her. But Sheryl didn't give a shit.

When the kids had fully enjoyed their ride, they dismounted and rushed to meet their mom. Sheryl hugged them and helped them wipe their sweat. Then she led them to the basin to wash their hands.

Leila came to Melissa and handed her a mini electric fan to cool her down.

Melissa raised her hand to decline. "It's better to use it yourself. See, you are sweating all over! It will make you feel better," Melissa said. Melissa turned the breeze towards Leila. However, she insisted on

Melissa using it instead. Finally, Melissa accepted her goodwill. This act further impressed her, and made her believe that Leila was indeed good for Charles.

Since Sheryl had gone with the kids, Melissa took the chance to complain to Leila about Sheryl's earlier impoliteness and viciousness.

"Sheryl is becoming nastier every minute. Now she utterly looks down upon me! I'm so mad that I don't even want to look at her hateful face!"

"Aunt Melissa, relax. Such a woman is not worth your attention. We both know that she is vicious. But we have to let it go. Otherwise, she would make mischief between you and Charles again," Leila softly said. She pretended to be comforting Melissa, but a hint of coldness flashed across her eyes. Melissa was too busy to even notice.

When Melissa heard Leila's words, she recalled how Charles had treated her lately. It turned out that Sheryl was behind all of it. She was creating a gap between her and Charles. There was no son in this world who would have humiliated his own mother like that, if he had not been incited by a vicious bitch.

"I promise to expose her hypocrisy one day, and let Charles see her true colors. I will finally drive her

away from Dream Garden. She will never get away with it!"

Angrily, Melissa continued voicing out her complaints. Noticing that Sheryl and the kids were now approaching them, Leila lowered her voice and whispered, "Aunt Melissa, I have a perfect idea to drive her away from your home."

Leila's mysterious words made Melissa dramatically excited. "Really? Tell me about it now,

Leila!"

Chapter 1350 In The Amusement Park

Melissa asked with anxiety, and couldn't help but to clutch Leila's hands. Uneasiness feeling lingered her, and her senescence worsened it. The evil desire was written all over her face, as she was desperate to make Sheryl disappear in her family.

"Aunt Melissa, tell me. Who does Charles care about most? Who is the person he can't leave without?"

With the abrupt question, Melissa was confused and baffled as to why Leila would ask such questions.

However, she began to think about these questions.

Although Charles was her son, Melissa was fully aware of her significance to his life. Worst, the person that her son cared about the most was the one she never favored, making her reluctant to mention her name. It was Sheryl, the woman to whom her son gave immense love and affection. As Charles

candidly displayed his feelings, everyone was jealous yet impressed by how he took care of Sheryl.

"His children, of course. He cares about Clark and Shirley very much,"

Melissa answered, playing safe and denial. Curiously, she waited for Leila's further explanation. The

anxiousness inside her didn't subside.

"You're right, Aunt Melissa. The kids are the ones Charles cares about most. Imagine this. Do you think

Charles will forgive Sheryl if she loses the children?"

A naughty grin almost ground her teeth with this question. Her smile with lurking viciousness was

deceitful. No passerby could tell the wickedness that Leila possessed right away.

In pure disbelief with Leila's question, Melissa looked at her. Her mouth was left open, as she didn't

know what to say. Feeling frightened, she was out of words.

"What do you mean, Leila? What are you going to do?" Even though Melissa tried to hide her fears,

Leila could see her quivering.

'What a scaredy-cat! This pathetic old woman!'

Seeing Melissa's reaction, Leila couldn't help but look down on Melissa. Her disdain towards Melissa

grew stronger. Leila hadn't done anything to her, yet it scared Melissa already. Melissa was too coward to kick Sheryl out of the Lu family.

Of course, Leila concealed the disdain she felt towards Melissa. Favorably, hiding feelings was her specialty. After all, Melissa was an alias to her plans to make it successful. She had no choice but to patiently explain, "What I mean is to hire someone to kidnap the children. Then, we will blame Sheryl for it. She is responsible for taking care of the children, especially Clark, but if she loses him, it will be a disaster for her."

Melissa was about to argue, but Leila interrupted, "Of course, the children will not get hurt. It will be a pure act. Nothing will happen to Clark."

Scared quotes lingered Melissa as she heard the word "kidnap." Hesitantly, she deliberated for a while on herself.

'What if those kidnapers hired by Leila betray us? What if they blackmail us and hurt Clark?' she thought, feeling baffled and worried.

No matter what happened, Melissa would never put Clark's life at risk. Although Clark was Sheryl's son and she didn't like Sheryl at all, he was still Melissa's grandchild. Her hatred for Sheryl was the gravest,

but she couldn't sacrifice her biological grandson's safety. After all, there was always an accident. No one could guarantee how things would turn out.

"No, I won't let some random people kidnap Clark, even if it is just an act. I can't afford to lose Clark.

And how am I supposed to face Charles and continue my life if something truly happens to Clark? It's too risky,"

Melissa said, shaking her head to deny Leila's idea.

Melissa was absurd. But she wasn't foolish enough to put danger on Clark. The apple of her eye was him. Clark was the one who would take over the family business when he grew up. He must not have any accident, even if it was a faked kidnap. What if he was traumatized, and suffered from PTSD? The stakes were too high.

Even though Leila made it clear that it would be an act, Melissa remained stubborn. The old lady's paranoia irritated Leila.

"But it is the only way to make Charles hate Sheryl. He cares about his children so much, and if the kids are missing, he will blame it for Sheryl. I am sure they will have a dispute. They will keep fighting

until their relationship becomes tainted. By then, it is our chance. We can make use of the opportunity and drive a wedge between them. Otherwise, we will never be able to kick Sheryl out of the family," she said impatiently and annoyed. She began to raise her voice, continuing to persuade Melissa.

"I don't know. I need time to think it through..."

Melissa wavered. 'Is that going to work?' It was for sure that she would never put Clark's life at risk, but what if it was just Shirley?

Kidnapping Shirley was better. However, what if Charles found out the truth? She couldn't imagine what her son's wrath would be.

No, he would never find out the truth! This plan would remain in secrecy, buried with their graves.

There would be no single trace and evidence of the plan.

"Leila, can you ensure that nothing will happen to the children during the kidnapping?"

Melissa asked with fixed gaze on Leila.

"Aunt Melissa, you can be rest assured. I promise the kids will be safe and sound. Trust me with this one, Aunt Melissa."

Seeing Melissa's hesitance, Leila promised Melissa determinedly.

Melissa finally made up her mind and opened her mouth after a long pause, "Well, Charles loves Shirley as much as he loves Clark. If there is a need to do this, we can kidnap Shirley. Clark is my eldest grandson. I can't put him at risk."

Rolling her eyes in secret, Leila couldn't believe that Melissa would still risk one of them, instead of two.

The way Melissa addressed Clark sounded like he was the most important person in her life. But Leila couldn't remember the last time Melissa played with Clark. Melissa was a hypocrite. She cared for herself most.

However, Leila didn't argue anymore. Melissa was right. Clark's love and care towards two kids were the same. Therefore, no matter who they kidnapped, Charles would blame Sheryl.

So Leila agreed and said, "It's settled then. I will make some arrangements. Aunt Melissa, please be careful in front of Charles and Sheryl. We can't stick our neck out."

Melissa nodded her head in return. There was no turning back. They were desperate to kick Sheryl away from their lives.

At this moment, Leila noticed that Sheryl was walking towards them with the two children. She hid in a

corner, as it would spoil their plan if she showed herself to them. Before Leila left, she gave Melissa a look. Leila wanted Melissa to cover her later.

Leila took out her phone and called someone in the corner, "Hello?"

On the other end of the line, it was a man. Leila met him before she went into prison. They were good friends. The man got caught and went into prison before. Upon hearing his release from prison lately, Leila took advantage of the situation as the man also lacked money. So when she asked him to help her and promised that she would pay him for doing this, he accepted her offer without hesitation.

"Are we going to take action now, babe? My hands are itching for thrill."

Hearing the word "babe" from him made Leila sick. Even though she knew that he had a thing for her long ago, she shrugged away disgust thoughts. She decided to make use of his affection and asked him to do her a favor.

Honestly, Leila came up with the plan for a long while. She would still execute it without Melissa's consent, but the risks of getting caught would be high. She also had already asked the man to go to the amusement park to stand by.

"Yes, you can play it by ear now. The little girl is your target. When the kid is alone, it is your chance.

And please, do not leave any trace."

"Noted, wait for my good news, honey. And I will be expecting a grand reward later."

Leila didn't respond and hung up the phone. She walked back to Melissa, pretending that nothing had happened.

"Clark and Shirley, did you have fun today? Should we go home now?"

Sheryl asked as soon as they sat down on the bench. She waited for the children to get tired before asking them to go home.

"Okay, let's go home. But next time, I want to come here again with Dad. The amusement park was so fun!"

Shirley exclaimed while putting her hand on her chest. Her excitement made her even more adorable.