

## **Wedded Bride 621**

### Chapter 621 Best Friends Talk

Sheryl really didn't know how to deal with Charles, especially when he started to become shameless.

She tried to argue for a while until they had reached an agreement. Eventually, Charles won. Sheryl

must come to his house to make breakfast before 8:00 a.m. She also needed to prepare lunch and

dinner for him. Finally, she could only leave once Charles had fallen asleep.

For her convenience, Charles told her that she could bring Shirley along. Although all his conditions

sounded ridiculous to her, Sheryl was left with no other choice but to agree. After all, he saved her life.

After their talk, Sheryl sent Charles to his home and made dinner for him. She waited for Charles to

finish eating before she bid goodbye, "I need to go now. Shirley is waiting for me at home."

Charles understood and didn't asked her to stay anymore. "Okay. But don't forget to come and make

breakfast for me tomorrow morning," he reminded her in case she had forgotten their agreement.

Sheryl just nodded her head without saying anything.

As soon as Sheryl walked out of the house, Charles collapsed on the sofa. He took a deep breath

hoping that it could ease the pain. All the while, he just pretended not feeling any pain in front of Sheryl

so not to make her feel guilty. But the truth was, the pain on his back was already killing him. He was

so hurt that he couldn't even bend his back.

Seeing Charles in a painful and miserable situation, Charlie hurriedly took the bottle of antiseptic and

some medicines, and then ran to him. "Dad, please lay on your stomach. I'm going to treat your

wounds. It will help you feel better," he urged his father worriedly.

"I'm fine, son," Charles said to him with a smile. As much as possible, Charles didn't want to worry

Charlie. "The doctors have already treated my injuries. They said, all I need to do is rest now. So, don't

worry about me. You go upstairs and take a shower before going to bed."

Charlie shook his head at first but finally obeyed his father's order. He retreated hesitantly looking back

at Charles with his every step.

Earlier, Gary was also stunned when he saw Charles come back with Sheryl. He just didn't ask earlier

because Charlie was still there. But now that Charles was all alone, he went to him as he couldn't

contain his curiosity anymore. "What happened between you and Autumn?" Gary inquired. Gary

noticed that Charles and Sheryl were somewhat arguing earlier. So he was concerned. "I noticed that

she was upset. Was she okay?"

"It's nothing, Grandpa," Charles replied with a faint smile. Charles knew that Sheryl was upset because he forced her to come to his house and take care of him. However, since Sheryl also agreed, Charles felt a slight trace of hope that he also held a place in Sheryl's heart.

Thus, he felt satisfied of the result of their conversation earlier. Although they argued at first, at least they later came to an agreement. He couldn't help but smile to himself.

"Autumn will come over to take care of me from tomorrow on," Charles informed Gary. "Grandpa, please remember that her name now is Sheryl. Please watch out and don't ever call her Autumn," Charles reminded his grandpa. As much as possible, Charles wanted Sheryl's stay in his house smooth and peaceful. And calling her with another name might confuse her and might cause some misunderstandings.

What was hilarious was, when Charles had married Autumn, they all had called her Yvonne as she had been a substitute bride. Now, they still couldn't call her by her real name because she lost all her memories. Instead, they must call her Sheryl. Three different names, people would think, belonged to three different women. Where in fact, those names belonged to only one person.

"Of course, my boy! I'll surely keep that in mind," Gary promised. He even patted his left chest as a sign

of promise. Gary then became serious when he said, "Charles, I don't know what your plans are. But please, you must hurry. You should get back together with Sheryl as soon as possible. With you living separately will not do any good to Charlie and Shirley. The four of you deserve to have a complete and happy family. I hope you could do that the soonest."

"Talking about Charlie, I remember something," he continued. "It's been a while since the last time Leila came here. I find it surprising. Isn't she cooking any plans right now? I think you need to pay attention to that woman. Charlie is your son and I won't let Leila take him away again."

"Yes, grandpa. Take it easy. I've already arranged several people around Charlie to guard him. I promise you, I won't give her any chances to take Charlie away," Charles assured Gary. Charles heaved a deep sigh before he continued, "To be honest, I knew that it also wasn't easy for Leila to raise Charlie alone for many years. That's why I've prepared a big sum of money for her. I'm planning to give it to her as a compensation."

"I think that's just right." Gary nodded in agreement. He knew that money couldn't buy everything but he couldn't think of anything else to give her except money. Somehow, it could help Leila live a better

life.

"You'd better go to sleep early to recover quickly," Gary then urged Charles before he went out for a

walk.

On the other hand, Sheryl called Sue after she left Dream Garden. She found out that Sue and Shirley

were still with the Zhao family, so she took a taxi to go there and pick them up.

Sue was still having dinner with the Zhao family when she got there. They were chatting cheerfully. But

she noticed that Shirley was already yawning so she urged Sue, "It's getting late, Mimi! We'd better go

home now."

"Right, right! Let's go now," Sue replied and stood up. Then she turned to the Zhao family and

said, "Thank you so much for taking care of Shirley. You're all so nice and kind to her."

"Oh no, don't mention it please. We also had a great time with Shirley. She's so adorable!" Abby

answered with a smile. "Shirley's really a good girl and I would love to spend more time with her," she

added.

"Thank you, Abby! Thank you, Amy! I really appreciate everything you've done for me," Sheryl replied

as she looked at them gratefully. Amy then reminded Sheryl that she would come tomorrow morning to

pick Shirley up. But Sheryl turned her down. "It's alright, Amy. I can take care of Shirley for a few days.

But, thanks anyway." "Why?" Amy was obviously surprised.

"I will take a few days off," she answered. "What happened, Sher?" This time it was Sue who jumped

on her feet right away asked. "I didn't hear you mention it today at work. Is there anything wrong?" Sue

couldn't help but worry.

"No, relax! I've just decided it earlier before I came here. I just feel like I want to take a short break. I

also called Miss Ye on my way here and she agreed," Sheryl explained to Sue. Then she turned to

Amy again. "You've done such a big favor to me all this time, and I really don't know how to thank you."

"Forget it! I love this little girl and it'll break my heart if I can't see her anymore," Amy said with sadness

in her eyes. She felt disappointed when she heard that she couldn't take Shirley tomorrow. However,

she tried not to show it on her face.

After saying goodbye to the Zhao family, Sheryl left with Sue, holding Shirley in her hand. Sue was

really curious about what happened between Sheryl and Charles. So when they reached home, she

was intended to ask. However, before she could say anything, Sheryl interrupted her, "I'll take Shirley to

bed now. Leave your door unlocked and I'll come over later."

Sue nodded her head and left. She could have all night to know everything from Sheryl later so she didn't ask her questions anymore.

After giving Shirley a bath, Sheryl read some bedtime stories for her. The moment Shirley fell asleep,

Sheryl slipped out of the bed. She knocked on Sue's door and let herself in before Sue could even

answer. Collapsing on the sofa, she complained to Sue, "I'm totally exhausted!"

"Yeah, it must be really hard to raise a child alone," Sue replied as she closed the door. Then she

poured a glass of wine for Sheryl and handed it to her. "I bet you need a glass of wine."

"You're so kind! Thank you so much." Sheryl immediately took it. It had been a long time since the last

time she drank wine. She avoided to drink because she needed to stay sober all the time to take care

of Shirley.

"I think I know why you feel exhausted. When Anthony was around, it was always him who took care of

Shirley so it was much easier for you. But since you came here, you need to do everything by yourself.

And what was worse, Shirley got sick. Now you've come to realize how difficult it is to be a single mom,

right?" Sue analyzed the situation for her. Then she clinked her glass with Sheryl's.

Sheryl nodded with a smile and said, "You're right. Anthony really helped me a lot. If not for him, I don't know if I can survive all these alone."

Thinking of Anthony, Sheryl thought of how she could pay him back after everything he had done for her and Shirley in the past three years.

"Since you know, you'd better be nice to him. Anthony is a great man so please cherish him as much as you can. Don't do anything to hurt him. I'm watching you," Sue warned Sheryl, half-joking.

#### Chapter 622 Do You Really Like Him

Awkwardness and unease were visible on her face. After a long pause, Sheryl hesitantly said, "Well... that's why I came to you."

"What do you mean by that?" Sue asked in a suspicious voice, with an incredulous look on her face.

"I will take a few days off because I need to look after Charles," Sheryl blurted out taking a deep, bracing breath.

"Are you out of your mind?" Sue accused loudly while staring at Sheryl in disbelief. 'Sheryl must surely be out of her mind. She has a boyfriend who loves her so much. How can she take care of another man? What if Anthony gets jealous? Does she not care about his feelings?' she thought indignantly.

"How could you do this? What if Anthony comes to know? You..." Sue continued trembling with

emotion. She didn't dare to imagine what would happen once Anthony learned about Sheryl's madness.

"As I said earlier, that is why I came to you. I hope you can do me a favor," Sheryl said in a flat voice.

She looked at Sue with soft, pleading eyes. "I hope you can keep him in the dark about this. I don't want him to learn about this," she requested.

"You are truly not in your senses," Sue responded with her mouth agape. With a cold look at Sheryl, she went on in a determined voice, "I can't lie to him for you. He doesn't deserve this, you know."

"Believe it or not, I am not cheating on him with Charles," Sheryl defended herself. With an unhappy glance at Sue, she explained, "I'll just visit his house to cook for him. You are reading too much into these simple gestures."

Taking note of the resolve on Sue's face, she continued, "If you tell Anthony all this, he will get very upset. It is unnecessary to worry him."

"But..." Sue retorted as she squinted at her best friend, "Are you sure about this? You know he has a crush on you so why are you still going to take care of him?"

"He got injured on my account," Sheryl answered steadily as she continued to look at Sue in the eye.

"He saved me and in the process got hurt himself, so I must look after him. Otherwise, my conscience will keep pricking me always."

Sue keenly watched Sheryl as she spoke. She looked for signs of deceit on her face. However, she found nothing suspicious.

With a wry smile, she said, "You're confident that I won't refuse your request, aren't you?"

"You're wrong," Sheryl replied with a faint smile. Knowing Sue's deep love for Anthony, she feared that her best friend would sympathise more with Anthony.

'Although I am clear about my feelings for Charles, Anthony might misunderstand us. It's better to keep this from him and not let him know anything about it,' she pondered.

"I know you always think Anthony devotes more in our relationship. You think he loves me more than I do him. And you even think I don't care about him. Right?" Sheryl asked. She knew Sue well.

"Yes," Sue replied directly and clearly. "We have known each other for years. Anthony has done many things for you and no one knows that better than me. Earlier, you used to treat him well. But since you

met Charles, you have changed a lot. I feel sorry for poor Anthony," she added.

Sheryl took a sip of her wine. In the past, she had no idea about the depths of her feelings for Anthony.

But now she was aware of that.

'As Sue has said, Anthony has treated me well. I would never betray him,' she thought with

determination.

"After I lost my memory, Anthony was the first person I saw. For years he kept me company and helped

me a lot. I also learnt to accept him. Before he came to America, I agreed to visit his parents after he

comes back. So I'm sure he is the man that I want to spend the rest of my life with. I am quite clear on

that," Sheryl declared.

"But look at what you have been doing these days," Sue snapped at her with knitted brows. "You turn

into an emotional fool where Charles is involved. If you continue to meet Charles, you and Anthony will

definitely split up sooner or later," she warned.

Sheryl didn't respond. 'I don't know what will happen in the future. But one thing is certain — I am

accustomed to having Anthony beside me and I don't intend to lose him now,' she reflected.

"Now that you have agreed to attend to Charles, you two will meet each other every day. Who knows

what will happen between you both in the future?" Sue pointed out.

Sheryl looked up at Sue and replied, "Come on, Mimi, have more faith in me!"

Sue remained silent. In fact, she didn't trust Sheryl loved Anthony enough.

"I asked you to keep this a secret because I am grateful to Charles. If not for him, I would have been

seriously injured. So I owe it to him to take good care of him," Sheryl justified herself to Sue. She didn't

confide to Sue that she had wanted to turn down Charles. "I don't think Anthony needs to know this. I

want to keep this from him as I don't want him to misunderstand the whole situation.

"I won't blame you if you refuse my request. I can explain everything to Anthony later," Sheryl said

blandly.

"Do you love him?" Sue asked abruptly. Sue's sudden question left Sheryl dumbfounded. Before Sheryl

could answer her question, Sue continued in a serious tone, "Tell me, do you really love Anthony?

Every time we talk about this, you always stress on how well he has treated you, how grateful you are

to him or how you are used to having Anthony by your side and would never betray him. But you never

specifically say that you love him, so..."

She paused, hesitated and then asked in confusion, "What are your real feelings towards him, love or habit?"

"Every time I saw you with Anthony, I could see no chemistry between you two. You are more like old friends who know each other very well. Anthony can predict your next move by just looking at your eyes and body language. But it just proves the tacit understanding between you both. Understanding can be developed over time, but emotions can't.

You have told me you want to experience that love which brings excitement and passion. The love for which you can give up everything. But Anthony would never be able to give you that," Sue said sternly.

Observing Sheryl closely, Sue asked gingerly, "So... do you really love him?"

"Love?" Sheryl mumbled to herself with her eyes wide open. She ruminated over Sue's words. 'These years, the way I get on with Anthony is exactly how Sue said. We are more like friends or relatives than lovers.'

Sheryl was at a loss for words and didn't know how to answer Sue's question.

With a bitter laugh, Sue said, "See? You don't know how to answer this question. Perhaps you're not sure if you love Anthony or not."

"Probably you are right, Sue," Sheryl responded. Pouring herself a glass of wine, she went on, "It doesn't matter that I don't feel intense love. I'm not young and I have a child. I yearn for nothing but a quiet life. Anthony can give me that. That's enough."

#### Chapter 623 Can't Run Nor Hide

Staring at Sheryl, Sue could not help but laugh. She then advised her cautiously, "Sher, if you don't like Anthony that much, then you should let him go. Such a great man like him deserves better, someone who can truly love him wholeheartedly. It's the right thing to do." Sue's heart had been yearning for Anthony for all those years. So she cheered at the thought of him possibly being available in the near future.

She remembered what Holley had once said to her. As long as Anthony was Sheryl's boyfriend, she couldn't do anything to hurt Sheryl.

But if Sheryl didn't even like Anthony at all, then staying together would make them both unhappy in the long run. 'In that case, should I go for it? It may be my only green light. I'd rather fail and get hurt than hold back and regret it later,' Sue told herself.

Reflecting on her friend's words, Sheryl kept silent for a moment but soon after snapped out of it,

reinforcing her determination. "I promise, Sue. I would never do anything to hurt Anthony as long as he doesn't wrong me himself. So stop worrying and please, just trust me." Sheryl's tone was a bit too assertive as if she had felt somewhat attacked by Sue's comments.

Sue had had one cup too many that night. Realizing that, Sheryl got up determined to leave. As she threw her coat on, she addressed Sue, "You had way too much to drink. It's late. Just go to bed and get some rest."

"Sher!" Sue called out, stopping Sheryl from leaving. She attempted to stand up, stumbling over her chair. Disoriented, she looked vaguely in Sheryl's direction trying to focus on her face and politely asked by waving her finger in the air, "Please wait a moment."

She then wobbled over to Sheryl and tried to persuade her, "I can ignore the fact that you will go to take care of Charles. I can also keep silent if Anthony asks me. But..."

Sue hiccuped and quickly continued with her thoughts, "Could you please just think about what I said to you just now? Please just let Anthony go if you really don't love him."

Without a second thought, Sheryl dismissed Sue's request, "You are so drunk." She edged past her and went straight to the door.

As much as she tried to ignore her words, they had actually hit a nerve.

Sheryl had mixed feelings about it. Was Sue right? Was leaving him the right thing to do? She spent the whole night contemplating that question.

The next morning, Sheryl woke Shirley up really early as they had to walk the long road to Dream Garden. On the way, she quickly bought some breakfast for Charles, in hopes to do everything just right during her first official day as a caretaker.

"Mom, where are we going?" Shirley asked bleary-eyed. She had not had enough sleep. With unsteady steps, she grabbed Sheryl's hand as they were walking.

Sheryl knew exactly what to say, "Don't you want to play with Charlie? I am taking you to see him." She then looked at her daughter expectantly. As if on cue, Shirley's eyes opened widely and she could no longer hold her excitement.

Since Charles had given her the house keys, Sheryl didn't bother to ring the bell. She just opened the door and started preparing breakfast, while Shirley quietly sneaked upstairs.

A few minutes later, she came back down together with Charlie. Wearing the cutest onesie, Charlie

stood still in front of Sheryl, eyes full of sadness. He then proceeded to confess, "Sher, I thought you disliked me."

"Why do you say that?" Sheryl wondered all confused. She stared deeply into Charlie's eyes and asked him again on a softer tone, "Why do you have this feeling?"

"Because..." Charlie began explaining. He paused to organize his words. His frown deepened but he bravely continued, "You refused to see me when dad took me to see you earlier. So I thought you had gotten tired of me." The little boy felt truly dejected and sad.

Sheryl hadn't realized how much her actions had hurt Charlie. She crouched down to him, and smiled gently, while reassuring him, "Trust me, I love you to the moon and back."

"Really? Do you love me just like you love Shirley?" inquired the boy on a more hopeful tone. His eyes were brighter, filled with expectations and longing.

"Yes, I like you as I like Shirley," Sheryl nodded and replied decisively. She didn't know why Charlie's deep eyes affected her so much.

"What about me?" Charles' voice interrupted the moment. Leaning against the kitchen door frame, he had been silently watching Sheryl answer Charlie's questions. Sheryl looked up and for a short moment

felt as if under a spell. Even tired and injured, Charles was still striking. Wearing sumptuous silk pajamas, he stood confidently beside the door, looking Sheryl up and down. Seeing her long pause, he rephrased his question, "Do you also love me as you love them?"

"Keep dreaming!" Sheryl replied after a short huff. "Breakfast is ready. You can serve yourself," she went on instructing Charles.

Sheryl had planned to buy only soybean milk and fried cheese sticks. But after thinking about it more, she eventually decided to boil the congee and pan-fry some eggs. Unsatisfied by her comment,

Charles decided to use his injury to his advantage. Staring at her disappointedly, he started falsely complaining, "Look at the injury on my back. How could you bear to let a patient serve himself?"

"You..." commented Sheryl with a fiery look. She was annoyed by his pretenses but had to get the congee for him.

Charles laughed lightly at Sheryl's frustration. By that point, he had worked up an appetite so he began digging in and stopped teasing her.

On the other side of the room, Shirley was following Charlie around like a shadow, even when he went

to brush his teeth. But when going to the toilet, he had to push her out gently and said shyly, "A boy and a girl can't be in the same restroom together."

Shirley obediently stood in front of the door and waited for Charlie. Her face lightened up as soon as he got out.

"Charlie, why do you have a picture of me on your wrist?" asked Shirley curiously. She had spotted the birthmark on Charlie's wrist and thought it looked like her name.

The birthmark, however, looked more like a smiling face to Charlie. So it took him a few seconds to realize what she was talking about.

"What you saw was my birthmark. I've had it from the day I was born," explained the boy. He then raised his wrist and pointed it out to Shirley.

"What is birthmark?" she asked inquisitively again. Just as Charlie was about to elaborate, Sheryl picked up Shirley stating, "Oh child of mine, the questions that come up in your pretty head... How do you think of so many questions? Quick, go over there and eat your breakfast."

Then, Sheryl suddenly caught sight of the boy's birthmark. That was the first time she noticed it even though she had known Charlie for such a long time. Confused, she blinked twice, trying to tie it to an

event or a memory.

Eventually, it hit her. She had often dreamed about someone taking away her baby when she was

giving birth. In her dream, the baby had a birthmark on his wrist just like Charlie's.

This realization gave her goosebumps. All that time, she had believed that it was just a nightmare. She

had also asked Anthony about it, but he said that she was just being oversensitive.

She grazed a finger over Charlie's mark and felt like she was reliving her dream.

Suddenly, she felt under the weather. A whirlwind of emotions overtook her and she couldn't stand up

any longer.

As she knelt down, Sheryl's heart leaped into her throat. Her mind was going haywire, and a strong

headache began creeping in. She seemed to see the past, or perhaps another dream.

She tightly clasped her head in her hands. Charlie and Shirley got absolutely terrified at the scene.

Charles was also frightened. He wasn't sure what had happened.

Concerned, he shouted from the kitchen, "Sher, what's wrong with you?" He rushed to her quickly, and

disregarding his back injury, he picked Sheryl up and laid her on the couch. He then poured a glass of

water for her and asked again, "What happened to you? Are you hurt?"

Sheryl looked pale and kept sweating. She could hear Charles' words but couldn't say anything at all.

She felt like she was having an out-of-body experience.

#### Chapter 624 Recurring Nightmares

"Charlie, hurry and get my phone. It's in my room." Upon getting his phone, Charles quickly called their

family doctor. A few minutes later, Doctor Hu arrived and rushed to see Sheryl. He gave her a quick

physical examination. He didn't find anything wrong with Sheryl. It seemed like Sheryl was struck by

something which scared her and made her faint.

"Doctor Hu, what happened? What's wrong with Sher?" Sheryl's forehead was covered with sweat.

Charles noticed it but couldn't do anything to help her. For him, that kind of feeling really sucked.

"Well, there's nothing wrong with her, Charles. She's perfectly fine!" The doctor replied as he packed up

his stuff. "She might have experienced a panic attack after something hit her. She will be better after a

good rest."

"That's impossible!" Nothing struck Sheryl. She just started to sweat and turned into this condition all of

a sudden. Charles pulled the doctor's shirt collar and ordered nervously, "Give her another checkup.

Make it more thorough and careful this time. Please hurry up!"

"Charles..." Doctor Hu was quite familiar with Charles. He didn't intend to hide anything from the latter.

He wrinkled his eyebrows and explained, "I remember, you told me that she lost her memory. Perhaps she just remembered something from her past which made her panic and lose consciousness."

"Are you trying to say that she might get her memory back and recall what happened before?" asked Charles.

"Yes." Nodding his head, Doctor Hu continued, "Her memory loss was induced by a medicine. Normally, meeting familiar people or being in a familiar environment could trigger her brain to access all sorts of memories, including the inactive ones. However, it seemed that what happened in her past was torture for her. Therefore, it might not be advisable for Sheryl to remember everything."

Doctor Hu gave Charles a glance and added, "Think about it."

What the doctor said really made sense. Charles was at a loss. He didn't know how to respond nor did he know what to do. On the other hand, he really wished that Sheryl would regain her memory. In that way, he would at least know what happened three years ago.

If what happened in the past was too painful for Sheryl, then what was the point of remembering all

those things?

After seeing off the doctor, Charles held Sheryl into his arms and carried her into the bedroom. He laid

her down on the bed. Sheryl still looked very anxious. She was sweating so Charles wiped off the

sweat from her forehead. When he was about to take the two kids to the dining room for breakfast,

Sheryl suddenly grabbed his hand. "No! Please don't hurt my baby."

Although she couldn't remember what happened in the past, Sheryl had recurring nightmares. Charles

felt sorry and sad just by watching her in agony.

Charles squeezed Sheryl's hand firmly. He really wished he could take all the pain and suffering from

her. She didn't deserve to go through all those painful experiences.

"Charlie," Charles uttered as he turned around, "please go to the dining room with Shirley and have

your breakfast first. I'll stay here with Sher."

"Uncle Charles." Shirley was a little scared. She inquired, "Is Sher going to be okay?"

"Sure, she'll be okay. Don't worry sweetie. I'll look after her," Charles promised and gave a smile to

Shirley.

Reassured by Charles' words, Shirley went downstairs with Charlie. Sheryl was still in a daze. She

grabbed Charles' hand firmly as if she was holding a life vest.

Sitting next to Sheryl on the bed, Charles felt really bad watching Sheryl having a nightmare. Her eyebrows were tightly furrowed.

Sheryl was having an extended dream. In her dream, she just gave birth to a baby boy. She clearly saw that the baby boy had the same birthmark on the wrist just like Charlie's. Then, a woman barged in and hurriedly took her baby away. Sheryl wanted to know who she was. But no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't see the woman's face.

She wanted to shout out loud but no words came out of her mouth.

She wanted to grab the woman's hand, but she couldn't move her body, at all.

Helplessly, she just watched the woman walk away as she carried her baby boy in her arms. The woman left Sheryl nothing but the sight of her leaving shadow.

Sheryl was so scared and startled that she woke up. Her clothes were wet, soaked by her sweat. Then she saw Charles sitting next to her. Sheryl was very surprised and pulled back her hand from his grasp. Embarrassed, she asked Charles. "What... what happened to me?"

"You passed out," Charles said and gazed at Sheryl. "Are you feeling better?"

"Yeah." Sheryl wanted to sit up but failed because of dizziness. She had lost all her strength. Charles gave her a cushion and helped her sit up. He said to her gently, "You're still very weak now. The doctor just gave you a check up. He said nothing was wrong with you. Are you feeling hungry? Do you want to eat something?"

"No, thank you. I'm fine." Charles hadn't recovered from his injury. Sheryl came here to take care of him. However, she suddenly passed out and ironically, Charles ended as the one taking care of her.

Sheryl felt very embarrassed and sorry.

"I'll make lunch for you after I have a good rest," Sheryl said, still struggling. But Charles made her stay in bed. He said firmly, "Look at yourself. Forget about lunch. Why don't you just lie in bed and take a rest? I'll make lunch. Don't worry about that."

"No way!" Sheryl said and wrinkled her eyebrows. "I came here to take care of you. How come..."

Charles stopped Sheryl and blurted, "Please don't move!" His hands were gentle on Sheryl's shoulders. Sheryl realized that she couldn't move her body at all. "It's settled then. Stay here and have a good rest," Charles said calmly.

Charles looked at Sheryl and uttered, "I'll get you a glass of water."

Charles didn't mention to Sheryl that she just had a nightmare. Sheryl had screamed, "Stop, don't take

my baby!" while she was dreaming. The sight was heart-breaking and made Charles feel really sorry for

her.

Charles sent out his staff to look for the missing child. He couldn't ask Sheryl about him considering

that she had lost her memory.

But Charles was sure about one thing. That baby was taken away by someone. Charles learned it from

Sheryl's relentless screams.

Charles closed the door gently and went downstairs. Charlie and Shirley had already finished their

breakfast and were already having fun in the playhouse. Charles asked Charlie to take care of Shirley

before he got a glass of milk and went upstairs.

When Charles opened the door, he saw Sheryl in a pensive mood. She remembered the nightmare she

just had. Everything in that dream was so real that she felt like she had just experienced the whole

scene. She couldn't even tell whether it was only a dream or something that was real.

Seeing Sheryl in that condition melted Charles' heart. He stood in front of the door for a long time before he managed to smile and walked into the room. He said to her, "Drink some milk, Sheryl. It might help you calm down."

"Thank you," Sheryl said politely. She also stopped thinking about the dream. Charles sat next to her and finally decided to ask after a long pause, "Did you just have a nightmare?"

Sheryl was surprised. Alerted, she stared at Charles. Smiling, Charles said, "Relax. I just heard you talking frantically in your sleep. So I wondered if you were having a bad dream."

#### Chapter 625 You Suffer The Pain Alone

"Really?" Sheryl gave a wry smile and said nothing more.

Charles looked at her and asked in a concerned voice, "Would you like to tell me something about your nightmare?"

Although Sheryl just had a nightmare, Charles had a strong intuition that her nightmare held some key to what happened to her in the past. Hence, it was important for him to know what exactly Sheryl had experienced in her nightmare.

"I'm fine, really," Sheryl confirmed promptly. Sheryl was a very reserved person and sharing something as private as a nightmare was much opposite to her nature. More so, the person showing interest in it

was none other than Charles.

"I know you don't like me." Charles noticed the hesitation in Sheryl. Still he probed further as he

said, "Anyway, we are friends now. You can tell me about your dream. Maybe, I can help you. Things

won't change if you bottle them up inside."

Charles smiled and continued, "Trust me, keeping secrets is my only merit. I will do everything to guard

your dream."

Eventually, Sheryl's heart melted with his sincere words.

Among many other emotional upheavals that she had been going through in the past three years, this

nightmare had been the most excruciating thing that had given her sleepless nights. And she did not

want to discuss it with anyone till now, she just felt relieved to be able to pour her heart out in front of

Charles. She trusted him and believed that she would feel light if she did that.

"In fact, this dream has troubled me for three years." Sheryl twisted her mouth into a wry smile and

started, "In my dream, I gave birth to a boy, but he was immediately taken away by a woman. I was

calling out for help, but I couldn't make any sound. I could only watch the woman take my child away. I

desperately tried to see the woman's face, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't see her clearly. I've dreamed this plot a numerous times. And every time this dream feels so real as if it really happened on me. Each and every feeling in this dream is so alive like I am wide awake in the moment."

As she stopped, there was a prolonged silence between the two of them. Then Charles spoke, "Have you ever told Anthony about your dream?" Charles had a very strong intuition that it was not a dream.

This was what might have happened on Autumn three years back. His heart wrenched at every word uttered by Sheryl. But he had to maintain his composure in front of her until he had proofs for it. A frown settled on Charles' face when he heard Sheryl said that she gave birth to a boy in the dream.

'What if her dream is real? Where is the child now?

Is he still alive? How is he doing?' Multiple thoughts crowded his mind.

"Yes. I mentioned it to him." Holding a cup of milk in her hands, Sheryl continued, "I was so frightened when I had this dream for the first time that I had told him at once. He comforted me saying that it was just a dream. He said that I was too fatigued. Perhaps that was why I had such a strange dream. He also said that I indeed gave birth to a child, but it's a girl. Not a boy. And her name is Shirley. But the dream was so real."

Sheryl paused to take a break. She heaved a deep sigh and continued, "Later, in the year I just lost my memory, I often had the same dream over and over again. It was a little better later, but I didn't expect I had the dream once again last night."

What Sheryl didn't tell Charles was the reason behind her fainting. She fainted when she saw the birthmark on Charlie's hand.

Sheryl instinctively hid it from Charles because she thought the whole thing was so ridiculous.

"I agree with Anthony." Charles smiled and said, "Look at Shirley, what a clever girl she is! I dream of having such a cute girl. You should take a good rest in and stop fantasizing."

Looking straight at Shirley, Charles continued, "You don't know how much Shirley was frightened when you fainted. She kept asking me when would you wake up."

"I know Shirley is clever," Sheryl said and smiled proudly.

"You take a rest. I'm going to see Shirley and Charlie." Charles spoke that to make Sheryl light-hearted.

As she closed her eyes, he left silently. After he closed the door, he became grim-faced once again.

'If Sheryl's dream is real, who took the child?

Ferry? Or Yvonne?' he thought.

No matter where the child was, the only thing that he could think of was the boy must be in danger. So

he must find out the child as soon as possible.

At that time, the last thing that came to Charles' mind was that the child he constantly thinking of was

right by his side.

After Charles left, Sheryl laid on the bed and tried to get some sleep. However, her mind was not ready

to rest. She looked around Charles' room. The pillow she was resting on bore his smell. It was faint and

smelt pleasant.

A faint smile appeared on her face, she felt very comfortable and peaceful lying on that bed. She

closed her eyes slowly and let her mind lose to wander on random thoughts.

The moment she closed her eyes, all she could see was Charles' deep and gentle eyes. How lovingly

he looked at her! At times she could not make out whether he was looking at her or his wife.

'What if I met him before Autumn? Will we be a couple?'

she thought, but the very next moment she shook her head to drive this thought away from her mind.

She patted her face and whispered to herself, "Sheryl, don't lose your mind. You already have a

boyfriend. It's silly to take his kindness as his affection."

She took her phone out and began to find a photo of Anthony and her to remind herself that she was

already in a committed relationship. However, she found that they hadn't taken even one photo

together during such a long period.

Sheryl threw the phone on the bed languidly and sighed heavily.

She remembered what Sue had said to herself last night. She was right. Perhaps, Sheryl did not

deserve to be Anthony's girlfriend.

Suddenly, she remembered Charles' words before he walked out of the room. He asked her to take a

rest in the room. But all she had done all this while was nothing other than fantasizing. Sheryl laid down

for a while, feeling that her dizziness was slightly relieved. Then she got up to make lunch.

As she came downstairs, she was startled to see Shirley was playing horse riding game with Charles.

Shirley rode on Charles' neck and yelled in excitement, "Neigh! Neigh! Come on! Uncle Lu!"

"Okay, I'm speeding up!" Charles' tone was full of gentleness.

Sheryl was frightened and scolded Shirley angrily, "Shirley, Uncle Lu hasn't fully recovered. You will hurt

him! Get down from him!"

Sheryl's severe tone frightened Shirley, who was about to cry.

Seeing this, Charles hastily explained to Sheryl, "It doesn't matter. Shirley is young, and her weight is not sufficient enough to hurt me."

Shirley was his daughter. He could do everything she asked for.

"Charles!" Sheryl was angry and continued to blame Charles, "Shirley is a kid. She does not understand. Are you as same as her? Do you know how serious your injuries are? What if you die for this?"

"Sher, don't worry. I'm really fine," Charles comforted Sheryl. "Shirley is thin. She can't hurt me."

"Okay, since you don't cherish your own body, I don't care about you from now on." Sheryl was disappointed. "You can do whatever you want. I'll leave and you suffer the pain alone," she continued.

#### Chapter 626 What The Hell Did I Cook

The reason why Sheryl got angry was because Charles seemed not to care for his body and his health.

He was aware that he had not fully recovered from his injuries yet, so how could he let Shirley climb up his back and play horseback riding?

Sheryl decided that if Charles kept on doing this without taking his health into consideration, she and

Sheryl would leave because their stay here would cause him trouble.

Seeing that Sheryl held Shirley's hand and was about to leave, Charles immediately grabbed her hand

and asked with inexplicable confidence, "Do you care about me?"

"Let go of my hand!" Sheryl shrieked. Then she growled, "It's useless to care about you because you

don't even care about yourself. I think you don't need me anymore so I won't be coming here anymore

starting tomorrow. Take care of yourself."

"Sher..." Charles held her hand more tightly. At that moment, he was really scared that Sheryl wouldn't

come back anymore when he let her go.

"Don't leave," he pleaded. He looked at Sheryl with hurt and uneasiness in his eyes.

This kind of gaze moved Sheryl at once. Finally, she didn't shake Charles' hand off. Instead, she said to

him in a cold voice, "You don't need me anymore. Why won't you let me go?"

Charles didn't answer. He just stared at Sheryl for quiet a while. After a long and awkward silence,

Charles finally found his voice, "Sher, I... I'll listen to you. But please, just stay." "As long as you don't

leave, I'll listen to everything you say," Charles promised.

Somehow, Sheryl's heart softened. She hesitated for a moment, and finally said, "Remember what you

have just said today. If you break your words, don't blame me for not giving you another chance."

"Okay," he responded quickly. As soon as he confirmed that Sheryl would stay, he instantly put on a big

smile and repeated his words, "As long as you stay, I'll listen to everything you say."

Sheryl had no other choice but to just look at Charles with resignation. He was as happy as a child.

Sheryl crouched down to talk to Shirley who was standing beside her. "Shirley, listen. Uncle Lu has

injuries on his back so you can't sit on his shoulders just like that next time. Do you understand?"

"Sher, I'm sorry," Shirley immediately apologized. She looked at Sheryl with worry and fear. She didn't

want to annoy her because she was scared that Sheryl would go to that kind of sleep again and she

couldn't wake her up. As a little girl, she didn't know what faint was so she assumed that Sheryl just fell

asleep suddenly this morning.

"I'll be obedient. Just don't fall asleep all of a sudden again," she added.

"Don't worry, I'll never fall asleep that way again," Sheryl comforted Shirley. Hearing Shirley's innocent

words, she felt really sorry. She heaved a sigh and said, "Go and play with Charlie. Mom will cook lunch

for you."

If she hadn't bought a lot of vegetables last night, she wouldn't have known what she could cook today.

When Charles heard what Sheryl said, he furrowed his brows and reminded her, "Haven't I said that I would cook lunch for you today?"

"You?" Sheryl threw Charles a skeptical look. "Are you sure that you can cook?" Sheryl asked to make sure.

"I..." Charles hesitated for a moment. He looked at Sheryl with a little embarrassment. It seemed that he wasn't so confident of his cooking skill. But he already said it so he wanted to uphold his words. "Of course I can," he answered. This time, his voice sounded firm.

"Really?" Sheryl still didn't want to believe him. In the end, Cheryl decided to give Charles a chance to prove himself. Then, Charles went to the kitchen. When he was about to start cooking, Sheryl tried to offer a help but Charles refused. Instead, he told her to just wait outside. "All you need to do is wait for now and eat later."

After almost an hour, Charles finally came out of the kitchen. In his hands was a steaming bowl of noodles.

He cooked noodles but what was in the bowl looked more like a flour soup. He must have boiled the noodles for too long causing them to become much too mushy. There were also some green vegetables floating in the bowl.

Charles tried to cover his embarrassment with a sweet smile and said, "I've tried my best."

"This is what you cooked?" Sheryl was really surprised. It was unbelievable! Charles spent almost an hour in the kitchen and only cooked this noodle.

"You can't only judge it by the way it looks," Charles tried to justify. "Maybe it tastes good?"

"Maybe?" Sheryl wanted to laugh. He was not even confident about the taste. "You're right. So this is ... uh ... delicious." She laughed inwardly. Then an idea came to her mind, "Why don't you enjoy it yourself?"

She pushed the bowl towards Charles and said, "Come on. Eat the noodles quickly."

Charles stared at the noodles with knitted eyebrows. What the hell did he cook? If he had known that he would mess up like this, he would have just ordered food delivery. If he would eat the noodles, he could prove that his cooking was not really that bad. But, the noodles didn't even look appetizing.

On the other hand, if he refused to eat it, he would lose face. He would only prove that Sheryl was

right.

It was a hard choice.

Looking at Charles who was in a dilemma, Sheryl couldn't help laughing. "Well, you should have left

the cooking to me," she said. "Anyway, I'll cook lunch now," she added.

"That would be too much trouble," Charles stopped Sheryl from going to the kitchen. Then he

suggested, "How about we order food online? They have food delivery service."

"Why do we need to order?" Sheryl furrowed her brows in disagreement. "It's expensive and unhealthy.

I'll cook for you," she added firmly.

As she looked at her watch, she found that it was already past lunchtime. The kids might already be

very hungry. She sighed. She couldn't cook some delicious dishes anymore due to time constraints.

She must cook something simple and quick. "I'll cook noodles. It will be ready soon."

Sheryl cooked the same noodles that Charles did. However, Sheryl's cooking looked very attractive

and smelt good. No doubt about it, it tasted really delicious.

All of them enjoyed the simple yet delicious lunch. Seeing the contented smiles on their faces, Charles

couldn't help but think back of those happy days he spent with Autumn. If she hadn't left three years

ago, they would have been a happy couple enjoying meals together with their twins just like now.

After lunch, Sheryl cleaned the table and washed the dishes. The kids went upstairs to take a nap.

Charles on the other hand was on a phone with a friend.

Earlier, Charles asked his friend to help him choose and apply a school for Charlie. And this afternoon,

he received a piece of good news. The headmaster of the school wanted to give Charlie an IQ test that

could give him a chance for academic acceleration.

"Okay, I got it," Charles said to the person on the other line. "You really did me a favor this time. Thank you very much, Mrs. Zhou," he added with a smile.

"You're welcome. And anyway, we're friends so I just did what a friend should do." The person Charles

was talking with on the phone was Pamela. She had been the headmaster of Kiddie Cove Kindergarten

and she knew well about other schools in Y City. Since Charles had done some business with Burke for

years, he also got along well with Pamela.

Pamela had put in a lot of efforts to help Charles because she treated him as a friend.

"By the way, Mr. Lu, Burke and I aren't married yet," she reminded him. "I think it's a little early for you

to call me Mrs. Zhou." Charles could sense that a smile was playing on Pamela's lips while she said it.

"Sooner or later you'll be Mrs. Zhou. So, I think it's okay for me to call you that way," Charles smiled as

well. Then, he suddenly remembered that Sheryl had told him that Shirley was about to go to Pamela's

kindergarten. After hesitating for a moment, he finally said, "I have to ask you another favor.

This coming school year, a girl named Shirley will enter your kindergarten. I want you to help me to

take care of her."

"She is?" Pamela inquired.

"I'll tell you next time we meet," he answered. It was a long story and Charles couldn't just explain it on

the phone. Pamela might have also understood so she didn't continue asking about Charles'

relationship with the girl anymore.

As soon as he hung up the phone, he saw Sheryl walking towards him.

She looked around the empty living room and asked, "Both Shirley and Charlie went to sleep?"

"Yes," Charles replied with a smile. Then he suggested, "Why don't you go upstairs and take a rest

too?"

Chapter 627 What Medicine Is It

"No... Thank you." Sheryl shook her head and said, "I'm going to make some chicken soup right now.

You are injured and need to rest."

"I'm alright," Charles said. He smiled charmingly at her.

Sheryl felt a little awkward as she sat in front of Charles. She was tired, but she felt uncomfortable to lie down on the same bed that Charles had slept on.

"Hmm.... Charles, I heard that your wife resembles me. Is it true?" Sheryl asked a question as she tried to break the embarrassing atmosphere.

She was really curious to know how much she resembled Charles' wife.

"Why can't I find any photographs of her?" Sheryl asked as she instinctively looked around.

There had been many wedding photos of Charles and Autumn on display earlier. However, Charles had put them away when Sheryl came back. He was worried that Sheryl would think he courted her just because she looked like his wife when she saw the photographs.

He smirked and lightly said, "You will surely come to know one day."

Hearing this, Sheryl was puzzled. She didn't know what Charles meant.

'Maybe Autumn will come back one day? But how can it be possible?' she wondered.

"So, tell me, what kind of person was your wife?" a curious Sheryl asked. Somehow, she was very

interested in this woman. "You hardly talk about her," she said.

"She was a very kind woman," Charles answered with a smile. "She always tried to help others and

was too generous for her own good. She refused to spend my money and told me she wanted to be

independent. While I always thought the only reason I earned money was to support her."

"No, you are wrong."

Sheryl told Charles with a smile, "She probably didn't want to be regarded as a woman who could only

live on her husband's money. Even though you didn't find anything wrong in a woman living this way,

she must have suffered a lot of sarcasm from others. All this must have made her want to be strong

and independent."

Sheryl felt that she was similar to Autumn on this issue. Both of them chose to live independently.

In her relationship with Anthony, she also refused to accept Anthony's money.

"Why should we care for others' opinion about our life?" Charles asked in confusion. He said, "I think we

should just live our life as we please. Caring about others' opinions could only make trouble for us.

Anyway, I hope both you and she can change your idea."

Sheryl panicked a little as she saw Charles' earnest eyes. She immediately stood up and said, "I need to make dinner now."

She escaped to the kitchen and covered her flushed face with her hands. She was feeling restless and nervous.

She didn't know why she couldn't control her emotions before this man.

Sheryl hid herself in the kitchen to avoid meeting Charles' ardent eyes. When she finished preparing the meal, she finally came out of the kitchen.

A warm smile lit up her face as she saw Charles and the two kids playing happily together. She was a sucker for this kind of happy and peaceful scene.

But she had to stop their game now. She said with a smile to the kids, "Okay. Both of you wash your hands please. It's time for dinner now."

"Wash your hands, or your mom will get angry." Charles told the children with a laugh.

Upon hearing this Shirley glanced secretly at Sheryl and went to wash her hands obediently. Charlie followed her immediately. Charles entered the kitchen as Sheryl was pouring the soup into a bowl.

"How about staying here tonight? There are enough rooms to accommodate all of us," Charles suggested cautiously.

"No, I can't!" Sheryl rejected his suggestion without hesitation. Sheryl could not even think of staying in a single man's home for the whole night.

Though she was clear that her purpose of coming here was only to take care of him for a few days and nothing would happen between them even if she did stay here tonight, she still needed to leave because she was afraid that others would misunderstand her relationship with Charles.

Therefore she knew she must reject his suggestion forcefully.

"I know you are afraid." Charles smiled sadly and said, "Don't worry. I won't do anything to you. If you don't trust me, you can lock the door of your bedroom before you sleep."

Charles wanted Sheryl to stay because he worried she might have nightmares.

If she stayed with him, he would wake her up in time and help her calm down.

Moreover, it would tire her out to go home so late and then come back the next morning. He was worried about her.

Sheryl frowned slightly and said to Charles, "Mr. Lu, I'm a single mother you know. It's inappropriate for me to stay overnight in your house. I really appreciate your concern. But if you persist in giving such suggestions, I don't think I should stay here any longer. I can hire a nurse for you. I believe she will be better than me in taking care of you.

If you want my help, I hope you can show me respect. Please don't make such suggestions in the future." Sheryl made her stand very clear.

On seeing Sheryl's serious expression, Charles understood that she was annoyed. He put a stop to the conversation. This little unpleasantness caused Sheryl to keep silent during dinner. The atmosphere became a little awkward and cold on account of all this.

When they finished dinner, Sheryl began clearing the dining table. Charlie came over to Charles and handed him a bottle of pills. He said, "Dad, if the pain is unbearable, you can take this medicine. It was prescribed by the doctor."

Looking at the bottle with an arched brow, Sheryl realized it wasn't the one she got from the hospital. She walked up to Charles and asked him, "What medicine is it?"

"Oh, it's nothing special, just regular pills," he lied. He hid it behind his back and assumed a casual

expression. He said, "They are the pills you got from the hospital. Are you ready to leave now? Let me call a cab for you. It's very late."

"Show me the bottle. I want to make sure," she commanded. Sheryl looked deep into Charles' eyes

and probed, "It isn't the medicine I got you, right? Let me see it!"

"I am telling you the truth. Trust me. There is no need for you to check," Charles dodged. Then he

added, "You should leave now. It's getting very late. Also, if you are unable to wake up early tomorrow, you can come late. I am not particular about breakfast."

"What medicine is it?" Sheryl refused to be diverted. She sensed something was amiss from Charles'

reluctance to show her the pills. She stared at Charles without blinking. Her demeanor indicated she was not moving until he showed her the medicine.

Chapter 628 Staying Over At Dream Garden

"Sheryl what? Oh, that! It's just the vitamins that I take every day." Charles gave a foolish explanation to her with a fake smile.

Sheryl understood that Charles was not going to reveal anything to her. Rolling her eyeballs, she

turned to Charlie and asked in a soft voice, "Charlie, please tell me what the medicine is? Is it really

vitamin pills?"

Charlie had not expected Sheryl to question him. He glanced at his father in panic. Charles shook his

head slightly. Charlie then murmured in a low voice, "That's right, Sher. They are just some common

vitamins prescribed for my daddy."

At this moment, Shirley pulled Sheryl's sleeve and said timidly, "I know what they are, Sher."

"Do you, Shirley?" Sheryl asked in wonderment. She crouched down and looked into her daughter's

eyes. Gently pulling her in a hug, she said, "Please tell Mommy!"

"Uncle Charles said that his back was hurting him and Charlie fetched some painkillers for him," Shirley

blurted out what she had heard with a sideways look at Charlie and Charles. "Uncle Charlie said

several times that his back was killing him. Sher, what's wrong with him? Did he get hurt?"

"Painkiller?" Sheryl mumbled to herself. She had asked Charles if his back hurt after they left the

hospital. She remembered he had said no as if nothing had happened to him. Now she realized how

stupid she was. Why didn't she take a look at his back? Why did she believe him? How could he not

feel any pain after such a thick plank smashed hard on his back?

She realized that Charles had hidden his pain from her as he didn't want to upset her. Besides, she

was trying to maintain a distance from him all the time.

"Don't look at me like that, Sheryl! Look, I'm fine!" Charles explained hurriedly as she stared

unblinkingly at him. "You had better hurry home with Shirley now. It is getting very late."

"How about your back? It still hurts, right?" Sheryl found herself asking after a long hesitation.

"No, not anymore," Charles replied and shook his head vigorously. However, he was not telling the

truth. He was not made of steel after all. It would take at least a month before he fully recovered.

"It hurts! You're lying, Daddy!" Charlie exclaimed. He couldn't keep quiet anymore. He decided to tell

Sheryl all he knew. He frowned and said, "Let me tell you everything, Sher. My daddy lay on the sofa for

a long time last night after you left. He couldn't even bend his back. I was so worried about him that I

stopped at his door stealthily at midnight. I heard him groaning with pain all the time. I believe that he

hasn't slept the whole night. But he acts like nothing is bothering him in front of you!"

Then he walked to Sheryl and holding her hand, he added, "Do you know why he wants you to leave

now? Because he's unable to hold out any longer himself!"

"Charlie, shut up!" Charles shouted at him. On seeing both Shirley and Charlie frightened, he explained

in a loving voice, "It really doesn't hurt now. You are too young to understand, Son! Come on! Time to go to sleep now. Don't forget to take a shower first!"

"I don't believe you, Charles," Sheryl protested in front of the kids. "He's more reliable than you. Why didn't you tell me the truth?"

"Please, Sher! It's not the way it looks." Charles tried to hurriedly smooth things over.

Sheryl didn't look at him. She turned to Charlie and said, "Please take Shirley upstairs with you. I need to talk with your daddy for a few minutes."

"Okay. Follow me, Shirley!" Charlie nodded. Without any hesitation he left, holding Shirley's hand.

Sheryl watched the kids go upstairs and disappear around the corner. She took a seat beside Charles and asked, "Tell me now! Why did you lie to me?"

Charles, on the other hand, was finally happy to be alone with Sheryl. He gazed at her and replied, "I didn't mean it. I just didn't want to upset you."

Seeing her worried look, he laughed and explained patiently, "I'm made of flesh and bones and so it's natural to hurt a little. Listen, it's not as bad as you think. I'll be fine in a few days. It was really not necessary to let you know and upset you. Sheryl, you will achieve nothing by worrying."

"I know what you mean," Sheryl said in a low voice. "I'm not a professional, but I know that taking painkillers will not do you any good."

"It soothes the pain for a little while and helps me fall asleep," Charles explained. He couldn't stop his smile when he saw the serious look on her face. "Sheryl, just relax! Remember I'm a tough man and I can deal with the pain."

Sheryl could not stand by and watch him suffer. Seeing the ointment on the table she realized that Charles couldn't manage to apply it on his back without some help. After some hesitation and internal debate, she ordered, "Take off your shirt please!"

"What? What do you want me to do?" Charles asked in shock. He couldn't believe his ears. For a moment, his mind couldn't grasp what Sheryl was saying.

"God! I only want to apply the ointment on your back. Please remove your shirt!" Sheryl retorted as she opened the tube. She tried her best to hide her embarrassment. Her face was as red as an apple.

Seeing Charles in shock, she urged him, "Come on! Don't be shy!"

"Oh, that! Thank you!" Charles murmured as her words penetrated his dazed mind. Then he quickly

stripped away his shirt. He lay down on his stomach on the sofa. Sheryl's hands felt cool and slippery

as she applied the ointment on his back. She moved her hands tenderly to avoid hurting him.

Charles felt his heart beating wildly. It had been three years since Autumn had last touched him. He

had to fight the impulse to hold her in his arms and make intense love to her. He knew it was madness.

He told himself to be patient, or he would frighten her into running away from him.

Seeing his entire back covered with bruises, Sheryl couldn't help but shed tears. It was hard for her to

describe how she felt at this moment.

About ten minutes later she said to Charles, "I have finished applying the ointment. You can put on your shirt now."

Charles nodded slightly and before he could thank her, he heard her speak again, "Can you show me my room? I think I'd better stay here tonight."

She had been thinking about sleeping over from the moment Charlie revealed Charles' suffering. When she saw what his back looked like, she finally made up her mind to stay.

Charles had only Charlie for company in the night. If Charles needed something at midnight or if his back hurt so much that he needed a doctor, she didn't think Charlie could manage it.

Therefore she had decided to stay the night in his house.

She talked to herself in her mind, 'It is only for tonight. I won't do this again!'

"What did you say? Please repeat it again!" a dumbfounded Charles said. He had heard her words, but

he found it difficult to believe his ears. He had never expected Sheryl would agree to stay at his house.

Not even in his dreams.

"I said... I said that I wanted to see my room," Sheryl stammered in embarrassment. "If you have any

reservations about this, I can leave now with Shirley!"

She threatened and made a gesture of walking away. Charles grabbed her hand right away and held

on tight.

Finally! She had agreed to stay here, in her own home. He would do everything in his power not to jinx

that.

Charles couldn't hide his happiness and the big smile on his face. He said in a joyous voice, "Follow

me. I'll show you your room now."

The room he chose for her was next to his own bedroom. Charlie's room was on the opposite of it. The

room was clean and had a fresh sheet with a pretty floral print on the bed. There was a large French window and it was a very comfortable and pleasant room.

Since it was night time, Sheryl couldn't see anything outside. Otherwise, she would have seen the beautiful garden outside the window. This room had the best view in the house.

"Is this the guest room?" Sheryl asked. It felt more like a girl's bedroom to her.

Chapter 629 Why Do You Like Charlie So Much

"This is not exactly a guest room," Charles replied. "I had this room decorated back when Autumn was still pregnant. Since I wasn't sure of the baby's gender, I prepared two rooms. One was decorated with a girlish style and the other one was embellished with a marine style. That room was the one Charlie is using right now," Charles explained with a gentle smile.

'This room was originally prepared for his future daughter. No wonder the room is filled with dolls,'

Sheryl thought to herself.

"Uh..." Sheryl turned to Charles. "Have an early night," Sheryl urged Charles to leave. "Now that you are still injured, you need to have a good rest," she added.

"Yes, I know that," Charles replied. "By the way, there are a lot of new clothes in the wardrobe that Shirley can wear." Charles didn't tell Sheryl that those clothes had been just bought recently.

'What I really want is for Sheryl and Shirley to come into this house for good,' Charles thought to

himself. "Oh, alright."

Sheryl slightly nodded. When Charles left, Sheryl opened the wardrobe and found that there were a

large number of clothes like what he said.

However, what surprised Sheryl the most was, the clothes were of different sizes, probably ranging

from 0 to 10 years old.

It seemed that Charles had really fully expected the baby in Autumn's belly. Sheryl couldn't understand

why she suddenly felt a little upset and envious.

She sighed and selected a pink nightgown. Then she went to Charlie's room. Charlie's room was just

like what Charles had said, decorated in marine style with dark blue wall and corsair-shaped bed,

giving out an aura of sea adventures.

Sheryl saw Charlie reading a book while Shirley was playing happily with some toys on the mat. She

walked over to Shirley and said, "Shirley, how about staying here tonight?"

"Yes!" Shirley replied and nodded exuberantly. She felt extremely happy that she could stay with

Charlie.

"It's late and Charlie needs to sleep now. Let's go to our room. I will help you take a shower before you

go to sleep," Sheryl urged Shirley with a smile.

Shirley cast a glance at Charlie's direction before looking at Sheryl with her big round eyes. "Sher..."

She was hesitant to continue. "Can I sleep here in Charlie's room?"

"Wh... What?!" Sheryl couldn't believe her ears. It seemed that she couldn't keep her daughter with her

anymore. Shirley had grown up and no longer needed her mom.

"I want to sleep in Charlie's room," Shirley repeated slowly. She thought Sheryl didn't hear her. There

were so many interesting toys in Charlie's room and Shirley also loved Charlie's company so she

wanted to stay in his room.

Afraid that Sheryl might misunderstood her, Shirley tried to persuade her more. "Sher, you told me

before that I couldn't sleep with you all the time because I have to become independent, right?"

Sheryl felt funny as she never expected that Shirley would one day use her own words against her.

"Just let her sleep here. Anyway, they are just kids. You have nothing to worry about," came Charles'

voice from the door.

"Even so, Shirley needs to take a bath," Sheryl countered. Sheryl glanced at Shirley, hoping that she could change her mind. "Okay, you want to sleep with Charlie. But have you asked Charlie if he is okay with it?"

Shirley hastily turned to Charlie and asked, "Charlie, could I sleep with you tonight?"

As Charlie nodded in agreement, Sheryl's last hope went away.

She had no other choice but to give in. It was 3 versus 1. "How about you take a shower in our room first, and then I'll just take you back here after? Would that be okay?" Sheryl suggested.

Shirley nodded in agreement and asked Charlie to wait for her.

When they were inside the bathroom, Shirley was so in a hurry that she kept on nagging to Sheryl to start bathing her. "Sher, be quick, quick, quick."

Sheryl had no other choice but to carry Shirley into the half-filled bathtub.

When Sheryl was drying Shirley with a towel, she curiously asked, "Shirley, why do you like Charlie so much?"

Shirley paused for a long time trying to think. But she just couldn't find the answer so she just replied, "I

just like him for no reason."

Shirley was too young to understand that liking someone didn't really need any reason.

Sheryl smiled wryly and reproached herself inside, 'I must be silly. At her young age, how could she

know why?'

In a few minutes, Sheryl dressed Shirley with the pink nightgown she had chosen earlier. When they

went back to Charlie's room, Charlie had already taken a shower and was already in a blue pajamas.

Charles then took out another quilt. So, even though the two kids would be sleeping on the same bed,

they would be using two different quilts.

Shirley was still excited tucking into the quilt. She kept on pestering Sheryl to tell them some stories.

Charlie knew that Sheryl had a hard day today so he volunteered to tell Shirley a story. "Sher, just go to

your room and get some sleep. I will tell Shirley some stories."

"Yes, yes, yes! I want Charlie to tell me stories," Shirley clapped her hands and exclaimed excitedly.

Sheryl nodded slightly, looking at Charlie like a mother-in-law assessing her son-in-law. Sheryl heard

that Charlie was telling Shirley about Cinderella.

After Charlie softly tucked Shirley into the bed, Sheryl turned off the light, went out of the room, and

closed the door behind her.

When she went to her room, Sheryl remembered something. Since she didn't intend to stay over night

in Charles' house, she didn't take any clothes with her. Now she was in trouble. Where could she find

clothes to wear here? The wardrobe only contained children's clothes.

The weather was so hot and she cooked lunch during the day. She smelled sweat and she felt sticky.

How could she stay the whole night without changing her clothes? She couldn't even take a shower.

While Sheryl was racking her brains, she heard some knocks on the door. When she opened it,

Charles was standing there holding a bag in his hand which seemed to be clothes. Then he said

kindly, "I bought these clothes for Autumn before but she hasn't used them yet. You can wear them after

taking a bath, if you don't mind."

"Thank you," Sheryl expressed her gratitude to Charles. She then took the bag from Charles' hands.

When she came near him, she smelled alcohol from him.

"Did you drink?" Sheryl asked in surprise.

"Yes, I drank a little. I couldn't sleep without drinking alcohol," Charles replied and nodded slightly. "I am

going back to my room now. Have a good sleep."

Then Charles considerately closed the door for Sheryl.

When she opened the bag, Sheryl found a pajama, a dress and a set of underwear. Surprisingly, the

sizes fit her well.

But Sheryl didn't think too much about it. She quickly took a shower.

After taking a shower, she looked around for a hair dryer but she couldn't find any. She thought of going

downstairs to look for it. But when she went out of her room, she saw that Charles' door was still open.

After hesitating for a moment, she eventually decided to go there to check if he was okay.

Chapter 630 Taking Care Of Each Other

Charles had already changed into his pajamas. He was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window

while drinking wine. Seeing this, Sheryl couldn't help but furrow her brows.

"You haven't fully recovered yet. You shouldn't be drinking any alcohol," she commented.

Charles was a little stunned to Sheryl's voice. He deliberately left his bedroom door open just in case

Sheryl would need some help. But he didn't expect her to come this soon.

When he regained his senses, he turned around to face her with a smile. "It's fine." But when he saw

water dripping from her hair, his smile turned into a frown. "Why didn't you dry your hair? You might get

sick."

"Oh, yeah! That's actually the reason why I came here," she snapped as she remembered her purpose

of coming into Charles' room. "I looked for a hairdryer everywhere in my room but I couldn't find any."

"I've got one in the bathroom." Charles pointed his finger to the bathroom. Sheryl walked to the

bathroom to dry her hair.

When Sheryl walked out of the bathroom after drying her hair, Charles was still drinking wine. He had

already drank almost half of the bottle. Sheryl furrowed her brows as she walked towards him. "It's late

now. Aren't you going to sleep?"

"I don't feel sleepy yet. I wanna stay here for a little more while. Just go ahead and sleep if you're

already sleepy," Charles answered. Charles felt extremely more clear-headed in the still of the night.

"Okay then, I will accompany you." Sheryl took a wine glass from the shelf next to her and poured

some wine. The wine smelt good. "Nice wine," she commented as she sniffed the glass.

"Uh-huh." Charles smiled.

Then silence enveloped the whole room. None of them spoke a word. It was already midnight and it

was very unusual for the two of them to spend a moment like this together. There was a hanging

basket chair next to the floor-to-ceiling window so Sheryl sat on it.

There was one moment that Charles felt like Autumn had come back.

However, when he remembered that Sheryl only saw him as a stranger, he realized that he was only

overthinking. Sheryl wasn't Autumn anymore.

Sheryl wasn't in a good mood either. Last night, she had a fight with Sue and until now, she still couldn't

think of a way on how to make up with her.

While Sheryl was contemplating, her phone suddenly rang. When she looked at the screen, she saw

Anthony's name. She just stared on it, pondering whether she should answer it or not.

"Is it Anthony?" Charles asked. He already knew who would only call Sheryl at this time of the night but

he still asked to confirm.

"Yes." Sheryl nodded. When she was still hesitating to answer it, the ringing suddenly stopped. 'Great!'

Sheryl felt relieved. She didn't need to feel embarrassed in front of Charles anymore.

"How's everything going between you and him?" Charles asked Sheryl, wishing to know something

about them. Sherly smiled at him and answered, "We're good. We have a stable relationship."

"Oh, really?" Charles smiled coldly. "Then why didn't you answer his call just now?"

Why?

Perhaps it was because Charles was there. Sheryl might feel uncomfortable talking with Anthony while

Charles was around.

Or maybe Sheryl just didn't want Anthony to know that she was still with Charles at this time of the

night. Although Sheryl kept on telling herself that she wasn't doing anything wrong, somehow she still

felt that it was inappropriate to spend the midnight with Charles. She didn't want Anthony to

misunderstand her relationship with Charles.

Sheryl lifted her head and looked at Charles before she said, "I treasure my relationship with Anthony

so much. I don't want him to misunderstand me."

Charles' face turned gloomy when he heard what Sheryl said. 'Treasure? That's ridiculous,' he thought.

Back in the day, Sheryl had been so in love with him. But then, what happened? She had totally

forgotten everything about him and she just gave up their relationship that easily.

There was no lasting and constant relationship in this world.

"It's late now. I should go back to my room," Sherly bid goodbye to Charles. Charles didn't know why

but everytime he tried to get closer to Sheryl, she would stay away from him immediately. That made

him feel so annoyed.

But what could he do? He could do nothing but helplessly watch Sheryl walking away from him.

When she came down from the hanging basket chair, Sheryl staggered because of the effect of the

wine on her. Charles quickly stretched out his hand to hold her. He asked gently, "Are you okay?"

"Yes." Sheryl wanted to escape from his hug. But the more she tried to do it, the more mistakes she

made. She sprained her ankle by accident and she had to lean on Charles now.

"How are you doing?" he asked full of concern. When Charles felt that Sheryl didn't want to have any

physical contact with him, he got angry. But seeing Sheryl in pain because of her sprained ankle, he

calmed himself down and asked gently, "Can you walk?"

"I'm fine. You can let go of me now." Sheryl could smell Charles' perfume. She suddenly felt a strange

sensation and she didn't want to acknowledge it so she tried to push him away. But Charles got angry

with her actions. Without any words, he put his hands on her waist and lifted her in the air. He then

threw her on his bed, trying to be as gentle as he could.

"What are you doing?" Sheryl was startled. But Charles didn't say a word. He just gently took her shoes

off. Thank God, it wasn't too bad and it didn't swell. It wouldn't take long to recover as long as she got

to rest.

Charles took out a bottle of safflower oil from his first aid kit. Just a while ago, it was Sheryl who helped

Charles apply some medicine. Now it was Charles who was doing it for her. Things were turning so

quickly.

"Are you feeling better?" Although Charles looked angry, he was still very gentle to Sheryl. It made

Sheryl feel like Charles really treasured her.

Sheryl was suddenly lost in her thoughts.

But Charles' voice brought her back to the present. She wanted to withdraw her feet but Charles was

holding them tightly. She felt so embarrassed and nervous at the same time. To cover it up, she

shouted, "I'm fine! Let go of me!"

"You just sprained your ankle. Have a good rest tonight." Charles furrowed his eyebrows and

continued, "You sleep in my bedroom tonight. I'll sleep in the study."

"No way. This is your room." Sheryl was taken aback by Charles' words. She was anxious so she just

closed her eyes and said, "I'm fine, really."

Charles felt more annoyed because of her stubbornness. "Can you just listen to me even for once?"

"I..." She decided to make a compromise after she looked at him. She hesitated for a moment before

she finally said, "Fine. Thank you, Charles."

"Have a good rest." Charles stood up with a cold face. He felt jealous and uncomfortable every time he

thought of the relationship between Sheryl and Anthony.

Charles closed the door as he walked out of the bedroom. His eyes were gloomy. Then, something

occurred to him. It seemed that it was time for him to talk to Anthony.

The next morning, Charles asked David to buy breakfast for them. Charles wanted Sheryl to sleep

longer so he didn't wake her up. Besides, she sprained her ankle so it would be difficult for her to move

especially in the kitchen.

Charles told David to buy Hongkong style breakfast for Sheryl. Autumn used to like it very much when

they were still together. Not knowing what Charles exactly wanted, David bought all dishes available.

Thus, the table was filled with all kinds of dim-sums and Chinese dishes.