

Wedded Bride 951

Chapter 951 An Arrogant Tool

Holley claimed that she had nothing to do with Susan's accident, but George knew she was responsible.

He thought back to that day... He and Holley had a fight. Angrily, she left him and drove away. Afraid that something might happen to her, he followed Holley in his car.

He saw Holley hit Susan with her car and drive off. He was the only one around that helped Susan. He sent her to the hospital, and begged her not to sue his girlfriend.

In fact, he wanted to give Holley a chance. Once she owned up to the fact she hit Susan, he would protect her at any cost.

But she denied it calmly every time. All of a sudden, it dawned on him that she might have deceived him with her innocent eyes many times.

When she lied, she showed no worry. She acted as if she were telling the truth.

That was when George found that he didn't really know Holley. Even though they slept together every day, he didn't know who she really was.

He hated to admit that. But deep inside he knew it was true. There were two voices fighting each other

in his mind.

The next day, Susan was discharged from the hospital. Sheryl came to her ward early in the morning and helped her with her things.

Watching Sheryl pack up her stuff, Susan felt sorry for her. She said she could handle it herself and told her to take a breather.

Sheryl said okay, but didn't stop gathering up her clothes and other things.

After filling out the discharge papers, Susan's father took Sheryl's arm and they walked to a corner.

Jeremy asked Sheryl for Cary's number. Sheryl was confused, but she did as he asked. With a cheerful expression, Jeremy gave Cary a call.

Cary was in a meeting when his phone started to buzz. Giving his cell phone a quick look, he found it was an unfamiliar number. He thought about ignoring the call, but since his phone kept ringing, he knitted his brows and answered the phone.

"Hello, is this Cary Su?" Jeremy gushed with a broad smile on his face. "I'm Susan's dad."

"Hello, Uncle," Cary said, as he recognized who was on the phone.

"Busy now?" Cary asked. No matter what Jeremy said, Susan refused to give him Cary's number. At last, he got this from Sheryl.

"Of course not," Cary replied immediately. "What's on your mind?"

"I'll get straight to the point," Jeremy responded with a loud laugh. "Here is the thing. Susan's coming home from the hospital today, so we are gonna throw a little party for her. You have time to drop by and

eat with us? You helped my daughter a lot, so we want to treat you to a meal."

He paused to let this sink in. Then he said, "I mentioned to Susan's mother that you might come, so she bought lots of food. If you go home hungry, it's your fault."

Cary scowled at the invitation. He had a ton of things to deal with, and he intended to work overtime.

But Jeremy called him personally, and he didn't know how to say no gracefully.

"You're not too busy, are you?" Jeremy said as Cary didn't respond for a bit. "If you are, we can invite you to a meal another day. It's okay..."

Jeremy added, overwhelmed with disappointment.

Judging by his tone, Cary knew that Susan's father was disappointed. "No. I'll be there later," Cary

responded instantly.

He glanced at the directors of the board and then said, "But I'll be late. Please don't wait for me."

"Great. I'll text you the address," Jeremy responded with delight as he ended the call. He then returned to the ward and brought Susan home.

It was the first time Sheryl had ever been in Susan's house. She came in and looked around. It was a cozy apartment containing three bedrooms and a lobby. It was not luxuriously furnished, but it was clean and tidy. Sheryl knew that Susan must have led a happy life with her parents.

Jeremy placed Susan's stuff in her room. Noticing that his daughter and Sheryl were still standing in the living room, he said, "Susan, take Miss Xia to your bedroom. I'm gonna help your mom in the kitchen. I'll call you when lunch is ready."

"I can help you, Uncle," Sheryl offered. She volunteered to be of some help in the kitchen.

"No, thanks. You're our guest, how can I let you help with the meals? Go, visit with Susan and relax.

Your aunt and I can handle it ourselves." Jeremy refused her offer. Jeremy pushed Sheryl to his daughter's bedroom. When the two girls were inside, he closed the door lightly.

"Please have a seat, Sher. Don't mind him," Susan said, as she motioned for Sheryl to sit down next to

her.

"Your dad's nice," Sheryl commented with a warm smile.

"He's better now. I hated him when I was little," Susan responded. Pursing her lips, she proceeded, "He used to be a teacher. He kept a close eye on me all through elementary school and my school life was a nightmare. He's retired now. Since mom's not in good health, he never goes out. Instead, he spends most of his time with her at home. He's mellowed out a lot."

Sheryl broke out laughing. Looking at Susan, she said, "Anyway, you've grown into a wonderful woman under his guidance."

"Don't make fun of me, Sher." Susan blushed. Out of the blue, a trace of frustration flashed through her pretty face. She sighed, "I don't think it matters. I am still being bullied. Someone can do whatever she wants just because she has a pretty face. It's not fair."

Sheryl patted Susan's shoulder gently and comforted her, "Don't be so negative. You only see what they want you to see, but you don't know what they've been through. Believe me, they are not as happy as you think."

Since Susan kept quiet, she went on, "The world has all sorts of people in it. Different people have different lifestyles. You can't figure out everyone. The only thing you can do is to be yourself and live a good life.

I know, I know. Easier said than done. But you should be thankful for your parents. They're good teachers and they taught you right from wrong. Now you're a good girl."

"I know." Susan nodded at her. She only understood part of her words.

Staring at Susan, Sheryl was eager to bring her and Cary together. After some hesitation, she asked indirectly, "What, what do you think of Cary, Susan?"

"Cary?" Susan was a bit miffed when she heard his name. "He's an arrogant tool. Narcissistic and rude, too," she blurted out indignantly.

The more Susan talked, the more furious she got. With aversion and fury written on her face, she focused her gaze on Sheryl and added, "If he wasn't your friend, I would have already taught him a lesson."

Sheryl was taken aback by her complaints. It never crossed her mind that Susan would be so upset with Cary. With a wry smile, she asked, "So you don't like him?"

Chapter 952 Being A Guest

Susan angrily exclaimed, "Damn it! I wish I would never see him again in my life. I mean it."

Sheryl didn't know much about Cary, but she was sure that he could be trusted, because he was Charles' friend.

Moreover, she had contacted him about business deals several times before. She had always found him to be a strict and responsible gentleman, but he was, by nature, a joker.

Maybe that was why Susan detested him so much.

"What did he do to upset you?" Sheryl asked in an intrigued tone. She was curious about what had happened between them, and she was afraid that Cary would suffer if he had a crush on Susan.

Susan hesitated, "He..." Then she stopped and waved her hand. "Come on, Sher, you don't need to know what he has done. All you need to know is that he's total bastard, and you'd be best to stay away from him unless you're looking for trouble."

Sheryl was dumbfounded when she heard Susan's warning about Cary.

She looked at her and clarified, "It must be a misunderstanding. As far as I know, Cary's not as bad as you said he is. He is generally good but it's true that he has an evil tongue. Maybe you'll change your

mind if you get to know him more."

Susan frowned. "Come on! I'd rather not. All I want to do is stay as far away from him as possible."

She sounded more and more agitated, which made Sheryl more curious to learn what on earth Cary had done to her.

He was a man who liked challenges, so he wouldn't give up so easily. And she could remember that Jeremy had asked her about his phone number.

It seemed like he was pleased with Cary. With all due respect, that wouldn't matter at all if Susan liked him or not.

Susan looked at the clock on the wall. It was already six o'clock. No wonder she felt a bit hungry. It was almost dinner time. She walked on a crutch to the kitchen and found her parents chatting instead of cooking. She deliberately raised her voice at them, "Dad, Mom, what the hell are you doing? How can you still be chatting? Aren't you supposed to be making dinner by now? Are you going to let me starve to death?"

Jeremy glanced at her and responded, "Alright, alright, I heard you. Could you keep your voice down?

Why don't you eat some fruits first? I'll call you when dinner's ready."

Actually, he was waiting for Cary. He said that he would come and have dinner with them later that day, so Jeremy wanted to start cooking once he arrived.

Susan was unhappy with her dad's response, so she frowned and complained, "I don't want any damn fruits, Dad. I want to have my dinner. What's the matter with you? Did you forget that Sher is here? How could you make our guest wait?"

Jeremy felt awkward as he looked at Sheryl. "I'm so sorry. I just want to start cooking when all the guests are here. Sheryl, would you like to eat some fruits before the meal?"

Sheryl smiled politely, "No, thanks. I'm really not that hungry."

Jeremy turned to look at Susan. "Did you hear that? Couldn't you just be well-mannered like her?"

Come on, we'll have dinner together with our guests soon. Could you not wait a little bit longer?"

"Why on earth are we making a fuss about your important guest? He would've been here if he wanted to. I wonder if he had been so absorbed by some other issues at work. It's really not necessary for us to wait. What do you think?"

"Shut up! Look at you! Can't you be more patient?" Jeremy had never been so irritated by his daughter.

"Do you really think that he's as carefree as you are? Of course he wouldn't have time to come and have dinner with us until he had finished all his work.

Stop with this nonsense. Why don't you just sit there and wait?"

Susan was sullen about waiting but she had no choice. She finally picked a slice of watermelon and took a bite to ease her hunger.

Time flew slowly. It was already eight o'clock when Sheryl felt a bit hungry too. At that time, someone knocked at the door. Jeremy stood up to open it, and told his wife to start cooking.

Susan heard the voice that she hated most as soon as her dad opened the door. Cary politely greeted him, "Uncle, I'm very sorry to be late. Here are some gifts for you and Auntie. Again, I sincerely apologize."

It wasn't easy for him to make time after work. His schedule had been pretty busy lately; he had to ask a few colleagues to help him with his workload, just so he could manage to find some time to get out.

Good thing he was able to prepare the gifts early.

So what he needed to do was just to bring them once he set out to meet Susan's family.

Jeremy warmly smiled as he welcomed him, "Come on in! You didn't have to bring us any gifts at all;

your presence is good enough. But I still want to thank you for coming and for your gifts. We're so happy to see you!"

"It's my pleasure, Uncle," Cary smiled shyly. "I should've come earlier, but it had been a busy day at work. It's me who should be sorry."

Jeremy took him by the hand and led him to the sofa. "You must be tired. Come sit and take some rest.

I'll call you when dinner's ready."

Cary nodded like an obedient child. Sheryl couldn't help laughing when she saw him behaving so differently.

She believed that all sons-in-law wanted to leave a good impression, so they tried their best to hold back.

Glancing at Susan and disregarding how she felt, Jeremy demanded, "Cary's our guest, so you have to be polite. Got it?"

Susan looked annoyed but she could not defy her dad. "Okay," she sighed.

Jeremy then went to the kitchen to help his wife. As soon as her dad left, Susan could not pretend

anymore. She turned to ask Cary, "What the hell are you doing in my home?"

He smiled and flatly replied, "Your father invited me for dinner. Do you have any problems with that?"

She didn't seem to care less. "Who said you could come to my home when I didn't agree to it? You're so annoying, uncouth and boring. You're not welcome here at all. Why don't you just leave right now?"

Cary did not even want to fight with her. He just smiled and confidently explained, "Well, I don't think so. It seems that you're the only person who doesn't want me here."

Susan got pissed when she heard his response. She couldn't understand why her father would invite him to dine with them, when he knew for a fact how much she despised him.

She sneered, "Well, since you've been welcomed, do you know what punctuality means? Do you know what time it is now? Why don't you come back tomorrow morning?"

If I were you, I wouldn't have the audacity to come. Do you really think you're some kind of an honored guest? Don't be absurd."

He remained calm while Susan finished with her rants. Finally, he reacted, "I had told uncle that I might be late, but I didn't expect him to wait for me for so long. I'm really sorry for that."

Chapter 953 I Am In Love With Her

"You..." Susan's voice faltered, her face turning red with anger. "Do you think I'll let you go so easily?"

Listen to me. There's no way."

As she watched the two argue with each other, Sheryl couldn't help but think that Susan was no match for Cary.

Although Cary remained calm and didn't say much, he knew exactly how to upset Susan. It even seemed like he enjoyed arousing Susan's fury.

Witnessing the scene before her, Sheryl finally understood why Susan would get so mad when she brought up Cary's name.

Sensing that Susan was likely to strike Cary, Sheryl came forward in a rush, grabbing the former's hand and persuading, "Easy, Susan. He's your guest. Just be friendly."

"Guest?" Susan's next words were sarcastic. "He's such a perfect guest, isn't he? He was late but didn't even have the decency to feel sorry. I'm impressed."

"Susan!" Frowning, Sheryl scolded the angry girl. "He's your guest. It's improper to treat him that way."

Sheryl knew that Cary was just joking; she was mad at Susan for her overly aggressive behavior.

With furrowed eyebrows, Susan paused for a long while, biting her lips to refrain from attacking Cary

again.

Somehow, she was willing to listen to Sheryl's words.

Half an hour later, Jeremy and his wife served dinner on the table when the former asked Cary to eat more from time to time, which made him feel a little at a loss.

Even though Susan gave him a hard time, Cary felt sorry for keeping the couple waiting for a long time.

Apologizing sincerely, he said, "I'm sorry, Uncle, Aunt. I had something to handle in the company, so I was late. You didn't have to wait for me."

"It's okay. Susan had lots of fruits, so she wasn't hungry," Jeremy replied with a friendly laugh.

"Besides, you're our guest. If we had cooked too early, the food would be cold by now. Cold food does our health no good."

With a smile of relief, Cary said, "Please don't wait for me next time."

"Alright, we'll keep that in mind." Jeremy agreed instantly with a nod.

The remark made Susan raise her brows. She questioned, "Next time?"

She was about to say more, but she lowered her head and stopped as she met her father's warning gaze.

The reaction amused Cary, as he enjoyed watching Susan suppress her anger. Noticing that he was watching her, Susan cast him an irritated glare, making Cary grin from ear to ear as he met her gaze.

The two elders regarded the pair's bickering as their way of flirting with each other.

Since Cary arrived, Jeremy had barely taken his eyes off him. With an approving smile on his face, he was rather satisfied with the polite and well-mannered young man. When Cary was almost finished with his dinner, Jeremy couldn't wait to know more about his guest. "How did you get to know Susan?" he asked.

"It was thanks to Sheryl," Cary beamed. "If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have had the pleasure to meet Susan."

"I see," Jeremy simply nodded. Gingerly, he continued with his questions, "May I know what your family is like?"

"Yes, of course. My parents got divorced and they remarried. My grandpa brought me up, and I have a better relationship with my grandpa than with my parents," Cary answered the man frankly.

With a sigh, Jeremy exclaimed, "What a poor boy!" Hearing about Cary's situation, he felt bad for the

young man.

In his eyes, parents meant a great deal to children. Having worked as a teacher in the past, Jeremy knew many kids who didn't grow up well as a result of their parents' divorcing. In Cary's case, however, Jeremy thought, 'Thanks to his grandpa, Cary turned out to be such an excellent young lad.'

"Well, you're much better than Susan. She had already graduated years back, but she hasn't achieved much." There was a trace of anger in Jeremy's voice.

With a smile, Cary responded, "It doesn't matter, she's a girl. She doesn't need to work so hard to support herself. Otherwise, we men would be useless."

The remarks amused Jeremy.

"You do have a point. If Susan can meet a guy like you, I'm happy and content," Jeremy beamed. All the while, Susan sat next to her father.

Hearing what Jeremy said, she couldn't remain silent any longer. His remarks crossed a line for her.

"Dad..." she cut in, rather acidly. With a frown, she asked, "What are you talking about, Dad? Why are you so eager to marry me off? Do you think your daughter is such a loser that no one likes?"

Without a response from Jeremy, she whined, "Even though you want to see me settle down as soon

as possible, shouldn't you at least have some standards for your future son-in-law? You make it sound like I'm not good enough for a decent man."

Ignoring her complaints, Jeremy gave her a look and shot back, "You should feel lucky if anyone is even willing to marry you. How can you be so captious?"

"Mom, dad is bullying me..." Out of options, Susan turned to her mother for help.

Looking at the indignant Susan, her mother burst into laughter. Consoling her daughter, she said, "Don't get upset, sweetie. Your father is just kidding."

The warm smile on Cary's face never faltered. Susan's parents continued throwing many questions at him about his life and family and the young man patiently answered them all one by one. After hearing his answers, Jeremy and his wife were even more pleased with him.

When dinner was over, Susan slid quietly into her room to avoid Cary. Before he left, though, Jeremy called her over to see the guest off. Using the excuse that her leg hurt, she refused.

"It's okay, Uncle, Aunt," Cary said with a subtle smile. "It's getting late. She must be feeling tired. I can handle myself."

With a sweet smile, Sheryl said to Susan's parents, "Please go ahead and sleep early, Uncle, Aunt.

We've got to go. I'll visit you next time."

"I'm looking forward to your next visit." Saying their farewells, the couple beamed.

With a nod, Sheryl assured them, "I will."

Walking out of the building, she saw Cary as he was entering his car. Stopping to talk to him, she said,

"Cary, could you please drop me off at a subway station?"

"Of course," he agreed with a warm smile. "I can take you home if you want."

It was clear that Sheryl had something to tell him. As they got into the car, he opened his mouth first.

"You have something to tell me, don't you?" Jeremy turned to look at her in the passenger's seat.

With a grin, she agreed, "You got me."

As straightforward as she could be, she said, "I want to know what you think of Susan."

The sudden question had Cary stunned. At the thought of Susan, he couldn't help but smile brightly.

After a pause, he replied, "I don't know what feelings I have for her... But when I saw her, I felt happy.

When she isn't around, I feel upset and distracted. If this is how people define love, then maybe I'm in

love with her."

Chapter 954 Mama's Boy

After pausing for a while, Cary continued, "At least, I don't find her annoying. Even though we always bicker, I like being with her."

Upon hearing this, Sheryl was certain that Cary was into Susan.

When she and Charles first got married, they seldom agreed on anything. As soon as they got to know each other, though, they began to fall in love. At the thought of this, she couldn't help but burst out laughing.

Her reaction put a puzzled look on Cary's face. "What? Why are you laughing? You think I look like an idiot, don't you?"

"No, no no, don't get me wrong. I'm not laughing at you," she explained in a hurry. "Susan is so upset with you. I was just wondering how you guys would end up being together."

Breaking out laughing himself, Cary thought about it. "Just let nature take its course," he said with a smile.

"Well," Sheryl began. Her brows furrowed in concern as she thought of Holley. Looking at Cary, she asked him, "Have you been to BM Corporation?"

"Yes," he replied with a little nod. After he relayed George's response to her, Sheryl's forehead was wrinkled into a frown. "Looks like I underestimated Holley. George is at her mercy."

Heaving a sigh, Cary agreed, "I didn't expect this either. I've found a lawyer for Susan. I will negotiate with Holley on her behalf. I don't know whether Susan and I will be together. But I'll do everything I can to help her terminate her contract with BM Corporation. She's a good girl. I can't bear to see her being bullied there." His tone was firm as he said it. When he spoke, the determination on his face was evident.

Sheryl returned his determination with earnest gratitude. "Thank you!" With that, Sheryl was sure that Cary was the only one who could help Susan get rid of Holley.

The more she mulled it over, the more she believed that George was the only one who really had Holley's back. 'What if George breaks up with her? Can she still be so unruly?' Sheryl wondered.

"I heard from Charles that you and George were classmates. Is that true?" Sheryl finally asked after some hesitation.

With a nod, Cary affirmed, "Yes, we were. Back in the university, we were at the same dormitory and were on good terms with each other. But since we graduated, we had lost contact. When I met him

again after college, we were already in Y City."

"Well... how much do you know about him and Holley?" Susan's accident always reminded Sheryl that she couldn't just stand by and she had to strike back.

Shaking his head, Cary repeated the name, "Holley..." Broodingly, he recalled, "When we were at the college, George was a bookworm. He focused on his studies and spent most of his time at the school library. He had no time to date girls, from what I saw. I remember that I even needed to inform him in advance if I wanted to play basketball with him. At the time, he had few friends, not to mention girlfriends."

After pausing for a moment to think, he continued, "As for Holley, I never actually met her. They started to see each other after college, I guess. So I don't know how they met."

Narrowing her eyes, Sheryl simply said, "I see..." Initially, she had planned to learn something about Holley from him but it turned out that he knew nothing about George's girlfriend.

Holley's identity remained a mystery to her and she still had no idea how to handle the woman.

With resolve, she thought, 'Am I just going to do nothing and let her hurt the people I care about? No, I

can't. I must do something.'

When he noticed the troubled look on Sheryl's face, Cary broke the tense silence abruptly. "I know nothing about Holley but I do know George rather well." For some reason, his instincts told him that what he was going to say might be of some help to her.

"He has lived with his mother since he was little so she's more important to him than anyone else in the world. He would do whatever his mother asked of him," he began. "Because of that, I always teased him and called him a mama's boy. He never got mad about it, though. He said that his mother had suffered a lot to raise him alone so he must listen to her."

The story had Sheryl stunned. 'George is so nice to his mother. People like him are so rare nowadays.'

Seeing that the topic interested Sheryl, Cary went on, "To begin with, we never understood why he was such a sweet boy to his mother. Later on, though, we found out why. His mother went to see him once and treated me and the other boys to a meal. After we met his mother, we saw what kind of person she was and we stopped making fun of him.

George's mother runs a big company and does the job better than any man. She obviously has a knack for business. She's aggressive and arbitrary. Since she brought him up, he's been used to doing all she

asks, so he never doubts her words." After hearing Cary's story, Sheryl lifted her brows. "Well, since his mother is such a person... didn't she ever intervene with George's dating life?"

"That's what confused me most too," Cary mentioned. "George's mother treated me and the other guys to a meal for appearance's sake. I knew that she really just wanted to know her son's friends. She wanted to know what kind of people George got on with. She cared about her son so much that she went through all that trouble. I don't think she would just leave George's love life alone."

With a snort, he continued, "During that meal, his mother said that George always followed her arrangements and never disappointed her. She also said that she had already chosen a path for him, including his job and marriage. So... she must have an arranged marriage for George already. It's too surprising that George is with Holley."

With knitted brows, he went on, "After that meal, George distanced himself from many of his close friends. Some were from poor families and some lacked ambition. He maintained good terms with me, though. I guess... I guess his mother said something to him about them, or he wouldn't have abandoned them."

I don't think George's mother would accept Holley as her daughter-in-law. But they've been together for so long... Holley must have used some special means to make George love her wholeheartedly and disobey his mother." As the scowl left his face, Cary came to a conclusion. "That's all I know about George. I don't know if that can be of any help to you."

Chapter 955 Being Childish

"Thanks a lot. It's enough," Sheryl said.

Judging from Cary's words, George had always been an obedient child before he met Holley. He changed completely after he met her. His mother was never pleased with Holley, her future daughter-in-law. However, Sheryl was still unable to determine why she had not done anything to separate these two.

She was aware that George's mother was quite important for her plan.

If she opposed the relationship between Holley and George, she would be of help to Sheryl. She could use George's mother as a weapon against Holley.

"Here we are," Cary announced as he drove Sheryl to Dream Garden. "If there is anything else that you need, please don't hesitate to tell me. I will be there to help you."

"Actually, the only thing that I need you to do is," she started, "to help me take care of Susan. She is so

naive and innocent that she could be easily fooled by Holley."

She gave a faint smile and continued, "I can see that she's not hitting it off with you, though, she does not know you very well. So please don't take what her words seriously."

"Don't worry." Cary smiled and reassured her, "I won't haggle over her words."

"That would be great!" Sheryl said gladly. She got out of the car, and as she closed the car door, she told him, "It's too late. Forgive me for not inviting you to come in. Come back for dinner next time."

"It's alright, Sheryl," he nodded. "Get in quickly. Don't make Charles wait." He waved goodbye, and then started his engine.

She watched Cary leaving until she couldn't see his car anymore. She immediately went inside the house and was about to turn on the light when she felt two arms wrapped around her waist.

She got startled, but calmed down immediately when she caught his familiar scent. "It's so late. Why are you still up?" she asked as she tried to hold back a smile.

His hold grew tighter. She could feel his warm breath at the back of her neck as he answered from behind her head, "I got used to sleeping with you. How could I sleep well when you're not here?"

"How did you sleep the past three years?" she teased.

"I didn't need to think about anything when I got drunk. Then I would be fine," Charles described.

Sheryl's heart was broken at his response. She flipped the light's switch on, and looking at Charles, she said, "Charles, I..."

"Nancy made your favorite shrimp wonton. Would you like some?" Charles changed the subject and interrupted her thoughts.

"No, I'm good." Sheryl shook her head lightly. "I've already had dinner. I don't feel hungry now.

How are the kids?" Sheryl was so busy these past few days she had not been able to take care of their two kids that much. She planned to accompany them today, originally, but it turned out that she came back so late.

"They are both asleep," Charles answered. "Let's go upstairs and rest, too."

They went upstairs together. Charles could not wait until he had her in his arms. Sheryl had to tap his hand the moment she felt his arms around her again. "Come on. Aren't you feeling tired right now?" she joked.

"Sher, I want..." Charles' voice had a certain charm to it, which caused her to fall limp in an instant. It

was useless to refuse, so she allowed him to do as he pleased.

The room was well-lit. Suddenly, a soft voice called out from the other side of the bedroom, "Sher."

Sheryl was shocked to hear Shirley's voice that she instantly broke off from Charles' embrace. She

swallowed nervously and straightened her clothes before turning her head to look at her. Shirley was in

her pajamas, barely rubbing her eyes, while Clark was also standing beside her.

She felt ashamed instantly as she saw them.

"Shirley, what's wrong?" she asked in a concerned tone. As if nothing had happened, Charles looked at

the kids with a gentle smile on his face. "It's so late. Why aren't you both in bed yet?"

"Shirley just had a bad dream and she insisted on waiting for mom to come home. So I brought her

here," Clark explained.

Frankly, ever since they moved into Dream Garden, Clark had been mostly responsible in taking care

of Shirley; it saved Sheryl from a lot of anxiety. She almost forgot that she was their mother.

"Shirley, come here." Charles picked her up and advised in a convincing tone, "Dear, it's very late. You

still have to go to school tomorrow. Since mom's already back, you can go to bed now, right?"

"No, I want mom to hug me while I sleep." Shirley struggled uneasily, as she tried to desperately free herself from her dad's embrace. Charles felt at a loss as what to do.

Although he was their father, he was never there while they were growing up. He had no idea what to do whenever his kids lost their temper.

"Let me hug her," Sheryl said as she took Shirley from Charles' arms.

Strangely, the moment she got into her arms, she stopped crying and immediately fell asleep in between sobs.

They were all washed out because of Shirley's frenzy. Seeing she had fallen asleep, Charles proposed to send her back to her room.

He would not allow this kid to disturb his moment with Sheryl tonight.

Sheryl carried Shirley back to her room. As she was about to put her down on the bed, she started crying again, as if alarmed that she would be left afterwards. She immediately took her back into her arms again.

She looked at Charles helplessly. "It seems that I have to accompany her to sleep tonight."

She tried to justify herself with him, "Dear, I guess you have to sleep in the study room tonight."

"No, I refuse," Charles retorted. He couldn't help but frown when he heard Sheryl's request.

"Come on. Listen to me," Sheryl said feebly. "Shirley and I used to share the bed in the past. She is just not used to living in a new environment yet. You should give her some time to adjust, okay?"

Sheryl presented the facts and reasoned things out with Charles as if he was a kid that needed to be comforted. Finally, he agreed. "Fine, but let me tell you. You can only stay with her tonight. I don't want the same thing to happen again tomorrow." He made it sound like an order and not a request.

"Alright. No problem," She agreed. 'No matter what request he asked tonight, we could talk about it tomorrow, ' Sheryl thought.

She took Shirley back into her room. Clark followed them with concern in his eyes.

Just as he was about to get inside, Charles pulled Clark's collar in an attempt to stop him. "Let's go.

Don't bother your mom and your sister."

"Let me go!" he exclaimed. Although Clark got mentally mature, he was still a kid. He was not strong enough to resist his dad so he had no choice but to follow after Charles.

"It is you who are bothering their sleep. You are being too childish to take mom away from Shirley."

Clark loudly accused his dad.

"You bastard." Charles released him, rolled up his sleeves and said in a wide grin, "I will teach you a lesson tonight. Just wait."

Charles was, of course, just putting on an act. He had always been very fond of these two kids.

Sheryl, who was standing at the side, could not help but laugh as she watched them playing with each other. She turned to Charles and reminded him gently, "Be quite. Or else you'd wake up

Shirley."

Chapter 956 A Battle Between Charles and Clark

Jumping onto the bed and hiding behind Sheryl, Clark said to Charles in a challenging tone, "I'll sleep with Mom tonight."

Clark was very independent for a little child, and he had slept alone for a long time. However, sleeping with his mother suddenly struck his fancy—a spontaneous thought.

In truth, he wanted to sleep with his mother because he was worried about Shirley.

Irritated by Clark's words, Charles scolded Clark with anger, "You brat. I can't even sleep with her. How dare you sleep here instead? Get off the bed or else I'll..."

Charles was about to snatch Clark off the bed but Sheryl stopped him.

She wore a warm smile as she looked up at Charles. "Let him stay here."

Sheryl felt guilty about rarely being around for Clark. She owed him too much; whenever he was sick, or when he wanted to talk about school, she wasn't there for him. And so she wanted to give Clark a chance to do what he wanted.

It was the first time that Clark had requested to sleep with her anyway. She couldn't and didn't want to say no to him.

"How would that work?" Charles frowned and then went on, "Anyway, he is a boy, and I can't allow that."

Charles rolled up his sleeves and said to Clark, "Brat, I'm warning you, come down while I can still control myself, otherwise I'll sort you out."

"No!" Clark piped up, still hiding behind Sheryl. He wore a pleased smile and playfully stuck out his tongue at Charles, making Sheryl realize that no matter how old he was and no matter how mature he seemed to be, he was still under the age of four, childish and very innocent.

Sheryl giggled and then pulled Clark into her arms. "Don't worry, Clark," she told him. "As long as I'm

here with you, he won't dare bully you." She nodded as to close the deal on her promise to him.

With Sheryl's promise and protection, Clark felt freer to provoke Charles. Annoyed, Charles pointed to

Clark and said in pretend anger, "I tell you. If you stay on the bed, I will take a photo of you sleeping

with your mom, and then I will send the photo to your class chat group. Imagine all your mates knowing

that you still sleep with your mom at your age. They'll all laugh at you!"

"How dare you!" Clark was shocked and a little scared as he thought about his classmates. 'If the other

people make fun of me including Shirley, how will I build up my image and reputation?'

"Are you scared?" Charles looked at Clark with a triumphant smile. "Come out now if you're scared!

Quickly!"

Clark was thinking about different countermeasures. Finally, he flashed Charles a smirk. "If you show a

picture of me sleeping with Mom to my class group, then I'll show a picture of you sleeping naked to

your job group so all your employees will know how you look like when you're sleeping!"

"You dare threaten me?!" Charles was so angry that his face turned white, as Clark's had a few

minutes before. Sheryl was amused, hearing that their threats were simply copies of the other's. She

laughed.

Coming down from her laughter, Sheryl talked to Charles who was in front of her, "Charles, I

recommend you to go to sleep in study merely for keeping up your president image."

"You..." Charles couldn't believe that Sheryl was taking Clark's side and turned to leave. When he

closed the door behind him, he heard his wife and son giving a joyful cheer.

Charles couldn't help but smile.

The happiness that he wanted was probably like this.

The next morning, Sheryl got up early to prepare breakfast, but something was bothering her; all

through the night, Clark was holding onto her tightly, maybe showing the lack of a sense of security in

him that he never showed before.

Sheryl realized that she owed not only Clark but both her children a lot. She was determined to make

up for her not being there for them.

While she prepared breakfast, Clark and Shirley got up. After eating, they both got ready for the day,

and Sheryl drove them both to the kindergarten.

On the way, Clark and Shirley were overexcited, talking at about 120 words per minute. Sheryl smiled

warmly, listening to her children. When she drove up to the kindergarten, she quickly found a parking spot and then took her children by the hand into the building.

"Clark, take good care of your young sister." Sheryl told him as she fixed their school uniforms at the entrance of the kindergarten.

"Got it, Mom." Clark nodded obediently.

"Sher..." Shirley looked at Sheryl. "Will you pick us up today?"

At her question, Sheryl was stunned for a while because she found Shirley was more dependent recently. She pinched Sheryl's cheek and replied, "If I am available, I will pick you up. Otherwise, Nancy will pick you two up, okay?"

"All right, then," Shirley said, sadness in her tone. When Clark gave her a comforting look, she returned to her joyful self.

After watching the kids walk into the kindergarten, Sheryl stood to her feet, about to leave.

She turned and bumped into a man who was wearing a hat and was smartly dressed, but because his hat was covering his face, she couldn't see who he was.

"Oh I'm sorry!" she exclaimed. "Are you okay?"

"It's okay," came the man's reply. His voice was low and had such an unsettling vibe that it gave Sheryl goosebumps.

"Are you really okay?" Sheryl hesitated and then tried again, "If you do not feel well, I could take you to the hospital to have a body check."

"No, I'm fine." With that, the man started to leave the area of the kindergarten entrance.

Sheryl thought the man was weird, so she kept staring as he walked away. When the man was turning the corner, Sheryl saw his profile.

Unfortunately, she still could not recognize him over the great distance between them. However, the man did give her a great sense of familiarity.

Suddenly, she started to worry as she thought about the reason as to why the man was in front of the kindergarten.

She got back into her car and drove to her workplace. All day, the man was on her mind. She was still pondering the man while she sat at the meeting she had that day. She was so focused on the strange man that she missed Isla calling her name several times.

Later, Sheryl was in her office doing some paperwork when Isla paid her a visit. "Sher, is something wrong? What's wrong with you?" Didn't you get a good rest last night?"

"I'm fine." Sheryl did not plan to tell her what had happened that morning, because she wasn't entirely sure herself and would just be guessing. She didn't want Isla to be worried. After a little pause, she changed the topic. "The project of Cary's company has almost finished. I have two projects for two days. I am going to get more details about it. Will you go with me?"

Chapter 957 Do Me A Favor

"This afternoon?" asked Isla. She furrowed her brows slightly with as a mark of concern spread over her face. She took a moment to think and then asked, "I need to go out this afternoon. Can you handle it yourself?"

"Don't worry about me," Sheryl replied with a reassuring smile. "I have worked on this for years. I can deal with it properly."

Isla maintained her creased brows and remained thoughtful for a while. "How about taking Alicia with you?" Isla suggested, looking worried. Sheryl had joined back after a very long time and Isla was not yet ready to let her handle any assignment all by herself. The best person who could be with Sheryl in Isla's absence was Alicia.

Alicia was a new intern in Cloud Advertising Company. Just like Sheryl, she was smart, modest and enterprising. She was a fast learner and both Isla and Sheryl had high expectations of her.

"There is no need for that," Sheryl refused, shaking her head slightly. "Alicia has been busy these days.

Besides, I am just going to meet a client and take note of her requirements. I can do it on my own."

Sheryl sported confidence to put Isla's concerns to rest.

Isla heaved a sigh and agreed at last, "Well, then call me if anything happens."

Isla picked up her hand bag and got ready to leave the office. She was still in two minds as she walked

towards the door. As she reached the door, she stopped holding the door knob and turned around at

Sheryl. Isla watched Sheryl go through the papers. She still felt unsettled about Sheryl meeting the

client alone. She repeated once again to Sheryl, "No matter what happens, I will always be your side.

So feel free to talk to me whenever you need any help, okay?"

"Sure, I will," Sheryl replied with a smile. The worries on Isla's face didn't evade Sheryl's eyes. She said

reassuringly, "Don't worry, Isla. I am good." Isla forced a smile on her face, opened the door and

walked off.

The door close making a soft bang, leaving Sheryl all by herself. The thoughts of the strange man she had run into this morning came hovering into her mind. She closed her eyes and shook her head trying to put the thought away and tried to focus on the client she was going to meet this afternoon.

The appointment with this new client was fixed over a telephonic conversation. Hence, Sheryl knew little about her identity.

Sheryl collected all the important papers she needed and left for the meeting. Upon reaching the restaurant, she was greeted by the waitress, "Hello, are you Miss Xia? "Miss He has been waiting for you."

"Miss He?" Sheryl repeated looking a little taken aback. The only one in Sheryl's knowledge with the family name He was Helin. But she had no idea why the lady would come to her. Sheryl creased her brows as she became thoughtful for a moment. When she looked up, the waitress was waiting for her with the same welcoming smile on her face. With a tint of surprise and confusion, she nodded at the waitress with a smile.

The waitress led her across the main hall into a private room. She then held the door open for her to enter. "Miss Xia, Miss He is waiting for you inside," she said politely.

Sheryl entered the room to find Helin sitting on a couch. Helin gazed at Sheryl as she entered the room. Their eyes met and both of them forced a diplomatic smile.

Dressed in that dark green long dress, the young girl looked pretty elegant and charming as she leaned on the couch making a graceful arch with her slender frame.

After the initial hitch between both of them sunk in, Helin made the first move. She rose from her seat and dashed towards her guest. "Miss Xia, here you are. Please have a seat," she gushed.

Helin grabbed Sheryl by her hand and seated her down on the sofa. She smiled as she poured a cup of tea for her. The next moment she sprang up and did a twirl exhibiting her dress. "Is it looking good on me?" she asked merrily.

"You look very pretty," Sheryl pressed her lips in a diplomatic smile as she replied. "Miss He, you are beautiful and slender. You look pretty in whatever you wear," she added as she marked the playfulness in Helin's demeanor.

"I should thank you for letting me buy this dress," Helin beamed with her eyes sparkling with joy. Sheryl smiled back in reciprocation to her enthusiasm. Women love being flattered, and Helin was no

exception.

Helin returned to her seat and held Sheryl's hand in a very warm manner. She lowered her eyes momentarily and Sheryl could mark a glimmer of regret lurking behind her smile. Helin looked up at Sheryl once again and spoke in an earnest voice. "Miss Xia, I hope that you will not blame me for my rude behavior and words. It was a mistake. I just came back from a ceremony abroad. The first thing I thought of is apologize to you. I am really sorry for what I did to you." Sheryl remained quiet and allowed her to speak.

Helin pulled a shopping bag from the side of the couch and held it out to Sheryl. Sheryl looked at the shopping bag and her jaws dropped out of surprise. But before she could refuse it, Helin spoke with excitement. "This is the gift I got for you. I don't know if you will like it." Then she handed the shopping bag to Sheryl.

Sheryl held the bag feeling awkward. A peek inside it made her eyes pop out. The next moment she furrowed her brows as she reflected in her mind, 'This is a luxurious brand. Any of its product costs at least tens of thousands. Helin is stinking rich and spoilt. This amount is nothing for her. But how could I take such an expensive gift from her? It does not seem proper for me to accept her gift, especially

when we are not even close friends.'

Sheryl maintained the frown on her face and shook her head as she returned the bag to Helin saying,

"Miss He, this is too much. I can't take it." Sheryl held out the shopping bag, waiting for Helin to take it from her hand.

Helin frowned and looked a bit awkward. She gazed down at the bag for once and then at Sheryl's face and managed to bring a smile on her face. She said, "Come on, Miss Xia, this is just a small gift and you are refusing to take it. Are you still mad at me?"

Helin did not make a move to take the bag from Sheryl's hands. Sheryl smiled back at Helin and replied, "Miss He, you didn't have to buy me a gift. I did not have any grudge against you. So there is no need for you to make an apology."

"Miss Xia," Helin called out as she took Sheryl's hand in her hand intimately. Sheryl was startled at this sudden gesture and stared at Helin with a blank expression. Helin lowered her eyes in hesitation and spoke after remaining silent for a few moments. "I actually came to you because I hoped that you could do me a favor. But now that you have refused to take the gift, I feel so difficult to speak it out."

Sheryl could see the cloud clearing by now. Definitely, there was some vested interest behind such sugary sweet demeanor sported by Helin. Sheryl gazed straight into Helin's eyes and responded flatly, "Miss He, please feel free to let me know if I can be of any help. There is no need to beat around the bush."

Helin lowered her eyes once more out of hesitation and bit her lips. 'I failed to bribe Sheryl, but now that she is here, I have to ask for her help. I can't give up after coming halfway, ' she thought in her mind.

"Well, here is the thing," Helin began, fixing her eyes on Sheryl. Sheryl looked back at her waiting for her to speak. Now, Helin's face was straight, bereft of any formal niceties that were just overflowing a few moments back. She cleared her throat and continued, "You know that I have feelings for Roger. We work in the same company and we get along with each other very well. I really like him."

Helin's face blushed as she confessed her love for Roger in front of Sheryl. With a coy smile, she continued, "I have been dreaming to marry Roger one day. I also work hard to achieve my goal. But I am not sure about Roger's feelings for me. Sometimes he treats me very well and I think he likes me. But sometimes he is distant to me, and I feel that he has no feelings for me."

With a troubled look, Helin smiled wryly. There was a tint of pain on her face as she continued to blurt her thoughts, "I thought that I would have a chance to win his heart as long as he didn't date other girls. I thought he would find out that I am the only one who loves him sincerely as long as I don't give up and stay with him."

"Miss He, have you called me here to talk about your feelings towards Roger?" Sheryl asked, narrowing her eyes at Helin. Sheryl looked a little upset as she spoke. She was under the impression that Helin wanted to meet her to discuss business. When she learned her client was Helin, she was taken by great surprise. She had no intention of continuing to listen to the girl's romantic story with Roger.

Sheryl looked disinterested and thought, 'Instead of wasting time over here, I'd rather return to the company to finish the work so that I can get leave the office early to pick up my children.'

"Easy. Please. Hear me out," Helin responded as she noticed Sheryl's scowling face. She held Sheryl's hands once again requesting her to stay. With a bitter smile, Helin explained, "I came here to talk business with you. But it has something to do with Roger."

"Well... please go ahead," Sheryl said with a frown.

Helin proceeded to tell Sheryl what had happened between her and Roger. She aired her concerns as

she spoke, "I like Roger very much. But my father is always up to some measures to keep us apart.

That makes me really angry.

I am not a little girl anymore, you see. I can handle my own things and I know what I want. I just hope

he can stop getting involved in my love life." Sheryl kept quiet, still wondering what business angle

could be attributed to Helin's concern. Helin's eyes lit up in hope, she gave a sweet smile and said, "So

I intended to propose to Roger in public. This way, my father can't get in the way of my happiness even

though he will be angry."

When she heard Helin's plan, Sheryl furrowed her brows. "Are you sure you want to do this?" she

asked looking at Helin's face ardently, trying to read her expression.

"Yes, I want to do this," Helin nodded, the joy and excitement radiating from her face. Helin had made

up her mind to fight for her love even though she had to face her father's wrath by doing so."

Chapter 958 Gender Equality

Little did Heron knew what his daughter was going to do. She didn't even care about the consequences

of her bold move.

"Miss Xia, so you can understand me, right?" Helin said seriously, looking at Sheryl. "I know that it sounds crazy but you have to do something crazy when you are young. Otherwise, you'll only regret not doing so once you're old. I don't want to have regrets when I'm old."

"So what do you want me to do?" asked Sheryl. She had been listening to the lady but still couldn't understand what Helin was asking her to do.

"Miss Xia." Helin forced a smile and looked at Sheryl. Then she said, "Since that night, Roger has been avoiding me. I want to propose to him but... he doesn't wish to see me now."

She quickly grabbed Sheryl's hand and continued, "I know that you are a benefactor of Roger. he will definitely come to see you as soon as you call him. Moreover, you are a planner and I want you to plan my proposal."

Helin paused for a while before opening her mouth again. "My birthday will be in a few days and I would like to hold a wonderful birthday party. There will be a lot of media coming there. Thus, I want to arrange the proposal on that same day."

She was staring at Sheryl with her begging eyes. Her desperation was so real that one could almost

taste it in the air. "Miss Xia, I have no choice. It is only you who can help me. Please!"

However, those actions made Sheryl hesitate for a long time. She swallowed hard to calm herself

before saying, "Have you really thought about this? Aren't you afraid of getting turned down after

getting all these things ready? What would you do in that case?"

A frown appeared on Sheryl's face as she thought, 'How come children aren't considering the

consequences nowadays?' She shot Helin a questioning stare. "Have you ever thought that it would be

you and your father who are going to be embarrassed if ever?"

"No." Helin stared at Sheryl with absolute conviction and said, "Roger has been avoiding me because

my father doesn't agree with us. I believe that he still loves me. I believe that Roger would marry me as

long as I could stand for him."

"He should be the one proposing to you first if he really loves you." Sheryl advised Helin to think twice

because there would be no chance to regret if Helin would make a mistake.

"Does that even matter?" was Helin's unconcerned reply. "Nowadays, this society has promoted

equality between men and women. It doesn't matter who proposes as long as we'll live happily in the

future."

Helin resisted budging even after what Sheryl had said. Hence Sheryl couldn't help but smile wryly.

"Fine, I agree," she said.

That answer from Sheryl made Helin instantly beam with happiness. "Don't worry, I will not owe you anything in terms of money. What you should do is to hold an amazing and wonderful birthday party.

Moreover..."

Helin stopped for a second and then continued, "You must find Roger for me, please. My birthday will make no sense without him."

"I cannot promise you anything but I will try my best," Sheryl sighed. "I will call Roger. However, I wouldn't be able to do anything if he decides not to come."

Helin was suddenly dumbfounded. It took a few seconds before she was able to smile again. "No. He will come as long as it is you who would call him."

'Too optimistic, ' thought Sheryl as another smile cracked her beautiful lips. Soon enough and she was already asking Helin about what her requirements were. She took notes for her client and just stopped doing so after noticing that it was already dark.

Sheryl closed her notebook quickly and shot Helin a polite glance. "It's getting late. I have to go home. I will work out a plan as soon as possible. I'll show you the draft. Feel free to ask me any questions if there's something you would like to change."

"Yes, it's already late. Would you mind joining me for dinner?" Helin asked Sheryl. However, Sheryl shook her head slightly and replied, "Sorry, It's too late and I have to play with my kids."

Hearing that, Helin smiled and said, "OK, I won't keep you."

Sheryl went straight to the Dream Garden after getting out of the tea house. Standing in the yard and looking inside, she could see that the lights were bright inside their house. There was also a burst of laughter coming from the room. She smiled instantly upon noticing those things as she thought, 'This feels so like home.'

Her feet moved fast towards the door and she opened it excitedly. It was only then she saw Arthur and Amy inside the house.

Sheryl stepped forward and grabbed Amy by the arm gently. "Grandma, why are you here?"

"We are worried about you. You didn't call me after coming back. You didn't even miss us. Thus, we have to come here," Amy said as she shot Sheryl an emotional glance. "Wash your hands and have

dinner."

Sheryl walked to the washing area to wash her hands. She was done cleaning her hand when she found Charles and Andy talking together. The two looked dignified while sitting next to each other as they seemed to be discussing something. However, she didn't know what they were exactly talking about. Sheryl rushed to them and asked, "What are you two talking about?"

"Nothing," Charles said simply. "Work."

That one-liner reply made Sheryl shrug her shoulders. She didn't think too much and just decided to help Amy serve food.

After making sure that Sheryl was gone, Charles turned to Andy. "A person I sent to follow Sheryl told me that someone in black was following her until she arrived at the kindergarten. The man and Sheryl met. However, my man didn't see what the man looked like because he was too far away from his location. I think that man is Ferry."

"Probably." Andy nodded gently. He looked at Charles and said, "The people I sent to investigate him have not given me any news about Ferry yet. It seemed like he disappeared right after coming back to

Y City. We couldn't find him."

Charles frowned and pressed his lips together firmly. It took him a while before speaking again,

"Logically, that situation should not happen. Y City isn't big enough for us to just lost Ferry that easily."

That caused Andy to glance at Charles. "In my opinion, we have to send more people to follow Sher. It

is possible for Ferry to come back for her. Now that we can't find him, we should protect her the best

way we could. We should be able to catch him just in case he thinks of doing something."

An anxious sigh escaped Charles' chest. He then said, "We are still in a disadvantage even after all

those things. There will always be a risk unless we find him."

"Got it." Andy nodded. "In other words, continue sending someone to watch Sher. I'll go on hunting

Ferry down until we know where he is."

Chapter 959 Investigation

Sheryl was very delighted to be surrounded by her family that afternoon. Little did she know that

Charles was looking at her smiling face the whole time. Charles swore to himself that he would do

anything he could to make her smile this way for the rest of his life while watching her laugh.

'I will protect her and let her lead a happy life no matter what, ' he vowed.

After their happy and scrumptious dinner, Sheryl and Charles walked Amy and Arthur to the gate. Then

they took their kids upstairs with them as soon as they were back inside their home. Sheryl helped her son and daughter take a bath in the children's room and Charles headed to the study. She tucked her children in and just walked out of their room after making sure that they were asleep.

She tiptoed to the door, turned off the lights and was about to return to their own bedroom when a strong pair of arms suddenly embraced her waist intimately from behind.

The skin contact automatically made Sheryl blush as she said bashfully, "Let me go. I need to take a shower."

"So do I. We can shower together," whispered Charles in her ear with his bewitchingly sensual voice.

Sheryl refused his proposal at first. However, she wasn't able to control herself when Charles started bombarding her with sweet words. As much as she was trying to resist, she ended up nodding in agreement when he began raining her small kisses on her face and neck. With a cunning smile,

Charles lifted his loving wife to his chest, entered their bedroom, and carried her into the bathroom.

The glass door began to blur at the same moment the water from the shower hit the floor. A blurry image of two silhouettes intertwined in throes of passion could be seen through the frosted door. Heavy

breathes, passionate moans, and affectionate words filled their room as their bodies merged into one.

It was a phone call from a detective that woke Sheryl up early the next morning. Since Charles was still

sleeping soundly beside her, she moved out of the bed carefully. She didn't even bother to wear her

bedroom slippers and just walked barefoot to the balcony. She could still feel how warm and sensitive

her skin was after Charles' kisses last night. She then answered the phone.

"Hello?" said Sheryl in a low voice. "Did you find any clue?"

"Yes, Miss Xia," replied the detective. "I got the information you need. When are you going to have

time? We can meet anytime and I can give you the files."

"Let's meet each other after an hour. I will be in the same coffee shop where we met before,"

responded Sheryl before hanging up. She never expected the detective to find the information so soon.

Thus, she thought, 'Seems like Isla found me a very efficient detective after all.'

She then turned around and stepped back to the room. She had to wash up and get herself ready.

However, surprise instantly got her when she saw Charles sitting on the bed as soon as she entered.

She forced a smile at him. She decided to keep whatever she was about to do from Charles as her

mind reeled thoughts. 'I can't always rely on Charles to protect me. I have to be stronger if I want to

protect these people that I care for.

I intend to stay with Charles forever. This fight is between Holley and me. There's no one else who should solve this problem but me.'

"You woke up early," she said in a casual voice.

"Oh, yeah." Charles nodded. Truth was, he was awakened by Sheryl's phone too. God knew how curious he was to know who was calling her in such an unholy hour. However, he resisted the temptation of asking her about it.

He watched his wife enter the bathroom before standing up and walking next to her. He then leaned one of his muscled shoulders against the door frame and asked, "Are you going out?"

Sheryl nodded in reply. She patted her wet face with a soft towel and said, "I got something to do."

"Sweetie, it's Sunday. How come you still have work to do?" Charles asked with furrowed eyebrows.

"No, I am not going to the company," blurted Sheryl without even thinking twice. It was too late when she realized what she just said. She immediately turned to Charles and explained, "I-I have some private matters to deal with."

Sheryl continued wiping her face with a towel as she stole a glance at Charles. She saw how his jaw hardened. Thus, she said, "Come on, honey! It will not take me long. We'll take the kids out today, won't we?"

"Aren't you gonna tell me about it?" Charles asked again. This time, in a deeper voice.

"It's my own business. I want to handle it myself," Sheryl replied firmly.

With a resigned expression, Charles turned around and sighed, "Okay. Come home early."

"Charles," called out Sheryl just before her husband left. "Aren't you going to ask me what's going on?"

A warm smile cracked Charles' lips when he looked back to his wife. He then reached out to her

adoringly and tucked some strands of her wet hair behind her ear. Looking at his lovely wife

affectionately, he said, "I will trust and support you no matter what you do. I hope you know that I'm just

right here beside you all the time. In case you encounter problems you can't solve, let me know and I

will come running to rescue you."

A gentle warmth crept inside Sheryl's heart and made her smile brightly. 'Oh! How good it feels to be

trusted!' she thought.

She was feeling light when she finished freshening up. Before leaving, she turned to Charles and said,

"I got to go."

A few minutes after, she was already driving Charles' car. She headed straight to the place she and the

detective talked about. She was alert when she walked out of the car and gave the place a quick once

over. It didn't take long and she saw the detective with a cup of coffee in front of him. He was silently

sitting on the farthest corner of the coffee shop. Sheryl walked towards him, took her sunglasses off,

and sat on the opposite chair he was occupying.

Since she hadn't had breakfast, she called the waiter nearby. She ordered a sandwich and a hot mug

of chocolate. The detective started to report after Sheryl was done with breakfast.

"Miss Xia, according to our investigation, Holley Ye went to South Korea three years ago. I couldn't find

any previous information about her before she came to Korea. It seemed like she appeared out of

nowhere," he said. Frowning, he continued, "I trailed Holley these past few days. I found out that she

often goes to a cemetery. She stays there for several hours every time. I looked into the tomb and

found some useful information."

He took out a picture and showed it to Sheryl. "Miss Xia, you know this person, right?" he asked.

A bitter smile instantly cracked Sheryl's lips when she saw the photo. It was a picture of Wendy. This

was honestly the first time that she had recalled her mother since her accident three years ago.

"Yes. She was my mother," she replied.

"I see," the detective said as he took the picture back. "The tomb Holley often visits is Wendy Ye's.

According to the investigation results, Wendy has another daughter named Yvonne Gu, your half-sister.

She got arrested three years ago. She escaped from the prison later and no one knew where she went.

I had a picture of Yvonne Gu. Holley Ye and Yvonne Gu don't look like each other at all. However, I

suspect that Holley Ye is Yvonne Gu, who disappeared three years ago."

Looking at the confused Sheryl, he analyzed, "We both know that plastic surgery is a big industry in

Korea. It's possible that Yvonne Gu fled there to have plastic surgery done. Besides, even though she

changed her looks, her family name remained as Wendy Ye's. That's why I assume that she is your

half-sister."

Shocked, Sheryl sat still. She let out a wry smile while looking at the pieces of evidences the detective

began placing on the table.

She already had a guess about Holley's identity. However, she still couldn't help but feel overwhelmed as the man before her revealed the truth.

'Is Holley really Yvonne?' she wondered.

"Are you okay, Miss Xia?" asked the detective as he noticed how her face instantly lost its color.

Shaking her head, Sheryl replied in an almost silent voice, "I am fine. Please go ahead."

"Okay," said the detective. He then shot her a worried look before opening his mouth again. "I have been following her almost all the time recently. I found that she and George Han get on very well.

George Han is head-over-feet in love with her. He will give her everything and anything she asks for.

He even went to the extent of fighting with his mother for her."

Chapter 960 A Picnic

"Are you sure about that?" Sheryl probed doubtfully. She learned from Cary that George was a Mama's boy, who would do anything his mother asked of him. But what the detective disclosed about now was a different story.

Surprisingly, it turned out that he had a fight with his mother.

"Yes," the detective nodded at her. "According to the investigation, George Han has changed a lot in the past three years. Before he met Holley Ye, he was obedient and never doubted his mother's

decisions. But now he is acting like a rebellious teenager and zealously opposes his mother. It is said that he will do anything for Holley. There were incidents where he engaged himself in physical altercations with others because of her. He was becoming a war freak. He even went to a great extent of threatening his mother about moving out from their family for Holley's sake."

With an undisguised contempt, he frankly remarked, "I have to admit that Holley Ye is a sly and smart woman. She knows how to fool a man to get what she wants."

"What about George's mother? Did she just sit around and do nothing?" Sheryl frowned. According to Cary, George's mother was not a simple woman.

"Of course not," the detective replied with certainty while handing her a piece of paper. "What's this?" she inquired, noting the address written on it.

"It is where George's mother lives after she moved to Y City. She has done a lot to ruin her son's relationship with Holley. I received a piece of information that she brought a girl and claimed she was her sworn daughter. But in fact, she intended to match that girl and her son together." He deliberately paused, allowing Sheryl to absorb the details. After a while, he continued, "As I have mentioned,

Donna Han did not like them dating from the start. And through all these years, she never changed her mind despite all of her failed attempts to break them apart. I have to say that Holley is really something.

She managed to turn George against his mother. He believes that his girlfriend is such a good girl, no matter how his mother spoke ill of her."

"In this case, George's love for Holley is unshakable," Sheryl concluded as she grew more and more despondent. She already recovered from the initial shock when she learned that Holley Ye was none other than Yvonne Gu.

Sheryl hired a detective to investigate Holley. And like Donna, she needed to find a way to make Holley and her boyfriend break up. She was thinking that when George left Holley on her own, no one would protect her anymore. But to her disappointment, Holley was so cunning that she had adeptly controlled her boyfriend.

Donna spent three years splitting them up but failed miserably. This made Sheryl lose her confidence to execute her initial plan.

It looked like she needed to find another way, she thought.

"I don't think so," the detective replied with a faint smile. "Miss Xia, when I investigated Holley Ye, I

found something quite interesting."

"Something interesting?" Sheryl exclaimed. "What is it?"

"Here is the thing," the detective replied knowingly. "I discovered that there are two forces looking into

Holley Ye besides me. Digging it further, I found out that one was sent by Donna."

"Donna Han?" Sheryl blurted. "Looks like she hasn't given up on her plan. She is still set to break the

two apart after all those things happened."

"Exactly," he acknowledged with a contemptuous smile. "Since Donna Han is not a native in Y City, she

didn't hire a professional detective. Thus, she could not obtain any useful information she wanted, I

guess. But one thing is sure: Donna Han doesn't like Holley Ye. Otherwise, she wouldn't have sent

people to investigate her son's girlfriend."

Sheryl nodded as a sign that she agreed with his analysis. 'I can use Donna Han to deal with Holley Ye,

' she thought.

"What about the other force?" Sheryl asked, focusing her curious gaze on the detective.

"Well," the detective halted, a meaningful smile played across his face. "As I trailed them, you know

what? I was able to ascertain that they were sent by George Han."

"George Han?" His answer left Sheryl at a loss. 'I thought George Han trusted Holley Ye very much.

But why would he hire people to investigate her? What happened to them?' Countless questions were running through her mind.

"What's going on?" Sheryl snapped looking totally bewildered. "Didn't you say that Holley Ye was the person George Han trusted the most? Why would he hire people to look into Holley Ye? Perhaps you made a mistake?"

"No, I'm sure about this," the detective replied with certainty, as he looked at Sheryl. "I saw that man met George. That person must be hired by him."

"But... it doesn't make sense," Sheryl responded, narrowing her eyes at the detective. "You told me that George Han trusted Holley Ye. How come he sent a detective to investigate her?"

"Perhaps..." He paused for a moment, and went on, "Perhaps something has happened between the two, so George doesn't trust her as he did before. Or... he sent those people to investigate Holley's background so that he can better protect her. What do you think?"

"If this is the case then..." Sheryl muttered as a slow trace of a smile emerged on her face. She looked

at the detective and went on beaming, "It's the best time for me to handle Holley Ye."

'Now that George Han started to suspect Holley Ye, it means that they are in a relationship crisis. If he learns about Holley's past, he probably will break up with her, ' she mused.

"That's it. I have read the information. You continue to follow Holley Ye. If you uncover anything new, let me know at any time," she finished, watching the detective who was leisurely drinking his coffee. She took out a bank card from her handbag and gave it to the detective. "This is for what you have done so far. If you can find any useful information again, I will pay you."

"Thank you, Miss Xia!" he curtly responded as he took the card. After he set the files aside, he assured, "Just leave it to me. I will not let you down."

Sheryl got out of the shop, found her car, and headed straight back home. When she drove into their yard, she saw Charles carrying some stuff into the trunk and Shirley was standing aside clapping cheerfully.

Parking her car, she walked out and made her way to Charles. "What are you doing?" she asked in confusion. She was eyeing the stuff in the trunk.

"You're back," Charles observed as he glanced up at Sheryl. Under the blazing sun, Charles was sweating profusely. Since his hands were dirty, he couldn't wipe his sweat away. Sheryl took out a light blue handkerchief and wiped the sweat off his forehead with it. With a little frown, she softly chided,

"Look at you! You are sweating. Are you going somewhere?"

"Oh, yeah. We finally got a day off. Shirley wants to go out and have a barbecue, so I asked people to bring a gridiron and other stuff. And now that you are back, we can set off," he beamed. "I knew a good place for barbecue. So, let's go there."

Sheryl didn't want to spoil Charles' good mood. Grinning, she got into the car.