

Chapter 25 The Story

Caroline quietly waited for Wendell's answer.

Wendell was so drunk that he looked at Caroline in a daze, "What did you say?"

"I said if..." Caroline continued.

"Here it is! He is here!"

Caroline had not finished but she saw several men rushing over. Caroline recognized that they were from the South family.

Two men, one left and one right, were helping Wendell up, and the one who recognized Caroline nodded at her, saying, "Miss. Fowler, we have to take the young master away first, otherwise, we would be in trouble."

Wendell could not even stand up, and his face was purple, "Caroline, I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Caroline..."

"Take him back, and don't say he's with me." Caroline glanced at Wendell and sat back down.

If Wendell's father knew that Wendell was with her, she was sure that Wendell would suffer another beating.

"Got it." Several men carried him away, leaving Caroline alone.

Since the moment Coco came to the Fowler family, Caroline's life had all changed.

Everyone felt pity for Coco.

Why? Why?!

"Bartender! Get two more bottles of wine here!"

Caroline shouted.

Immediately, a waiter brought two bottles of wine

over and put them on the table.

Caroline drank alone and recalled all that had happened over the years. The more she drank, the more she couldn't stop.

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Preston Building

When Richard just stepped into the foyer, John immediately came forward, "Sir."

"Where is she?" asked Richard.

This "she" naturally referred to Caroline.

"Miss. Fowler, she..." John was hesitant to say the truth.

"Run away again?" asked Richard.

"No, Miss. Fowler has not yet returned..." John replied warily. He privately let her out without telling his master. If Caroline escaped, then he would be in big trouble.

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, the sound of a car came from outside.

John's eyes lit up, "It must be Miss. Fowler!"

Richard turned around and looked out the door.

"Don't touch me! I am not drunk! I'm not drunk! How can I be drunk?" Caroline used her hand to push away the bodyguard who came to hold her.

As a result, she stumbled and almost fell to the ground. The bodyguard immediately went over to support her.

"Let her walk on her own." Richard snapped.

No one dared go forward to touch Caroline.

Caroline staggered into the door and leaned against it,

looking at Richard, "You Satan, you're back!"

Hearing this, all the maids and bodyguards hung their heads, and all the blood in their bodies seemed to flow back to their heads, "How dare she call Mr. Preston Satan? Does she want to die?"

Richard's pupils shrank slightly as he looked at the woman in front of him. Her small face pinked, exactly the same as when he first saw her.

She went to drink again!

Caroline dawdled in front of him and almost fell down when her knees went soft. Richard stretched out an arm to hold her.

"Satan, I'm in a good mood today. How about I tell you a story?"

"Oh? You're going to tell me a story?" asked Richard.

"Yeah! I have a story; do you have wine?" Caroline poked his chest, "I will tell you if you give me some wine, otherwise, I won't!"

"Okay." Richard would like to hear what kind of story Caroline was going to tell.

Soon, Richard had John prepare the "wine". On the table, there was a bottle of wine and two glasses. Seeing it, Caroline suddenly came to her spirit. Just as she was about to reach for the wine, Richard Preston grabbed her wrist.

"No story, no drink."

Caroline had the other hand propping up her head. Her red face was really cute.

"This story is shit."

Caroline shrugged off his hand, "I can't tell you without a drink."

Richard didn't continue to stop her hand. He poured a glass for himself and said, "I'll drink with you."

"Yeah!" Caroline gave a thumbs up to Richard, "Where to start? Well...start from my birth, no, no, no, fifteen, when I was fifteen years old."

"Good." Richard took a sip of wine.

"When I was fifteen, I went back to my grandparents' house with my mom, and after I came back, I saw a little girl about my age standing in my house. My dad told me that she was my sister, named Coco."

Caroline sneered, "Later, my mother and I learned that my father had a woman before he got married, and she was a prostitute—a prostitute who was kept by my father."

Richard's face had no expression. This was not a new thing in his circle.

"My dad was a playboy. After he met my mom, he just dumped that woman. But my father must have had several contacts with her, otherwise, there would be no Coco. My mother said if Coco was older than me, she could let this go, but Coco is younger. My mother couldn't accept that my father had been cheating on her after marriage, so she left."

Caroline let out a long sigh and smiled, "So, here comes my miserable life."

"No matter what happens, you are the eldest lady of the Fowler family. How can a daughter born of a prostitute steal your loved one?"

Caroline slapped the table, "This is the most pitiful part of this story! She was born a prostitute. She should be despised and scorned by everyone, but they don't!"

Richard was still expressionless, listening quietly for Caroline to tell the story.

"From the moment she entered my home, Coco was kissing everyone's butt with every means. At first, they didn't like Coco. In the end, she was born to a prostitute and brought up by a prostitute, but it didn't take long before everyone started to pity her."

"..." Richard had no comments.

"Coco is really good at pretending. On the surface, she is pitiful, pretending to be very humble, but in fact, her acting skills are really good! Slowly, my grandparents started to like her a lot."

"..." Still no comments

"Over time, even the servants feel that the second young lady is kind and smart, well-behaved and understanding, while I am the one who is arrogant and domineering. No one knows that Coco is scheming, and no one believes me."

Richard stayed silent.

"Once, Coco broke a vase in front of me. That is my father's favorite vase. She cried in front of my father and said this was not my fault and it was she who broke the

vase. The result was that my father believed I wanted Coco to take the blame. I denied but my father punished me by locking me in a dark room for a whole night!"

"But," Caroline said as she sipped her wine, "I can tolerate all these. What I can't tolerate is that she and Wendell slept together on my birthday!"

Richard's eyebrows knitted slightly. Who is Wendell? He thought.

"You don't know Wendell, right? Our story starts before I was born. Back then, my grandfather saved his grandfather's life, so our families were close friends. From the time when I was still in my mother's womb, there was a marriage contract between me and him."

Richard's brow furrowed even deeper.

Reward

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Comments

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