

Chapter 31 Please me

Coco, on the other end of the phone, suddenly lost her voice. With a beep sound, Coco hung up.

Caroline let out a deep breath. She would like to record her conversation with Coco in advance, but her phone call caught her off guard. She didn't have time!

However, not being allowed to come to Coco's wedding, Caroline had mixed feelings!

Why couldn't she attend the wedding? If she doesn't show up, Coco may be very happy! Why should she make her so happy?

No, at this wedding, Caroline must go.

Richard's face suddenly appeared in Caroline's mind. Yes, Richard! Richard is so powerful that he can definitely help her to get access to the wedding!!!!

When Richard came back in the evening, looking at Caroline who was smiling brightly at him across the dining table, he was a bit uncomfortable.

However, her smiles were good in his eyes, sweet and lovely.

Richard's lips arced gently, "It seems that you were very satisfied last night. It's rare that you are so happy."

Caroline immediately shut her mouth! What was he thinking? It's not because of last night! She was in pain last night, demon!

But thinking of her plan, Caroline immediately smiled at Richard again, carried her plate, and sat beside him.

"You want me to do something for you, right?" Seeing

her trying to get close to him, Richard saw through her mind at a glance.

Caroline laughed ingratiatingly, "There is a little favor that I want to ask from you."

"Say it," said Richard.

"Can you help me get a wedding invitation from Wendell and Coco?" Caroline asked.

Hearing this, Richard couldn't help but coldly snort, "What do you mean? You're not even allowed to attend your sister's wedding? How did you fall to this level in your family?"

Yes, her sister's wedding, but well, half-sister. She even had to ask an outsider to get an invitation. Caroline's heart sank.

"All right! I know I'm a loser! Isn't that all because of Coco? Just tell me will you help or not?"

Caroline did not beat around the bush and brutally slammed the fork on the table.

"This is the first time I've ever seen someone being so arrogant and domineering to ask for a favor," Richard had his dinner gracefully.

Caroline bristled, "Didn't you say that you would help me get revenge? So I ask you to help me get an invitation..."

"I didn't say I wouldn't help you," said Richard.

Caroline was overjoyed, "Then you can help me!"

"There are conditions, by the way."

Hearing what Richard said, Caroline was like a deflated balloon. She knew that the demon was not that

kind.

"What are the conditions?" she asked.

"..."

"Pleasing you?" she continued to ask.

Richard looked at Caroline and said, "Good girl. You asked for help, yet without learning how to please people. Who would help you? As long as you make me happy, I can give you whatever you want."

Caroline stared at his handsome yet hateful face, lost in thought. She hurriedly shook her head and said, "There must be a standard of 'please', right?"

"There is no standard. My mood is the standard," Richard lightly parted his lips.

"What if you play tricks on me?" Caroline asked.

"Don't worry, I'll do what I say. If you could make me happy, I will give you the invitation," Richard pursed his lips and smiled, "What if I play tricks? What can you do with me?"

Richard stretched out a finger against Caroline's lips and said, "Next week they will get married. You only have one week left. Don't miss the window."

After saying that, Richard got up and left.

Caroline sat on a chair, looking at Richard's tall, masculine body in deep thought. How could she please this great devil, how?

But, if she didn't please him, she would never get the invitation!

She had to get the invitation because a bigger plan

was swirling in her mind.

The wedding was her last chance.

Caroline slammed the table and said, "We'll see!"

10:00 p. m.

Caroline came into the study and gently knocked on the door. Her voice was extremely sweet, "Mr. Preston, it's getting late. It's time to go to bed. I've already drawn the bath water for you."

"Mr. Preston?" Caroline asked again, putting her ear against the door.

The door suddenly opened and Caroline, who had lost her support, crashed into a warm chest!

She immediately stood up straight and raised her head to look at Richard with a bright smile, "Mr. Preston, the bath water is ready. Are you going back to your room to rest?"

Richard swept her a glance, did not say a word, and walked straight towards his bedroom.

Caroline followed him behind, who went into the bathroom as he returned to his room.

"If you need anything, call me." Caroline did not forget to remind him intimately and once Richard went in, she returned to her half-dead state. "What a chore!" she complained.

A deadly zombie face!

Caroline had already freshened up. She lay down on the bed, thinking tonight Richard was bound to torment her, and how she could avoid it.

It was still sore between her legs from last night!
Pretending to sleep was obviously not working.
What should she do?

Before Caroline figured out a way, he had already
walked out of the bathroom.

"That was quick, huh?" Caroline smiled awkwardly.

Richard ignored her, lifted the quilt, and got into bed,
turning off the light by the way.

He stretched out his arm and pulled Caroline in his
arms.

"Hey, you," Just when Caroline thought Richard would
do it with her like last night, Richard quieted down.

Caroline blinked her eyes a few times and found
Richard had closed his eyes. He was ready to sleep.
Richard had no intention of touching her!

After all, last night they did it all night. Her body
cannot afford it again.

The night was peaceful.

Early in the morning, Richard got up and so did
Caroline. She helped him squeeze toothpaste and tie his
tie, like a little maid.

But Richard didn't even glance at her! That made
Caroline depressed!

In the afternoon, Caroline sat on the sofa with her legs
resting on the coffee table, asking John, "What exactly can
I do to make your master happy?"

John's expression was difficult to decipher. Frankly
speaking, he seldom saw Richard happy.

"Miss. Fowler, I can't answer this question, but I think as long as Miss. Fowler is sincere, he will be happy."

"Be sincere?" Caroline's pupils shrank slightly and her eyes lost focus, "Then I am going to play my trump card!"