

Chapter 55 Today is not April Fool's Day

"Miss Caroline, it is true. Your father seems anxious so I hope you can come as soon as possible."

The lawyer on the other end of the phone was wordy, and it was not the least bit like a joke.

"Today is not April Fool's Day," Caroline said.

"The address of our law firm is 28 Highway Street, and you can go to lawyer Jerry when you arrive. This is my phone number and you can call me if you need to."

The phone hung up.

Apparently, the lawyer was about to lose his patience.

Caroline kept the posture of answering the phone. After a long time, her brain kept reverberating with the lawyer's words.

Paternity severance letter...

Did her father want to break off the relationship with her?

After a long time, Caroline came back to her senses and dialed Mark's phone number.

The phone rang for a long time before it finally was answered as if Mark was hesitating whether to answer it or not.

"Yes," Mark said.

"Dad..." Caroline tried to keep herself calm, "You want to break off the relationship with me?"

"Well, the lawyer should have called you. Hurry up and sign."

"Why?" she asked.

"You ask me why? Maybe you should ask yourself what you have done all this time?!"

"But I'm your daughter after all."

The end of the phone began to silence; A voice came, "Caroline, I am your father so I don't want to do something

worse..."

"Dad, we should have a meet!" Caroline snatched the words, "It's been a long time since I had a meal alone with you."

"There's no need for that, is there?" Mark asked.

"Even if it's true that you want to break off the relationship with me, let's have the last meal as a ...break-up meal."

Mark was silent for a moment, "Okay, it will be eight o'clock this evening, at your favorite restaurant."

"Okay, " Caroline's words just finished, and Mark hung up the phone.

When she said "break-up dinner", Mark promised to go to dinner.

She was his daughter and how could he be so cruel?

Caroline lay back on the bed, tears trickling down her cheeks.

She had never thought that her father didn't want her anymore.

How much hatred was there to make a father not want his daughter?

Richard finished his meal in the restaurant and read the newspaper for a while. He did not go to the company; he checked the time and it was almost noon, but Caroline still did not get up.

He put down the newspaper, got up, and went upstairs. He opened the door and saw Caroline in bed with her eyes seemingly open.

He smiled faintly, "You're awake. How long you are going to stay up?"

When he went to the bed and sat down, he realized that Caroline was in a bad mood.

A pair of her eyes was empty and sullen, completely losing

the brightness, which was completely different from yesterday's panic state.

There seemed to be a kind of loss and a kind of despair in her eyes.

Tears were dripping down constantly.

Richard drew a tissue and helped Caroline wipe her tears, "What's wrong?"

Caroline did not answer.

Richard then picked her up, "Talk to me."

Caroline came back to her senses, "My father wants me to leave my family."

Hearing this, Richard frowned but quickly stretched out. Wasn't it a good thing?

"The lawyer asked me to sign the letter," she said.

"I'll accompany you," Richard comforted her.

"No," Caroline shook her head, "I will have a dinner with my dad and talk to him tonight. I want to ask him why."

"I'll stay with you," he repeated it again.

Caroline raised her head and looked at Richard's delicate features, suddenly in a bit of a trance.

There should be no woman who would reject such an attractive man. He is rich and handsome.

The words "I'm with you" was enough to warm a girl's heart.

"No, thanks. Do you agree that I go out?"

Richard did not respond to this question and said, "Get up and eat something."

Caroline nodded; then she got up, took a shower, and had a meal in the company of Richard.

Throughout the day, she was in a trance, and her mind kept replaying things all these years.

In the evening, Richard invited her to have dinner together, and she refused because she was going to have a meal with Mark.

Caroline wanted to go by herself, so Richard did not insist and arranged a car and bodyguards for her.

Caroline chose a white sarong from the checkroom, and the top half was a pink T-shirt with ruffled edges.

Richard was aware that Caroline didn't like to wear skirts.

"I am leaving," Caroline said.

"Okay."

Caroline walked straight out the door and got into the car; Richard watched her leave.

In Happy Star Bridge Restaurant

When she got out of the car, Caroline took a deep breath and turned to the bodyguards, saying, "You all wait here, and I'll go in alone."

"Yes, Miss Caroline."

It was rare that the bodyguards listened to her and she didn't need to threaten them. Caroline glanced at the bodyguards and then walked straight into the restaurant.

Mark had already arrived and was sitting in the corner by the window.

As soon as Caroline arrived, she looked in the direction of Mark, because they used to sit here. They always sat there every time they came together.

Seeing Mark, Caroline took a deep breath and walked over.

Caroline sat across from Mark, "Dad. "

Mark looked up and waved at the waiter; A waiter came over, "Sir, what would you like to order?"

The waiter put the menu in front of Mark, and Mark didn't touch it.

"One milk yellow bun, one purple potato bun, one bowl of crystal congee and oatmeal purple potato congee, and two plates of classic assorted small dishes here."

Caroline looked out of the window; these were her favorite food as a child.

"Okay, sir. Please wait for a moment."

After the waiter left, they remained silent.

In less than ten minutes, all the meals Mark ordered came up.

Mark sighed, "Have a taste."

Caroline took a deep breath, "Dad, do you really not want me in the family anymore?"

Mark picked up his chopsticks; When he heard Caroline's words, he put them on the table again, "Caroline, why are you so disobedient?"

Caroline smiled bitterly, "Dad, I've been disobedient since I was a child, have you forgotten?"

"I still remember when I was little, I was naughty and made mom angry. After you coaxed mom, mom said she wanted to throw me away, but you said no, I am your good daughter. Even if I was naughty, I was still your daughter, your little princess. That was what you had said."

Mark felt that his eyes were sore.

"Since when did you think I was naughty and disobedient?" Caroline huffed, "It started when Coco came to our house."

Mark did not say anything. Indeed after Coco came to her house, her family changed.

"You began to think that Coco was good at everything, and think that I am bad at everything. She is good and understanding, while I am naughty. She is always good, and I

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am always bad. Dad, don't you think you are very biased?"

10:02 

Reward

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Marry My Rich Uncle

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