

Warning 451

[Chapter 451 Play A Few Rounds With Me](#)

Caroline's POV:

"Elena, the project on the east bank has officially begun, right? Follow up on the progress for me and keep me posted," I requested.

Looking embarrassed, Elena replied, "I don't know if you've heard, but Vanessa Lewis wants to cancel the partnership. Without the blueprint, the project can't begin as scheduled."

"What? How could that be?" My eyes widened in astonishment.

A glaring problem had happened to the project, and nobody informed me about it.

"Mr. Felix is already trying to negotiate with her. He didn't tell you because he didn't want you to worry about it," Elena explained.

I bit my lower lip, feeling worried about the project's outcome.

"Why did Vanessa suddenly cancel the partnership?"

"Because of the negative news that have been circulating lately. She's not the only one who intends to cancel the partnership with our company, ma'am. A few of our partners have expressed their intention to sever ties with us."

"Tell the project manager to talk to these partners and see if there's room for negotiation," I said with a sullen expression.

The sharp fall of the Wilson Group's stock price would certainly cause dissatisfaction among our shareholders.

If I failed to stabilize the situation as soon as possible, the company would suffer heavy losses.

And by then, I wouldn't be able to keep my position as the CEO.

"Yes, ma'am." Elena nodded and added, "Mr. Wilson said that he'd be back before your birthday next week."

"Got it. I'll try to solve this problem before my dad's return." I rubbed my temples irritably.

"Don't try to solve everything by yourself. Mr. Felix and I are here to help you when you need us." Elena patted me on the shoulder to comfort me.

Upon hearing that, I smiled and went back to my room to rest.

My body was covered in bruises and I could feel them aching.

Every step I took was torturous.

When I remembered how Charles carried me in his arms, the tip of my nose felt stuffy and sadness overcame my heart.

I even began to miss his strong, warm embrace.

I had been alone for so long that I had forgotten that I also needed protection.

Realizing what I was thinking, I shook my head to cast aside such flights of fancy.

These thoughts made me despise myself.

After returning to my room, I sent some messages to Dad and Nina, informing them that I was safe.

Then, I turned off my phone and lay on the bed.

As soon as I closed my eyes, the bloody scene at the warehouse appeared in my mind.

Horried, I opened my eyes again. Beads of cold sweat formed on my forehead.

Fear lingered in my heart. I patted my chest, intending to drink some water to calm myself down.

But then, I found that my hand was still trembling and I accidentally knocked the glass to the ground.

The sound of the glass breaking was particularly harsh in the quietness of my room.

In a trance, I seemed to hear the gunshot once again.

I covered my ears and screamed in absolute terror.

Fear and panic filled my heart, and I could feel my entire body trembling.

Soon, my eyes turned bloodshot.

Elena rushed in, visibly worried. "Caroline, what happened?"

I waved my hand weakly. "It's... fine. I accidentally broke the glass."

"I hate to tell you this, but your psychological state is in bad shape lately. I've arranged a psychologist for

you. The least you can do is try to receive treatment."

Elena embraced me and patted me on the back.

"No, it's just that I haven't recovered from the shock yet. I'll be fine after a few days of rest," I replied with a smile.

"If you go on like this, Caroline, you're bound to break down. Your children are still waiting for you. How are you supposed to take care of them in your current condition?"

After a moment of hesitation, I nodded.

"You're right. Set up an appointment with the psychologist for me, please."

The only way I could fight for my children's custody and take care of them was to get better soon.

Simon's POV:

After finishing up with work, I went to Vanessa's home by following the address that Leah sent me.

Once there, I knocked on the door.

It was a maid who opened it.

"Good evening, I'm Simon Felix. I'm here to discuss business with Miss Lewis," I greeted her politely.

The maid nodded and smiled at me before escorting me in.

"Miss Lewis is currently resting. Please, wait here for a moment."

Having said that, the maid left.

I waited in the living room patiently. It took two hours before Vanessa finally showed up.

"Simon? To what do I owe the pleasure?" Vanessa asked, knitting her brows together.

"Vanessa, I heard that you enjoy playing CSGO, so I got this gift for you."

I handed her a box with a warm smile on my face.

Vanessa just glanced at it listlessly and didn't even take it.

"Come with me upstairs."

She then turned around and went upstairs.

Confused, I followed her.

Vanessa took me to her gaming room.

The decoration of the room was simple, and its dim lighting was perfect for the room's atmosphere.

My eyes lit up at once.

"Care to play a few rounds with me, Simon?" Vanessa asked, smirking at me.

"I'm not very good at this game," I replied.

"If you can win three consecutive matches against me, I'll consider working with the Wilson Group again. But if you don't take the challenge, then there's nothing for us to talk about."

Vanessa pulled out a chair, gesturing me to sit in front of the computer.

"Are you serious?" I asked suspiciously.

"Dead serious! I'm a woman of my word." The smile on Vanessa's face became brighter.

I pondered on it for a moment and eventually agreed.

"Do your best. If you score sixteen kills, you win one round. Let's begin."

I had never played a game like this before, so I was rather bad at it.

Vanessa, on the other hand, was quite skilled. She sat next to me in a disciplined manner. Every move she made was quick and decisive.

The first round ended soon after. I had lost the battle miserably.

When I saw Vanessa's taunting gaze, I felt embarrassed of myself.

"This is my first time playing the game. I'm not used to it yet. Give me one more chance. Please."

Vanessa turned her chair and moved towards me.

"I can give you ten more tries, but there's no way you'll win against me.

"How will we know that if we don't give it a try?" I asked.

Vanessa stroked her chin and smirked at me.

I felt uncomfortable with her the way she was looking at me, so I avoided her gaze.

The next second, I felt something soft touching my face.

A faint yet pleasant aroma wafted into my nose.

My face suddenly turned red.

'She just kissed me!'

"You should go now. In exchange for playing games with me, I'll seriously consider giving the Wilson Group another chance." Vanessa sat back in her chair.

I sprang to my feet, apologized, and strode out of the room.

I could hear her sweet laughter from behind me. Because I was absent-minded, I almost tripped myself.

On the drive home, I rolled down the window of my car.

The cold wind seeped into my skin, and the heat on my face finally faded.

The thought of Vanessa's indecent behavior got on my nerves.

[Chapter 452 One Hundred Million Dollars For Compensation](#)

Chloe's POV:

With her face downcast, Raina told me every horrifying thing she went through in the Hill family's residence.

I felt so sorry for her, and at the same time angry about what happened to her.

"Raina, I'll come with you to the film set and terminate your contract with them!"

I took her hand and walked towards the door.

"Thank you for all your help, Chloe," Raina replied.

"You're welcome. I'm your friend! It's natural for me to want to help you." I waved my hand in dismissal and gave her a smile.

Then, we hailed a cab to the film set.

"Raina, you finally showed up! Don't you know how many losses you've caused to this set by being absent from work for days?" A man approached us, visibly infuriated.

Raina hid behind me and whispered, "He's the one in charge here."

I stood in front of my friend and glared at the man in charge.

"We're just here to terminate the contract. Take out Raina's contract right now!"

"You want to terminate the contract? No freaking way! Mr. Hill called and said that you don't even need to wear a mask during the nude scenes, because your face would excite the audience even more," the man replied.

"What? No!" Raina shook her head; her eyes were filled with fear.

"The contract states that you must fully cooperate with our requirements!" the man in charge warned as his face turned grim.

"Are you intending to push Raina to a dead end?" I asked sternly.

He scoffed at me; his eyes, filled with mockery.

"Raina signed the contract herself. We didn't force her or anything. If she wants to terminate the contract, fine. However, she'll have to pay a huge fine for the damages incurred."

When I locked eyes with him, I was at a loss for a moment. I wasn't sure what to do.

I tried my best to stay level-headed, took Raina's hand, and walked out.

"We'll need to think about it first."

"Alright. I'll only give you three days. I won't wait any longer than that. Raina, if you don't wanna get sued by us, think about this carefully and do it fast!"

My heart sank upon hearing that, and I felt anxious.

"Raina, let's go home and ask my mother for help," I suggested.

"No! Do you think the Moore family would be willing to accept a woman who just filmed an erotic movie? Chloe, I'm begging you, don't tell anyone else about this!" Raina pleaded with red eyes.

The moment I saw the sky high price written on the contract, I frowned with worry.

"Sweetie, I get why you don't want anyone to know, but face it, we can't afford to pay for this just the

two of us!"

One hundred million dollars was not a small amount.

To make matters worse, we only had three days to gather the full amount somehow.

"Then what should we do? Chloe, please help me!" Raina pleaded while holding my hand.

"I'll figure something out," I said to comfort her.

Upon our return to the Moore mansion, my mother stopped us.

"Raina, are you okay? Are you feeling better?" she asked worriedly.

"She's feeling better now. She has at least calmed down," I answered.

My mother breathed a sigh of relief and exhorted, "Good to know. What happened to Raina is truly heartbreaking. Chloe, make sure to spend more time with her these days and keep an eye on her."

"I will." I nodded at her and smiled awkwardly. "I, uh... I need to borrow some money to help Raina out."

"How much are you looking to borrow?"

After a moment of pondering, I replied, "Around fifty million dollars."

I stared into my mother's eyes, feeling nervous of her answer.

Truthfully, I wanted to borrow one hundred million dollars from her, but she might doubt where I would use the money.

If she asked me what I'd use the money for, I might accidentally expose Raina's secret.

With regards to the remaining fifty million dollars, I figured I'd just think of another way to get the rest of the money.

My mother gasped in disbelief.

"Chloe, are you crazy? Why do you want to borrow so much money?"

"Mom, Raina is in trouble. She's in urgent need of money," I explained cautiously.

"I promise I'll pay you back in the future, Mrs. Moore!" said Raina.

"Why do you want to borrow an insane amount of money?" my mother asked, frowning at us.

"I'm in a bit of a bind," Raina replied vaguely.

"I'm sorry, but I gotta be honest with you, Raina. I can't gather that kind of money in such a short time." My mother shook her head and sighed.

Raina lowered her gaze and began to cry.

After we went to her room, I tried to comfort her. "Don't worry, Raina. My mom really loves me. We'll figure this out somehow."

Samantha's POV:

Upon my arrival at my office, I received a call.

The caller introduced herself as Elena, the bodyguard of the Wilson Group's CEO.

"Dr. Hoffman, I'd like to schedule an appointment with you for Miss Caroline Wilson. She really needs psychotherapy," Elena said in an anxious tone.

I pondered for a moment and then asked, "Is Miss Wilson exhibiting any specific symptoms?"

"She's been having nightmares every night since the unfortunate incident. And every time she hears a loud banging sound, she gets spooked."

"Bring the patient here at eight in the evening."

After the phone call, I said to my assistant, Doris, "Cancel all my appointments today and explain to the clients that I have some urgent business to attend to tonight."

"What happened?" Doris asked in confusion.

"The fish has been hooked," I said, grinning from ear to ear.

A year ago, I had worked at a hospital as a therapist for a month.

The first time I met Charles Moore was in that very hospital.

His brain was damaged severely and he was in a coma.

At the time, I just thought he was really handsome, but I never took him seriously.

One day, a patient snapped and harassed me during our session.

That man's heart had been broken by his ex and it resulted to him hating all women.

He almost ended up killing me.

As I waited for my impending doom, Charles appeared out of nowhere.

Without hesitation, he flew in to rescue me from the delusional patient.

In my eyes, he was like a superhero, descending from the sky and pulling me out of the abyss of desperation.

Aside from the rapid beating of my heart, there wasn't anything else that I could hear.

When I came to my senses, he had already left.

I got obsessed with finding more out about him and inquired about him everywhere. Finally, I found out who he was.

It turned out that he was actually Charles Moore, the chairman and president of the Moore Group. He got hospitalized at the time because his head was severely injured during a plane crash.

I went to his ward, feeling anxious and excited altogether. I really wanted to thank him for saving me.

Sadly, he had already left the hospital.

In order to get closer to him, I decided to open up a psychological clinic in LA.

I had been secretly paying attention to him, collecting every information and piece of news related to him.

And the more I got to know him, the deeper I fell in love with him.

Until gradually, I could no longer extricate myself from my feelings for him.

I opened the drawer and took out a photo album.

It was filled with photos of Charles.

I had taken photos of him every time I followed him in secret. Aside from that, I also collected reports about him in financial magazines.

Some of the photos were actually just half of the original photo, because I had cut off the other half.

Seeing him standing with another woman got on my nerves.

Charles was a man with no equal. Those women didn't deserve to even breathe the same air as him.

Gently, I stroked his handsome face on the photos and my eyes were filled with my crazy obsession for him.

[Chapter 453 The Psychotherapy](#)

Charles' POV:

When I left the meeting room, I received a call from Samantha.

She gave me her business card the last time we met, and I called her later after some hesitation.

She was indeed one of the most excellent psychotherapists in the country. Her voice was as soft as a feather.

Talking to her made me feel relaxed and it alleviated my headache.

"Charles, is it convenient for you to talk now?"

"Yup. What's up?"

"The Caroline Wilson you mentioned to me last time just contacted me today, and she said that she's coming to my clinic tonight. Would you like to come too?" asked Samantha.

I couldn't believe what I just heard. "Wait... Caroline agreed to receive treatment from you?" I asked back.

'Caroline actually went with my suggestion?'

The thought alone was enough to make me happy.

"I don't think I should go."

Though it pained me to admit it, I knew Caroline wouldn't want to see me.

"Charles, I know how much you care about Caroline. If you want to come, you can wait in the room next door," Samantha responded.

Her suggestion was quite considerate.

And to be honest, it left me no reason to refuse. After I agreed to her suggestion, I hung up the phone.

Then, I finished my work early and left the company.

Soon, I arrived at Samantha's clinic before seven o'clock.

The person who received me was her assistant.

"Hello, sir. Are you Mr. Moore? My name is Doris, Dr. Hoffman's assistant. She has something urgent to deal with, so she asked me to take you in there for the time being."

I nodded and followed Doris into a consulting room.

Moments later, the door was opened again.

This time, it was Samantha.

"Is Caroline here?" I asked her.

Samantha approached me and replied, "Don't worry. Caroline will be coming here later."

I nodded in response.

"You don't seem to be in good condition. You haven't been resting properly lately, have you?" she asked.

I glanced at my watch and didn't respond to the question.

"How about I check on you first? Charles, if you can't take good care of yourself, how are you ever going to take care of Caroline?"

Her words left me stunned.

I had been taking lots of medicine nowadays because I had been upset these past few days. However, none of them worked.

If things were to go on like this, my health would eventually dwindle.

"Understood," I replied with a nod.

"Lie down on that deck chair." Having said that, Samantha turned around and played some light music.

Slowly, I closed my eyes and tried to relax myself.

"Tell me, Charles, what's been bothering you lately?"

The sound of Samantha's voice was pleasant to hear, but I was immersed in painful, depressing

memories.

"I want to get Caroline back, but she has deeply-rooted misconstrued notions of me and she refuses to give me a chance."

Every word that came out of my mouth was a blow to my heart.

No matter what method I tried, Caroline would ruthlessly reject my advances.

Her tough attitude towards me had made me restless.

"Maybe I can help you mend your relationship with Caroline," Samantha replied.

"Seriously?" I opened my eyes, and sat up, staring into her eyes.

"Of course, Charles. Have faith in my abilities as a professional!" Samantha answered confidently.

"But under one condition; you have to come to my clinic for a session once a week."

I agreed to her proposal decisively.

Honestly, I had no reason to refuse her condition.

For the sake of my future with Caroline, I had to remain healthy both physically and mentally.

As I stood up, tidying my clothes, I said, "During your session with Caroline later, try to be as gentle as you can. A recent event is stressing her out. I don't think she can withstand another stressor."

"Ha! Don't doubt my capabilities, Charles. Anyway... it's almost time. Caroline will be arriving shortly. You can stay here for a while," Samantha said with a smile and left the consulting room.

For some reason, I suddenly began to feel nervous.

I wondered what sort of things Caroline would tell her.

Caroline's POV:

As soon as I entered the psychological clinic with Elena, a woman with curly hair wearing a white coat approached us.

"Hello! I'm Dr. Hoffman. You must be Miss Caroline Wilson." She reached her hand out to me, and greeted me warmly.

I shook her hand and smiled back. "It's nice to meet you. Please, just call me Caroline."

Samantha was soft-spoken.

Her delicate face showed that she really cared for her patients.

She was such a caring, beautiful character that I somehow felt compelled to get closer to her.

Once we were at the door of the consulting room, Samantha turned to Elena and asked, "Miss, can you stay outside? The treatment will be more effective if there are fewer people present in the room."

"But—"

I cut Elena off and said, "It's going to be okay. Just listen to the doctor."

Samantha opened the door, turned sideways, and gestured me to come in.

"Have a drink of water first." She handed me a glass of water before sitting across me. "Caroline, I know something about you."

I held the glass tighter, lowered my head, and fell silent.

"I hope you can face your fears today. I'm aware that you didn't kill anyone. As far as I can tell, you're also a victim." Samantha sounded so sincere.

I could feel my heart trembling as I whispered, "Thank you for trusting me."

After that awful incident, the public had been attacking me nonstop.

Only my family and friends believed me, while others didn't care enough to listen to my explanations.

Samantha held my hand and helped me lie down on the deck chair.

When I heard the soft music playing, my tense body gradually relaxed.

"Caroline, can you tell me how you've been doing recently?" asked Samantha.

I clenched my fists and answered cautiously, "Sleepless and anxious."

However, the reality was far worse than I had described.

Every night, when I closed my eyes, I would see Susan.

I couldn't turn off the lights and fall asleep. Each time I was amidst a dark environment, the smell of blood would waft into my nose and it would become difficult for me to breathe.

Samantha patted my hand again. "Caroline, you're too tense. That's not going to help you. Take a deep breath with me, and fully reflect on your feelings."

I took a deep breath and slowly closed my eyes.

"Bang!"

Gunshots and hurried footsteps came to my mind.

"Eek!"

I screamed and sat up, covering my ears. "I didn't kill her! It wasn't me!"

"Caroline, calm down. I know you're innocent. I believe you," Samantha remarked, trying to pull my hands down.

"No! Everyone suspects that I did it. I'm not the murderer. I didn't kill Susan," I retorted.

"What happened? Caroline, it's okay. I'm here."

A familiar male voice reached my ears. And soon, I was held in his warm embrace.

I raised my head and saw his face, leaving me stunned for a moment.

"Don't be scared, Caroline. I'll take you home," Charles said, wanting to pick me up.

I pushed him away and asked, "What are you doing here?"

[Chapter 454 I Feel Bad For You](#)

Caroline's POV:

Charles was staring at me with a blank gaze and saying nothing. I was annoyed of his mere presence.

"Caroline, I apologize for this. Charles is also my patient. He's in the consultation room next door. He might've heard you scream and thought that something bad was happening, so he came to see what was going on," Samantha explained while she stood beside me.

I stared at Charles with inquisitive eyes.

'He's sick? Is he having migraines again?' I asked inwardly.

"I'm sorry for barging in here," Charles remarked.

"My apologies. It was thoughtless of me to have you both here," Samantha explained again.

I shook my head at her in response.

"Caroline, if you don't like the fact that Charles is here, I can always reschedule his appointment," she suggested.

I took a deep breath and replied, "No. You two go ahead and talk. I'll be going home first."

However, Samantha stopped me. "Caroline, the session isn't over yet. Are you sure you want to give up halfway?"

The sound of her gentle voice made it difficult for me to refuse her.

Perhaps talking to her would actually do me some good.

But every time I saw Charles, my heart would break.

Sadness flooded into my heart like a tsunami, devastating every inch of myself.

"You can stay here. I'll leave," Charles said in an oddly calm manner.

Before I could react, he had already stridden out of the consultation room.

"Since there's no more distractions, why don't we go back to our session?" asked Samantha.

I forced a smile and nodded.

About an hour later, I finally opened my eyes and met her calming eyes.

"How are you feeling now?" Samantha helped me to sit up.

"Much better." I smiled at her.

I wasn't sure if the reason I was this happy was because of the therapy session I just had.

But my body wasn't as tense as it was a few days ago.

"As long as you can attend therapy sessions with me on a regular basis, you won't need to take any medicine anymore. You'll be recovering sooner, even," Samantha promised confidently.

I nodded in response and thanked her for her time.

When I walked out of the consultation room, I saw Charles leaning against the wall.

'What is he still doing here?' I wondered.

I withdrew my gaze from him and walked towards the exit.

Charles stood before me, appearing to be worried. "You look a lot thinner than before, Caroline," he said.

"Are you done? Can you get out of my way now?" I asked, pretending to be calm.

It appeared as though he didn't expect me to be so blunt, so my response left him stupefied for a moment.

"I feel bad for you, Caroline," Charles remarked in a soft voice.

He tried to touch my face, but I dodged his hand. "I see."

Having said that, I walked past him and intended to leave.

However, he held my wrist and pushed me against the wall.

Charles put one hand on the back of my head and his other hand on the wall.

His fiery gaze made my heart tremble.

I lowered my eyes, adjusted my emotions, and looked him dead in the eye. "Thank you for the other day. The groundbreaking ceremony and everything."

"That's all you wanted to say to me?" Charles asked, appearing to be both disappointed and hopeful that there was more.

I chuckled at his question and said, "That's right."

Suddenly, he became tense.

Silence ensued in the corridor.

Elena approached us, casting him a stern glare. "Mr. Moore, I implore you to let go of her."

Charles' face turned grim. His lips moved slightly as though he had so many things to tell me.

But in the end, he decided against speaking and just let go of me. It appeared like he had given up.

I took a deep breath and followed Elena out of the psychological clinic.

Inside the car, I turned my gaze towards the window and said, "I'll be going back to work tomorrow, Elena."

"But you're not fully recovered yet. Won't you rest for a little while longer?" asked Elena.

"I'm fine. I can handle it," I replied firmly.

"Your health is the most important thing. If you want to keep working, do it at home." Elena tried her best to persuade me.

However, I had made up my mind. "I've already decided."

Upon hearing my response, Elena stopped persuading me and just changed the topic.

"By the way, Mr. Wilson will be back the day after tomorrow. What are you planning to do with the birthday party?"

When I met Elena's gaze from the rearview mirror, I was stunned.

'The birthday party... That reminds me of the special birthday I celebrated a few years ago.'

Back then, I was injured and hospitalized. Charles sent me a bouquet of flowers anonymously in an attempt to make fun of me.

He and I were the only ones inside the ward.

While we were immersed in our intimacy, he swore to me that he was mine forever.

Thoughts of the past made me feel like I had a lump in my throat.

I laughed at myself. 'Forever is really short, huh?'

"Let's just do a small celebration. There's no need to make it special," I said to Elena as I came back to my senses.

Charles' POV:

Upon my arrival at the Moore mansion, I pulled over and looked around. It was eerily quiet in the house. Unspeakable agitation overcame my heart.

After all this time, Caroline's attitude towards me still hadn't changed.

Even if she was just standing in front of me, I could feel her rejecting me already.

The suffocating feeling of dejection devoured my heart.

I pounded my palms onto the steering wheel and made up my mind. No matter the cost, I would get Caroline back.

She was the only one who could ever be my wife.

No one could replace her.

Upon entering the house, I saw my mother sitting in the living room.

"Mom, why haven't you gone to bed yet?" I asked.

"You're back." She stood up and pulled me aside.

I frowned and asked, "What is it?"

"Chloe wants to borrow fifty million dollars from me," she whispered.

I squinted and replied, "Why is she borrowing money? Has she used up all of her own money?"

"She said Raina is in trouble and she's in dire need of money. As you know, she and Chloe are quite close, and..." replied my mom.

"Is Raina still here?" I asked, interrupting her midsentence.

"There's no need to get riled up. Raina is leaving soon. I think she really needs the money. Why don't we lend her some?" My mother sighed.

I looked upstairs and chuckled. "If you want to do it, give the money to Chloe. I'll take care of the rest."

My mother wanted to say something, but she bit her words back.

Then, she nodded and said, "Alright. I'll head upstairs and go to bed. You should go to sleep soon as well."

I remained standing in my spot, watching my mother go upstairs.

If I didn't expose Raina's true colors, my mother would still think that that horrible woman was kindhearted.

She even had the audacity to take advantage of my mother's kindness.

Considering how she asked for a large amount of money, Raina was probably mentally prepared for the consequences of her actions.

'Does she really think that she can manipulate the Moore family? How Naive! Ridiculous, even!' I thought with disdain.

After returning to the study, I turned on my computer and browsed through the messages in my e-mail inbox.

A few days ago, I asked my lawyer to draft a contract.

I was really looking forward to seeing Caroline's reaction the moment she saw this contract.

My guess was that she would be pleasantly surprised.

I wondered, 'Will she come to me, ecstatic? Will she kiss me for it?'

I closed my eyes, tapping my fingers on the desk.

The vibration of my phone tore through my imagination.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Adam is also bidding for the land beside the east bank project," replied Richard.

"Is that so? Does he even have the money for it?" I responded with great interest.

"I'm almost done with my work on the racecourse. Nobody will ever attempt to go there now," Richard reported.

I furrowed my eyebrows and ordered, "Give him something that will blow his mind."

[Chapter 455 Raina's True Colors](#)

Chloe's POV:

I didn't expect that my mother would actually agree to lend me the money.

I was really excited when I got the money.

Finally, I was able to pool the one hundred million dollars. I took Raina to the set, ready to terminate the contract for her.

But the person in charge suddenly frowned at us and said, "We just discussed and have agreed that the

damages of one hundred million dollars isn't enough. If you want to terminate the contract, you'll have to pay three hundred million dollars."

I was so angry that I shouted at him, "But we've reached an agreement, didn't we? How could you go back on your word?"

"I never agreed to that. Do you have any witnesses?" asked the person in charge.

I gritted my teeth, infuriated.

The whole set was full of their people. There was indeed nobody who would attest to my claims.

"Chloe, what should we do?" Raina's eyes turned red and she was looking at me for help.

At this point, I didn't know what to do.

All of a sudden, the man's eyes became lustful.

He eyed me up and down, nodding in satisfaction.

"Raina, why don't you ask your friend to shoot the porn movie in your stead? If it works out well, I'll consider letting you go," said the man.

"What? No way!" I grunted at him.

As the Moore family's daughter, my parents had spoiled me since I was a child.

I had never experienced something like this.

I felt a lump in my throat as I grabbed Raina's hand, wanting to run away.

However, she shook off my hand and shoved me away.

Soon, I fell to the floor. I looked at her, horrified by what she had done to me.

"Raina, what are you doing?"

"I'm sorry about this, Chloe."

Raina shot me a cold glance before running away, never looking back.

The person in charge scoffed at me and said, "Raina might've escaped, but I'm okay with that since we still have you. You're quite beautiful and reserved. I'm sure lots of people will watch your porn movie once it's released."

Having said that, he gestured to someone behind me.

Suddenly, a group of strong men surrounded me. I could see the lust in their eyes.

"No! Don't come any closer!" I struggled desperately to escape. It didn't take long until my heart was overcome with fear and despair.

Sadly, the men were far too powerful for me to escape them.

I closed my eyes, and surrendered to my fate, feeling only regret.

Just as those horrid men were about to tear my clothes apart, a group of people rushed in from outside.

They knocked down the men who were attempting to rape me.

I looked up and saw Charles and Richard entering the place.

In my brother, I saw salvation from my grief, fear, and resentment.

I threw myself into Charles' arms and cried at the top of my lungs.

"Oh, so you're crying now, huh? Have I not told you to open your eyes and not trust just anyone foolishly?" Charles sneered.

When I thought of how Raina betrayed me, I cried even harder.

To me, she was my best friend. I was devastated by the fact that she did something so terrible to me.

After I returned to the Moore mansion with my brother, I nestled in our mother's arms and sobbed.

Surprised, my mother asked, "Chloe, what happened to you? Why are you crying?"

It was then that I told her everything that happened today while crying.

"Mom, if Charles had come a second later, I would've gotten raped!"

My mother's eyes were filled with disbelief.

"How could that be? Aren't you supposed to be good friends with Raina? How could she do that to you?"

"She deceived me. I tried my best to help her hide the fact that she starred in a porn movie, and I even helped her raise money to pay for the damages of cancelling the contract. And in exchange for my

kindness, she pushed me into a living hell and ran away with the money!" As I gritted my teeth, my eyes were filled with nothing but hatred.

"Have you seen Raina's true colors now?" Charles asked me.

"Raina risked her life to save the twins before. How could she be that kind of person?" my mother asked while frowning.

"Did the twins stay at home during the groundbreaking ceremony on the Wilson Group's east bank project?" asked Charles.

"Yes." my mother nodded.

"Did anything unusual happen at home that day?" he asked.

My mother pondered for a moment and replied, "I couldn't find my phone anywhere that day. I searched for it for almost the entire day, but I still couldn't find it. Later in the day, I found it in a corner of the sofa. However, it had been powered off."

My heart sank upon hearing that. "By the way, Raina went out frequently at the time, but she didn't tell me where she went."

"She also went into your study one night, Dad! She said she wanted to look for painkillers, but she didn't find any." James ran over, visibly worried.

"I'll investigate on this matter. Don't trust Raina again," Charles replied as he ruffled the boy's hair.

I nodded in response.

That night, I saw a piece of news on the Internet.

The Hill Group issued a statement to clarify that Raina Hill was the Hill family's adoptive child and she wasn't related to them by blood, and that her biological mother was Susan Lively.

This news soon became a hot topic on the Internet.

A lot of discussions came up about the topic.

"Have you heard about Raina's backstory? That poor girl! She must've been so miserable."

"No wonder she's fawning over Charles Moore. She just wants to have someone powerful to rely on."

I felt really conflicted reading all the comments on the Internet.

Edward's POV:

"Edward, why did you have to come back ahead of schedule? I didn't even get to pack enough stuff!" Olivia complained.

"Don't you want to meet the outdated female star who stole your commercial? Isn't that what you wanted?" I gave her a mocking look.

Olivia was rendered speechless.

She shook her head and said, "That's over and done with. The important thing now is that we celebrate Caroline's birthday."

"You'd best behave yourself when we get back home. Don't argue with Caroline. You won't be able to afford the consequences," I warned.

Olivia pursed her lips and fell silent.

"Did you hear me?" I asked.

"Okay. I'll be more careful." Tears welled up in Olivia's eyes as she nodded.

"Know your place! If I can make you famous, that means I can also make you lose everything you have." I withdrew my gaze from her.

Olivia bit her lower lip and sobbed.

Suddenly, I somehow felt suffocated.

I took out the pillbox from my pocket and took out an atorvastatin.

After getting off the plane, Olivia followed behind me. The unsteady sound of her high heels tapping on the ground told me that she was trying to keep up with my pace.

"Edward, slow down! You're so inconsiderate of me!" Olivia stared at me playfully.

I slowed down my pace and replied, "I'm going to book a cruise ship and hold a birthday party for Caroline."

"Are you planning to hold a grand party for her?" Olivia asked, visibly surprised.

I nodded in agreement. My face was no longer as stern as it was seconds ago.

During her birthday last year, Caroline was sick, so we had a very simple birthday celebration for her.

I figured she was due for a grand birthday party to make up for it.

I wanted the whole world to know that Caroline was the apple of my eye.

They must know that she was someone that nobody, not even the most powerful men in the country, could push around!

[Chapter 456 Edward Came Back](#)

Caroline's POV:

Reading the trending topics about Raina put me in a good mood.

"Elena, get ready. We'll be going back to the company to work later."

Once we had returned to the company, Elena began to report the current progress of the work.

"The promotional video that Sofia starred in has made the east coast project a lot more popular," she said.

"I've seen that ad. It's quite good," I replied, nodding in approval.

"Ma'am, the day you were kidnapped, Mr. Moore sent his men to stop Adam. Because of the Moore Group's protection, the disturbance at the groundbreaking ceremony was arrested before the situation could escalate," Elena continued.

I breathed a sigh of relief, yet somehow still felt conflicted.

'If it weren't for Charles, Adam would've ruined the groundbreaking ceremony. And if that happened, things would become irreparable for me. But why did it have to be Charles who helped me? I'm owing him more and more. How am I supposed to pay him back now?' I wondered.

After finishing up at work, I left my office to look for Victoria.

The moment Victoria saw me, she suddenly put away something in her hand and was visibly panicking.

"Miss Wilson, what can I do for you?"

"Take it out," I commanded.

After a moment of hesitation, Victoria relented and took out a magazine.

I skimmed through a few pages and saw that they were all about me.

Each article accused me of murdering Susan. In the articles, they claimed that I didn't deserve to be the CEO of the Wilson Group.

My face turned grim and I scoffed.

'I already know who would throw such baseless accusations at me. But unfortunately, no conclusive evidence has been found yet. However, I am going to remember this. No matter the cost, I'll find evidence to prove that Adam did this!'

"Miss Wilson, the stock price of our company may be stabilizing, but rumors about you still run rampant," Victoria remarked.

"What else happened while I was away?" I asked.

After a moment of pondering, Victoria answered, "Vanessa Lewis decided to cease cooperation with the Wilson Group anymore, but Mr. Felix is currently trying to convince her to continue working with us."

"I see. You can get back to work." I put down the magazine, and went back to my office.

"Ma'am, Mr. Felix is here. He says he wants to see you," Elena said the second she came in.

I nodded at her. "Call him in."

Not long after, Simon came in wearing a smirk.

"Ah, Caroline! So, you've decided to go back to work, huh? Is that really okay? Don't you need to rest more?"

I nodded at him and motioned for him to sit down.

"I've heard that Vanessa wants to terminate the contract, and that you went to see her," I asked.

"Yep, I did. I tried convincing her to continue working with us, and she said that she'd think about it," Simon replied.

"Thank you, Simon. No matter what she requests, do it as long as she doesn't cross any boundaries."

I rubbed between my eyebrows, feeling a little exhausted.

Simon decided to change the topic. "So, uh... have you been resting well these days, Caroline? Do you feel better now?"

When I saw the concern in his eyes, I somehow felt upset.

"Much better. Thank you for your concern."

Just then, the door of my office was pushed open.

I glanced over at the door and saw Vanessa coming in.

She sat next to Simon and greeted me with a smile.

Surprised by her appearance, I said, "It's really nice to see you here, Miss Lewis."

"I'm here to discuss the cooperation," Vanessa responded bluntly.

"I assure you, Miss Lewis, that the murder case was nothing but a misunderstanding. Our company is absolutely trustworthy," I replied, trying my best to save the cooperation.

"Honestly, I'd like to work with you as a partner. I've also read the announcement of the Hill Group. And thus, I've decided to continue working with the Wilson Group." Vanessa gave me a smile.

Overjoyed, I said, "Miss Lewis, I swear, you will not regret your decision."

"Do you mind if I make a request?" Vanessa asked tentatively.

"Well, of course! As your partner, I'll do my best to fulfill your request," I answered confidently.

"I hope you can hand over all the design related work to Simon and let him communicate with me directly from now on." Having said that, Vanessa smiled at Simon.

The latter turned his face away, visibly embarrassed.

Sensing that something seemed wrong, I started looking back and forth between them.

Vanessa was staring at Simon with a passionate gaze blatantly.

I could tell that something was going on between them, so I nodded along and chuckled.

Once Vanessa had left, I said to Simon, "Vanessa is quite a charmer, isn't she? I think she has a crush on you."

"Caroline, you of all people should know who I love."

Simon gazed at me with eyes filled with affection.

For a moment, I wasn't sure how to respond. I just lowered my gaze and avoided his eyes.

All of a sudden, a ringtone resonated throughout the office, breaking the awkward silence.

I immediately answered the phone.

"Caroline, would you like to have dinner with me after work?"

Shocked to hear my father's voice over the phone, my eyes widened.

"Dad, you're back?"

Edward's POV:

After the phone call, I told the chauffeur to drive me to the famous underwater restaurant.

These past few weeks, I had been busy travelling from one city to another.

Now, I was happy that I finally had the time to sit down and have a good meal with my daughter.

"I've been wanting to come to that restaurant for a long time, but I've never had the chance. I'm so excited to finally be able to eat there," Olivia exclaimed.

"Olivia, why don't you go back to the hotel? It wouldn't be appropriate for you to join my reunion with my daughter," I remarked bluntly.

"Edward, I haven't seen Caroline for a long time either. Why won't you let me come with you?" Olivia responded while tugging on my sleeve.

"I said just go back to the hotel! Do not make me repeat myself again," I shouted, snarling at her.

Startled, Olivia went on her way with tearful eyes.

"Dad!"

Caroline walked into the restaurant, her eyes were filled with joy.

"Caroline, my child! Long time no see." I spread my arms out and gave her a big smile.

She threw herself into my arms as tears welled up in her eyes.

"God, I heard about what happened to Susan. The public is badly misjudging you these days." I gave her a gentle pat on the shoulder to offer some comfort.

The day I saw the news, I felt so bad for my daughter and angry at how things spiraled out of control for

her.

How I wished that I could come back from abroad that day!

"It's okay, Dad. I'm doing just fine." Caroline smiled through tears.

"Don't worry, Caroline. No matter the cost, I'm going to prove your innocence," I promised.

"A clean hand need not be washed. The public opinion won't sway me," Caroline replied, wearing a bold smile.

"So, how are you getting along with Simon? I heard that the lawyer advised you to find a stable partner. Simon seems like a good choice," I suggested.

"I'll think about it for a little bit more," she replied.

"What about Charles? I also heard that the bastard is still badgering you. It's obvious that he wants to get back together with you. What do you think? Do you need Daddy's help?"

I was well aware that Caroline still hadn't moved on from Charles.

'What's so good about him that she can't forget him?' I wondered.

'But then again, if she's really happy with him, I guess there's nothing for me to do but to accept him.'

[Chapter 457 The Birthday Party](#)

Caroline's POV:

Each time I thought of Charles, my heart ached.

"No. It's impossible for us to get back together," I said, forcing a smile.

"Caroline, do you think you can actually forget about him and move on?" my father asked tentatively.

"I'm not sure," I replied with a bitter smile.

Every time I thought I was making progress in forgetting about Charles, he'd appear right in front of me.

He was still as gentle as ever.

He treated me like I was the most precious thing in the world.

My heart would race at the thought of him, and even though I hated to admit it, I would be hopeful that something could happen between us again.

If things went on like this, I might actually fall in love with him all over again.

My father sighed and asked, "I heard that something went wrong with the construction project on the east bank. How's it going so far?"

"We've almost solved the problem, but the public opinion on the Internet is still not in our favor," I replied.

"You did great, Caroline. You deserve to be my daughter. Only you can solve a huge problem like that in such a short span of time." He made it no secret that he was impressed.

Feeling embarrassed, I remarked, "Actually... it's all due to Charles' contribution. While I was being kidnapped, he stabilized the situation and helped the Wilson Group get through the problem."

"It seems like he still cares about you a lot. Why don't we invite him to your birthday party?" my father bantered.

"That's not necessary," I responded.

"Oh, really?" he asked tentatively.

"Really!" I answered firmly while blushing.

"Fine, fine... If you don't want to invite him, don't." He nodded in agreement.

"Are you planning to hold a birthday party for me, Dad?" I asked.

"Actually, yeah. We're going to hold the party on a luxury cruise ship named Ocean," he responded with a smirk.

"Dad, we don't have to hold a grand party like that," I said, frowning and shaking my head.

"You're my only daughter, and I've been absent from your life for over two decades. It's only natural that I want to make it up to you," he answered.

"Dad, none of that is your fault. You've been a good father to me so far," I said, attempting to comfort him.

During my most desperate, trying moment, my father was the one who gave me the courage to live on.

"My greatest regret is not being able to witness you grow up to become the fine woman you are now," he said, letting out a deep sigh.

His words moved me, and I felt a lump in my throat.

"We still have plenty of time to be with each other, Dad," I cried.

He smiled at me; his eyes were full of gratitude.

"Caroline, on your birthday party, I will officially announce that you're my daughter in order to frustrate the shareholders, especially Adam. I want him to know his place."

"Though I'm not fully on board with the method, I must agree that it is necessary to warn them," I said, nodding in agreement.

After we finished eating dinner, I asked, "Dad, are you going back to the villa with me tonight?"

"No, I don't want you and Olivia to stay in the same house. I'd rather not watch you at odds with each other," he replied, shaking his head.

"Then where are you going to stay?" I asked with a frown.

"I bought a house near the east bank. I'll be moving there in a few days. For the time being, I'll stay at a hotel," he answered.

"Be careful of Olivia, Dad. She's no angel," I remarked.

"I know her all too well, darling. I'm sure you can figure out why I chose her to be my lover." He smiled at me knowingly before getting into his car.

I didn't withdraw my gaze from his car until it was far away.

Olivia's POV:

Edward was so heartless.

Despite being with him for so many years, I still couldn't compare to his daughter, even though he had just found her back.

I suppressed my frustration and hailed a cab to a nearby bar.

I ordered a row of cocktails, drinking one after another.

Hours later, I began to feel drunk.

All of a sudden, I heard someone crying.

I turned around and was surprised to see who it was.

"Raina, why are you here?"

She used to be so popular. Everywhere she went, people would recognize her as the Hill family's daughter.

But now, she was down and out.

She appeared as though every ounce of life had escaped her.

I remembered the stuff about Raina's origin on the Internet and sighed.

Over the years, she had relied on the Hill family to obtain resources and praises.

I was actually surprised that she wasn't really Gary's daughter.

Raina bent over the bar counter, holding a bottle of liquor and crying bitterly.

"Who are you?" she asked impatiently.

I sat next to her and smiled. "Miss Hill, I'm Olivia Lopez, Edward Wilson's girlfriend."

"Oh, it's you. Are you gonna be Caroline's stepmom? I must warn you; be careful of her. She's a bitch! That woman is a conniving, calculating shrew! If she weren't such a scheming woman, then how could she become the Wilson family's heiress?" Raina said through gritted teeth.

"I agree. God did bless her for some reason," I sneered.

"Caroline, you bitch! Why don't you just go to hell?!"

Raina slammed the bottle onto the bar counter; her eyes were filled with hatred.

Just as I was about to say something, two burly men came over.

They suddenly took Raina away without even saying anything.

"Who are you? Where are you taking me? Hey! Get your hands off me, you perverts!" Raina screamed while struggling to break free of their grasp.

Meanwhile, I hurriedly left the bar, patting my chest to alleviate the lingering fear in my heart.

At this time, I received a message from Edward.

He and Caroline had finished their dinner and he was going back to the hotel.

I went to the address he sent me to meet him at once.

When I got in his car, Edward said to the driver, "Take us back to the hotel."

"Edward, why can't we just stay in the villa like we used to?" I complained, crossing my arms.

"I already gave that villa to my daughter. Stop complaining," Edward replied impatiently.

My heart sank at the sight of his stern expression.

Suddenly, his phone buzzed.

He picked it up and chuckled when he saw what was on the screen.

"What is it?" I asked in confusion.

"Raina Hill is spending her night with two gentlemen,"

Edward said as he handed the phone to me.

As I watched the video, my heart trembled.

In the video, Raina was being dragged to a dilapidated warehouse by two large men.

They were like insatiable beasts, wreaking havoc to Raina's body.

She was down on all fours, letting the men fuck her over and over.

Tears were rolling down her cheeks.

She seemed to be in pain and misery more than pleasure.

Seemingly dissatisfied with her reactions, the men spanked her ass and forced her to moan.

They even forced her to make all kinds of lewd postures and made her beg them to fuck her.

Raina was now like a soulless puppet.

The sound of her moaning and the men's hoarse panting resonated throughout the warehouse.

"Edward, were you the one who did this?"

"That, I did. I want her to understand the consequences of messing with my daughter!" he replied, seeming as though he was proud of it.

I bit my lower lip to prevent myself from making a sound.

This was the first time I felt scared after being with Edward for so long.

A bitter smile appeared on my face, and my heart was overcome with sadness.

It turned out that I never really knew the man I was with.

At this time, I felt him caressing my hair.

"Olivia, do you think what I did was right?" he asked.

My hair stood on end and my heart sank to the bottom.

[Chapter 458 A Waiver](#)

Charles' POV:

Once the kids had fallen asleep, I called everyone to the living room to have a family meeting.

"Why did you call all of us here, Charles? Is something wrong?" my mother asked worriedly.

I smiled to alleviate her worries. "Tomorrow is Caroline's birthday. I called you all here, because there's something I need to discuss with you."

"Have you prepared a gift for her, Charles?" Grandma chimed in.

"That's precisely why I gathered you all today."

I took out a document and let everyone read it.

Upon reading the document, my mother exclaimed, "What? You're giving up custody of the kids?"

Everyone else was also surprised. They wore stern expressions and were in disbelief of what they had just read.

Caroline was starting to warm up to me, I could tell.

And I figured that the best way to show her my sincerity was to do something this drastic.

"I will not allow this, Charles! I don't agree to this!" My mother's eyes were filled with indignation.

"I'm not going to give up on the kids. I just want to show Caroline how sincere I am, Mom," I replied.

From the bottom of my heart, I firmly believed that Caroline still loved me.

Otherwise, she never would've given birth to three beautiful kids for me.

I had hurt her so much because I took her for granted in the past.

I wanted to change for the better.

And I hoped that by some miracle, Caroline would give me one more chance to start over with her.

"But she left the kids behind a year ago, which proves she doesn't love them at all," my mother retorted.

"She must've been left with no other choice but to leave. If there's one thing I can guarantee, it's that nobody loves the kids more than she does."

I truly believed that Caroline wouldn't have left without a good reason.

As for what happened last year, I planned to conduct an investigation on it.

Moreover, I wanted to put more faith in Caroline.

"Charles, I support you in whatever decision you make. I hope Caroline will see just how sincere you are." My grandmother was so supportive of my decision.

I must say, it felt nice to hear her words of encouragement.

"Thank you, Grandma."

"This is the birthday gift that I prepared for Caroline. Tell her that I wish her a happy birthday."

Grandma took out a pair of earrings and handed them to me.

"I'll bring your gift along. I'm sure that if she finds out that this came from you, it will make her really happy." I accepted the earrings and smiled at my grandmother.

"Since you've made up your mind, just do it, boy. We will not object," my father said abruptly.

"Dad, are you crazy? How can you just let Charles do whatever he wants?" my mother asked, visibly surprised.

"Do you want your son to be alone for the rest of his life, Alice?" my father argued.

"Caroline isn't the only woman in the world. I can find someone much better for him!"

Even mentioning Caroline's name left a bitter taste in my mother's mouth.

"Unfortunately, that's not up to us. Charles only has eyes for Caroline. Besides, aren't you worried that he might end up meeting a terrible woman like Raina again?" my father replied.

This time, my mother was rendered speechless.

The others just exchanged glances and said nothing.

After the family meeting, I went back to my room.

As I stared at the waiver in my hand, I felt conflicted.

Recently, fragments of my memories had been troubling my thoughts.

These days, Caroline was so lukewarm to me.

Sometimes, I felt as though she belonged to me, but on other times, she felt so far away from me.

Each day that passed, I felt more and more anxious.

My migraines were getting worse every day.

The only thing I could do now was to do my best to protect the woman I loved.

I promised myself that I would never let her suffer again.

Every time I remembered the moment Caroline was being attacked by all those people, my heart would ache.

At night, I would toss and turn in the bed, unable to fall asleep.

While staring at the waiver, I became hopeful.

'She's going to like this gift very much, won't she?'

Raina's POV:

As time passed by, the two awful men finally stopped raping me.

I lay on the ground, powerless, desperate, and miserable.

Just when I thought that my suffering had ended, they dragged me up from the ground and stuffed me into a black car without mercy.

The only thing I wore was my underwear.

Two thin articles of clothing could hardly cover anything.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked, my eyes widening in horror.

The men didn't answer, and their faces remained cold.

They drove the car to a bustling road where many people were coming and going. All of a sudden, they pushed me out of the car.

I screamed in pain.

My screaming attracted the attention of the passersby, especially the men.

Based on the look on their faces, I could tell that they lusted after me.

I curled up on the ground, feeling so humiliated that I'd rather disappear from existence.

I had hatched a plan to secure my future for a long time. And when I finally saw a ray of hope, it was suddenly destroyed.

Only pain, hatred, and fear resided in my heart now; slowly suffocating me.

'I can't go on like this! I have to go to Charles. He's the only one who can help me now.'

I sprang to my feet, casting every ounce of doubt and shame I felt. The only thing I wanted to do now was to leave.

But just as I walked on, a group of men surrounded me.

Astonishment was written on their faces.

"Wait... you're Raina Hill, right? The movie star? How'd you end up like that?"

"She used to act so prim and proper. I didn't expect her to be an exhibitionist!"

The passersby began to laugh at me.

Not a moment later, some of them tried to get their hands on me, staring at me obscenely.

Hastily, I took a step back and roared, "Fuck off! All of you! Don't touch me."

"You're not the Hill family's daughter anymore. Stop pretending. You're out here in the middle of the night wearing nothing but underwear, which means you want us to touch you, yes?"

I shook my head desperately as tears streamed down from my face uncontrollably.

"No, please! Don't do this to me. I'm begging you!"

Sadly, nobody heard my plea.

Their eyes were filled with madness and they were molesting me like I was a sex slave.

I struggled to break free from these perverts.

All of a sudden, someone pulled me out of the crowd of creeps.

Then, she draped a coat over me.

With difficulty, I opened my eyes and saw a woman I'd never seen before, standing in front of me.

"Who are you?" I asked curiously.

"My name is Samantha Hoffman. I'm a psychotherapist. I'm actually Caroline's therapist."

Samantha handed me a business card.

"Why did you save me?"

Upon hearing Caroline's name, I became vigilant.

"This isn't a good place to talk. Get in the car first. I've already arranged a temporary residence for you." Having said that, Samantha got in a car nearby wearing a stoic expression.

After a moment of hesitation, I ended up following her.

Samantha's POV:

The moment Raina got in the car, she huddled in the corner, seemingly wary of me.

"Did Caroline send you here?"

"She didn't. I just figured you'd need my help." A faint smile appeared on my face.

Ever since Raina moved into the Moore mansion, I had been sleepless each night.

I kept on thinking how she would try to seduce Charles all the time, and it made me feel angry yet powerless to stop her.

Fortunately, he saw through Raina's facade and kicked her out of the Moore mansion.

Once she was kicked out of the mansion, I sent some people to follow her around.

This woman loathed Caroline, so I was certain that she had a lot of things that I could use as a leverage against Caroline.

And I really needed any leverage I could find.

Charles was still wary of me. I could tell that he didn't completely trust me yet.

I figured that if I could offer something useful, he would see just how valuable I was to have around.

And then, I'd have a reason to stay by his side.

I lowered my head to hide the passion and madness in my eyes.

Slowly, the car pulled over in front of a hotel.

"Where am I?" asked Raina.

I took her into the hotel and gave her a key card.

"This upscale hotel values privacy above all else. You'll be able to stay here in the meantime. You're safe here, I can promise you that much."

Raina was hesitant at first, but she took the key card from my hand in the end.

"Why did you take me here?" she inquired.

"Raina, if it weren't for Caroline, you would've been able to marry Charles like you wished for by now, isn't that right?" I asked with a smile.

Suddenly, she turned her head. I could see the hatred in Raina's eyes.

"What are you trying to tell me?"

"You don't have any other choice now, do you? Don't you at least want to give it another shot?" I asked,

slowly approaching her.

"Of course, I do! That bitch, Caroline, is the reason how I ended up in this situation. I'm never going to forgive her!" Raina roared through gritted teeth.

"In that case, let's work together. However, you have to give me something of value in exchange for my help. I'll give you three minutes to think about my offer. Hurry up, because your time is limited." I stared at my watch, waiting for her response.

"Why are you helping me?"

"I have a personal grudge against Caroline just like you. Helping you will benefit me as well," I answered.

"Can I trust you?" Raina asked warily.

"Do you have any other choice?" I asked back.

Raina gritted her teeth and replied, "Fine. Let's do this. As long as I can destroy Caroline's life, I'll do anything!"

"It's a deal." I smiled with satisfaction.

"What can you even do?" Raina asked.

"You need not concern yourself with that. All I need from you are leverages that I can use against Caroline," I replied.

After pondering for a moment, Raina opened her bag and took out a stack of photos.

"Are these enough?" she asked nervously. "Everyone already knows about my scandal by now. I'm not afraid of anything anymore."

I stared at the photos she passed to me and chuckled.

Despite knowing that Raina wasn't a good person, her shamelessness still shocked me.

In the photos, all she was wearing was see-through underwear and she was lying beside Charles while making all sorts of sexy poses.

She even made it look like she was kissing him.

It took a lot of willpower to stop myself from tearing the photos apart. I even managed to force a smile.

"Is there anything else?" I asked.

Raina hesitated for a moment before taking out a ring from her bag.

"This is Caroline's wedding ring," she said.

I took the ring and examined it.

"I'll be taking these for the time being. If there's anything you need, just give me a call. My number's on the business card I gave you."

"Got it. I'm willing to pay any price as long as you can force Caroline to leave Charles alone for good!" Raina grunted.

I nodded along and smiled. "Were you the one involved Caroline in that murder case? How did you make that happen?" I asked tentatively.

She was hesitant to tell me about it at first, but she still told me how she manipulated the public's opinion to damage Caroline's reputation.

[Chapter 459 My Date](#)

Samantha's POV:

"I must agree that your plan was quite thorough. However, it's a pity that it barely caused any damage to Caroline." I let out a deep sigh.

"If Charles hadn't intervened, Adam would've gotten it!" Raina's eyes flashed with resentment and disbelief.

I chuckled at her response and took out a new phone from my bag.

"You already have my contact information on the business card I gave you earlier, right? You can use this phone for the time being."

After leaving the hotel, I received a message from Caroline.

"Samantha, I'd like to invite you to my birthday party."

'This is my chance!'

I put away my phone and drove to the Moore mansion.

Alice was the one who opened the door for me.

I bowed to her politely and introduced myself. "Good evening, Mrs. Moore! I'm Samantha Hoffman, Charles' therapist."

Alice's eyes lit up. She then led me into the house with a huge smile.

When I entered the master bedroom, I saw Charles picking out a suit.

He was standing in front of the mirror, holding two sets of suits and comparing them carefully.

"Samantha? What are you doing here?" he asked, visibly confused.

"I just received an invitation from Caroline. She said that she wants me to attend her party. However, I'm new to LA, and you're the only person I'm familiar with. Do you mind if I go with you tomorrow night?" I asked.

"I didn't get an invitation,"

Charles replied, lowering his gaze and looking disappointed.

His response left me stunned, and I couldn't help but chuckle to myself.

'Even God is practically helping me! I must seize this chance and make good use of it,' I thought.

"How about you come to the birthday party with me as my date? I don't think Caroline will get mad at me for that," I suggested.

"Really? Thank you!" Charles nodded in agreement as he gave me a smile.

"You're welcome!"

'This is exactly what I wanted,' I thought to myself.

Charles picked up the suits again and frowned. "Which of these two suits do you think is better for me?"

"The black one," I replied.

After taking one more look at each suit, he decided to wear the black one.

The black suit accentuated his perfect figure.

Just staring at his handsome face made my heart race uncontrollably.

I stared at him, wishing that I could just look at him forever.

Charles was looking at himself in the mirror and nodded with satisfaction.

"You're right. This is the one!" he remarked.

My heart skipped a beat.

Though I looked calm on the surface, I was actually swooning already.

'He actually went with my suggestion!'

"The suit is perfect for you. Caroline will certainly be drawn by your charms," I commented.

"I sure hope so." Charles put on a smile.

His smile dazzled me. It took me a while before I managed to gather my composure.

At this time, James opened the door and came in.

He held onto Charles' leg and said, "Daddy, I also want to come to Mommy's birthday party! I have a gift for her!"

"James, I'm bringing Mommy home this time. You just wait here at home for us." Charles ruffled the boy's hair and comforted him in a soothing voice.

"For real?" James' eyes lit up.

"Of course, son," Charles responded with confidence.

"James, your mom and dad are going to make up. Soon, they'll be back together!" I chimed in.

Charles gave me a look to say that he was grateful.

The following night, I carefully picked a dress which I thought would match his suit before going to the party in the same car as Charles.

I was actually quite nervous to be in such a small space with him. I swallowed, glancing at him from the corner of my eye.

Even though he wasn't saying anything, it was hard to ignore his presence.

We were sitting in the backseat, side by side and only a small gap was between us.

If I moved even a little, I would be skin to skin with him.

My heart was beating like a drum. It almost felt like my heart would leap from my chest the next second.

"Thanks for doing this, Samantha," said Charles.

I shook my head and smiled. "No thanks necessary. Honestly, by doing this, you're helping me too!"

Charles sighed heavily. "You know, I didn't expect that I'd have to attend Caroline's birthday party like this."

"Perhaps she still hasn't let go of the past. The only thing you can do is to try harder," I said in an attempt to encourage him.

"You're right. I'll try my very best." Charles nodded firmly.

"Oh! I almost forgot. Here you go."

I took out the photos from my bag and handed them to Charles.

"Where did you get these?" he asked, looking sullen.

"I got them from Raina. She was planning to send those to Caroline."

Then, I played an audio recording to Charles.

In it, Raina admitted that she and Adam worked together to ruin Caroline's reputation by using the public opinion on the Internet.

"That damn fool!"

Charles gripped the photos; his eyes were filled with bloodlust.

"Raina isn't going to give up easily. You need to keep a closer look on her, lest she makes trouble again," I advised.

"Samantha, thanks for telling me everything," Charles responded.

"You're more than welcome. It's really nothing!"

I shook my head and smiled while rubbing the ring inside my purse.

Caroline's POV:

My birthday party was about to begin. I changed my dress and started putting on make-up.

Just then, I heard a burst of hearty laughter coming from outside.

My eyes lit up. I immediately lifted the hemline of my dress and walked out of the room.

"Dad!"

My father came over along with Olivia, followed by Simon.

"Caroline, darling, you look absolutely incredible! I'm sure you're going to dazzle everyone who sees you," Dad remarked.

"Of course!" I smiled at him and held his arm.

Olivia put on a fake smile and handed me something.

"Happy birthday, Caroline! This is my gift for you."

I looked at her gift and saw that it was a bunch of children's products.

"Thank you." I put on a smile and accepted it.

"I sincerely hope that you and your kids can reunite as soon as possible."

Even though Olivia sounded sincere, I could see in her eyes that she didn't mean it.

My face turned grim at once.

However, Dad was here, so I didn't let my temper get the better of me.

"Simon, why don't you take the first dance with Caroline tonight?" Dad whispered and winked at Simon.

The latter nodded and gave him a smile.

"What are you two hiding from me?" I asked curiously.

"Nothing." They shook their heads in response.

Since they clearly weren't going to answer my question, I decided to drop the topic.

Once I was finished with my makeup, we all left the villa together and were ready to go to the docks.

All of a sudden, Adam appeared.

Behind him were several strong looking men.

I immediately became vigilant.

"What are you doing here, Adam?" Dad stood in front of me to protect me.

"Edward, you're back! Well, I'm here for Caroline's birthday party." Adam wore a fake smile.

"I have no plans of inviting you. Leave. Now," I commanded.

"Caroline, don't act so high and mighty. You still have no idea, do you, Edward? Your good daughter is a murderer!" Adam roared.

He was glaring at me with all the hatred he could muster.

"Shut the hell up!" Simon clenched his fists, intending to charge towards Adam.

However, I immediately stopped him. "Simon, no. Don't do anything reckless."

"Adam, I'm warning you, don't ever do anything stupid again. Otherwise, I'm going to sever all ties with you and kick you out of the Wilson Group for good!" My father warned, trying to suppress his anger.

[Chapter 460 You're So Beautiful Tonigh](#)

Caroline's POV:

Adam's face turned grim.

"Edward, you're seriously going to kick me out of the Wilson Group?" he asked through gritted teeth.

My father broke into a sardonic laughter. "I'm going to take all of your shares little by little until you have nothing left."

"How dare you?" Adam grunted, clenching his fists.

"Just wait and see it all unfold."

After saying that, my father didn't want to talk to that maniac anymore.

He turned his attention back to me and said, "Caroline, dear, let's not waste another second here. We should go to your party at once. It's not good for the protagonist to be late."

"Sure, Dad," I replied.

Soon, Adam's hateful voice faded away.

"Caroline, don't take Adam's words to heart. Today is your birthday. Just be happy for once," Simon said abruptly.

"That's right, Miss Wilson! Don't overthink like you always do. Adam probably just wanted to ruin your birthday for you. Don't fall for his trap," Elena echoed.

Upon seeing the worry in their eyes, I forced a smile and nodded.

I thought of how I was pelted with eggs at the gate of the company a few days ago, and to this day, fear still lingered in my heart.

But I tried to comfort myself with the fact that my father was by my side.

With him, I felt like everything would be fine.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the dock.

When I got off the car, I felt the gentle sea breeze seep into my skin. Then, I saw a magnificent cruise ship ahead of us.

It was illuminated by colorful neon lights.

Seeing it left me stupefied. "Isn't it too grand?" I asked, letting out a sigh.

"What do you think? Do you like it?" asked my father.

I nodded in agreement.

"Well, I'm glad you like it. Nothing's too good for my beloved daughter!" he remarked.

"Caroline, would you do me the honor of letting me be your escort tonight?" Simon bowed slightly, reaching his hand out to me.

I put my hand in his, lifted the hemline of my dress, and followed him aboard the cruise ship.

In the deck of the cruise ship, people were having drinks together and chatting. The atmosphere was quite lively.

The moment I got aboard the ship, I heard all sorts of praises and cheers. All eyes were on me.

"Miss Wilson, you look so beautiful tonight!" Someone approached me and gave me a compliment.

"Seeing you makes me feel like the beauty of this banquet hall is subpar. God is quite unfair. You were

blessed in every way!"

I nodded in response. "Thank you."

Some of Simon's partners stopped him and they exchanged pleasantries.

While he was talking to them, I decided to go to the lounge.

Suddenly, I heard another uproar coming from the banquet hall. I glanced at the entrance and saw Samantha and Charles walking in, arm in arm.

She was wearing a graceful smile.

Somehow, they seemed like a perfect match.

I felt a little uncomfortable seeing them together.

Seemingly noticing my gaze, Samantha looked back at me.

I smiled awkwardly. All I wanted to do now was to leave.

Samantha let go of Charles' arm and strode towards me. "Caroline, you're so beautiful tonight."

I didn't answer. My eyes were focused on Charles.

"Caroline, please don't be mad at me. Charles said that he really wanted to see you, so I brought him here. I'm sorry for not asking you first," Samantha explained apologetically.

'Charles wanted to see me?' I asked inwardly.

Hearing her explanation made me feel even more awkward.

'Have Charles and Samantha been talking about me?' I wondered.

"It's fine. The more the merrier, I guess," I replied, glancing at Charles.

"It's so kind of you to think that way." Samantha sighed with relief. "Anyway, I haven't had dinner yet. I'll go grab something to eat."

Having said that, Samantha strutted away in her high heels.

"Mr. Moore, please help yourself," I said, intending to leave.

"Don't you want to see me? Are you so afraid of being alone with me?" Charles asked, frowning at me.

I paused for a moment and said, "You're overthinking it."

Charles stared into my eyes. When our eyes met, my palms began to sweat.

It took a moment for him to speak again. "Happy birthday."

For a second, I was stunned. I put on a smile, tucked my hair behind my ear and said, "Thank you."

Right after I finished speaking, the banquet hall became dim.

The spotlight focused on my father as he beckoned me to come over. I breathed a sigh of relief, wore a smile, and walked towards him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to my daughter's birthday party. In the past, Caroline went through so much trouble because of me." My father's eyes turned red and his voice became hoarse.

"Dad, there's no need to think about that. We should just focus on this happy day. The important thing is that I'm here now," I replied, holding back my tears.

"You're right. I shouldn't talk about anything sad and we should just cherish the present." He brushed my hair affectionately.

He then turned to the audience and wore a stern expression. "As my birthday gift to my beloved daughter, I intend to give her five percent of the Wilson Group's shares. From this day forward, anyone who tries to show hostility against Caroline will go up against the Wilson family."

The audience burst into an uproar.

I looked around and saw that Olivia's face turned pale.

Seeing her reaction put a smile on my face.

'It looks like she didn't know about my Dad's decision. And it seems like I overestimated her importance to my Dad.'

Once the opening remarks were done, the dancing music was played in the banquet hall.

Simon came over, made a courtly bow, and held his hand towards me. "May I have the owner of inviting you to the first dance tonight, Miss Wilson?"

Just before I could say yes, another hand appeared in front of me.

Upon seeing Charles' face, I frowned.

'What is he doing?'

Everyone around were looking at us.

I felt so embarrassed that I wanted to escape.

Suddenly, I heard a phone ringing. Simon glanced at his phone, seemingly conflicted. "Caroline, I have something urgent to deal with. You..."

"It's fine. Go ahead and deal with that," I replied, feeling relieved.

Simon glanced at me hesitantly before striding out.

Soon, I felt more people gazing at me by the second.

I was put in a position that made it hard for me to refuse Charles' invitation.

With a faint smile, I held Charles' hand.

While we were on the dance floor, he put his hand on my waist.

My body stiffened for a moment and I felt so uncomfortable.

"You look absolutely amazing today." The sound of his voice rang clear in my ears. It was as if he was trying to please me.

My heart began to race.

Simon's POV:

As I walked out of the banquet hall, I answered the phone.

"Sir, the fireworks are ready," said the caller.

I checked the time and replied, "Set them off at nine o'clock sharp right after Caroline finishes cutting the cake."

After the phone call, I stared at the stars in the sky and smiled.

Everything was going according to my plan.

Tonight, beneath the starry sky and the beautiful fireworks display, I planned to confess my love for Caroline. I hoped that she would happily accept me.

Suddenly, Charles' face appeared in my head and it made me feel anxious.

I couldn't allow anyone to ruin my plan.

Thus, I hurried back to the banquet hall.

"Mr. Felix, I'll empty the deck on the second floor later. I'll be praying for your success," Elena said as soon as she approached.

"Thank you, Elena." I nodded and hurried back to Caroline.

But halfway to where I was going, someone suddenly grabbed my neck from behind.

"Who are you?" I grabbed the person's arms with both hands, attempting to pry them away. But before I could do so, a cloth covered my nose.

It didn't take long before I blacked out and collapsed.