

Warning 461

[Chapter 461 The Birthday Gift](#)

Caroline's POV:

Even after we finished the dance, Charles kept his hand on my waist.

Because there were many guests around, I figured it wouldn't bode well if I lost my temper. "The dance is over. It's time to let go," I reminded him.

Reluctance flashed through his eyes, but he still loosened his grip on my waist like I told him.

I took a few steps back to distance myself from him.

But for some reason, I could still feel the warmth of his touch on my waist.

My face blushed and I felt rather hot.

Moreover, my heart was racing.

For a moment, it felt like I had returned to the past.

Those days with him were the happiest time of my life.

But even as I reminisced, I knew that those days were long gone and I could never get them back again.

I looked down, feeling conflicted and dispirited somehow.

"Happy birthday, Caroline."

Some guests suddenly approached me and greeted me.

I forced myself to ignore the burning gaze from behind me and began chatting with the guests with a smile on my face.

"Thank you,"

I said, raising my glass and taking a sip of wine.

Without knowing it, I'd had a few to drink and was starting to get drunk.

At this time, Elena came to me.

"There's a surprise waiting for you on the second floor. Would you like to go upstairs and take a look at

it?" she asked.

"What's the surprise?" This "surprise" piqued my curiosity.

"You'll know when you get there." A mysterious smile appeared on Elena's face.

Despite my confusion, I followed her to the deck on the second floor.

When I got there, I saw that there were bright red rose petals scattered across the floorboard, forming a big heart.

There were also numerous balloons around the petals.

My eyes widened in shock.

I must say, this whole scene was picturesque and sweet.

'Is this my birthday surprise?'

I had no idea who had prepared it.

The first person that came to mind was Charles, but I quickly cast aside that possibility.

'How could it possibly be him?'

A bitter smile appeared on my lips, and somehow, I began to despise myself for having such feelings.

Charles had never spent this much effort on me, and yet I still couldn't forget him.

The joy of receiving this birthday surprise soon died down.

As I stood on the second floor, I stared at the night scene around me in silence.

The sea was tranquil, and yet my mind was chaotic.

Because of the cold sea breeze, I felt even dizzier.

Carolina's POV:

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Bacausa of tha cold saa braaza, I falt avan dizziar.

All of a sudden, a fireworks display lit up the sky, forming the words "Marry Me".

When the fireworks shot up to the sky, a deafening sound resonated in the air.

It sounded like a gunshot.

Startled by the noise, I covered my ears at once.

I squatted on the ground and curled up.

My body began trembling uncontrollably, and I felt like my blood was running cold.

That horrible incident at the abandoned warehouse kept flashing through my mind.

Within seconds, I was out of breath.

I felt so dizzy that I almost fainted.

While I was having a panic attack, a pair of strong arms held me tightly.

"There's no need to be scared. I'm here."

A familiar voice came from above me, making me feel so safe.

It was Charles.

Instinctively, I nestled in his arms as tears burst from my eyes.

Gently, he brushed my hair and tried to comfort me. "You don't have to be scared ever again. I'll always be by your side."

As I cried incessantly, Charles never let go of me. He was patiently trying to appease me.

Gradually, I began to feel calmer.

And pretty soon, panic and fear faded from me.

It took a while, but I finally calmed down.

"What are you doing here?" I asked between sobs.

"I couldn't find you anywhere downstairs, so I came up here to see if you're here," replied Charles.

I nodded in response and just stopped asking questions.

Upon realizing how intimately close we were to each other, I moved away from him.

Charles loosened his grip on me and helped me to my feet.

"Happy birthday, Caroline."

"Thank you."

His burning gaze made me feel uneasy, so I averted my eyes from him at once.

"Actually, I have a birthday gift for you, Caroline," he said.

"What's the gift?" I asked curiously.

While looking at his calm, handsome face, I suddenly felt excited and hopeful.

"I've caught the murderer who killed Susan and I've already handed that lowlife to the police," Charles

answered.

My eyes lit up at once. "Really? Does that mean I can clear my name now?"

"Yes, of course. You don't have to worry anymore," he replied with a smile on his face.

I stared at Charles' face with conflicting emotions and thanked him.

"Oh, by the way, I have another big surprise for you. Would you like to see it?" Charles asked with a mischievous grin.

I was really intrigued by his words.

The smile on his face was almost ear to ear as he took out a file from behind him.

"Open it."

Upon seeing the words written on the document, I was stunned.

"You're really going to give up custody of the kids?" I asked in astonishment.

"That's right. I've already signed it. All it needs is your signature." Charles nodded firmly.

It took me a long time before I managed to find my voice.

"Do you think your family will agree to this?" I asked.

"They can object if they want, but it's useless anyway. I'm the father of the kids and my decision is the only one that stands," Charles replied solemnly.

"Why did you suddenly decide to give this to me?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"I know that you've been wanting to get custody of the kids, and to be honest, they also need your company."

Hearing him mention my children made me feel like there was a lump in my throat.

I held the document within my arms. I was so moved that I didn't know what to do.

Maybe it was the alcohol, but I let go of everything and stood on tiptoe to peck Charles on the lips.

He was taken aback by what I did.

Then, a smile appeared on his lips.

Right after I kissed him, I instantly regretted it.

'Why did I do that?

How could I forgive him so easily? We haven't even settled all of our disputes yet!'

Suddenly, Charles got close to me and put his arms around my waist.

He bent down, gazing into my very soul.

"Caroline, I love you. With every fiber of my being, I love you. So, I ask you, will you give me another chance?"

I looked down, unable to look him in the eye.

"Caroline, just say yes and I'll be yours forever. This promise will stand for as long as we both live," Charles whispered in my ear.

All rationality left my mind.

Tears welled up in my eyes and it felt like I was brought back to the past.

I stood on tiptoe once again and kissed him once more.

I had tried countless of times to forget him and move on.

But nothing ever worked.

I couldn't forget him because each time he appeared before me, I would lose my mind and fall in love with him all over again.

Charles put one hand around my waist and the other on the back of my head, taking the lead.

His lips felt warm, and the fresh, pleasant smell of his body enveloped me.

At first, he was kissing me gently and cautiously, but soon, the kiss became more passionate.

I gradually let myself enjoy the kiss, letting my tongue dance with his. This moment belonged to us, and with it, I remembered just how beautiful our love once was.

[Chapter 462 Wait And See](#)

Caroline's POV:

Lust surged in the air.

I raised my head and grabbed Charles's shirt. My breathing was quick and shallow.

As we kissed, Charles rubbed the back of my head, making me feel small electric currents coursing through my body. A few moments later, the area between my legs became felt hot and tingly.

Charles's kiss was suffocating yet intoxicating. It was too intense for me, but I liked it.

His lips seemed to spark a flame, lighting up every inch of my skin.

Suddenly, my legs went weak. I stumbled a few steps back, but that did not stop Charles from kissing me to his heart's content. In fact, he even followed me and pressed my body against the railing.

It was not until we were out of breath that we stopped kissing.

Charles wiped the tears off the corner of my eyes with his thumb and pleaded, "Caroline, please don't leave me again. From now on, I'll be with you and our children."

I felt dizzy, and the sound of surging sea waves behind me made me spellbound. Before I knew it, I had reached out my hands to his shoulders and nodded in agreement.

All of a sudden, Charles lifted me up by my hips, pressed me against the railing, and continued to kiss me. His tongue entered my mouth forcefully, but I allowed it.

I wrapped my legs around his waist tensely. But, I slowly relaxed, and my toes would just curl up from time to time.

I was so engrossed in the kiss that I became unaware of the surroundings.

I did not even notice that Charles had carried me away from the railing. He held me up to stop me from falling, but I still did.

Thankfully, Charles put his hands on my back, protecting me from the fall. Then, he slowly laid me on the floor. Impressively, he did all these things without breaking the kiss.

Ever so slowly, he took my bra. The red lace happened to sweep over my nipples, making my body tremble.

Charles bent down and gently bit my chin down to my collarbone. But he did not stop there. He went all the way down to my breasts.

He caressed one of them while he circled his tongue on my nipple. Aroused, I unconsciously rubbed my heels against the floor.

I was lying on the rose petals, and my hair was sticking to the side of my face. I could not tell whether it was because of sweat or seawater, but it did not matter.

Charles's attention returned to my lips. He gently bit it and said in a hoarse voice, "Honey, I was wrong. We will never be apart again."

My reason and my rekindled lust were at a stalemate.

Even though Charles and I had been separated for a year, every inch of my body was still longing for him.

"Honey, I can't take it anymore. Can I make love to you? I promise I'll be gentle," Charles asked cautiously.

I unconsciously nodded.

With that, Charles took my underwear off, separated my legs, and inserted his manhood into me. I could not help but lean backward when I felt his shaft filled me to the brim.

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I moaned every time he thrust his hips. And even if I did not feel like crying, tears welled up in my eyes.

"Relax, babe. You're too tight." Charles licked my nipples with his rough tongue, and it made me lose my mind.

I put my hands on his back, and my nails sunk in his skin in pleasure.

A few moments later, he lifted one of my legs, stroked my belly, and inserted his penis against my vagina once again.

"Ugh..." I moaned.

I could not help but sigh in satisfaction when our bodies became connected again. I raised my head to look at him and sank into the sea of petals again.

Perhaps it was because I had not had sex for a long time that I was not used to being filled like this. I even thrust my hips whenever Charles did, and our bodies moved synchronously.

Charles let out a moan, and his thrusts became quicker.

My legs quivered with his every move, and I was a little out of breath. For a moment, I could not make a sound and could only gasp with satisfaction.

Unable to take it any longer, I pulled Charles's hair gently. "Charles..."

Charles did not respond and just continued to move his hips back and forth. He then bent down to kiss me. His warmth, combined with his long and thick penis, stimulated every part of me.

I put my arms on his shoulders and scratched his back in anticipation. "No... Charles, you're too fast. Slow down..." I begged with short, unsteady breaths.

"Where do you feel uncomfortable?" Charles looked me in the eye and slowed down as I wished.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him down. Then, I put my lips on his chin and sucked it gently. "There..."

"Does it hurt? Do you want me to stop for a while?" Charles asked with concern. He seemed really afraid of hurting me.

"No... Don't go. I want more," I whispered in his ear and put my legs around his waist.

Charles rubbed my nipple with his two fingers and sincerely said. "Caroline, you really are my treasure."

Suddenly, he bit the tip of my sweating nose, straightened up, and placed my legs on both sides of his body. Then, he continued thrusting back and forth but, this time, with more passion.

Charles bit my earlobe and asked in a low and husky voice, "You like this?"

I could not speak, but my moans became louder, which was enough to let him know that he was hitting the right spot.

I looked into Charles's eyes. Although my sight was blurry with tears, I could see the light in his deep and sharp eyes.

The man I had loved since I was young was making love to me.

My legs trembled, and I did not even have a chance to beg for mercy. I closed my eyes, and waves of lust overwhelmed me.

The sound of our bodies, our deep breathing, and moans mixed together. Just a few feet away, the surging wind made the waves bigger and bigger.

As if his cock was already not too much for me, Charles stimulated my clitoris. I let out a muffled moan, and my whole body convulsed.

"Babe, you can cry out. I want to hear it," Charles coaxed.

I tried my best to relax and steady my breathing. "Charles, I miss you so much. I miss you..."

"Me too, honey. I miss you too. There's no need to worry. We can be together again." Charles fucked me harder as soon as he finished speaking.

I could hear him breathing deeply, and his grasp on my legs tightened by the second.

"Ah... Charles... I'm coming... Ahhh!" I cried out as I climaxed.

Charles collapsed on my body and kissed me on the cheek and lips. "I love you, honey."

My body twitched uncontrollably after hitting the climax. Intoxicated and exhausted, my eyes slowly closed.

The sound of the waves, along with Charles's deep and hoarse voice and the smell of rose, overwhelmed my senses in a good way.

With that, I drifted to sleep.

Charles's POV:

I pulled Caroline into my arms and stared at her sleeping face.

"Honey, I've found you again." I tucked Caroline's hair behind her ear and kissed her on the forehead.

Then, I took my suit jacket, put it on her without waking her up, and took her into my arms.

But the next second, someone kicked the door to the deck open with a loud bang.

I instinctively glanced at Caroline in my arms. Fortunately, she did not wake up by the sound.

I raised my head and saw Simon marching towards me with an angry look on his face.

"You, bastard, was it you who locked me up?!" he furiously asked.

"Keep your voice down. You'll wake Caroline up," I snapped.

"Charles, what did you do to Caroline? You fucking bastard!" Simon bellowed. He looked as if he was using his willpower to restrain himself from beating me right there and then.

I glanced at him and answered indifferently, "She's my wife. It's natural for us to do 'things'. As her husband, I advise you to stay away from her."

Without waiting for his response, I passed by Simon and went straight to the door.

"What are you talking about? You two have divorced!" Simon yelled through gritted teeth.

I turned around and glared at him. "I have reconciled with Caroline, and we will get married again. You'd better stay away from her. You can try and stop me, though. That is if you're still alive by then."

"Charles, I swear to God, I won't let you go!" Simon warned.

I let out a snort. "Let's wait and see."

As soon as I said those words, I left the open deck with Caroline in my arms.

Once I found us an empty room, I placed her gently on the bed, gave her a bed bath, and tucked her in.

I carefully lay down beside her. Then, I stroked her face with my fingertips and kissed her eyes, nose, cheeks, and even ears.

"Caroline, I promise to take care of you for the rest of my life. We will never be apart again," I whispered in her ear.

I held Caroline in my tight embrace. God, I missed her so much.

[Chapter 463 Let's Remarry](#)

Simon's POV:

I went back to the banquet hall, feeling dejected.

The cruise ship was slowly making its way to shore.

Even the guests had begun to leave.

The once vibrant atmosphere of the cruise ship returned to tranquility.

I kept on seeing Caroline, naked in Charles' arms in my head. The image began to stir a rage in my heart that I had never felt before.

It felt as though there was a heavy stone atop my heart, and I could hardly breathe.

Edward approached me with a smile on his face.

"Simon, did your proposal of marriage go well? Has my daughter agreed to marry you?" he asked.

I clenched my fists and said through gritted teeth, "Caroline slept with Charles!"

"What?" Edward was shocked.

Without even waiting for his response, I stormed off the cruise ship.

All I could feel now was anger and disbelief that this happened to me.

I poured blood, sweat and tears into preparing that beautiful proposal, but in the end, Charles ruined my plan.

I tried my best to calm down and decided to send Vanessa a message.

"Are you free right now? Let's go out for a drink."

Seconds later, she replied, "Sure."

I put away my phone and drove to the bar.

Once I was at the bar, I ordered several shots of whiskey. The shot glasses were lined up in a row and I drank them one after another.

The whiskey tasted bitter, but it could never be as bitter as my heart. I felt like my heart was being grilled on fire.

The burning sensation gradually overwhelmed me, and soon, I felt numb.

"Simon, what happened to you?" Vanessa asked worriedly.

"I was going to propose to Caroline today, but that damned Charles ruined my plan!" I replied, laughing at myself.

Though I knew that Caroline still had feelings for that bastard, I was still devastated when I saw them together.

"Simon, you're hammered. I'm cutting you off," Vanessa remarked, visibly concerned.

She then tried to take my liquor away from me.

I dodged and bent over the counter in pain. All I wanted to do right now was to hide the vulnerability and sadness in my eyes.

"Caroline lied to me! She told me that it was impossible for her and Charles to get back together and that she's willing to try being with me. She gave me so much hope, but in the end, she destroyed that spark of hope herself. I can't accept this!"

Vanessa patted me on the shoulder and responded, "Simon, this isn't your fault. Don't blame yourself."

"Am I so inferior to Charles? That asshole took her for granted and hurt her deeply. But for some reason, she still couldn't forget him!" I slammed the shot glass onto the bar counter; my eyes, glinting with resentment.

"Simon, you haven't known Caroline for a long time. How are you so sure that she's your one true love?" asked Vanessa.

Her question stunned me and I had no idea how to respond.

'She's right.

Do I really love Caroline or am I just infatuated with her?'

My mind became chaotic. I pondered and pondered, but I still couldn't come up with a definitive answer.

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'She's right.

Do I really love Carolina or am I just infatuated with her?'

My mind became chaotic. I pondered and pondered, but I still couldn't come up with a definitive answer.

"Since you can't figure it out yet, go ahead and keep drinking. Simon, you are an excellent man. You're smart, charming, kindhearted, and there's so much more to you than all of that. Lots of women would probably throw themselves at you given the chance!" Vanessa also raised her glass and gulped her whiskey down.

I chuckled at her remark and gulped down the rest of my alcohol.

Gradually, both she and I got even drunker.

Once we were done drinking, we helped each other out of the bar and hailed a cab by the roadside.

When I dropped Vanessa off at her house, she held my hand and wouldn't let go.

As I looked into her charming eyes, I somehow couldn't resist her. I just let her lead me into her house.

She took me to the bed and pressed her supple body against mine.

I could feel the warmth of her breath.

The sweet fragrance of her body amalgamated with the smell of liquor.

By now, I was completely drunk. I turned over and pinned her to the bed with my knees.

I held her face up and kissed her soft lips.

Vanessa put her arms around my neck and kissed me back.

She was so sexy and enchanting.

Soon, I was immersed in her beauty and could no longer resist her.

Caroline's POV:

The next morning, I woke up feeling relaxed.

As soon as I opened my eyes, I saw a pair of deep eyes.

"Are you awake?"

Charles was leaning against the pillow, staring right at me.

His fiery gaze made me feel like I was melting.

Scenes of what happened to us last night flashed through my mind like a flood. I was both surprised and embarrassed.

'I took the initiative to kiss Charles! To make matters worse, I even had sex with him!'

When I looked down, I found myself lying completely naked on the bed. To top it off, he had left countless of hickeys on my body.

I could still hear his moaning in my ears.

Soon, I began blushing.

"Caroline, you still love me, don't you?" Charles whispered in my ear.

"No, I don't! Last night was a mistake." My face turned grim and the burning sensation gradually

dissipated.

"Caroline, please give me one more chance," he pleaded. He then got on top of me and pressed me under his body, wrapping his arms around me.

The way he looked at me with those pleading eyes looked so charming.

And as I stared back at him, my heart started beating like a drum.

All of a sudden, sadness flooded into my heart and I felt choked. I soon began to weep.

"You don't even remember what happened between us before. How can you still ask for my forgiveness?"

"Caroline, even though I lost my memory, my body still remembers you," Charles replied.

"That's just a normal physiological reaction. You slept with Raina, remember? She's beautiful and really sexy!" I scoffed.

In all honesty, I was too focused on the fact that he had wronged me that I didn't realize that I sounded so jealous.

Charles chuckled, leaned closer, and planted a kiss on my forehead. "You're the only one I've ever slept with. Do you have any idea how miserable I was ever since you disappeared?"

His husky voice sounded so sincere and affectionate.

My heart raced as I looked at him in disbelief.

'He's never slept with Raina? How is that possible?'

Though I was taken by surprise, I still remained composed. "Who knows if you're lying or not?"

"It seems that I went too easy on you last night. Do you want to enjoy having sex with me again?" Charles removed the sheet, revealing his naked body.

I quickly grabbed the sheet and wrapped myself in it.

"Stop it!" I blurted out, staring at him nervously.

I knew better than anyone just how hard he fucked me last night.

Just looking at Charles' face made my heart ache.

'God, I'm so spineless. This is so upsetting!'

After hearing his explanation, I knew that all the indifference I showed him and my disguise had been torn down.

I truly hated myself for being so weak.

Aside from that, I hated Charles for always messing with my heart.

He sighed, wiping the tears from the corner of my eyes.

"Caroline, if you keep crying, I won't let you go home," he warned.

"Are you blackmailing me again? What bargaining chip are you going to use this time?" My face turned grim and I became wary of him at once.

I used to be at Charles' mercy because I was a powerless woman.

It was neigh impossible for me to resist him.

But now, I was no longer the weak woman I used to be. Nobody could push me around anymore!

Charles chuckled at my response. "Don't mistake my intention. I just don't want to see you cry. My heart breaks every time I see you shedding tears."

His deep gaze made me feel as though he was staring into my very soul. "Save your sweet words for another woman. They won't work on me!"

"If you're going to keep talking nonsense, I wouldn't mind fucking you again." The smile on his face disappeared and his eyes became sullen.

I was immediately silenced.

"Good girl." Charles brushed my hair and leaned over to kiss me.

However, I pushed him away at once.

"Next time, you won't be able to sleep with me so easily," I snorted, got dressed, and was about to leave.

But the second I reached the door, he blocked my path.

"What are you doing?" I asked impatiently.

"Caroline, let's get married again."

"Ha! You wish!" I shot him a glare, pushed his arm away and walked on.

"You forgot this." Charles put a document into my arms with a smile on his face.

As I stared at the file, I felt conflicted.

"Are you really going to give up the custody of the kids?" I asked in disbelief.

"I want you to see just how sincere I am. Caroline, I hope you'll think about my proposal carefully. I want to get remarried to you. No matter how long it takes, I'm willing to wait for your answer," Charles promised.

After a long silence, I finally left with the document.

Once I left the room, Elena walked up to me. "Ma'am, Mr. Wilson has been waiting for you at home for a long time."

[Chapter 464 Control Your Woman](#)

Charles' POV:

As I watched Caroline walk away, I was satisfied.

Right now, I had mixed feelings.

At first, I thought that Caroline and I would never get back together again, but I didn't expect that a turning point in our broken relationship would just show itself.

Scenes of the passionate night we spent together flashed through my mind, and they put a smile on my face.

My heart was soon filled with warmth and satisfaction.

I was sure that Caroline still loved me.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have taken the initiative to kiss me.

'It's a pity that I couldn't do whatever I wanted to her when she sobered up. If that weren't the case, I would've kissed her as much as I wanted to make up for the lost time.'

Soon, I got dressed and walked out of the room.

I no longer felt depressed.

Once I was ashore, a figure came rushing towards me.

"Charles, I finally found you! You are here!"

It was Raina.

She was wearing ragged clothing, looking as disheveled as a drowned rat.

"Raina? What are you doing here?" I asked, visibly confused.

"Charles, I've been waiting for you the whole night. Why did it take you so long to come out?" Raina complained.

I backed away from her in disgust. "How dare you show up in front me? I still haven't forgotten about what you did to Chloe, you bitch!"

"Charles, please give me a chance to explain. I never meant to hurt Chloe. I was just so scared at the time," Raina pleaded as tears fell from her eyes.

"Is that why you chose to hurt Chloe? Do you have any idea what would've happened to her if I hadn't come in time?! My sister helped you out of the goodness of her heart, and yet you repaid her with animosity," I shouted, glaring at her.

Raina shook her head, desperately trying to appease me. "If you want, I can apologize to Chloe. Please, Charles. I'll do anything for you to forgive me!"

"Do you honestly believe that you have the right to ask for my forgiveness? I'm warning you, get the fuck out of my face and get as far away as you can."

I withdrew my gaze from her and started walking away.

However, Raina threw herself at me and held onto my leg like her life depended on it.

"Charles, I'm begging you, don't leave! I'll do anything, just let me stay with you."

I stopped in my tracks and kicked her away.

Raina staggered backwards and fell to the ground.

She cried out in pain and her eyes welled up with tears.

"Charles, how can you be so heartless?"

"I never intended to be cruel to you, but you're ungrateful little cunt."

Charlas' POV:

As I watchad Carolina walk away, I was satisfiad.

Right now, I had mixad faalings.

At first, I thought that Carolina and I would navar gat back togathar again, but I didn't axpect that a turning point in our brokan ralationship would just show itsalf.

Scanas of tha passionata night wa spant togathar flashad through my mind, and thay put a smila on my faca.

My haart was soon fillad with warmth and satisfaction.

I was sura that Carolina still lovad ma.

Otharwisa, sha wouldn't hava taken tha iniciativa to kiss ma.

'It's a pity that I couldn't do whatavar I wantad to har whan sha sobarad up. If that waran't tha casa, I would've kissad har as much as I wantad to maka up for tha lost tima.'

Soon, I got drassad and walkad out of tha room.

I no longar falt dapressad.

Onca I was ashora, a figura cama rushing towards ma.

"Charlas, I finally found you! You ara hara!"

It was Raina.

Sha was waaring raggad clothing, looking as dishavalad as a drownad rat.

"Raina? What ara you doing hara?" I askad, visibly confusad.

"Charlas, I've baan waiting for you tha whola night. Why did it taka you so long to coma out?" Raina complainad.

I backad away from har in disgust. "How dara you show up in front ma? I still havan't forgottan about what you did to Chloa, you bitch!"

"Charlas, plaasa giva ma a chanca to axplain. I navar maant to hurt Chloa. I was just so scarad at tha tima," Raina plaadad as taars fall from har ayas.

"Is that why you chose to hurt Chloa? Do you have any idea what would've happened to her if I hadn't come in time?! My sister helped you out of the goodness of her heart, and yet you repaid her with animosity," I shouted, glaring at her.

Raina shook her head, desperately trying to appease me. "If you want, I can apologize to Chloa. Please, Charles. I'll do anything for you to forgive me!"

"Do you honestly believe that you have the right to ask for my forgiveness? I'm warning you, get the fuck out of my face and get as far away as you can."

I withdrew my gaze from her and started walking away.

However, Raina threw herself at me and held onto my leg like her life depended on it.

"Charles, I'm begging you, don't leave! I'll do anything, just let me stay with you."

I stopped in my tracks and kicked her away.

Raina staggered backwards and fell to the ground.

She cried out in pain and her eyes welled up with tears.

"Charles, how can you be so heartless?"

"I never intended to be cruel to you, but you're an ungrateful little cunt."

Having said that, I took out my phone and played a video.

A year ago, Raina admitted that she killed Rita in order to get closer to me.

She recounted a detailed description of how she killed Rita.

From the sound of her voice, I could hear that she took pleasure in doing the crime.

If anyone else had heard what she said, they would tremble in fear.

It was then that I decided to turn up the volume so that everyone around us could hear it clearly.

Seconds later, I saw the frightened and conflicted expressions of the crowd.

A smile appeared on my lips and joy filled my heart.

It was time for Raina to pay for all that she'd done.

If I let her roam free, she might come between me and Caroline again.

"Charles, you had my confession recorded? How can you do this to me?"

Raina's eyes widened in disbelief. She screamed in bloody horror, sprang to her feet, and tried to snatch my phone away.

"Raina, it's game over for you. Don't even think that I'd be crazy enough to help you," I warned.

"Charles, am I so inferior to Caroline? Why do you take such good care of her, and yet you keep pushing me off the deep end?" Raina asked, sounding like she was the victim.

"You're nothing compared to her. In fact, you're not even qualified to compete against her."

After casting Raina a cold glare, I left.

Once I was in the car, Edward suddenly sent me a video and a message.

"I've heard that Raina has been antagonizing Caroline many times. Get your woman under control! If she ever tries to hurt my daughter again, she'll regret it!"

I played the video and saw Raina being raped by two burly men.

Disgusted, I closed the video. "Raina isn't my woman. Caroline is my only woman," I replied.

I was so annoyed that I pulled a long face. I hated Raina even more now.

Caroline's POV:

When I got home, I was so exhausted and conflicted.

The moment I saw the document Charles gave me, I could no longer pretend to be tough.

The love that I had buried deep in my heart was uncovered bit by bit.

I had no idea how to face Charles anymore.

This morning, I almost ran away from him.

Seconds later, I noticed my father sitting in the living room.

Upon seeing that I had returned, he frowned and asked, "Did you spend the night with Charles?"

I nodded, feeling guilty.

"What happened last night? Is this how you'll get your revenge?" he grunted.

"Charles said that he's caught the murderer and he gave me this document."

I took out the document and handed it to my father.

Upon reading it, he was surprised. "Is Charles serious? He's giving custody of the kids to you? Why would he do that?"

"His signature is already on the document. He's serious about this," I said, oblivious that I defended Charles on instinct.

Confused, my father asked, "Why haven't you signed your name yet? Once you and the kids have reunited, all your ties to Charles will be severed!"

My father was right.

Once I signed this document, my connection to Charles would be completely severed.

Just the thought of it made my heart ache.

A bitter smile appeared on my lips as I replied, "I want to think about it carefully."

"What's there to think about? Isn't it your greatest wish to get your children back?" My father was visibly flummoxed.

"I... I don't know, Dad." I shook my head, feeling just as confused as him.

"Caroline, are you still in love with Charles?"

"I don't want to talk about that right now. I'm exhausted, Dad. I just want to go to my room and rest."

I frowned impatiently and turned around to go upstairs.

"Caroline, never forget that he once caused you to lose your child, and he cheated on you with another woman before you two even got divorced! Have you forgotten just how much pain he caused you in the past?"

"I haven't forgotten, Dad. I never could," I murmured.

I could still remember how my unborn child was turned into nothing but a pool of blood.

And how the man I loved most was intimate with another woman while I was suffering.

Even if I wanted to, I could never forget that.

However, now I know the truth of the matter was that Charles never betrayed me.

And he didn't have sex with that bitch, Raina, either.

I wondered if there had been some sort of misunderstanding about what happened a year ago.

As I comforted myself, a glimmer of hope ignited in my heart.

Soon, I shut myself in the bedroom, sitting in silence for a long time.

My mind was in shambles.

The TV was on, but I wasn't in the mood to watch anything.

After a long time, a news report caught my attention.

"The police have arrested Susan Lively's murderer. The murder case is solved."

Upon looking at the man carefully, I felt that something was wrong.

I didn't recognize that man.

There was no spider web tattoo on his arm.

I sprang to my feet, shocked to my very core.

'That's not the murderer!'

[Chapter 465 Ruin Raina's Life](#)

Charles' POV:

"Charles, where did you go last night? Why didn't you come home?"

My mother asked the second I got back to the Moore mansion.

"I was with Caroline last night. You know, I really think that we'll be getting back together soon," I answered.

Just thinking about Caroline made my heart melt.

"Daddy, are you serious?" James asked as he threw himself into my arms.

I gently ruffled his hair and replied, "Of course, son! Daddy will get Mommy back sometime soon."

"Daddy, you're the best! You can do it. I believe in you," James exclaimed.

"James, would you like to stay with your mom for a few days?" I asked.

To my surprise, he shook his head.

"No. I want to live with you and Mom together. Dad, work harder to get her back as soon as possible!"

It was hard to resist the urge to laugh at how mature my son was acting.

"Did your great-grandma teach you to say that?"

"Nope! Those are my own words. Daddy, you can be such a dum dum sometimes. If I don't help you, you might not be able to get Mommy back on your own."

James raised his chin proudly.

"You're right, son. I do need your help. From now on, you should teach me how to get your mother back," I responded.

James was excited to get my approval.

Just then, my dad asked with a grim face, "Have you dealt with Raina already? That woman is a ticking time bomb."

"I've already dealt with her. Soon, she'll pay the price. She won't be able to live in LA any longer."

In comparison to everything that Raina has done to my loved ones, dying was too merciful a fate for her.

'How dare she bully Chloe? Does she really think so little of my family?' I asked inwardly.

"Sir, everything is done as you ordered." Richard handed his phone to me.

I turned on his phone and handed it to my father.

"This video is being played on the South Coast Square's screen."

"What a perverted woman! She's revolting and yet she dreams of being a member of the Moore family? Unacceptable!" My father sneered, his voice was filled with disgust.

James glanced over at the phone curiously.

He tried to see what it was, but I immediately stopped him.

"Hey, little boy! This isn't any of your concern. Go back to your room and play with your brothers," I grunted.

James nodded and went upstairs.

"This is just the beginning. I want to push Raina into the brink of despair," I declared.
Charlas' POV:

"Charlas, whara did you go last night? Why didn't you coma homa?"

My mothar askad tha sacond I got back to tha Moora mansion.

"I was with Carolina last night. You know, I raally think that wa'll ba gatting back togathar soon," I answarad.

Just thinking about Carolina mada my haart malt.

"Daddy, ara you sarious?" Jamas askad as ha thraw himself into my arms.

I gantly rufflad his hair and rapliad, "Of coursar, son! Daddy will gat Mommy back somatima soon."

"Daddy, you'ra tha bast! You can do it. I baliava in you," Jamas axclaimad.

"Jamas, would you lika to stay with your mom for a faw days?" I askad.

To my surprisa, ha shook his haad.

"No. I want to liva with you and Mom togathar. Dad, work hardar to gat har back as soon as possibla!"

It was hard to rasist tha urga to laugh at how matura my son was acting.

"Did your graat-grandma taach you to say that?"

"Nopa! Thosa ara my own words. Daddy, you can ba such a dumdummy somatimas. If I don't halp you, you might not ba abla to gat Mommy back on your own."

Jamas raisad his chin proudly.

"You'ra right, son. I do naad your halp. From now on, you should taach ma how to gat your mothar back," I raspondad.

Jamas was axcited to gat my approval.

Just than, my dad askad with a grim faca, "Hava you daalt with Raina alraady? That woman is a ticking tima bomb."

"I've alraady daalt with har. Soon, sha'll pay tha prica. Sha won't ba abla to liva in LA any longar."

In comparison to avarything that Raina has dona to my lovad onas, dying was too marciful a fata for har.

'How dara sha bully Chloa? Doas sha raally think so littla of my family?' I askad inwardly.

"Sir, avarything is dona as you ordarad." Richard handad his phona to ma.

I turnad on his phona and handad it to my fathar.

"This vidao is baing playad on tha South Coast Squara's scraan."

"What a parvartad woman! Sha's ravolting and yat sha draams of baing a mambar of tha Moora family? Unaccaptabla!" My fathar snaarad, his voica was fillad with disgust.

Jamas glancad ovar at tha phona curiously.

Ha triad to saa what it was, but I immadiataly stoppad him.

"Hay, littla boy! This isn't any of your concarn. Go back to your room and play with your brothars," I gruntad.

Jamas noddad and want upstairs.

"This is just tha baginning. I want to push Raina into tha brink of daspair," I daclarad.

"What's your plan?" my father asked.

"I just came home to get something. I'll be going to the police station later," I answered.

On my way to the police station, I suddenly received a call from Samantha.

"Charles, I have something important to tell you."

"Samantha, can you please come to the police station first? Make sure to take the audio recording of Raina's confession with you," I replied.

"Sure. I'll be right there," Samantha agreed readily.

A half hour later, we met at the gate of the police station.

"Charles, I just received word that Raina is planning to run away. She's going to Malibu Beach around ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Maybe someone will pick her up from there." Anxiety was written all over Samantha's face.

I was surprised to hear the news, but then I still nodded firmly.

"No need to worry. She won't be able to escape," I answered.

Out of curiosity, Samantha asked, "Charles, what are you planning to do?"

"I'm going to push her off to the deep end. Samantha, I need to ask you something. Are you willing to testify for me?"

"Of course, I am! Your business is also my business," she replied without hesitation.

I gave her a smile and soon, we walked into the police station.

There, I handed two recordings to the police and told them everything in detail.

Through Samantha's help as the witness, even if Raina couldn't be convicted, it would be more than enough to label that awful woman as a prime suspect.

Raina's POV:

I walked along the streets aimlessly.

I felt so desperate.

The moment I saw the video on the large screen of South Coast Square, I fell into complete despair.

On the video, I was naked and being raped by two muscular men.

My face was clear to be seen by all.

Passersby were pointing at me in the video, and they were mocking me and hurling curses.

In the past, people were always so nice to me because I was a member of the Hill family.

But now, everyone no longer hesitated to make a mockery of me.

Tears began to well up in my eyes.

I screamed at the top of my lungs like a lunatic, covered my face, and ran away.

I didn't feel at ease until I was in my hotel room, away from everyone's judgmental gaze.

I took out my phone and hurriedly called Samantha.

'She's the only one who can save me now. I need to ask her for help!'

"Samantha, please help me. You're my only hope now," I pleaded.

"Raina, you of all people should know just how ruthless Charles can be. There's nothing I can do to help you," Samantha responded. The way she spoke made it seem like there really was nothing she could do.

"But... you said you'd help me. You just wanted to gain my trust, didn't you?" I growled.

"Of course, not. Look, this isn't easy for me either, Raina," she replied.

"I don't care! You told me that you'd help me. If you don't stick to it, I'm going to tell Charles that you and I are working together!" I roared like a madwoman.

After a long silence, Samantha responded, "Wait for me at ten o'clock tomorrow morning on Malibu Beach. I'll help you flee."

"Got it,"

I readily agreed.

'With her help, I can definitely get away from this awful place. No! Escaping isn't good enough. If I don't want to live an impoverished life in the future, I still need enough money.'

Suddenly, Adam's face crossed my mind, so I decided to call him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Adam, it's me, Raina. I don't have any other choice now. I have to leave the country. Can you give me some money?" I pleaded.

"Why on earth should I give you money? Do you honestly believe that I'll give you anything, Raina?" Adam responded sarcastically.

My eyes widened in shock as I shouted, "Adam, I've done so much for you. How can you just sit by and let all of this shit happen to me?"

"Well, I helped you too, didn't I? Our deal was mutually beneficial. However, I have no more use for you. What can I get in exchange for giving you money?" asked Adam.

"If you don't give me the money, I'm going to reveal to the public everything you've planned, Adam!" I grunted.

"You stole the file and Susan was the one who kidnapped Caroline. What does any of that have to do with me?" Adam sneered.

"Adam, I'm begging you. For Susan's sake, help me out."

My mother died for him.

No matter how cruel Adam could be, he'd certainly appreciate her kindness.

As Susan's daughter, I deserved to be treated favorably.

"Susan is just some woman I slept with," Adam countered.

My heart sank into the pits of despair.

'I did so much for this bastard. How could he be so heartless?'

Hatred and disbelief filled my heart and I could hardly breathe.

'Just wait and see, Adam.

I'm going to make you regret your choice today!'

[Chapter 466 Lick it Clean](#)

Olivia's POV:

I sat on the sofa, watching the clock tick.

Up until Caroline's birthday party last night until now, Edward hadn't shown up in front of me, nor had he called me.

Just as I picked up the goblet on the table and was about to drink, the door flung open with a bang.

I was taken by surprise.

Edward approached me and took the glass from my hand.

He then threw it to the ground and it shattered into pieces.

Panicking, I covered my mouth to stop myself from screaming.

'Who could've infuriated Edward? Could it be Caroline?' I thought.

Just the mere thought of that possibility left me ecstatic. I immediately held Edward's hand to comfort me. "Edward, what's the matter? Don't be so mad. Would you like to have something to drink?"

Edward stared at me with an intense gaze. I was too scared to utter a word.

"Eek!"

He pulled me to the sofa and pinned me down.

Soon, he tore off all my clothes.

"Edward, it's me. What's the matter with you?" I said in a trembling voice.

Even then, Edward didn't say a word. He just kept on kissing me and biting my lips.

His suffocating kiss gradually made me lose strength. Soon, I realized that something was wrong.

Edward had lost control of himself!

"Edward, I don't want to do this right now," I muttered.

"Shut up!" Edward grunted.

Having said that, he grabbed my hair, pressed the back of my head, and sucked on the tip of my tongue like a madman.

"It hurts!" I murmured as tears flowed from my eyes.

Edward turned me over and began fucking me with reckless abandon.

He didn't even take off his pants. The cold zipper of his trousers was rubbing against my skin. I didn't have any strength to break free.

"Edward, stop! Please... it hurts!" I screamed.

"You don't wanna do it? You fucking slut! Do you have any idea just how wet your pussy is right now?" The sound of Edward's voice was rough to hear. He pinched my chin, forcing me to look him in the eye.

"Don't you feel good? Look at all that fluid. It's all from your vagina." Edward was gasping for air. He fingered my vagina and then he put his wet fingers into my mouth.

"No!" I shook my head desperately.

Edward fucked me like a madman until he finally came all over me.

Once it was over, I took a deep breath.

At this time, he wouldn't say a word. He just picked me up and threw me onto the bed.

And before I could react, he got on top of me again.

"Edward, I can't anymore. Please!" I pleaded, pushing him away.

Edward just snorted at me, pried my legs open, and went straight in. He was thrusting his cock in and out of me eagerly.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I was practically screaming in pain over and over.

"Edward, slow down," I remarked.

"If your pussy hurts, then you can use your mouth instead!" Edward's face turned grim.
Olivia's POV:

I sat on tha sofa, watching tha clock tick.

Up until Carolina's birthday party last night until now, Edward hadn't shown up in front of ma, nor had ha callad ma.

Just as I pickad up tha goblat on tha tabla and was about to drink, tha door flung opan with a bang.

I was takan by surprisa.

Edward approachad ma and took tha glass from my hand.

Ha than thraw it to tha ground and it shattarad into piacas.

Panicking, I covarad my mouth to stop mysalf from screaming.

'Who could'va infuriatad Edward? Could it ba Carolina?' I thought.

Just tha mara thought of that possibility laft ma acstatic. I immadiatly hald Edward's hand to comfort ma. "Edward, what's tha mattar? Don't ba so mad. Would you lika to hava something to drink?"

Edward starad at ma with an intansa gaza. I was too scarad to uttar a word.

"Eak!"

Ha pullad ma to tha sofa and pinnad ma down.

Soon, ha tora off all my clothas.

"Edward, it's ma. What's tha mattar with you?" I said in a trampling voica.

Evan than, Edward didn't say a word. Ha just kapt on kissing ma and biting my lips.

His suffocating kiss gradually mada ma losa strangth. Soon, I raalizad that something was wrong.

Edward had lost control of himself!

"Edward, I don't want to do this right now," I muttarad.

"Shut up!" Edward gruntad.

Having said that, ha grabbad my hair, prassad tha back of my haad, and suckad on tha tip of my tongua lika a madman.

"It hurts!" I murmurad as taars flowad from my ayas.

Edward turnad ma ovar and bagan fucking ma with racklass abandon.

Ha didn't avan taka off his pants. Tha cold zippar of his trousers was rubbing against my skin. I didn't hava any strangth to braak fraa.

"Edward, stop! Plaasa... it hurts!" I scraamad.

"You don't wanna do it? You fucking slut! Do you hava any idaa just how wat your pussy is right now?" Tha sound of Edward's voica was rough to haar. Ha pinchad my chin, forcing ma to look him in tha aya.

"Don't you faal good? Look at all that fluid. It's all from your vagina." Edward was gasping for air. Ha fingarad my vagina and than ha put his wat fingars into my mouth.

"No!" I shook my haad dasparataly.

Edward fuckad ma lika a madman until ha finally cama all ovar ma.

Onca it was ovar, I took a daap braath.

At this time, he wouldn't say a word. He just picked me up and threw me onto the bed.

And before I could react, he got on top of me again.

"Edward, I can't anymore. Please!" I pleaded, pushing him away.

Edward just snorted at me, pulled my legs open, and went straight in. He was thrusting his cock in and out of me eagerly.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I was practically screaming in pain over and over.

"Edward, slow down," I remarked.

"If your pussy hurts, then you can use your mouth instead!" Edward's face turned grim.

Right after he said that, he grabbed the back of my head and stuffed his cock into my mouth.

I knew just how to please him, but I didn't want to do that right now.

Feeling powerless, I started whimpering.

"Why are you whining? Shut up! That's fucking annoying." Edward pulled out his penis from my mouth, held me up, slapped my ass twice and commanded, "Get on your knees."

He then went inside my vagina again.

As he fondled my breasts, he whispered in my ear, "Olivia, you're born to be a slut. Stop playing chaste and resisting me. Your duty is to serve me well."

As tears fell from my eyes, I bit my lower lip to stop myself from moaning.

Every word that came out of his mouth was like a needle, piercing into my heart.

It turned out that I was just a piece of meat to him; a tool to satisfy his carnal needs.

He trampled my dignity underfoot.

At the last second, I held onto the bed sheet tightly. But all of a sudden, I was turned over.

I couldn't even react when Edward leaned in and rubbed his dick against my lips. His cum splattered across my face several times.

My eyes widened in shock, and the smell of semen pervaded in my nose.

I felt only despair and fear at this moment.

"Lick it clean," Edward commanded.

I opened my mouth, horrified at the thought. But in the end, I still closed my eyes and began licking his cock.

"Once a slut, always a slut," Edward remarked indifferently.

When I heard the sound of running water from inside the bathroom, I opened my heavy eyelids.

I saw my naked body and struggled to pull up the bed sheet.

"Ah!"

When I looked down, I saw that my nipples were swollen.

'It seems that I won't be recovering anytime soon.'

I clenched my fists, feeling resentful. The feeling of my nails digging into my palms sobered me up a little.

'Caroline is the apple of Edward's eye, and yet he treats me like an animal! He cares so little for my dignity.'

I took out my phone, searched for a number in my contact list, and sent a message.

"Take me away. I can't stand him anymore."

Caroline's POV:

My phone started buzzing.

Upon seeing Alice's name, I frowned and turned down the volume on TV before answering the call.

"Mommy!"

"James? Why are you calling me?" I asked in surprise.

"Mommy, I really miss you. Can you please come to visit me tomorrow?" James asked in a hopeful voice.

I pursed my lips and replied, "I really miss you too, darling, but..."

My father didn't want me to have too much contact with the Moore family.

If I were to go there, I would not only meet the elders, but also Charles.

Caught in a predicament, I wondered how I would refuse James.

"Mommy, please. Jason, Jerry, and I want to celebrate your birthday with you. If you don't come, we will be very sad," James remarked.

"Mommy, you don't have to worry about Daddy. He's not going to be home tomorrow,"

he added before I could respond.

I chuckled and said, "Okay, I'll go see you tomorrow."

James chuckled with delight. Just hearing his sweet laughter made me feel happy.

"Caroline, can we meet at the amusement park tomorrow?"

It was Alice's voice.

I didn't know what to say to her.

"Don't get me wrong. James said that he wanted to take the twins to the amusement park to see you," Alice explained. "During lunchtime, you can go to the bakery near the Moore mansion to get the cake we ordered."

After pondering on it for a moment, I eventually agreed.

"By the way, for the safety of the kids, make sure to bring Janet and Tracy along," I said.

Lately, I'd been feeling really uneasy about things.

"Got it."

After the phone call, Elena knocked on the door and came in.

"You look chipper, ma'am. Did something good happen?" she asked while putting down the cup of herbal tea for me.

"I'm going to see the kids tomorrow," I answered with glee.

The next morning arrived.

I went to the entrance of the amusement park ahead of the appointed time.

Ten minutes later, I saw them.

"Mommy!" James exclaimed while running towards me.

I bent down and embraced him. "Slow down and be careful. You might fall."

Upon seeing Alice behind him, I stood up, held James' hand, and nodded at her. "Good morning, Alice."

Alice looked back at me and replied, "Good morning. Did you wait long?"

Stunned by how casual she was, I shook my head. "Not really. I just got here a few minutes ago."

James was so excited for the day.

"Mommy, can you build the amusement park as an adventure island with dinosaurs? That way, I can take Jason and Jerry to play in it when they grow up!" James suggested, looking ahead as though he was in thought.

I couldn't help but smile at him. "Of course, honey. Mommy will also build a dream world in the amusement park later on. I'll even add all of your favorite cartoon characters here!"

"That's great, Mommy! I love you so much. You're the best!"

A smile appeared on my lips. Just then, I saw Alice looking at us with a smile on her face.

Around noon, we left the amusement park along with the kids.

Along the way, I played with the twins and they giggled at everything I did.

"Mommy," Jason mumbled.

Tears began to well up in my eyes. "Jason, what did you just call me?"

"Mommy!" said Jerry.

I embraced the twins and started sobbing. "Jason, Jerry, I love you both so much."

[Chapter 467 Stay Awake For Me](#)

Charles's POV:

Richard and I were heading to Malibu Beach.

While I was watching her from a distance, I saw Raina get out of the car with her phone in her hand. She seemed to be on a call with someone.

She was fuming with anger. It seemed that she was in an argument with the person on the other end of the line. All of a sudden, she threw her phone on the ground.

At this moment, sirens blared from a distance.

Raina went as white as a sheet. Without wasting any second, she got into her car and sped away.

"Follow her. Don't let her get away," I ordered.

Richard nodded and followed my order.

Thirty minutes later, I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach upon realizing something.

Raina seemed to be on the way to Moore mansion.

My heart sank. With that, I called Mom and Caroline right away.

However, both of them did not answer the phone.

A wave of panic washed over me.

Suddenly, an idea popped into my mind. I called Chloe. Thankfully, she answered my call after a few rings.

"Charles?"

"Chloe, where are Mom and Caroline? They're not answering my calls," I asked anxiously.

"They went to pick up the cake with the kids. Maybe they just didn't hear their phones ring."

"I see. By the way, Raina might go to our house. If you see her, call me right away."

"Okay."

I hung up the call and turned to Richard. "Take a shortcut to the Moore mansion."

Whatever Raina was planning on doing, I would never let her succeed.

I clenched my fists unconsciously as anxiety surged through me.

We arrived at the Moore mansion a few minutes later. There I saw Caroline and the kids walking toward the house not far away.

She was holding a cake in one hand and Jerry in the other.

I watched as she lowered her gaze and said something to Jerry.

I could not hear what she said, but I could see that she was beaming with happiness.

Her smile made me feel warm all over.

As I stared at her, I caught myself smiling like an idiot.

I had not seen her smile that brightly for a long time.

Everything was getting better at last.

Things could not go wrong, could it?

With that, I got out of the car and welcomed my family.

"Caroline..."

Caroline fell stunned when she saw me. But once she got ahold of herself, she smiled and asked, "Shouldn't you be at work?"

"I left something at home," I reasoned out.

Caroline nodded and did not ask anything more.

"Daddy, we went out to buy a cake! We're going to make up for Mommy's birthday!" James said excitedly.

Charlas's POV:

Richard and I were heading to Malibu Beach.

While I was watching her from a distance, I saw Raina get out of the car with her phone in her hand. She seemed to be on a call with someone.

She was fuming with anger. It seemed that she was in an argument with the person on the other end of the line. All of a sudden, she threw her phone on the ground.

At this moment, she ran away from a distance.

Raina want as whita as a shaat. Without wasting any sacond, sha got into har car and spad away.

"Follow har. Don't lat har gat away," I ordarad.

Richard noddad and followad my ordar.

Thirty minutas later, I falt a sinking faaling in tha pit of my stomach upon raalizing somathing.

Raina saamad to ba on tha way to Moora mansion.

My haart sank. With that, I callad Mom and Carolina right away.

Howavar, both of tham did not answar tha phona.

A wava of panic washad ovar ma.

Suddenly, an idaa poppad into my mind. I callad Chloa. Thankfully, sha answarad my call aftar a faw rings.

"Charlas?"

"Chloa, whara ara Mom and Carolina? Thay'ra not answaring my calls," I askad anxiously.

"Thay want to pick up tha caka with tha kids. Mayba thay just didn't haar thair phonas ring."

"I saa. By tha way, Raina might go to our housa. If you saa har, call ma right away."

"Okay."

I hung up tha call and turnad to Richard. "Taka a shortcut to tha Moora mansion."

Whatavar Raina was planning on doing, I would navar lat har succaad.

I clanchad my fists unconsciously as anxiaty surgad through ma.

Wa arrivad at tha Moora mansion a faw minutas later. Thara I saw Carolina and tha kids walking toward tha housa not far away.

Sha was holding a caka in ona hand and Jarry in tha othar.

I watchad as sha lowarad har gaza and said somathing to Jarry.

I could not haar what sha said, but I could saa that sha was baaming with happinass.

Har smila mada ma faal warm all ovar.

As I starad at har, I caught mysalf smiling lika an idiot.

I had not saan har smila that brightly for a long tima.

Evarything was gatting battar at last.

Things could not go wrong, could it?

With that, I got out of tha car and walcomad my family.

"Carolina..."

Carolina fall stunnad whan sha saw ma. But onca sha got ahold of harsalf, sha smilad and askad, "Shouldn't you ba at work?"

"I laft somathing at homa," I raasonad out.

Carolina noddad and did not ask anything mora.

"Daddy, wa want out to buy a caka! Wa'ra going to maka up for Mommy's birthday!" Jamas said axcitadly.

I ruffled his hair and praised him. "You're so thoughtful. Yes, we really should celebrate Mommy's birthday in turns."

Caroline's face turned beet red, but she just pursed her lips and said nothing.

I could not help but chuckle at how charming she was.

I reached out to take the cake from her. But then, the warm scene came to an abrupt end as a car came rushing towards Caroline and the children.

My eyes widened in shock.

"Watch out, Caroline!" I yelled instinctively.

Without thinking, I pushed Caroline and the children out of the way. So, instead of the car hitting them, it hit me.

My body was in excruciating pain. And due to the impact, I felt like my body flew in the air like a ragdoll.

When I hit the ground, I rolled several times before stopping.

The birthday cake lay on the ground, mushed and stained with blood.

My ears were ringing, and I lost my bearings. I must have been hit pretty badly.

And when I took a breath, I could smell blood dripping from my nose.

"Caroline..." I whispered in a low and raspy voice.

Caroline rushed to my aid, her eyes red and full of worry.

"Charles, can you hear me? Stay with me!"

"Caroline... did you and the kids get... hurt?" I asked weakly.

"We're fine! Why did you do that?! Why did you put yourself in harm's way?" Caroline sobbed.

Tears streamed down her cheeks one after another.

I mustered my remaining strength and reached out to wipe the tears off her face.

Her tears were hot, and they burned my palm and heart.

It pained me to see her like this.

My breathing became shallower and more labored by the minute.

"I... I didn't want you to get hurt."

Caroline's POV:

I held Charles in my tight embrace, shocked by the unexpected turn of events.

"Charles, I've called an ambulance. Stay with me."

His face was ghastly pale, and his lips were trembling slightly.

He leaned his head on my shoulder and whispered, "Caroline... I love you..."

"Don't talk. Conserve your energy! Damn it! What's taking the ambulance so long?"

My anxiety was getting the better of me.

"Caroline..." Charles uttered in a barely audible tone.

"I'm here."

"Can you give me... one more chance?"

"Let's talk about that when you get better."

My heart ached as I looked into Charles's pleading eyes.

I used to hate him so much that I even wished him to die.

But now, he was really dying.

I hoped he could survive this.

I wanted him to live long and happy.

Charles forced a smile and reassured me, "I won't die. I still have to protect you for the rest of your life. But even if I do, you can only be mine. Don't cry, Caroline. You should only shed tears in bed as you beg for my mercy..."

I stared daggers at him. "How could you still joke around when you're bleeding out? I was so worried about you, but it seems that you're just fine."

Charles chuckled weakly. But then, it seemed that that was as far as his strength went as his eyes slowly closed.

At last, the ambulance had arrived.

The paramedics lifted Charles onto the stretcher and pushed him into the ambulance.

Meanwhile, Richard brought the driver, who had hit Charles, over.

It was Raina.

The police arrived at the scene not long after.

Richard handed Raina over to the police. Then, he jogged toward me with a grim look on his face. "Mrs. Moore, how is Mr. Moore?"

"I want you to take the kids back into house first. I'll go to the hospital with Charles in the ambulance."

"Okay." Richard nodded and left with the kids.

"Caroline, you deserve to die! If it weren't for you, I would've married Charles! It's your fault why I ended up like this!" Raina roared miserably while she was being handcuffed by the police.

I stared at her with utter disdain.

"You brought this upon yourself. You're miserable because you keep wishing for something that doesn't and will never belong to you."

"Caroline, don't think highly of yourself! Charles has suffered a lot because of you. Do you think the Moore family will still accept you?"

I turned around and paid no attention to Raina's senseless accusations.

She had gone crazy.

It was not worth wasting time on such a person.

In the ambulance, I held Charles's hand tightly. Tears fell down my face uncontrollably. I looked like a mess.

"Charles, wake up! You can't sleep!"

I wiped the tears off my face vigorously. But the more I did, the more tears I shed.

Charles opened his mouth as if to say something.

I put my ear over his lips and heard that he was calling my name.

"I'm here. I won't leave. Charles, please hold on tight. We still have a lot of things to settle between us. You can't leave us like this!"

"Caroline, I'm tired... I want to sleep..."

"No way!" I exclaimed. I then stroked Charles's face and pleaded, "Hold on a little longer. We'll arrive at the hospital soon. Stay awake for me. Please."

[Chapter 468 Out Of Danger](#)

Caroline's POV:

Charles was wheeled into the emergency room at once.

With a heavy heart, I watched the door of the emergency room close.

Silently, I prayed for Charles' safety.

'Charles, you have to survive this. I still have a lot of things to say to you. What am I supposed to do if you die?'

At long last, the Moores arrived.

Apprehension was written all over their faces.

"How is Charles doing? How did the car accident even happen?" Alice held my arm as tears ran down her cheeks.

"Raina suddenly came out of nowhere and tried to run me and my kids over. Luckily, Charles pushed us away, but he..." I couldn't finish my explanation, and I felt so sorry for what happened to Charles.

I should be the one lying inside the operating room.

Right now, it felt like my heart was being jabbed with thousands of sharp thorns, causing me an insurmountable amount of pain.

I had to bite my lip just to hold back my tears.

"Raina again? Why is she doing this to us? All we've ever shown her is kindness, and yet she keeps trying to make our lives hell over and over!" Chloe said through gritted teeth. I could see the hatred in her eyes.

"The police have arrested her already. Don't worry about Charles. He's going to be fine. He's a fighter, after all," I replied, trying to alleviate their worries.

My eyes were locked on the door, and I couldn't avert my gaze from it for even a second.

I prayed to God over and over, hoping that he would be kind enough to grant my wish.

But the longer the operation dragged on, the more anxious I became.

At this time, the door of the operating room was opened.

Soon, the doctor came out.

I sprang to my feet and approached him hurriedly.

"Doctor, is Charles okay?"

Alice and the others also looked at the doctor with worried eyes.

"None of the patient's vital organs got hit, and I'm glad to tell you that our operation was a success!"

Having heard the doctor's response, I breathed a sigh of relief.

All the tears that I had been holding back finally burst forth.

Carolina's POV:

Charlas was whaalad into tha amargancy room at onca.

With a haavy haart, I watchad tha door of tha amargancy room closa.

Silantly, I prayad for Charlas' safaty.

'Charlas, you hava to surviva this. I still hava a lot of things to say to you. What am I supposad to do if you dia?'

At long last, tha Mooras arrivad.

Apprahansion was writtan all ovar thair facas.

"How is Charlas doing? How did tha car accident avan happen?" Alica hald my arm as taars ran down har chaaks.

"Raina suddanly cama out of nowhara and triad to run ma and my kids ovar. Luckily, Charlas pushad us away, but ha..." I couldn't finish my axplanation, and I falt so sorry for what happenad to Charlas.

I should ba tha ona lying insida tha operating room.

Right now, it falt lika my haart was baing jabbad with thousands of sharp thorns, causing ma an insurmountabla amount of pain.

I had to bita my lip just to hold back my taars.

"Raina again? Why is sha doing this to us? All wa'va avar shown har is kindnass, and yat sha kaaps trying to maka our livas hall ovar and ovar!" Chloa said through grittad taath. I could saa tha hatrad in har ayas.

"Tha polica hava arrastad har alraady. Don't worry about Charlas. Ha's going to ba fina. Ha's a fightar, after all," I rapliad, trying to allaviata thair worrias.

My ayas wara lockad on tha door, and I couldn't avart my gaza from it for avan a sacond.

I prayad to God ovar and ovar, hoping that ha would ba kind enough to grant my wish.

But tha longer tha operation draggad on, tha mora anxious I bacama.

At this time, the door of the operating room was opened.

Soon, the doctor came out.

I sprang to my feet and approached him hurriedly.

"Doctor, is Charles okay?"

Alice and the others also looked at the doctor with worried eyes.

"None of the patient's vital organs got hit, and I'm glad to tell you that our operation was a success!"

Having heard the doctor's response, I breathed a sigh of relief.

All the tears that I had been holding back finally burst forth.

Not long after, the medical staff wheeled Charles out.

He was lying flat on the bed; his face was deathly pale.

I touched his face with my trembling fingers.

"Charles," I muttered.

His eyes were closed and his lips were trembling. It seemed that he couldn't utter a single word at the moment.

Seeing him at this fragile state broke my heart.

"The patient needs to rest," said the doctor.

Once we were at the ward, Charles fell into a deep sleep.

I sat beside his bed, waiting until it was midnight.

He was in a terrible state, and even his breathing was awfully faint.

I held his hand as tight as I could, thanking God for letting Charles survive.

It made me so glad that he was out of danger and had come back to me.

All of a sudden, my phone rang.

The moment I saw the caller ID, I didn't have the courage to answer.

My dad kept on calling, but I couldn't bring myself to answer his calls.

I was well aware that he didn't want me to have anything to do with Charles again.

But as I looked at the unconscious Charles, a bitter smile formed on my lips.

He got injured because of me. It would be cruel of me to give him the cold shoulder.

"Caroline, you should go home. Otherwise, Edward will worry about you," Alice said in a soft voice.

Feeling like this was the obvious choice, I nodded and left the ward.

But before leaving, I said, "Alice, once Charles wakes up, please inform me right away."

"Sure, dear. Off you go," she replied.

Upon arriving at home, I saw my father. He was visibly anxious. "Caroline, I've been calling you so many times. Why weren't you answering your phone?"

"Sorry, I didn't notice my phone ringing." I looked down, feeling guilty for lying.

"What is going on between you and Charles? Do you still wish to have that man in your life?" Dad sounded like he was disappointed that I didn't live up to his expectations.

"He saved my life. All I wanted to do now was to wait for him to wake up. With regards to everything else, I have yet to decide," I answered.

Dad sighed and responded, "I really can't do anything to sway you, can I?"

"Dad, as my father, you should try to understand me," I remarked, tugging on his sleeve.

"I just don't get it, Caroline! Have you forgotten all the suffering you went through because of him? You need to think this through!" Having said that, he stormed away.

Because of how he reacted, I felt really bad.

I took out my phone, wanting to rant my frustrations to someone.

Just as I tapped Nina's phone number, I remembered that she was on a business trip.

Thus, I had to give up on the idea.

Just then, my phone rang.

It was from Samantha.

"Hello?"

"Caroline, I just wanted to confirm when you'll be available for your next therapy session. Do you have an available schedule anytime soon?"

"I would like to come now!" I said immediately.

"Ah, great! I'll arrange it right away. You can come over to my clinic whenever you're ready," she replied.

"Okay."

After the phone call, my sadness gradually dissipated.

'Samantha is so kind and considerate. She's a friend worth keeping!'

Samantha's POV:

The moment I heard that Charles had gotten injured, I almost rushed to the hospital.

However, I did my best to stop myself from being impulsive.

As I gritted my teeth and thought of how this happened because of Caroline, my hatred for her only grew stronger.

'If it weren't for her, Charles wouldn't have been injured!'

Annoyed, I lit a cigarette and took a deep drag.

The white smoke formed in front of me. Images of the first time I met Charles flashed through my mind.

And soon, I gradually calmed down.

I took out the diamond ring from my pocket and put it on my finger.

This ring and the one on Charles' finger were a pair.

I lowered my head, hiding the affection and madness in them.

'Someday, I'm going to make Charles put a ring that only belonged to the two of us on my finger. And I

believe that day is coming soon!"

Chapter 469 The Nude Photo

Samantha's POV:

"Samantha, it's so late. Why are you still working?" Caroline walked in. Based on how red her eyes were, she had obviously just cried.

"Many of my patients usually come at night." I tried my best to maintain my smile, despite how much I ached to slap her across the face.

"Charles got hit by a car to save me. He just got out of the operating room." Caroline began to shed tears.

"What happened to him? How did the car accident even happen?" I pretended as though I knew nothing.

"Raina was intending to hit me, but Charles pushed me out of the way and took the hit for me. When I saw him lying on the ground in his own pool of blood, I almost broke down." Caroline lowered her head as tears ran down her cheeks.

After listening to her story, it broke my own heart.

Even though I didn't see how it went down with my own eyes, it still hurt to think that the man I loved went through that.

It made me wonder if Charles truly loved Caroline so much that he even willingly sacrificed his life for her.

While suppressing my anger, I took out a piece of tissue from the box on the table and handed it to Caroline.

Despite how angry I was, I kept my composure.

"Thank you."

She accepted the tissue and began wiping her tears.

"How's Charles doing?" I asked.

"He's out of danger now, but he still hasn't woken up. If it weren't for him, I'd be the one lying unconscious in the hospital at this moment." It seemed that Caroline's guilt made her blame herself.

"I'm glad to hear that he's okay. Don't worry. I'm sure he's going to be fine," I said in an act of comforting her.

"You're right. He will be fine. He promised me that he'll survive!" Caroline said firmly while clenching her fists.

I couldn't help but think, 'The one who made Charles suffer doesn't deserve his promise and comfort! You don't deserve her, Caroline!'

I suppressed my hatred and asked, "How have you been doing lately, Caroline? Are you still having nightmares as frequently as before?"

"I'm feeling a lot better. The nightmares are getting less frequent," she replied.

I nodded at her and smiled. "Sounds like our therapy sessions are working."

"It's all thanks to you, Samantha. If not for you, it would've been difficult for me to move on," said Caroline.

Once more, I nodded along and asked, "Caroline, have you ever thought about getting back together with Charles?"

Samantha's POV:

"Samantha, it's so lata. Why ara you still working?" Carolina walkad in. Basad on how rad har ayas wara, sha had obviously just criad.

"Many of my patiants usually coma at night." I triad my bast to maintain my smila, daspita how much I achad to slap har across tha faca.

"Charlas got hit by a car to sava ma. Ha just got out of tha oparating room." Carolina bagan to shad taars.

"What happanad to him? How did tha car accidant avan happen?" I pratandad as though I knaw nothing.

"Raina was intanding to hit ma, but Charlas pushad ma out of tha way and took tha hit for ma. Whan I saw him lying on tha ground in his own pool of blood, I almost broka down." Carolina lowarad har haad as taars ran down har chaaks.

Aftar listaning to har story, it broka my own haart.

Evan though I didn't saa how it want down with my own ayas, it still hurt to think that tha man I lovad want through that.

It mada ma wondar if Charlas truly lovad Carolina so much that ha avan willingly sacrificad his lifa for

har.

Whila supprassing my angar, I took out a piaca of tissua from tha box on tha tabla and handad it to Carolina.

Daspita how angry I was, I kapt my composura.

"Thank you."

Sha accaptad tha tissua and bagan wiping har taars.

"How's Charlas doing?" I askad.

"Ha's out of dangar now, but ha still hasn't woked up. If it waran't for him, I'd ba tha ona lying unconscious in tha hospital at this momant." It saamad that Carolina's guilt mada har blama harsalf.

"I'm glad to haar that ha's okay. Don't worry. I'm sura ha's going to ba fina," I said in an act of comforting har.

"You'ra right. Ha will ba fina. Ha promisad ma that ha'll surviva!" Carolina said firmly whila clanching har fists.

I couldn't halp but think, 'Tha ona who mada Charlas suffar doasn't dasarva his promisa and comfort! You don't dasarva har, Carolina!'

I supprasad my hatrad and askad, "How hava you baan doing lataly, Carolina? Ara you still having nightmaras as fraquantly as bafora?"

"I'm faaling a lot battar. Tha nightmaras ara gatting lass fraquant," sha rapliad.

I noddad at har and smilad. "Sounds lika our tharapy sassions ara working."

"It's all thanks to you, Samantha. If not for you, it would've baan difficult for ma to mova on," said Carolina.

Onca mora, I noddad along and askad, "Carolina, hava you avar thought about gatting back togathar with Charlas?"

"I still haven't decided on that. Charles said that he wants to get back together, and he even wants to give up custody of our kids to show me how sincere he is. Samantha, I want your opinion. Do you think I should sign it?"

While she was handing me a document, I saw her confused gaze.

The moment I saw the contents of the document, I was stupefied.

'How could Charles do all of this for Caroline?'

Jealousy and anger overcame my heart. How I wished I could burn Caroline to ashes.

I did my best to maintain my composure and put on a straight face. "That's your private affair. I shouldn't give my opinion on it."

"Do you have any wine here? I want to drink," Caroline asked after a long silence.

"You drove here, right? You shouldn't drink. I'll go grab you a beverage instead."

The moment I stepped out of the consultation room, my face turned grim.

"Doris, rig Caroline's car," I commanded.

"Got it, ma'am," Doris nodded knowingly.

"Proceed with caution, and make sure nobody sees you," I warned her.

"Not to worry. I never make mistakes." Doris put on a confident smile.

She was my most capable assistant, and she had always been reliable.

I smiled with satisfaction and returned to the consultation room with a few bottles of juice in hand.

After taking a sip of her drink, Caroline spoke her mind.

"Actually, Samantha, I had a miscarriage a year ago because of Charles."

"What? How did that happen?" My mouth was left agape because of how surprised I was.

Though my mind was in shambles, I still felt no sympathy for her.

I just felt lucky.

I felt so fortunate that the baby was gone.

If that hadn't happened, Caroline never would've insisted on divorcing Charles.

I could see in her eyes just how much she was struggling about this issue.

"At the time, I was in poor health, and I thought Charles had cheated on me. Every single day, I cried my

eyes out and I regarded him and Raina as my enemies! Only hatred kept me alive. But now, Charles has proven to me that he has nothing to do with that woman. I'm starting to hesitate yet again," Caroline explained.

"Wait a minute... Charles and Raina were never a couple? But I've seen the photo that she took," I remarked.

"Photo? What photo?" Caroline asked tentatively.

I waved my hand in dismissal.

"Oh, never mind. You misheard me."

"Samantha, are you keeping secrets from me?" Caroline asked unhappily.

"I never meant to hide anything from you. I just don't want to ruin your relationship with Charles," I stammered.

"Just tell me. I can take it," she insisted.

"It's a nude photo of Raina and Charles."

Just as I had expected, Caroline's face turned ghastly pale.

She then shook her head, refusing to believe me.

I felt so damned happy that I almost failed to hide my joy from her.

'What? Can't she bear something so trivial? If so, how will she ever make up for the pain and suffering that she wrought upon Charles? Charles is a man favored by God. He's a man among men. Caroline had the fortune of being loved by someone like him. She should be grateful he even treated her with kindness and respect. But what did she do? She took him for granted! How awful! I'm the only woman who can truly understand Charles!' I thought.

Caroline's POV:

Samantha seemed surprised. "I thought Charles has told you about it, but I guess I was mistaken..."

I was just as shocked as her.

'Raina took a nude photo with Charles? But he said he had nothing to do with her! If there really was nothing between them, where did the nude photo come from? Did he lie to me again?'

Just thinking of the possibility made my heart ache.

I had only just started warming up to him, but my heart was once more jabbed by thousands of swords, riddling it with holes.

It was so painful that I could hardly breathe.

"Look, Caroline, maybe this is all just a misunderstanding. Charles isn't that kind of person," said Samantha.

"I want to be alone. I'll drop by again next time."

I tried to force a smile, but I felt so damn miserable.

"Try not to overthink, or else it will aggravate your condition," she kindly reminded me.

I nodded in a trance and said, "Samantha, thank you for listening to me and telling me about the photo."

"It's my job. Caroline, I really like you. Do you think we can be friends?" Samantha asked expectantly.

"Really? Of course! It would be my honor!"

[Chapter 470 I Can Help You](#)

Caroline's POV:

After leaving the clinic, I started the car and left.

While driving, I thought of my conversation with Samantha just now.

'What on earth is Charles hiding from me? Is he treating me so well just to trick me into getting back together with him?'

All of a sudden, the car swerved. Thereafter, the pungent smell of gasoline wafted into my nose.

My heart almost leapt from my chest. I wanted to stop the car to check what had happened, but I soon found out that the brakes weren't working.

"What the hell?" I muttered, flooring the breaks again.

'Damn it! Something happened to the brakes!'

I grabbed the steering wheel with both hands, attempting to control the car.

There was a car behind me, honking at me like a lunatic.

"What am I going to do? Argh!" I tried to suppress my fear, carefully avoiding the car in front of me.

Just then, my phone rang.

In a fit of panic, I answered the call.

"Help! Something happened to the car, I'm in—"

"Caroline, it's me, Samantha. I'm right behind you. What's wrong with your car?" The sound of her calm voice gave me a sense of security.

After taking a deep breath, I answered, "Samantha, something has happened to the brakes. I can't stop the car."

Having said that, I stepped on the brakes again.

But it didn't help to slow down the car's pace.

My mind suddenly went blank.

"Caroline, listen to me. Shift to a lower gear, and then turn on the emergency lights," Samantha instructed.

"Got it," I answered.

I did just as she told me.

"How much gas do you have in your tank right now?" asked Samantha.

I glanced at the fuel gauge and replied, "I'm running out of gas."

'What a horrible day!'

I didn't have the time to think about why I happened to choose a defective car from the garage.

"Just keep driving, Caroline. All you have to do is to consume all your gasoline. Take a deep breath, and calm yourself." The sound of Samantha's voice was a comfort to me.

"Okay. I will," I replied firmly.

For my children's sake, I wouldn't give up on hope.

Soon, I saw through the rearview mirror that the car behind me overtook me.

"Samantha, is that you? Are you the one who's ahead of me right now?"

"It's me. I'll help you stop the car," she replied

I had no idea how she would help me.

There was no time for me to think, so I just focused on holding onto the steering wheel and trying not to crash.

Carolina's POV:

Aftar laaving tha clinic, I startad tha car and laft.

Whila driving, I thought of my convarsation with Samantha just now.

'What on aarth is Charlas hiding from ma? Is ha traating ma so wall just to trick ma into gatting back togathar with him?'

All of a suddan, tha car swarvad. Tharaaftar, tha pungant smell of gasolina waftad into my nosa.

My haart almost laapt from my chast. I wantad to stop tha car to chack what had happenad, but I soon found out that tha brakas waran't working.

"What tha hall?" I muttarad, flooring tha braaks again.

'Damn it! Somathing happenad to tha brakas!'

I grabbad tha staaring whaal with both hands, attampting to control tha car.

Thara was a car bahind ma, honking at ma lika a lunatic.

"What am I going to do? Argh!" I triad to supprass my faar, carafully avoiding tha car in front of ma.

Just than, my phona rang.

In a fit of panic, I answarad tha call.

"Halp! Somathing happenad to tha car, I'm in—"

"Carolina, it's ma, Samantha. I'm right bahind you. What's wrong with your car?" Tha sound of har calm voica gava ma a sansa of sacurity.

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Having said that, I stapped on tha brakas again.

But it didn't halp to slow down tha car's paca.

My mind suddanly want blank.

"Carolina, listan to ma. Shift to a lowar gaar, and than turn on tha amargancy lights," Samantha instructad.

"Got it," I answarad.

I did just as sha told ma.

"How much gas do you hava in your tank right now?" askad Samantha.

I glancad at tha fual gauga and rapliad, "I'm running out of gas."

'What a horribla day!'

I didn't hava tha tima to think about why I happanad to choosa a dafactiva car from tha garaga.

"Just kaap driving, Carolina. All you hava to do is to consuma all your gasolina. Taka a daap braath, and calm yourself." Tha sound of Samantha's voica was a comfort to ma.

"Okay. I will," I rapliad firmly.

For my childran's saka, I wouldn't giva up on hopa.

Soon, I saw through tha raarviaw mirror that tha car bahind ma ovariant ma.

"Samantha, is that you? Ara you tha ona who's ahaad of ma right now?"

"It's ma. I'll halp you stop tha car," sha rapliad

I had no idaa how sha would halp ma.

Thara was no tima for ma to think, so I just focusad on holding onto tha staaring whaal and trying not to crash.

Samant's car slowed down. I watched as the bumper of my car got closer and closer to the back of her car.

"Eek!" I screamed, closing my eyes.

Thereafter, my car bumped against hers. My head hit the steering wheel because of the resistance, and the seatbelt pulled me back to my seat.

My head was spinning at this point.

By the time I opened my eyes again, I saw Samantha's face outside the window. She was banging on the window, visibly worried.

I immediately unfastened the seatbelt with trembling hands and opened the door. Not long after, I collapsed in Samantha's arms and burst into tears.

"Samantha, I'm still alive. I'm alive," I stammered.

"You're okay. You're safe now," Samantha replied as she kept me standing.

After she comforted me again and again, I gradually calmed down.

"Why did you suddenly show up?" I cried while looking at her in the eye.

A smile appeared on Samantha's lips. "I noticed that you weren't in a good mood, so I got worried and followed you," she answered.

I nodded in response. "Thank you."

All of a sudden, an explosion was heard. Black smoke was rising from my car, and it soon burst into flames.

"Oh, my God!" Samantha exclaimed, pulling me away from the explosion.

As I stared at the roaring flames, my body froze.

While I was dazed, I remembered that the waiver Charles gave me was still in my car.

A bitter smile appeared on my lips. 'Maybe this is fate,' I thought.

"Caroline, I'll stay right here and wait for the police to deal with the incident. You should go home and rest." Samantha embraced me.

"It's okay. I'll ask Elena to handle it. It's getting late. You must be tired. You should go home and rest early," I replied, politely refusing her kindness.

What happened tonight had caught me off-guard.

My mind was a complete mess. Right now, I didn't want to deal with anyone.

That night, I was haunted by nightmares.

The next day, I felt so damned weak.

But even so, I still asked Elena to take me to the hospital to see Charles.

Olivia's POV:

I was standing at the door of the hotel.

I pressed down the brim of my hat, vigilantly looking around through my sunglasses before walking in.

"It's me," I said while knocking on the door of one room.

Once the door was opened, Simon looked down at me wearing a frown.

"Any news about the driver?" he asked anxiously.

As I walked inside, I took off my hat and sunglasses and answered, "No, this is about Edward."

"Edward? Did you find any leads?" Simon asked loudly while grabbing my shoulders.

"Can you let me go first? It hurt," I remarked.

Simon loosened his grip and knitted his brows. "Why did you send me that message?" he asked.

I rubbed my shoulders, thinking of how horribly I was ravaged that night.

"Edward is a beast hiding in human skin," I said through gritted teeth.

"Are you saying you want to leave him?" Simon asked while frowning. It was as if he was rejecting my idea already.

"No, the opposite actually. I want your help to convince him to marry me the right way," I said while clenching my fists.

'Edward's company, all of his shares, assets, and everything he owned should be mine! Caroline may be his daughter, but she just showed up. She doesn't deserve to take those things away from me!' I exclaimed inwardly.

Simon sneered, "Are you kidding? You really believe I can make that happen?"

"Are you planning to get rid of me?" I fired back. "Believe it or not, I can just tell Edward that you went

to his study the other day."

Simon fell silent, glaring at me.

"If Edward finds out that you still suspect that he killed your father, do you think he'll still allow you to be with his daughter?"

Having heard my question, Simon scowled.

"I don't have any other choice. We can either help each other, or else we're both fucked."

I wasn't sure if I managed to persuade him, so all I could do was count on my luck.

"What can you even do for me?" Simon was looking at me with visible doubt in his eyes.

"I'll help you investigate your father's death. After all, I'm the one closest to Edward, aren't I?" I explained calmly.

I noticed that Simon was still reluctant to agree, so I added some more benefits for him. "I can help you get Caroline," I added.

Simon looked me dead in the eye, and I could tell that all of his reluctance had gone away. "What can you do?"

A smile was printed on my lips. "It's quite simple. You'll be able to keep her by your side if you have a child together."

"That's impossible," Simon replied, his head cast down in dejection.

"Worry not. I can help you," I answered with a confident smile.

Simon was staring at me in silence. It took a while before he reached his hand out to me. "I look forward to working with you."

"I look forward to working with you as well." I smiled and shook hands with him.