

Warning 481

[Chapter 481 The Underwear](#)

Charles' POV:

The bathrobe was askew.

Caroline's delicate body in all of her curvy glory as well as the bewitching sight between her legs was laid bare for my greedy eyes.

She was delicate yet so alluring that I couldn't take my eyes off her.

Under my bewitched gaze, her skin and cheeks turned red with embarrassment and lust.

Reverently, I held her breasts in my hand, weighing the soft mounds.

"Charles, stop it."

Her words told me to stop, but her body urged me on, her eyes shining bright with the lust she was trying not to feel. In fact, her soft refusal came out as more of a moan.

"Are you really sure you want me to stop?" I asked just before I kissed her.

"No... But the kids..." Caroline's voice was shaky, most of her words nothing but long moans.

"Grandma will take care of them. Don't be nervous. Relax." Done with the conversation, I sucked on her earlobe gently before turning my attention to the beautiful mounds of flesh beckoning me.

Bending my head, I took one nipple into my mouth, suckling as I palmed her left breast.

"Charles... I can't stand it anymore..."

"Beg me." I slowed down on purpose.

"Please." Caroline stared at me beneath her lashes, giving me a come hither look I wasn't sure she was aware she was making.

"Dad, are you drinking milk from mom's breast?" A confused but childish voice asked from behind me.

The sound was soft, barely above a whisper. But at this very moment, it might as well have been a bomb.

With a jerk, I released the nipple I was currently worrying with my teeth and quickly covered Caroline with the night robe.

"Go back to your room and sleep!" I snapped, ordering my son out of the room.

This brat!

How dare he barge in here and ruin the intimate moment my wife and I were sharing?

"But it's not yet time for bed. Mom said we will be spending the night at her house and tomorrow we will eat lots of desserts," James replied, confused as to why I was ordering him to go to sleep.

"Mommy isn't leaving. Now, go back to your room and play with your younger brothers!" I growled, my patience running out. Caroline lay on the sofa and dared not to move.

"Okay."

Finally, the door closed behind him.

Expelling a breath of relief, I turned to Caroline so we could pick up from where we stopped, but she pushed me away angrily.

"Bastard! Bastard!" she repeated over and over, cursing me out as she tied her night robe angrily. Still fuming, she swiped her clothes off the floor and marched out of the room.

The hazy cloud of anger she was in blinded her to anything else but the need to leave the room. So much so that she didn't notice that her underwear was still on the floor.

"Caroline, wait..." I began, trying to draw her attention to the forgotten item, but she cut in ruthlessly.

"Shut up! I'm leaving!"

"But I'm afraid you can't leave now..." Again, I tried to tell her, but the angry woman wouldn't let me say one full sentence.

"Enough! I don't want to hear another word from you. I'm leaving and that's final!" And with that declaration, Caroline turned and ran out of the room like a frightened rabbit.

Caroline's POV:

I rushed into the bathroom and took off the nightgown.

In the mirror, I could see that most of my body was still red until now.

The place where Charles sucked was still red and slightly swollen.

The tips of my ears turned hot as I blushed fiercely.

Lowering my lashes, I hastily wore my bra and found my shirt in the dryer. Only when I was decent could I look at my reflection in the mirror.

When I turned to my pile of clothes to take out my panties, I was left mystified.

My underwear was missing. Where could it be?

Over and over, I checked through my clothes and even the dryer and the laundry basket in its entirety, but I couldn't find it.

Did I leave it in the bedroom?

No wonder Charles had been absolutely certain I couldn't leave.

What the hell was he planning to do with it?

Once again, I put on Charles' nightgown and tied the knot firmly.

When I got to the master bedroom, I knocked politely and waited for him to open the door. Some time later, I heard the sounds of unhurried footsteps just before the door was opened.

A small towel wrapped around his waist was the only thing covering his nakedness. Obviously, Charles had just been in the shower.

'Damn it!' I cursed silently as I appreciated the view against my will.

He had long but muscly legs, a thick chest but not so heavily muscled like a gym rat. Even his natural pheromone was making me restless.

A few minutes ago, I had been spitting mad, but right now, I couldn't help but feel my anger thawing a little as I basked in the magnificence of his body.

At least now I understood why so many women kept chasing after him.

Not only did he have an impeccable family background, he also had to be physically mesmerizing as well.

"What's up?" Charles whispered with a raised brow, his eyes shining with undisguised interest.

Stretching my hand out imperatively, I demanded, "Please give it back to me."

"What are you talking about?" he asked flippantly as he turned away from me and walked into the dressing room. "Why don't you come in first?"

No! There was no way I was going back into the bedroom.

Besides, I just saw Charles head into the walk-in closet.

I waited outside for a while, but he didn't come out. There was nothing else I could do but follow him.

I found Charles just as he wore his pants and zipped up.

Immediately, I turned my back to him even as my face flamed. "I only came to take it back."

"Not a problem, but first, you have to tell me what I have taken from you." Charles's nonchalant voice was muffled by the shirt he was in the process of wearing.

"Don't mess with me. You know exactly what I'm talking about." He simply stared back at me, unmoved. My anger flared again and I snapped at him. "Do you have some kind of fetish for collecting women's underwear? If that's the case, I'll buy you a dozen pair next time."

Instead of getting angry, Charles lips spread in a smug smile. Lips curving into an impish smile, Charles growled, "If I happen to have such a kink, then I'm only interested in yours. Are you going to give your underwear to me?"

His bright smile didn't change at his crude words.

It would appear that the man didn't have a single shy bone in his body, nor did he feel any shame.

"You pervert!" I yelled again because I had no other words I could use to scold him.

Shrugging, Charles buttoned up his shirt. When he was done, his unruffled gaze returned to mine. "It's on our bed."

I whirled around and stormed out of the walk-in closet.

Sure enough, I saw my underpants on the gray quilt.

Quickly, I grabbed it and dashed out of the bedroom, not even stopping to say anything more to him.

Just before I reached the door, his voice announced from behind me. "You should be more careful and ensure you don't leave anything behind next time."

Next time? There would be no 'next time' because I have learnt my lesson!

I went back to the bathroom and put on all my clothes.

I didn't know what was wrong with me. How could I lose all my composure in front of him?

While I was lost in thoughts, someone knocked on the door.

Smoothing my expression into something more approachable, I went to open the door. On the other side was Grandma.

Smiling blandly, Christine said quietly, "Caroline, it's raining quite heavily. Why don't you stay and have dinner with us?"

"No, thanks. I'd better go back."

"The kids and I are supposed to be the only ones at home today. Charles' return isn't part of the plan. He has a business dinner tonight and will leave soon. Can't you stay and keep us company?"

I hesitated for a long time but eventually I agreed to stay.

When we got downstairs, the children were already at the table.

James waved at me and said, "Mom, come here."

I had already started walking towards him when I saw Charles settling into his seat.

Coming to a complete stop, I glared at Charles with a small frown. "Don't you have a business dinner to get to?"

"It's got canceled." Charles' reply was flippant as he smirked at me.

James handed the pudding to Charles and said, "Dad, taste the pudding. Mom brought it here. It's sweet!"

"Okay, let me have a taste." Charles scooped up a mouthful of dessert, tasted it carefully, and said, "It's really sweet. Only kids like these desserts."

My brows furrowed as I tried in vain not to feel offended.

Was he making fun of me?

However, there was no mockery in his tone. It sounded like he was indulging a child.

"No! Daddy is the child!" James protested.

I couldn't help but laugh. "James is right."

Charles put down the spoon and asked leisurely, "Why am I a child?"

"You still drink Mommy's milk. I saw it just now! So you are a child!" James declared loudly.

[Chapter 482 Another Misunderstanding](#)

Caroline's POV:

I was drinking milk when I heard James' words.

My face turned the deepest shade of red and a violent fit of coughing shook my frame as my milk went down the wrong way.

The servant and Grandma burst into laughter.

Jerry and Jason stared at the adults in confusion, their minds unable to comprehend what was happening.

Charles took one look at me before turning his attention to the servant. "Get Mrs. Moore a glass of water."

Whirling around immediately, the servant left to do his bidding.

"Mom, did I say something wrong?" James asked innocently, his eyes wide with confusion.

"Silent." Charles thundered.

Instead of staying silent, James opened his mouth to say something. Afraid that he would say something shocking once again, I quickly spooned some pudding and stuffed it into his mouth. "Dad is right. If you keep talking, I won't take you to the dessert tasting party."

James swallowed the pudding, pouted, and mumbled, "Mom, why are you supporting Dad?"

Reflexively, I glanced at Charles before turning my face away as a blush heated my cheeks.

The truth was, I was not supporting Charles. I was simply helping myself.

I spent the rest of dinner feeling awkward and unable to look anyone in the eye. James' comment had been innocent, but it was not enough to lift the humiliation that was covering me like a blanket. I felt so humiliated that I didn't want to stay in the house a moment longer.

Once the debacle that was dinner was over, I hurried the kids, wanting to leave as soon as possible.

"I can drive you home. I actually still need to go back to the company." Charles went downstairs with the car keys and led the kids out.

The cool evening breeze cooled some of the heat in my cheeks.

Staring at the backs of Charles and the kids, a lump lodged in my throat.

On several occasions, this exact scene had appeared in my dreams.

And every single time I had woken up in bed alone, there was nothing but the wistfulness of my dreams to keep me company, and I felt empty.

There was no warm embrace and sweet morning kiss from Charles, nor the joyful laughter of the children.

What greeted me was only dead silence.

"Mommy, hurry up!" James suddenly ran back and grabbed my hand, pulling me forward.

His hands were little in mine, but soft and so full of warmth. The warmth seemed to flow from his hand into mine before rushing up to envelop my heart.

Charles stopped and waited for us.

As soon as we walked over, he pulled my hand out of James' and held it tightly.

This hand was bigger than mine, neither was it soft, but it was just as full of warmth. I stared up into his deep eyes that were staring down at me with undisguised tenderness.

Oh, how I wished we could stay like this forever.

"Mommy, why do you keep staring at Daddy? Is there something on his face?" James asked curiously.

The curious question snapped me out of dreamland back into reality rudely. Flushing, I averted my eyes as my ears turned red again.

Floundering, I looked around in confusion, unsure of what to do with myself.

My obsession with Charles had just been discovered by James.

What could be more embarrassing than this?

In order to escape from the two of them, I hurriedly opened the door, planning to get in. But I stopped short when I noticed a pink coat on the back seat.

Obviously, it belonged to a woman.

A faint smell of perfume wafted off the coat. The smell was familiar, but I couldn't immediately place where I first came into contact with this particular perfume.

When I picked up the coat, something dropped out of the pocket.

It was a woman's underwear!

"Charles, are you really interested in collecting women's underwear?" I sneered.

Charles leaned over to take a closer look.

After a moment of silence, he said hesitantly, "This is Samantha's coat. I was drunk in the bar that day. She..."

"I don't want to know what happened between you and her after you got drunk!" I snapped, trying my best to sound unconcerned.

The thought had a mocking smile pulling at my lips. What right did I have to be bothered by the presence of another woman's underwear in his car? I had divorced him, hadn't I? He had the right to sleep with another woman, didn't he? What's more, he was drunk. Wasn't it common to make mistakes when under the influence of alcohol?

All my rational reasoning failed to stop my chest from getting stuffy as angry tears stung my eyes.

"You should send her coat and underwear back as soon as you can. You never know, something might happen again when you two meet up."

Damn! Why did I sound so jealous?!

"Kids, get out of the car. Your father has something important he needs to sort out."

Without another word, I alighted the car and started helping each child out of the car. The servants arrived as I was helping them out. With a small nod, I indicated that they should take the kids back into the house first.

"Caroline, let me explain!"

"There's no point. I already know what you are going to say. You are about to tell me it was a misunderstanding, isn't that right? The nude photo of you and Raina was a misunderstanding. Now I found Samantha's underpants in your car and you are going to tell me that it is also a misunderstanding, aren't you?"

With an annoyed growl, I pushed at Charles' chest before turning around and running away.

But I didn't get very far before Charles caught up to me. He grasped both my arms and forcefully dragged me into the villa.

The noise alerted Grandma and she hurried out of the kitchen to investigate. "Why did you return so soon? Did something happen?"

"Nothing is wrong, Grandma. Caroline has misunderstood a few things and I need to explain it to her." Charles dragged me upstairs.

He locked the door and threw me onto the bed.

My anger at his actions knew no bounds. Growling as hot tears welled up in my eyes, I grasped everything within my reach and flung it at him. Be it the jars, bottles or even the lamp on the bedside table, nothing was spared.

"Caroline, why don't you trust me? Just because you saw a coat, you decided that I've slept with another woman! Just so you know, I am a very, very picky man. I don't just pick up random women! And more importantly, you are the only one I want to sleep with! I... Fuck!" Charles' words were a continuous yell. He trailed off as he seemed to run out of steam.

Just to show him exactly what I thought of his words, I grabbed the glass on the bedside table and threw it at his forehead.

The glass grazed his face as it hit the door with a thump. Then it crashed on the floor.

"Ah!" Someone shouted outside the door.

My heart missed a beat. It was Grandma's voice!

"Oh my God! She fell down the stairs!" The servant's scream came from outside.

"Grandma!" Charles's face also changed.

We both ran for the door at the same time. When I got out of the bedroom, I found Grandma lying under the staircase, her head covered in blood.

[Chapter 483 Sequela](#)

Charles' POV:

We took Grandma to the hospital immediately.

With a low growl, I clenched my fist and smashed it against the wall.

The pain spread from my hand to my heart, and guilt and regret almost drowned me.

I could hardly breathe.

"I'm sorry." Caroline's apologetic voice came from behind me.

"It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself." I went to her immediately and tried to comfort her.

"If something happens to Grandma, I..." Caroline sobbed as her tears spilled over and ran down her cheeks.

Tutting softly, I wiped her tears away and tried to reassure both Caroline and myself. "I have invited the best expert in the country to treat Grandma. She will be fine."

Grandma's operation lasted for six hours.

Eventually, the doctor walked out of the operating room and took off his mask.

"Her leg was slightly broken, but the operation was successful."

After several hours of feeling like I couldn't breathe, the boulder constricting my airways was finally lifted at his news.

"But..." The doctor began and my heart rate skyrocketed at the serious expression on his face. His eyes found mine and he continued in a grave voice. "The patient is too old to undergo the craniotomy operation, so the blood clot in her brain can't be removed, and there may be some sequela."

"Sequela? What are the sequela?" Caroline asked nervously.

"It's hard to say for the time being. It may affect her vision, hearing, physical movements, or she may not even wake up."

My heart jolted. "Is there nothing else we can try?"

"Well, there is only one person who can probably help her."

"Who is it?"

"Hugo Neame, the most authoritative brain specialist in France. But I heard that he wouldn't leave France, so..."

"Perhaps I can have more luck in convincing him," Caroline said happily.

Caroline's POV:

Tracy drove me to Dad's villa after we talked to Grandma's doctor.

"Caroline, why are you so anxious? What happened?" Dad asked, his voice going high with concern.

"Dad, I need you to contact Hugo and ask him to come to Los Angeles. Christine has a brain injury. He is the only one who can perform the surgery." I cried, my anxious gaze pleading with him to oblige my request.

"Caroline, you know that Hugo is a stubborn man. Since the accident that caused his wife's death in Los Angeles, he has been unwilling to return to the states." With a rueful grimace, Dad shook his head.

"But last time..."

"The last time Hugo managed to get over his stubbornness long enough to make the trip was because of the favor he owes me for helping him out of a difficult spot."

"Dad, Christine has always treated me like her own granddaughter. I must save her."

"You have already paid off what you owed the Moore family. There is no need to have anything to do with them again," Dad said coldly.

"As long as I can save her, I will promise you anything." I pleaded with him, unwilling to give up.

The thought of Grandma in a coma made my heart ache.

"Will you agree to any condition?" Dad asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes." I nodded firmly.

For a long while, Dad stayed silent, pondering something. Eventually, he turned to stare me down intently. "Does your promise extend to Charles? If I ask you to never see him again, will you do it?"

My eyes widened in disbelief and my heart sank.

Could I promise him that I would never see Charles again?

No, I couldn't make such a promise.

My mouth wouldn't even form the words.

Just thinking about it wrenched my heart into a million pieces.

It was so painful that I could hardly breathe.

But Grandma... I couldn't let her die because of my own selfish desires. Biting my lower lip, I suppressed my bitterness at his demand and forced the words out. "Yes, I promise. I won't see him again."

Dad nodded with satisfaction.

"How can you promise him something like that?!" Tracy snapped, her eyes wide with indignation.

"You should head back. Tell Charles that I will invite Hugo to perform the surgery on Grandma." My reply was succinct and devoid of any emotion.

Opening her mouth, Tracy tried to say something but then decided against it. Without another word, she turned around and left.

Heartbroken, I closed my eyes and comforted myself with the knowledge that I'd made the right decision.

The pain I was feeling right now was inconsequential as long as Grandma recovered.

Her health was the only important thing right now and whatever I had to do to ensure it didn't matter.

Maybe Charles and I were not meant to be together.

Dad patted me gently on the back and comforted me in a soft voice, "Caroline, you have to start a new life. There are many excellent men around you, such as Simon..."

"Dad, I have no feelings for Simon!" I blurted, finally breaking down.

The dam holding back my tears burst and I fell to the floor, loud, ugly tears racking my frame.

Dad caressed my hair and comforted me silently.

A long while later, I finally ran out of tears.

"Dad, why are you so insistent on pairing me up with Simon?" I asked.

His efforts to make a match between Simon and I were more like a heavy burden for me. It suffocated me and left me with no chance to breathe.

"It's because Simon grew up right in front of me. I know exactly what kind of man he is. If you marry him, I will be rest assured that you are in good hands." Dad sighed.

"But love can't be forced."

"Caroline, why do you dislike Simon so much? Didn't he do well enough?" Dad asked in confusion.

"Simon is a good man, but I just don't love him," I said firmly.

A marriage without love would not be a happy one.

Now that I had made up my mind, I shouldn't give Simon any hope.

Otherwise, it would only hurt him more deeply.

Dad sighed helplessly, "Simon is also a poor young man. As a matter of fact, I have something to do with the death of his father, Eason."

My eyes widened in disbelief. "You're kidding, aren't you?"

Dad shook his head before explaining with a sad smile. "Eason and I were good friends. But then we fought over a business deal. Eason hired kidnappers to ambush me at the airport."

"How could he do something like that to you?"

Absently, Dad patted me on the shoulder and continued with his tale. "Eason's driver, Ken, was afraid that he will be implicated if this kidnapping was exposed, so he told me about Eason's plan in advance. It was thanks to his tip that I was able to avoid it and changed the date of my flight."

"Then how did Eason die?" I asked with a furrowed brow.

Dad's silence spoke volumes and a horrible thought occurred to me.

Immediately, I banished the insane thought.

If Dad had really killed Eason, then why did he raise and treat Simon like his own son?

[Chapter 484 The Truth](#)

Caroline's POV:

"The kidnappers didn't see me. They were probably worried that Eason wouldn't pay them, so they kidnapped him instead and called me for the ransom. I've already sent someone to give them the ransom, and I've already called the police," Dad explained.

"What happened after that? Did Eason get rescued?" I asked.

My father let out a sigh, seemingly feeling guilty.

"Later on, the police and the kidnappers engaged in a shootout. They accidentally hit a gasoline tank on

the ship. By the time I found Eason, he was dying, blown up and burnt beyond recognition. I sent him to the hospital at once, but he still didn't make it."

The scene of an explosion as a fierce battle commenced flashed through my mind. It must've been bloody and tragic.

Just thinking about it made all the hair on my body stand on end.

"I may be angry that he set me up, but I've never thought of killing him. I've been feeling regret over it all these years. If I hadn't called the police at the time, perhaps the accident could've been avoided," said my father.

"Dad, it's not your fault. Eason knew the identity of those kidnappers. Even if you didn't call the police, they would probably kill him in order to silence him," I said, trying to comfort him.

If Ken hadn't tipped my father off, he would've died by now.

Merely thinking of the possibility made my heart ache.

"Caroline, do not let Simon know about this. Eason has always been a role model to him. Just let him believe that his father is a good man," Dad remarked.

Though I felt conflicted, I still nodded in agreement. "Simon is innocent. My lips are sealed, Dad."

Dad brushed my hair, staring at me with concerned eyes. "Take a warm shower and get some rest, my darling."

Only then did I realize that my clothes were sopping wet again.

I pulled the jacket over my shoulders and asked anxiously, "Dad, do you think Hugo will agree to save Christine?"

"I've already made my promise to you, and I don't intend to break it, Caroline. Just stay at home and wait for my news, okay?" Dad responded.

"Okay." I nodded obediently.

"Caroline, remember, you promised me that you'll never see Charles again. Make sure that you keep your promise," Dad said before leaving.

I tried my best to push down the pain in my heart and nodded, albeit reluctantly. "I will."

'As long as Hugo cures Grandma, every sacrifice I made will be worth it,' I comforted myself in silence.

Samantha's POV:

While I was rummaging through Raina's belongings, I eventually found a cellphone.

I turned it on and a message popped up.

"Raina, I'm back. When can we meet? If you don't transfer the money to my account, I'll expose your secret to the public!"

The message was sent from an unknown number.

'Who could this person be? What other secrets could Raina be hiding?'

I scheduled an appointment with the mystery person three days from today.

'As the saying goes, curiosity kills the cat. But what if it's a good surprise?' I wondered.

Soon, the appointed day arrived.

"Doris, meet up with a person for me, and remember, keep the line open," I said to my assistant the moment we arrived at the appointed location.

"Yes, ma'am. I'll take care of it," Doris answered before putting her phone into her pocket.

I went to a nearby cafe, carefully listening to their conversation.

"Who are you? Where's Raina?" the man asked in surprise.

"Raina is currently busy with something, so she can't come here. She has asked me to meet with you," Doris explained.

"I've never heard Raina mention you before. How can I be sure that you're telling the truth?" The man sounded very skeptical.

"It doesn't matter if you believe me or not. I'm just here to give you the money," said Doris.

The man fell silent for a moment, but he eventually let down his guard.

It turned out that this man's name was Boris. He was a doctor.

A year ago, Raina had bribed him. He drugged Caroline's injection, causing her to have a miscarriage.

Thereafter, Raina hid Boris in a villa in Puerto Rico.

And every month, she paid him.

Over the past two months, Boris hadn't been receiving any money.

Sensing that something was wrong, he left Puerto Rico and went back to LA.

He had been trying to call Raina, but she wasn't answering him.

Because of this discover, I was so delighted that I couldn't hide my smile.

'God is on my side. He even sent this brilliant chess piece to me! Caroline would never even think that Raina is the reason she had a miscarriage,' I thought.

"Doris, give the money to Boris and arrange a residence for him. Make sure to tell him not to tell anyone about this."

After returning to the clinic, Doris asked tentatively, "Samantha, what are you planning to do?"

"What else would I be planning? I'm going to take advantage of the situation. It's best if I could just get rid of her for good this time," I sneered.

Boris was a man who was willing to do just about anything for the right price.

One day, I would replace Caroline in Charles' heart.

By then, his embrace would belong to me, and me alone.

I truly believed that the day would come soon.

Just then, my phone rang. It was from Charles.

Feeling nervous and surprised, I answered, "Charles? I thought you'd never want to talk to me again. I'm sorry about the coat. I didn't expect that Caroline would misunderstand you because of it. I'm truly sorry." I tried my best to sound apologetic.

I had put the sexy black lace underwear into the pocket of the coat on purpose. I wanted to use it to remind Charles that I had plump buttocks, and that I was just as sexy as Caroline.

In all honesty, I didn't expect Caroline to see it. It was quite a pleasant surprise.

However, I couldn't let Charles be aware of my ambition now. My plan was to make him fall in love with me out of his own volition.

On the day that he called to question me about the matter, I explained to him in tears that it was an

accident. I made up a story, saying that I met some friends in the bar and lost a bet with them in a drinking game that night after he got drunk, so I accepted the punishment and took off my underpants. Truthfully, I just hid my underwear into the pocket of my coat out of a whim. I didn't expect it to cause quite a stir!

Charles was still fuming, but he didn't blame me for what happened anymore. After all, the sound of my voice was quite convincing that I was innocent.

"If you want to make it up to me, help me ask Caroline out," Charles bargained anxiously.

'Does this mean that Caroline doesn't want to see Charles now? Ha! I must've driven quite a wedge between them. They might even end up having a serious fight. Things are going much smoother than I thought.'

"I'll give it a try, but I can't guarantee that she'll agree," I answered.

"I know you can do it," Charles said firmly.

"Got it. I'll talk to her," I said.

[Chapter 485 I've Fallen In Love With Charles](#)

Charles' POV:

Grendme's operation was successful. I believed that she would soon regain consciousness.

But ever since that fateful day, I hadn't seen Caroline again, and I couldn't get through to her.

I was starting to get anxious.

My migraines had become more and more frequent these past few days.

The stabbing pain broke my nerves, and it felt like my brain was being cracked from the inside.

I really wanted to see Caroline, so I'd asked Sementhe to make up an excuse to ask her out for me.

While I was driving, my phone rang. It was from Corey.

"Charles, Adam Wilson wants to broker a partnership with me."

I pondered for a moment and replied, "Tell him that you agree to work with him. Let's see what he's planning to do."

Perhaps pent up by failing to free Caroline last time, Adam could no longer remain calm.

That bastard was always a big threat to her.

The only way I could feel relieved was to get rid of that asshole for good.

Caroline's POV:

During the afternoon, I went to Sementhe's clinic for a follow-up consultation.

"Caroline, you're here!" Sementhe greeted me warmly.

I nodded and gave her a smile. Upon seeing the coat that used to be in the backseat of Charles' car was now on her chair, my heart stopped.

Conflicted, I asked, "Sementhe, that coat..."

She smiled back at me and explained, "I accidentally left it in Charles' car that night. He said that he likes seeing me wear this coat."

Bitterness filled my heart.

I tried to remain casual about it and just said, "You seem to have a good relationship with him."

"Well, we do get along fine," she answered.

Not long after, I sat on the sofa. "Does Charles think along the same lines?" I asked.

Sementhe sat across me. She had a beautiful oval face and bright eyes. Unlike those pretty yet flighty women, she was well-mannered and classy.

Today, she was wearing a professional outfit. She wore a white shirt and a tight black skirt, which accentuated her already incredible figure. The way she sat made her look even sexier.

It was then that I remembered the lace underwear I saw in the backseat of Charles' car that day. 'It probably looks good on her. And Charles probably likes it too,' I thought with disdain.

"Caroline, you seem to be avoiding Charles lately. Would you like to talk about it?"

I took a deep breath first and said, "I promised my dad that I wouldn't meet with Charles again."

"So... your relationship is officially over, huh?" she asked.

Her words left me stunned.

'Are Charles and I really over?' I had asked myself the same question over and over. Still, I didn't know

how to answer it.

Charles' POV:

Grandma's operation was successful. I believed that she would soon regain consciousness.

But ever since that fateful day, I hadn't seen Caroline again, and I couldn't get through to her.

I was starting to get anxious.

My migraines had becoming more and more frequent these past few days.

The stabbing pain broke my nerves, and it felt like my brain was being cracked from the inside.

I really wanted to see Caroline, so I'd asked Samantha to make up an excuse to ask her out for me.

While I was driving, my phone rang. It was from Corey.

"Charles, Adam Wilson wants to broker a partnership with me."

I pondered for a moment and replied, "Tell him that you agree to work with him. Let's see what he's planning to do."

Perhaps pent up by failing to frame Caroline last time, Adam could no longer remain calm.

That bastard was always a big threat to her.

The only way I could feel relieved was to get rid of that asshole for good.

Caroline's POV:

During the afternoon, I went to Samantha's clinic for a follow-up consultation.

"Caroline, you're here!" Samantha greeted me warmly.

I nodded and gave her a smile. Upon seeing the coat that used to be in the backseat of Charles' car was now on her chair, my heart stopped.

Conflicted, I asked, "Samantha, that coat..."

She smiled back at me and explained, "I accidentally left it in Charles' car that night. He said that he likes seeing me wear this coat."

Bitterness filled my heart.

I tried to remain casual about it and just said, "You seem to have a good relationship with him."

"Well, we do get along fine," she answered.

Not long after, I sat on the sofa. "Does Charles think along the same lines?" I asked.

Samantha sat across me. She had a beautiful oval face and bright eyes. Unlike those pretty yet flighty women, she was well-mannered and classy.

Today, she was wearing a professional outfit. She wore a white shirt and a tight black skirt, which accentuated her already incredible figure. The way she sat made her look even sexier.

It was then that I remembered the lace underwear I saw in the backseat of Charles' car that day. 'It probably looks good on her. And Charles probably likes it too,' I thought with disdain.

"Caroline, you seem to be avoiding Charles lately. Would you like to talk about it?"

I took a deep breath first and said, "I promised my dad that I wouldn't meet with Charles again."

"So... your relationship is officially over, huh?" she asked.

Her words left me stunned.

'Are Charles and I really over?' I had asked myself the same question over and over. Still, I didn't know how to answer it.

Thus, I just told Samantha, "Maybe."

"In that case, I have something to tell you, Caroline." Samantha stood up, sat next to me, and held my hand. "I've fallen in love with Charles. I'm hoping that I can get your blessing, Caroline."

This time, my mind went blank.

Not only was Samantha my therapist, she was also my savior.

I had always regarded her as a close friend.

'Should I give her my blessing?' I wondered.

I had no idea that when or how I left Samantha's clinic.

But by the time I gathered my composure, she and I were already sitting in a private room of a bar.

There were other men and women in the room, and I knew none of them. Based on how they interacted

with Samantha, they seemed to be her friends.

"Samantha, I hear that your new boyfriend will be coming tonight. Is it true?"

"Samantha's other pursuers are going to cry out of jealousy."

"You know, I do wonder what sort of man was able to win Sam's heart."

"Oh, stop it, guys! He hasn't even acknowledged me as his girlfriend yet." Samantha appeared to be delighted.

Meanwhile, I was just sitting in a corner, drinking some beverages.

Having heard their conversation, I was confused.

'Samantha's new boyfriend? She just told me that she's fallen in love with Charles. How could she have a new boyfriend already?'

Just then, the door opened from outside.

"Charles!" Samantha sprang to her feet and approached him.

Everyone else stood up as well.

I turned my gaze towards the man as well. The bright light inside the room illuminated him. Even though he was just wearing a plain white shirt, he still looked charming.

Charles was simply excellent. The second he showed up, he already captivated everyone's attention.

Even the girls who were singing stopped what they were doing and surrounded him.

"Is he Samantha's new boyfriend?"

"Whoa! He's so good-looking!"

Charles swept his eyes across everyone's faces until his eyes met mine.

Subconsciously, I averted my gaze from him.

It turned out that Samantha's new boyfriend was Charles.

I didn't even say hello to him. I just continued drinking in silence. A girl next to me nudged me with her elbow and asked, "Why don't you say hello to him?"

"I don't know the guy," I replied lightly.

"Everyone, let's enjoy the night, shall we?" Samantha told everyone to sit down and then she turned to Charles. "Charles, why don't you sit next to me?" she asked.

I lowered my gaze and stared at the floor. All of a sudden, a pair of black leather shoes appeared before my eyes.

Even without looking up, I knew it was Charles.

Thus, I just told Samantha, "Maybe."

"In that case, I have something to tell you, Caroline." Samantha stood up, sat next to me, and held my hand. "I've fallen in love with Charles. I'm hoping that I can get your blessing, Caroline."

For a moment, I felt awkward.

"Bro, do you mind if I sit here?" Though Charles sounded laidback, people found it hard to refuse him.

The young man sitting on my right moved aside and said, "Of course, bro. Go ahead."

"Thank you," Charles replied.

There were so many empty seats, but he had to sit next to me.

Samantha was the protagonist of the night, and Charles was the deuteragonist. Everyone toasted him and wanted to talk to him.

With every passing moment, more and more people approached him. Later on, it became even more crowded.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Guys, can we squeeze over there a little?"

Thereafter, I found myself squeezed tightly next to Charles.

The dress I wore today wasn't short, but while I was sitting down, the hemline of the dress had been pulled up above my knees, revealing my snow-white thighs.

At this moment, Charles' hand was casually resting on his long legs.

The girl next to me accidentally pushed me, causing the back of Charles' hand to brush against my thigh.

My whole body froze. I felt as though the part of my skin that he touched was burning.

But it seemed like Charles was completely unaware of what happened and was just listening to the people next to him.

I'd been dreading to move his hand away, but I restrained myself, for I didn't want to touch him at all.

I wanted to stand up and change seats, but before I could even get up, Charles leaned over to grab a glass of wine on the table in front of me.

He was so close to me that I could feel his breath.

Even while he was sitting in a place like this, his fragrant natural aroma lingered. It smelled so clean and fresh.

If I were to move even an inch forward, the tip of my nose would brush against his face.

I could even sense that many of the women present were looking at me with envy, including Samantha.

"Just sitting here chatting is kinda boring, isn't it? Let's play a game!" someone suggested. "Let's play spin the bottle, shall we?"

Right after I heard the name of the game, I understood what was about to happen.

It was a naughty game.

"The two people who gets pointed at by the bottle have to kiss. Of course, if anyone refuses to accept the kiss, he or she can choose another form of punishment. That person will have to drink three shots of liquor in a row!" The girl who proposed the game seemed really excited. The rest of the party were riled up.

"Remember, nobody is allowed to quit. Charles, you have to play with us!" said another woman.

Based on my understanding of this man, I didn't think that Charles would agree.

But to my surprise, he said, "Sure. Why not?"

[Chapter 486 Kiss](#)

Caroline's POV:

Thanks to the game, the atmosphere suddenly became cheerful. Soon, several men and women lost the game. But they all accepted their punishment cheerfully. Two men even kissed each other.

Charles and Samantha lost in the first round, and everyone began to cheer.

"Kiss! Kiss!"

Sementhe seemed both shy and surprised.

But Charles picked up the shot glass and just drank.

Sementhe looked disappointed.

In the last round, someone exerted too much force when rotating the bottle.

The bottle spun a little too fast and fell from the table before its rotation was complete.

And it happened to land at my feet.

"How is it? How is it now? Who is it pointing at?" Everyone was curious about the result.

My lips thinned as I stared at the unmoving bottle. "Since it has fallen from the table, then the result of this round doesn't count."

What a coincidence! The mouth of the bottle was pointing at me and the bottom of it was pointing at Charles' foot.

"Of course, it counts. How can it not count? It's your two's turn!"

Everyone cheered and applauded.

"Do you want to drink or kiss?" Someone asked.

My eyes drifted to Charles of their own volition.

Surprisingly, Charles appeared not to care one way or the other. He stared at me calmly, as if the decision lay with me and he was nothing but a bystander.

Everyone's attention was on me, especially the women. Most of whom couldn't disguise their envy. I ducked my head, my face heating up with embarrassment.

I coughed a little to hide my discomfort before pouring three shots of liquor. "I accept the punishment."

"Really? Why did you let such a good chance go?"

"It's now or never!"

I turned a deaf ear to their words, took the glass, and drank it decisively.

When I was about to drink the third glass, Sementhe said to Charles with a smile, "Charles, you have to

drink too."

Someone passed the bottle of liquor to him.

Charles casually covered his glass with one hand. "I didn't say that I accepted the punishment."

What was that supposed to mean?

Everyone stared at him in confusion.

I had just poured the third shot into my mouth when I felt the sudden heat behind my neck.

Surprised, I stared up at the face looming over me and found Charles staring at me as he gripped my neck.

Then the face that had so many women swooning inched closer to mine.

My mouth hung open in shock and Charles took advantage of it. Before I could fully comprehend the situation, Charles was kissing me.

This kiss was not the simple peck like the other participants had shared.

He stuck his tongue into my mouth.

I closed my eyes as our tongues dueled with each other. The liquor, most of which I hadn't swallowed before Charles' surprise kiss, spread across both our tongues and Charles emitted the soft groan at the taste.

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It was all I could do to hold my breath as his lips devoured me.

"They are kissing like a real couple!"

"Isn't Charles Samantha's new boyfriend? Why is he kissing Caroline instead of Samantha?"

Someone whispered.

I didn't know how long we kissed. This kiss was so great that I felt drunk and I forgot to struggle.

As if he was not satisfied yet, Charles pressed his lips to mine for a long time, but eventually, the kiss came to an end.

Even though the kiss was over, I could still feel Charles' heavy breathing.

My gaze remained glued to the floor and I didn't dare to look at anyone.

Charles' eyes were filled with lust. Even if I didn't look at them, I could feel it.

I whispered, "I'm leaving."

After this incident, I really didn't want to stay any longer.

Charles grabbed my hand and said, "Let me drive you home."

It didn't occur to me to reject his offer as a wave of dizziness struck me.

"Charles!" We both ignored Samantha's voice as we walked out.

Once we were in the car, Charles promptly fell asleep, and I spent the entire drive back to Moore mansion staring at his face.

Even though Charles had fallen asleep, his face was drawn, indicating that he must have been very tired.

He shouldn't have drunk so much today.

My phone chose this moment to ring.

In the silent car, the phone's ringtone was harsh.

Charles frowned and muttered a few delirious words as he turned to his other side. Obviously, the sudden blare from the phone had disrupted his sleep.

I muted the phone immediately before sneaking a glance at the caller ID. The call was from Simon.

I rejected Simon's call and chose not to delve too deep into my decision.

The car stopped at the gate of the Moore mansion.

For a while, I debated on whether I should wake Charles up or not. While I was still struck with indecision, the man opened his eyes.

With a small groan, he sat up and asked, "Did I fall asleep?"

"Yes."

Sighing, Charles massaged his temple. He flicked a glance over at me before murmuring wearily, "Mom and dad are in the hospital with Grandma and Grandpa is too old to take care of the children all by himself. You will have to take care of James today. He has a fever and keeps asking for you."

"You should have told me earlier." I reprimanded him in a sharp tone.

Without another word, I opened the door and tried to alight from the car. But then I noticed that Charles was making no such move. "Are you not going to stay with the children?"

"I still have another social engagement."

The statement had my brows furrowing in displeasure.

"If I could, I would spend the rest of the day with you and our children. But business is not that simple. Thousands of employees, both at the head office and our branches are all counting on me."

It was all I could do to hold my breath as his lips devoured me.

He didn't have to explain further for me to understand his point.

Once, for the sake of work, I had to drink even though I had a fever and had to spend the entire night throwing up.

And my responsibilities weren't as enormous as that of Charles who happened to be the CEO of an international group.

"Don't worry. I will take good care of James."

When I entered the gate, James ran out to greet me.

"Mommy!"

My face split in a wide smile as I bent to a knee and opened my arms to accept the hug. Once I had him in my arms, I checked his temperature with my fingers. "Let me see if you're still having a fever."

The little boy wrapped his arms around my neck and asked, "Didn't Dad come back with you?"

"No. He is very busy."

James snorted, "I've made up my mind. I don't want to talk to him."

"What's wrong?"

"It's all his fault. He made you angry so that I didn't get to see you for so long."

The statement had my mind flashing back to Charles' tired and drawn face. I put James on my lap and took the soup from the servant, Zoey. While feeding him, I tried to explain the situation to James. "Even if you are angry with Dad, you can't ignore him. It's not only Dad's fault if Mom and Dad fight."

"Does Mom make mistakes too? But Dad said it was all his fault and Mom was always right." James tilted his head, confused.

Did Charles say that to the kids?

I was surprised. When did Charles become so... reasonable?

"Mommy is not always right."

James was more confused, "Mom, you seem to be defending Dad. You don't like him, do you? Why do you put in a good word for him now?"

What? Did I?

I was stunned for a moment. The thought left me speechless for a moment. Looking at the innocent look in James' eyes, I shook my head quickly. "No, I don't like him, and I'm not defending him."

It felt like I was trying to convince myself.

After taking the medicine, James was much better. But when I was about to leave, he started crying.

Seeing how upset he was and knowing he was still ill, I didn't have the heart to leave him alone in such condition.

I was able to stop his flow of tears by promising to spend the night.

James was young but smart.

"Mom, go to take a shower! You must sleep with me tonight!"

Was he afraid that I would break my promise?

I was in a dilemma. But I had to comfort him first. I could leave after he fell asleep.

After taking a shower, James said at once, "Mom, come and sleep."

With a small nod, I obliged James. I just wanted to wait for him to fall asleep before leaving but when I held the little boy in my arms and rested my head in the pillow, my eyes closed for a second and before I knew it, I was sound asleep.

[Chapter 487 She Put Her Hand Into His Pajamas](#)

Charles' POV:

It was midnight by the time I went home from my social engagements.

The house was eerily quiet tonight.

After taking a shower, I went to the children's room.

The nightlight was on.

On the bed, James was nestling in Caroline's arms. Caroline, on the other hand, was bent like a shrimp

es she held her son in her arms.

Her soft, long hair was scattered on the pillow, revealing her charming face.

Both were lousy sleepers, so most of the quilt had now fallen to the ground.

Upon seeing them together like that, I was lost in thought for a moment.

I lifted the quilt and lay beside Caroline. Then, I stretched out my arm, so that she could rest her head on it.

Caroline turned around and leaned towards me; her hands, fumbling around for something.

I held her hand right when she put it underneath my pajamas. My body felt tense and I began breathing heavily.

People claimed that those who huddled themselves up while sleeping lacked a sense of security. And it seemed as though Caroline wasn't an exception.

Thus, I pulled her closer towards me.

Fortunately, she didn't struggle. She just fumbled beneath my pajamas until her soft hands were wrapped around my waist.

The muscles in my waist tensed up, and it felt like my lower body was on fire.

Just then, the phone on the bedside vibrated.

Considering it was the middle of a quiet night, it was hard to ignore it.

It was Caroline's phone.

I grabbed it from the table and saw Simon's name flickering on the screen.

Even until now, he was still pestering Caroline.

'Looks like my warning last time didn't faze him.'

Caroline groaned in her sleep. The frown on her face made it seem like she was woken up by the noise.

Thus, I asked her, "Someone is calling you. Would you like to answer it?"

"You answer it for me," she said in a lazy voice, and then drifted into dreamland again.

I answered the call and put the phone near my ear.

"Caroline, where are you right now?"

Simon asked over the phone.

I didn't respond.

"Caroline, Edward said that you promised him to never see Charles again. Is that true?" Simon continued.

It was then that I understood something.

I now realized that this was the reason why Caroline hadn't been answering my calls during the past few days. She didn't even show up during Grendel's surgery.

"I know you still love Charles, Caroline, but he's the best. He doesn't even understand you! All he'll ever do is hurt you. Know that I'm willing to wait until you finally change your mind, Caroline."

"She's asleep right now. Give her another call tomorrow." I decided to cut him off because I was sick of hearing him talk of how much he loved Caroline.

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"She's asleep right now. Give her another call tomorrow." I decided to cut him off because I was sick of hearing him talk of how much he loved Caroline.

A long silence ensued on the other end of the line.

"Who are you?" Simon growled.

"The bastard you just mentioned."

Having said that, I disconnected from the call.

The room fell into silence once more.

Caroline's POV:

The next morning, I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling. I was confused as to where I was at this moment.

I turned over and found that the side of the bed next to me was empty. Then it came to me I was on James' room in the Moore mansion.

'Why did James get up so early?' I wondered.

After getting up, I went to the bathroom to wash my face and brush my teeth. The toiletries I used before were still there. They were neatly placed on the washbasin, as though I still lived in this house.

Once I was done washing up, I changed my clothes and went downstairs.

Down in the dining room, Zoey was preparing breakfast.

She put a plate of food in front of me and said, "Have some breakfast, Mrs. Moore."

Zoey was a new maid here. Even though Charles and I had already separated, each time I was here, she would call me Mrs. Moore. None of the other members of the Moore family corrected her, so I never bothered to correct her either.

"Where are the kids?" I asked.

"Tracy took James to see a doctor, while Janet and Richard took the twins out for a day of fun. Mr. Moore went to work, but it seems like he caught a cold, so he didn't have any appetite for breakfast," answered Zoey.

"Did Charles come back last night?"

Only then did it dawn on me that I indeed heard Charles' voice last night. 'Wasn't it just a dream?' I wondered.

'Did he actually sleep next to me last night?'

"Yes, ma'am. He came out of the children's room this morning."

My face was burning up and I could tell that it was so red.

Last night, I slept so soundly that I wasn't even aware that Charles was lying beside me.

After eating breakfast, I went home and changed my clothes.

This morning, a bidding was going to happen at the Moore Group's building.

There were only seven companies that would participate in the bidding, so the first round of the bidding finished swiftly.

Soon, the representatives of each company left one after another.

While we were waiting for the elevator, the door of the CEO's exclusive elevator nearby opened up.

"Mrs. Moore."

I looked over and saw that it was Amy who greeted me.

She was Charles' capable assistant, so everyone greeted her warmly.

"Would you mind staying for a little bit longer, ma'am?" Amy said to me through the crowd.

I nodded and asked, "Sure. What's up?"

"Since you're already here, why don't you go upstairs and talk to Mr. Moore?" said Amy.

I was taken aback by Amy's request. I pondered on it for a moment, and eventually shook my head. "I think it's best that I don't. It's not a good idea."

A long silence ensued on the other end of the line.

"Mr. Moore has a fever right now, ma'am. He's been upstairs throughout the whole morning and refused to go to the hospital. It worries me that he will have a pneumonia. Currently, he's still working on some documents, and I can't persuade him to see a doctor."

My heart stopped.

Thereafter, we took the exclusive elevator upstairs.

At this moment, nobody else was on the top floor. It was eerily quiet up here.

While I was standing outside the office, I thought for a moment before knocking on the door tentatively.

It remained silent inside.

Right after I knocked, the door was opened slightly. It turned out that it had been left unlocked.

I peered through the crack of the door.

Inside the spacious office, Charles was leaning against the swivel chair. The chair was faced towards the window with its back to me.

From where I was standing, I could only see the back of Charles' head and I couldn't see his expression.

I stood at the door, staring blankly at him for a good few seconds. As I looked at him, I felt conflicted.

I had made myself believe that I could move on, but in reality, I was just deceiving myself.

Even after everything that happened, I was still concerned about him.

I pushed the door open and strutted into the office. The sound of my high heels resonated throughout the room. I did my best to walk as lightly as possible, but the clacking of the heels echoed nonetheless.

Charles seemed unbothered by the sounds, which led me to believe that he was asleep. Not in the mood to look around his office, I approached him directly.

He was indeed asleep.

But my heart sank when I saw that his face was abnormally red.

Even as he slept, his eyebrows were still knitted together, and there was a thin layer of sweat on the tip of his nose. His body was trembling slightly. He appeared to be feeling cold.

My heart skipped a beat when I put my hand on his forehead.

'He's burning up!' I thought, fearing for his safety.

"Charles, wake up." I patted him on the shoulder, but he didn't even flinch.

I squatted down and whispered in his ear, "Charles? Charles! Wake up!"

Suddenly, I felt a warm hand grabbing my hand on his shoulder.

The next moment, he pulled me down to sit on his lap.

I was shocked.

'Is he awake?' I wondered.

I tried to push him away and stand up. However, Charles was holding my waist too tightly and he prevented me from getting up.

"Honey, don't move," he said in a hoarse yet gentle voice. His eyes remained closed.

His gentleness made me want to cry.

[Chapter 488 Tell Him Never To Call You Again](#)

Caroline's POV:

I couldn't tell if he was awake or asleep, so I asked, "Are you awake?"

"Yep," Charles replied in a nasal voice.

He paused for a moment until he slowly opened his eyes.

It was obvious that he was feeling very uncomfortable. Charles' eyes were a bit misty, which made him look befuddled.

Even so, he still smiled at me the moment he saw me. "Why are you here?" he asked.

My heart ached for him.

Instead of answering his question, I said, "You have a fever, Charles. You should go to the hospital."

He didn't respond to my suggestion and just chuckled at me.

I felt really bad for him, and I was worried for his health. And when he smiled at me, I got annoyed a little. "Charles, you're burning up. How can you laugh at a time like this? Why don't you go to the doctor? Are you a child or something?"

"Fine... fine. I'm going to the hospital right away," he said. I was actually surprised that he obeyed me. It made me wonder why Amy was unsuccessful in convincing him.

Out of the blue, Charles added, "But you have to come with me."

For a moment, I didn't know how to respond. Then, I said to him, "Just take Amy with you. She's really worried about you."

"Aren't you worried about me too?" Charles was looking at me like he wanted to see through me.

In all honesty, I was scared about this. I would be lying if I said that I wasn't worried about him.

"I'm gonna tell Amy to come in here and take you to the hospital," I said.

Just as I was about to stand up, he asked, "Did Edward prohibit you from ever seeing me again?"

"Huh?" I was confused by the sudden change of the subject.

Charles leaned against the back of the chair, gazing into my very soul. "Simon said it over the phone last night."

Only then did it dawn on me that Charles was the one who answered Simon's call for me last night.

Now I understood why I saw the call log this morning but didn't remember talking to him at all.

"Dad wants me to get together with Simon." I decided to just tell Charles the truth.

"Tell him never to call you in the middle of the night again. It'll cease the misunderstanding," said Charles.

"It's fine. I'll explain what happened last night to Simon," I answered.

"I meant for myself." Charles looked at me and added, "I might misunderstand your relationship with him."

His words moved me, but I couldn't say anything for a time.

Just then, we heard a knock on the door.

I gathered my composure and stood up from his lap.

"Come in," Charles commended.

Amy opened the door and walked in.

She was staring at me with curiosity. Clearly, she was asking if I had convinced Charles to go to the hospital.

Caroline's POV:

I couldn't tell if he was awake or asleep, so I asked, "Are you awake?"

"Yep," Charles replied in a nasal voice.

He paused for a moment until he slowly opened his eyes.

It was obvious that he was feeling very uncomfortable. Charles' eyes were a bit misty, which made him look befuddled.

Even so, he still smiled at me the moment he saw me. "Why are you here?" he asked.

My heart ached for him.

Instead of answering his question, I said, "You have a fever, Charles. You should go to the hospital."

He didn't respond to my suggestion and just chuckled at me.

I felt really bad for him, and I was worried for his health. And when he smiled at me, I got annoyed a little. "Charles, you're burning up. How can you laugh at a time like this? Why don't you go to a doctor? Are you a child or something?"

"Fine... fine. I'm going to the hospital right away," he said. I was actually surprised that he obeyed me. It made me wonder why Amy was unsuccessful in convincing him.

Out of the blue, Charles added, "But you have to come with me."

For a moment, I didn't know how to respond. Then, I said to him, "Just take Amy with you. She's really worried about you."

"Aren't you worried about me too?" Charles was looking at me like he wanted to see through me.

In all honesty, I was sad about this. I would be lying if I said that I wasn't worried about him.

"I'm gonna tell Amy to come in here and take you to the hospital," I said.

Just as I was about to stand up, he asked, "Did Edward prohibit you from ever seeing me again?"

"Huh?" I was confused by the sudden change of the subject.

Charles leaned against the back of the chair, gazing into my very soul. "Simon said it over the phone last night."

Only then did it dawn on me that Charles was the one who answered Simon's call for me last night.

Now I understood why I saw the call log this morning but didn't remember talking to him at all.

"Dad wants me to get together with Simon." I decided to just tell Charles the truth.

"Tell him never to call you in the middle of the night again. It'll cause a misunderstanding," said Charles.

"It's fine. I'll explain what happened last night to Simon," I answered.

"I meant for myself." Charles locked eyes with me and added, "I might misunderstand your relationship with him."

His words moved me, but I couldn't say anything for a time.

Just then, we heard a knock on the door.

I gathered my composure and stood up from his lap.

"Come in," Charles commanded.

Amy opened the door and walked in.

She was staring at me with curiosity. Clearly, she was asking if I had convinced Charles to go to the hospital.

I nodded in response, causing her to sigh with relief.

"Get the car ready," Charles ordered while closing the folder on the desk.

Amy nodded in response before walking out of the office.

Then, I followed Charles into the elevator.

It looked like he was getting more and more uncomfortable by the minute. He was rubbing his temples from time to time.

"Are you okay?"

I asked, unable to resist it any longer.

Charles glanced over at me and asked, "Do I look okay?"

"Do you feel dizzy?" I asked back.

"A little," he said.

I moved closer towards him and suggested, "If you're feeling dizzy, come lean on my shoulder."

Charles didn't respond.

Confused, I turned my gaze towards him and saw that his reddened face was right before my eyes.

He then turned around, putting one hand on the wall of the elevator and locking me between the wall and his muscular chest.

Before I could say a word, he raised my chin using his fingers and kissed me passionately.

The warmth of his lips almost incinerated my reasoning.

My body trembled with pleasure.

Instinctively, I tightened my grip on my purse.

Charles was adept at this stuff. He could easily make me lose my mind. I tried my best to remain sane and put my hand on his shoulder, intending to push him away.

But before I could do so, he started kissing me softer little by little.

And the warmth of his lips became even hotter.

'This isn't right. Something is definitely wrong!'

The following moment, his lips slid away from mine.

Not a second later, Charles fell forward.

"Charles!"

I wrapped my hands around his waist to support him. It seemed that he had passed out.

Soon, the elevator reached the garage.

When the elevator door finally opened, I saw that Amy was already waiting outside.

She was also shocked to see that I was holding Charles up.

"He passed out. Take him to the hospital at once!" I said anxiously.

Amy and I hobbled Charles into the car and let him lie flat on the backseat.

Once Amy was sure that Charles was settled down on the seat, she said to me, "Mrs. Moore, please take the front seat."

I pondered for a second and shook my head. "You need to take him to the hospital now. I'm not going."

Amy nodded in response before heading into the car.

I was really worried and I wanted to say something. But in the end, I couldn't say a word. I just watched as the car turned to a corner, leave the parking lot, and completely disappear from my sight.

I stood there for a time until I finally decided to walk out of the garage, dragging my feet.

I nodded in response, causing her to sigh with relief.

That night, I was having a hard time falling asleep.

The thought of Charles' frail appearance during the day made me feel worried about him.

Finally, I got up and left the house quietly without waking Elena up.

As I stood in front of the inpatient building of the hospital, I felt a little timid.

Just then, my phone rang.

"Where are you?" Charles' voice was hoarse, and it sounded much gentler in the quietness of the night.

"Downstairs of the hospital," I answered.

"Come on in. I'm in room 2009."

Then, he hung up the phone.

Soon, I reached the ward. I knocked first before entering.

But to my surprise, there was nobody inside.

'Isn't he supposed to be here?'

I took a look around, but he was nowhere to be found.

"If I hadn't called you, you're not going to come up here, are you?" I suddenly heard Charles' voice from behind me.

Startled, I turned around at once.

He was wearing a hospital gown. He had his hands in his pockets, looking down at me with a gloomy expression.

"Where have you been hiding?" I asked.

"I've been on the balcony this whole time," Charles said, gesturing towards the direction of the balcony.

'Now I get it,' I remarked inwardly.

It was dark outside, so I didn't notice him from where I was standing inside the room.

Upon seeing how worn he was, my heart broke.

"What happened to you? Is it serious? What did the doctor say? How long will you be staying in the hospital?"

Charles chuckled at me. "Whoa, take it easy! You've got so many questions. Which one would you like me to answer first?"

I looked back at him and suggested, "Answer them in order one by one."

But then, he just smiled at me and didn't answer. Instead, he took a step closer towards me.

He towered over me, causing me to feel nervous. I wanted to back away, but the door was right behind me, closed. There was no room for me to retreat.

Thus, I straightened myself, and looked him dead in the eye. "Why are you standing so close to me?"

Charles was staring right at me. His eyes were like a gigantic net, trapping me and making it difficult for me to breathe.

"Who are you to me? Why should I even answer your questions?" His words were like a hammer, driving a mighty nail to my chest.

As I looked into his eyes, I felt only bitterness.

In the end, I averted my gaze from him. I pursed my lips and said, "In that case, I'm leaving."

I turned around and reached for the doorknob, attempting to leave.

But the second I made a move, he held my waist.

I was shocked. The very next second, he carried me and threw me onto the bed behind us.

[Chapter 489 He's So Tempting](#)

Caroline's POV:

Charles leaned over, put his hand on my waist, and stared into my eyes.

He combed back the strands of hair on the corner of my lips, gently brushing his fingers on my cheek.

His fingertips warmed not just my skin, but also my heart. By now, my eyelashes were quivering. But the more I indulged in this feeling, the sadder I felt.

"You seem like you're perfectly fine. You don't seem like there's anything wrong with you," I said in a trembling voice.

"So if I'm fine, you're just going to listen to Edward and never see me again, is that it?" he argued.

I turned my face away and said nothing.

It was then that Charles forced me to look at him and kissed me.

I could feel that his body temperature was much higher than mine.

He was really warm.

I was shocked by this.

Then, I put my hands on his shoulders, intending to push him away. But the next second, I found myself putting my hand down his shirt.

He chuckled; his breath, becoming unsteady. "Do you want to do it?"

The sound of his voice was simply tempting.

'He's so tempting!'

I thought as I ran my hands along his chest.

And just as I had expected, it was very warm.

His body temperature was higher than normal.

Needless to say, he still had a fever.

"If you want to do it now, I'm afraid we'll have to go somewhere else."

Charles heaved a heavy breath, easily lifting me from the bed. He held my buttocks and wrapped my legs around his waist.

While kissing my lips, he said, "Shall we go to the balcony?"

"No." I was practically gasping for breath because of how good he was at kissing. Aside from that, his penis was rubbing against my vagina. I couldn't help but think of what happened on the deck of the cruise ship that night.

"Charles," I moaned as my voice trailed off. My hands had become wet with his hot sweat. His muscular pecs were heaving along with his irregular breathing.

"Would you rather do it in bed?" Charles' eyes were just like mine, filled with lust and affection.

He grazed his palms on my body, caressing me fondly.

"Is that the only thing you ever think of?" I said, managing to finish my sentence.

"This is my first reaction whenever I see you. Besides, you're the one who made the first move," he countered.

My throat was perched and my tongue felt scorched. My body was much too sensitive to his every move. Beads of sweat slid down from my forehead to the tip of my nose. Just before it could fall off my nose, he licked it away.

It was so erotic.

Unable to stand the temptation any longer, I pulled my hand out of his clothes.

"You misunderstood me," I said in a shaky voice.

Caroline's POV:

Charles leaned over, put a hand on my waist, and stared into my eyes.

He combed back the strands of hair on the corner of my lips, gently brushing his fingers on my cheek.

His fingertips warmed not just my skin, but also my heart. By now, my eyelashes were quivering. But the more I indulged in this feeling, the sadder I felt.

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It was so erotic.

Unable to stand the temptation any longer, I pulled my hand out of his clothes.

"You misunderstood me," I said in a shaky voice.

"Misunderstood what?"

Charles replied, putting his hand into my clothes.

Hurriedly, I grabbed his hand through my clothes and said, "You are burning up."

"I am burning up for you, you know," he bantered.

The way he smiled made me feel like I was melting.

He fondled my breasts over and over. The sensation was so incredible that my toes instinctively curled up.

I barely had any strength left to support myself. All I could do now was to hold his arms to prevent myself from slipping down.

"Stop it, Charles. You're burning up. We should call the doctor in."

He chuckled at my response and said, "You know what? You seem like you're also burning up. Your face is red and your body is hot."

'He's making fun of me! I'm just worried about him and he's teasing me!' I thought.

Annoyed by his behavior, I gritted my teeth and bit his shoulder. "Don't touch me! Put me down!"

"Don't you want me to recover as soon as possible?" Instead of letting me go, Charles sat down on the sofa while still carrying me.

He held my waist with one hand, and his other hand was on my breast.

I wanted to deny it, but the thought of his frail appearance in the elevator, my heart softened. "Of course, I do! I want you to stay strong. I hope you won't get sick, that you won't fall down, and that nobody hurts you."

Charles' eyes were filled with affection.

He held the back of my neck and replied, "Caroline, you still love me, don't you?"

My heart was practically melting, but I didn't respond.

Just then, the door of the room was pushed open.

When the nurse came in and saw what we were doing, she was taken by surprise. She was frozen for a moment and went out right away.

I hurriedly removed Charles' hands from me and got up from his lap.

He, on the other hand, seemed to be in a chipper mood. He just sat there, smiling at me.

Because of his fever, he easily grew tired and weak. The way his eyes lit up when he laughed made me less worried about him.

"Stop laughing, you idiot. You're sick, remember? What on earth are you laughing at?" I was starting to get pissed.

Despite my warning, he laughed even harder. "Jeez, you're so bossy that you won't even allow me to laugh."

I wasn't in the mood to flirt with him anymore, so I just got up and opened the door.

Even though I had mentally prepared myself for this, the nurse's knowing stare still made me feel ashamed of myself.

"He has a fever. It looks serious," I told her.

"I'll have a look at him," she answered.

The nurse checked Charles' temperature and told him to lie on the bed. After putting an intravenous drip on him, she left the ward.

"Misunderstood what?"

Charles replied, putting his hand into my clothes.

I pulled out a chair and sat down next to the bed. While intently looking at him, I asked, "Do you know what Samantha is thinking of you?"

"I'm not interested in other people's thoughts," Charles answered. He turned around and looked back at me. "I'd rather know your thoughts. Yours is the only opinion I care about."

His gaze was deep; almost soul-piercing.

The way he was looking at me made me feel like he could see right through me.

My heart began racing. "Since you've already read my mind, I guess there's no need to talk about it."

Charles chuckled. "Is that so?"

I didn't answer.

"Are you sure about that?" he asked again; his eyes, lighting up with glee.

Still, I just looked at him in silence.

Finally, Charles stopped teasing me. "Fine. Let's talk about Samantha."

"Can't you see that she likes you?" I asked directly.

"For real?" Charles shook his head. "I never noticed that."

"She left her panties in your car, for God's sake! Isn't that enough for you to notice it?" I responded.

Charles pointed at the dining table and said, "There are way too many women who show their affection

to me on a daily basis. Look over there. All those soups on the table. They're all sent here by the female employees in my company. If I have to pay attention to every woman trying to please me, I'm going to have migraines all day long."

I followed his gaze and saw rows of thermos bottles, rendering me completely speechless.

'God, he really is a prince charming, isn't he?' I exclaimed inwardly.

"You're quite popular to women, aren't you?" I sighed.

"Well, I gotta say, you're worse than them in this kind of stuff. You should learn from them," he countered.

I pouted. "There are so many women who care about you. Seems like it's not necessary for me to be here."

Charles gave me a knowing glance and replied, "That's not what I meant. You can give me something that others can't, such as..."

"Stop it. I'm being serious." I interrupted him before he could finish his sentence. "Since you don't like Samantha, don't give her any false hopes, lest she misunderstands you and fantasizes more about you."

I paused for a moment and thought of how intoxicated Samantha was of him. It made me worried. "From what I could see, she's deeply in love with you. I'm afraid that she's going to end up getting hurt."

Feeling helpless, Charles asked, "What sort of signal have I given her?"

"I don't know, but Samantha thinks you like her back," I answered.

"That's an easy problem to solve." Charles looked at me solemnly. "Let's remarry. It's the easiest way to make her stop her fantasies."

[Chapter 490 Rivals In Love](#)

Caroline's POV:

I was absent-minded the whole day.

Last night, Charles had proposed to me. He wanted to get remarried.

In the afternoon, during the meeting, I still couldn't focus and was frequently lost in thought.

Elene also sensed that something was wrong with me. She asked with concern while we were alone, "Caroline, are you okay?"

I came to my senses and nodded. "I am fine. I just didn't sleep well last night."

Sleep had been the furthest thing from my mind after indulging in merethon sex with Charles all night.

At the end of the work day, I walked out of the elevator only to be escorted by several men with a very grave expression.

Despite his grave expression, his voice was smooth and deferential when he greeted me. "Hello, Miss Wilson."

My brows furrowed in confusion as I stared at him. "Who are you?"

"This is Carlos Greham, the new bodyguard I hired for you. In the future, he will be responsible for your safety at night, so that you won't be unaccompanied when you need to leave the house at night. Elene is becoming more and more incompetent."

Dad declared firmly as he walked over to us.

Damn it! How did Dad find out?

My head lowered as guilt turned my cheeks a deep red.

"I'm sorry. It was indeed my fault," Elene explained apologetically.

I tried to pretend to be innocent. "Dad, I couldn't fall asleep last night. I just went out for a walk."

"Really? And then you walked to the hospital 12 miles away, didn't you?"

Oops. Busted. "Sorry, Dad." Deciding the subject change was in order, I announced, "Your birthday is coming up soon and I want to arrange a grand party for you. Have you decided on what you want as a gift?"

A wistful sigh escaped dad. "Caroline, the only gift I want is for you to live a happy life, but not with Charles."

"Let's not talk about it for the time being. How about making another wish?"

"Well, I want you to attend the party in my stead tonight. I'm feeling a little under the weather, so I've decided to go home and rest."

"What party?"

"It's a jewelry exposition. Some of my old friends will also attend it. Please go to see them for me. Simon will go with you."

I frowned slightly. To be honest, I didn't want to see Simon for the time being.

"Don't refuse it, sweetheart. The Wilson Group will be handed over to you sooner or later, but only if you are with Simon." Dad declared in a grave tone.

At night.

As expected, Simon came to pick me up.

He was dressed in a formal suit.

"Caroline, you look gorgeous today."

"Thank you. Let's go."

We didn't mention the phone call Charles answered for me that night.

Although I was curious about what Charles and Simon had discussed, I hadn't asked. Needless to say, whatever two rivals in love discussed would be anything but nice.

The party was held in a big three-floor villa in the suburb.

When we arrived, the lights were all on.

Caroline's POV:

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Last night, Charles had proposed to me. He wanted to get remarried.

In the afternoon, during the meeting, I still couldn't focus and was frequently lost in thought.

Elena also sensed that something was wrong with me. She asked with concern while we were alone, "Caroline, are you okay?"

I came to my senses and nodded. "I am fine. I just didn't sleep well last night."

Sleep had been the furthest thing from my mind after indulging in marathon sex with Charles all night.

At the end of the work day, I walked out of the elevator only to be accosted by a tall man with a very grave expression.

Despite his grave expression, his voice was smooth and deferential when he greeted me. "Hello, Miss Wilson."

My brows furrowed in confusion as I stared at him. "Who are you?"

"This is Carlos Graham, the new bodyguard I hired for you. In the future, he will be responsible for your safety at night, so that you won't be unaccompanied when you need to leave the house at night. Elena is becoming more and more incompetent."

Dad declared firmly as he walked over to us.

Damn it! How did Dad find out?

My head lowered as guilt turned my cheeks a deep red.

"I'm sorry. It was indeed my fault," Elena explained apologetically.

I tried to pretend to be innocent. "Dad, I couldn't fall asleep last night. I just went out for a walk."

"Really? And then you walked to the hospital 12 miles away, didn't you?"

Oops. Busted. "Sorry, Dad." Deciding a subject change was in order, I announced, "Your birthday is coming up soon and I want to arrange a grand party for you. Have you decided on what you want as a gift?"

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The party was held in a big three-floor villa in the suburb.

When we arrived, the lights were all on.

My arm was around Simon's as we walked in.

Simon turned to look at me and said, "Caroline, I heard from your father that you once studied jewelry design abroad."

"Yes, but it was many years ago. I was studying in France at that time."

Once, Rita had declared that I couldn't differentiate between natural gemstones and artificial ones. The mocking words had been uttered right in front of Charles. Later, I had studied jewelry design so I could do this and even outdo her.

My lips pursed at the unpleasant memory. The past was a needle that stabbed my heart each time I thought of it.

"Simon, you are here!" A middle-aged man walked toward us.

"Hello, Dan." Simon called pleasantly, walking over to him, my arm still clasped in his.

The man who was apparently named Dan seemed to be a bit floored when he saw me. A small smile graced his lips and he asked, "Is she the fiancée you spoke of?"

Fiancée? Just as I was about to deny it, Simon placed his hand across my shoulder, a silent request for me to hold my peace. He made a small humming sound in answer to Dan's question.

I had no idea why Simon didn't set Dan straight, but I went along with it and greeted Dan politely.

After Dan left, I took a glass of cocktail from a waiter passing by.

"Caroline!" A familiar voice called loudly.

I turned around and saw Nina trotting towards me in a beautiful dress and high heels.

"Hi, Nina."

Nina was surprised to see Simon beside me. "Did you come together?"

"I'm Caroline's escort tonight," Simon replied.

Nina suddenly frowned and whispered in my ear, "But I saw Charles here just now."

Charles was also here?

Before I was fully aware of it, my head was already turning in several directions, scanning the crowd for his face. A few seconds later, I caught sight of a tall figure staring at me from a distance.

The moment he arrived was a bit of a mystery to me. Perhaps he had arrived before Simon and I and I hadn't noticed him until Nina's statement.

Charles stood in the crowd, holding a glass of wine. Even though the men and women around him were all older, he didn't appear to feel inferior to them.

Charles was such a dazzling man that he outshined the light. Most of the women's eyes were focused on him, following his every move with rapt attention.

Instead of paying attention to any of the countless women clamouring for his attention, his entire focus was on me.

Just as I was about to look away from him, Charles turned away from me first and began discussing something with the people around him.

Simon also saw Charles. He raised his glass and suddenly held my hand. "Let's say hello to him."

By the time I came to my senses, Simon had already led me to Charles.

Simon greeted the others and then shook hands with Charles. "Mr. Moore, long time no see."

Charles clasped his hand back and said indifferently, "We talked on the phone only two days ago, didn't we?"

My arm was around Simon's as we walked in.

Simon turned to look at me and said, "Caroline, I heard from your father that you once studied jewelry design abroad."

Since our arms were still linked, I could feel it when Simon stiffened.

The atmosphere turned a little uncomfortable at their stare off.

"Simon, who is this beautiful lady next to you?" A bald man asked.

"She is Caroline Wilson. I'm pursuing her." Simon wrapped his arm around my waist.

"You have good taste. Miss Wilson is a good match for you."

"Excuse me." A low voice suddenly interrupted his compliment.

Charles nodded stiffly at no one in particular before turning on his heel and walking away.

"Mr. Moore seems unhappy all of a sudden."

"Really?"

"Did anyone say something that offended him?"

They looked at each other in confusion.

A tall lady invited Charles to dance when he got to the center of the dance floor. With a smile, he obliged her request.

They danced to the melodious music.

He was elegant and handsome, much like a prince in a fairy tale.

His dance partner was equally beautiful and delicate.

They made the perfect picture and their dance scene was straight out of a movie scene.

I gulped down my cocktail. But the only thing I could taste was the bitterness of the alcohol.

Silently, I shook Simon's hand off and walked away from the crowd. For some reason, the party was getting boring and I just wanted to find somewhere quiet to stay.

Nina and I went to the backyard of the villa and sat on a bench. We both turned our faces to the night sky, staring at the stars.

Under the bright moonlight, the backyard looked a little bleak.

Something weighed heavily on my mind and it made me feel weary and tired.

"Caroline, as your friend, I don't want you to always be immersed in the pain of the past. If there is someone who can heal your heart, why don't you give him a chance?" Nina broke the silence.

"I know. I just can't see my heart clearly yet."

We sat in the backyard for a long time until Abner came over. "Why are you here? Nina, don't forget that you are my partner."

"Abner, I'm comforting Caroline. Can't you just dance with another girl? There are so many pretty girls at the party. With your charm, you can certainly find a new partner."

Abner walked over and pinched Nina's face. "Why do you like to push your husband into another woman's arms so much?"

"Hey! Honey!" Nina couldn't get rid of him no matter what she tried. Eventually, she turned to me with an apologetic smile. "Caroline, I'll come to you later."

I smiled faintly, "Go ahead."

It was getting cold in the yard but I didn't feel like going inside just yet. A while later, I finally decided to brave the banquet hall once more.

Simon was talking with a group of people and had no time to pay attention to me. I decided this was the perfect time to make my exit.

At this moment, my phone rang.

I took my phone out of my handbag and was stunned when I saw the name flickering across the screen.

It turned out to be Charles.