

Warning 491

[Chapter 491 I Feel Terrible](#)

Caroline's POV:

I furtively scanned the crowd for Charles, but I couldn't see him anywhere.

My hesitation lasted for seconds before I gave in and finally answered the call.

"Hello."

No one answered.

Heavy breathing was the only thing I heard, the sound ensnaring my senses in its trap.

Thousands of words welled up in my heart. In the end, all I asked was, "Charles, what can I do for you?"

"Sorry, wrong number." The esinine reply was all I got after several seconds of silence.

Disappointed, I muttered, "In that case, bye."

"Bye," he answered.

For an eternity, I waited with bated breath for him to say something, but when I realized he had no intention of speaking, I hung up and walked out of the banquet hall. I was so lost in my jumbled thoughts that I failed to watch where I was going and bumped into a waiter who happened to be carrying several glasses of wine.

The tray in his hand fell and all the glasses of wine toppled over, drenching my dress.

"I'm sorry, Miss. Are you okay?" the waiter asked anxiously.

"I am fine." I replied quickly, quelling his stream of apologies. My cheeks heated with embarrassment as I accepted the tissue from him and began wiping the wine stain.

The commotion we made drew Simon's attention. He excused himself from the group he was in and hurried over to me.

"Are you hurt?" he asked with concern.

"No, it's just that my dress is stained. I have a spare one. Don't worry."

The waiter then led me into the room I could change in after I fetched my spare dress in the car.

The room was ewesh in derkness end I wes uneble to find the light switch enywhere. With e soft click, the door closed behind me end I ebendoned my seerch for the light switch in fevor of getting out of my wet dress. Just then, there wes e slight rustling sound from somewhere behind me.

Wes there enyone else in this room?

Lips pursing, I turned eround slowly with e frown, but I couldn't see enything. However, I hed definitely heerd e sound thet could only heve been mede by enother humen. "Who is there?" I esked ceutiously.

There wes no verbel enswer to my question, but I wes eble to meke out the shepe of e men smoking e cigarette on the sofe in the corner.

The cigarette burn wes bright in the derkness.

I neerly smecked myself in the heed for my cerelessness. In my heste to get out of the dress, I hedn't bothered to meke sure the room wes empty before disrobing.

The men in the corner steyed silent end continued smoking, but suddenly the light ceme on.

My eyes hed gotten used to the derkness of the room end the sudden brightness blinded me for e second. Out of hebit, I squinted until my eyes hed once egein edjusted to the light.

Now eble to see properly, I turned to the figure on the sofe end I wes left speechless et the men's identity.

My initiel thought wes thet it wes some playboy but I wes wrong. The men smoking in the derk turned out to be none other then Cherles.

I continued stering et him in shocked silence.

Through the clouds of smoke he puffed up, Cherles stered beck et me.
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"Are you hurt?" he asked with concern.

"No, it's just that my dress is stained. I have a spare one. Don't worry."

The waiter then led me into a room I could change in after I fetched my spare dress in the car.

The room was awash in darkness and I was unable to find the light switch anywhere. With a soft click, the door closed behind me and I abandoned my search for the light switch in favor of getting out of my wet dress. Just then, there was a slight rustling sound from somewhere behind me.

Was there anyone else in this room?

Lips pursing, I turned around slowly with a frown, but I couldn't see anything. However, I had definitely heard a sound that could only have been made by another human. "Who is there?" I asked cautiously.

There was no verbal answer to my question, but I was able to make out the shape of a man smoking a cigarette on the sofa in the corner.

The cigarette burn was bright in the darkness.

I nearly smacked myself in the head for my carelessness. In my haste to get out of the dress, I hadn't bothered to make sure the room was empty before disrobing.

The man in the corner stayed silent and continued smoking, but suddenly the light came on.

My eyes had gotten used to the darkness of the room and the sudden brightness blinded me for a second. Out of habit, I squinted until my eyes had once again adjusted to the light.

Now able to see properly, I turned to the figure on the sofa and I was left speechless at the man's identity.

My initial thought was that it was some playboy but I was wrong. The man smoking in the dark turned out to be none other than Charles.

I continued staring at him in shocked silence.

Through the clouds of smoke he puffed up, Charles stared back at me.

It was impossible to put to words the myriad of thoughts flashing through our eyes.

The smoke from Charles' cigarette filled the air.

Finally, he broke the silence. "Are you not cold?"

His question snapped me back to attention and that was when I realized that I was standing in front of him half naked.

My face flamed and I hastily grabbed at the rest of my dress, trying to cover myself.

Frantically, I scanned the room and couldn't find even a cubicle I could change in.

Damn it!

Eventually, I had no choice but to turn to Charles awkwardly. "Please turn around."

He said nothing for a while and simply stared at me. After a few seconds of tense silence, he stood up and went out to the balcony.

The moon reflected starkly on his figure. He stood still, his back straight.

For a while, I did nothing but stare at him, lost in my thoughts. Eventually, I was able to snap out of it and returned my attention to what I should be doing. As quickly as possible, I changed from my wet dress to my spare one.

But my bout of embarrassing episodes were not over yet.

The new dress was strapless and was meant to be laced up on the back. The dress was designed in such a way that the person wearing the dress would need someone else to lace them up.

It was an unfortunate predicament I discovered only after I had put on the dress. So now, I was stuck in a dilemma. I couldn't go out half naked, but I didn't have anyone I could ask for help....

"Do you need any help?" Charles' low and seductive baritone purred from behind me.

I shook my head in denial. "No, thanks."

Charles ignored my refusal of his help. He put out the cigarette and walked towards me. His long legs ate up the distance between us in a few steps.

I could do nothing but stare up at him.

The room was well lit and nothing was in the dark. But then Charles stalked closer to me and his body loomed over me, his shadow blocking out the light. Our bodies were so close that our breaths intertwined and each time I inhaled, I breathed in the scent of nicotine.

Breathing the same air was a very alluring and powerful aphrodisiac.

"Turn around," Charles ordered gruffly.

Dazed, all I could do was blink up at him. Charles took matters into his own hands and turned me around by the shoulders.

Slowly, Charles gathered my hair and pushed it over my shoulder so he could have a clear view of my back.

Long fingers swept over my skin, and the heat made me tremble. Subconsciously, I turned away from his touch but he held both of my hands captive.

He pushed me against the wall and dragged both of my hands above my head.

My face was flush against the wall and Charles' body heat directly behind me. Something about being trapped in this position made me feel nervous. I struggled to get free but Charles wouldn't let me go.

"Do you feel good?" Charles' seductive purr drawled right inside my ear and I shivered.

His voice was hoarse and deep, and I could tell just from the tenor that Charles was feeling as conflicted as I was.

It was impossible to put to words the myriad of thoughts flashing through our eyes.

A frown marred my face as I cocked my head in confusion. "What?"

Charles let go of my hands and turned me to face him.

This position was even more intimate as Charles' hand encircled my lower back, pushing me deeper into him.

The heat of his palm made my legs feel a little weak. My face flamed a deep red and I couldn't help but shout, "Charles!"

My mind went blank. I couldn't think of anything else, so I could only call his name again and again.

Charles pinched my chin, using his hold on me to stop my flow of words.

He swallowed hard. After a beat of silence, he asked hoarsely, "Do you feel good when I dance with other women?"

Why was he asking me such a question? He wasn't trying to rub it in, was he?

I was stunned.

Hot tears rushed to my eyes at his question.

I twisted my head to the side so he wouldn't see how his words affected me.

But Charles didn't let go of my chin. He looked into my eyes and said, "I... I feel terrible."

Again, I was left floored by his words. But before I could say anything, he continued, "You shouldn't have come to me holding Simon's hand!"

I bit my lip, not knowing what to say. The blatant anguish in his eyes made my heart twinge with a corresponding pain.

A good-looking man would always get more sympathy.

Clenching my fists tightly, I tried to suppress the urge to smooth out his frown. "That statement is out of line, Charles."

"Of course it is. I know we are divorced, so I don't have the right to demand anything from you," Charles snapped in a tight tone, his eyes turning forlorn.

It was hard to imagine that such a high-spirited and charming man could also become so frustrated and incapable of forming the right words to express himself.

I was touched, but I tried to be rational. "Since you know it, you should let go of me now."

I had no choice but to make myself as indifferent as possible and rational when I faced him. However, my rationality went out the window when he suddenly kissed me.

I trembled.

Instinctively, I took a step back from his kiss. But with my back against the wall, there was nowhere I could go. The best I could do was to turn my head to avoid the kiss.

If I was firing on all cylinders, then I would have remembered to push him away from me.

But I couldn't do it.

He didn't flinch when he failed to kiss me. Instead, he bent over and tried to kiss me again.

This kiss was not urgent. On the contrary, it was more like a test. He seemed to be observing my reaction.

I found myself unable to dodge at all.

I tilted my head and tried to avoid him, but his lips followed mine closely. He kissed me and sucked my lips.

Again, I dodged him. But this time it didn't look like I was trying to hide from him anymore, but more like I was playing a flirting game with him. We panted loudly, our breaths unsteady.

"Caroline, are you here?" Simon's voice suddenly called from outside the room, startling the both of us. A short knock followed his words.

[Chapter 492 I Know You're In There](#)

Caroline's POV:

I was shocked.

Suddenly, I was pulled back to my senses.

Nervously, I looked into Charles' eyes.

His face was grim and his brows were knitted together.

"Caroline!" Simon knocked on the door again; harder this time.

I wanted to answer him. But then, Charles held my neck. This time, he seemed to have lost his patience.

He no longer wanted to tease me by kissing me. As if to show ownership of me, he kissed me overbearingly.

I tried to protest, but Charles swallowed all the words I wanted to say.

He was kissing me hard and passionately. I felt as though he intended to swallow me whole.

"Say something, Caroline. I know you're in there!" Simon said impatiently.

Charles' kiss was so fierce that I almost lost my breath.

I gripped his shirt, trying to push him away.

"Stop," I pleaded as soon as I had the chance to breathe.

Charles put his hand on my hips, drawing me closer towards him.

His rock-hard dick made me feel like my body was on fire.

Charles' handsome face was so close to mine that it looked surreal beneath the light. The lust in his eyes made him look like a beast, ready to escape from its cage.

My heart raced.

"Caroline, are you okay?" Simon said from outside the door, sounding very worried.

Having heard his voice, Charles exerted more force on my hips.

He nibbled on my ear, breathing into it on purpose. Seductively, he said, "Do you want my help answering him?"

I gripped his shirt with both hands and shook my head. "You... don't do it."

Charles lifted the hemline of my dress.

He rubbed his cock against my pubis over and over.

With every passing second, our breathing became heavier.

I wanted to speak up, but in the end, all I could muster were moans of pleasure.

Charles growled, clutching my ass as he lifted me up.

Thereafter, he threw me onto the sofa ever so gently. He then approached me with one hand pressing

on the sofa.

One of his legs lended on the ground, and the other knelt right between my legs. He then spread my legs apart.

Because of what we were doing, my clothes had become disheveled.

Slowly, Charles slid his hands into my clothes and began fingering me.
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Because of what we were doing, my clothes had become disheveled.

Slowly, Charles slid his hands into my clothes and began fingering me.

My body tensed up even more.

The movement of his fingers almost made me scream. Outside the door, the knocks sounded more anxious than the last ones. I had to bite my lower lip just to keep myself from screaming.

"Good girl. Now relax..."

Charles' husky voice resonated in my ears. It was filled with so much affection.

Soon, lust intoxicated me and I was powerless against it. I opened my eyes, entranced by the sight of the man in front of me, who was tortured by lust as well. Tears welled up in my eyes as I cried out.

I had no idea why I suddenly gave into my carnal desires.

Seconds later, I found myself unzipping his pants.

Thereafter, his penis was exposed. He groaned, lifted me up, and kissed me even harder.

I could tell that he was no longer able to contain his lust. His gentleness from earlier had turned into a violent passion.

He penetrated me, swinging his hips back and forth.

I felt as though light was flashing before my eyes. The pleasure of his cock inside of me was shattering my sanity. For a moment, I even forgot that Simon was standing outside the door.

Indeed, I had forgotten.

I had forgotten my promise to my father that I would never see Charles again.

I had forgotten that I promised Simon that I'd give him a chance.

And I had forgotten that I told Charles that we should never see each other again.

All I could remember now was Charles. This charming man was all I could think of.

Like a puppet, I swayed to his movements, drowned in his world of lust. Inch by inch, I sank, unable to extricate myself from him.

Outside the door, Simon no longer made any sound.

The smell of hormones caused by sex pervaded in the air.

I was completely wet. Even after we finished, my body was still trembling.

Gradually, my lust dissipated and I finally came to my senses.

I was kind of upset. I was annoyed that I couldn't stand by my principles, and all reason would go out the door when it came to Charles.

He, on the other hand, seemed to be in a good mood. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

The faint smile in his eyes made him look like a charming fox.

"You're very good at tempting women," I said. If he weren't, I never would've thrown my reasoning aside for him over and over.

My body tensed up even more.

The movement of his fingers almost made me scream. Outside the door, the knocks sounded more anxious than the last ones. I had to bite my lower lip just to keep myself from screaming.

Charles seemed to be amused. He ran his fingers down my back, making me tremble and feel weak. His eyes lit up even more. "Nah... it's just that you can't resist my temptation."

Blushing, I sat up from his legs and straightened my dress.

Charles put his hands behind my back and tied the straps of my dress for me.

I shot him a glance before turning my head away in embarrassment. "I, um... I'm going home."

Charles didn't say anything. He just held me tighter.

I fell silent for a time and tried to remove his hands from my waist. All of a sudden, Charles pressed me against him once more.

He lowered his head, gazing into my eyes. "Baby, unless you agree to remarry me, I'm never gonna let you go. And I won't allow you to be with another man, either, so you'd best prepare yourself!" Every word that came out of his mouth was striking.

Charles' POV:

I was glad that I had completely recovered from my cold. For me, Caroline's body worked so much better than any medicine.

"This is the second generation of intelligent robot developed by our company. It has human-like skin, and an iris recognition system. It is able to have simple daily conversations with people, play chess like normal people, and it has a deep learning algorithm."

I was sitting on the sofa, watching the news report on TV.

Just then, Corey sent me a message.

"Charles, have you seen the news? Everything is going well, and the market value of our company is skyrocketing!"

I smiled with satisfaction and replied, "Keep an eye on Adam. He's not going to let go of such a profitable project that easily."

That afternoon, I received Adam's additional investment just as I had expected.

From what I could tell, the money he was about to invest was all of his fortune.

People who were at a dead end usually seized every opportunity available to them.

It was kind of like grasping the last glimmer of hope they had.

However, this fool had no idea that this glimmer of hope could turn into a nightmare and destroy his life at any moment.

The phone rang. It was from the hospital.

"Your grandmother has woken up!"

[Chapter 493 You Got The Wrong Person](#)

Sementhe's POV:

I went to Christine's ward at the hospital to pay her a visit.

There, I found Alice standing outside the door.

I walked over to greet her with a smile. "Alice, I'm here to visit Christine."

"Sementhe, you came." Alice forced a smile.

"How is Christine doing?" I asked.

"She still hasn't woken up yet. The doctor said that the operation was a success, but he also said that it's going to take a while before she regains consciousness," Alice answered.

"Don't worry, Alice. Christine is a strong woman. Pretty soon, she'll be up and about before we know it!" I said, attempting to comfort her.

Alice nodded in agreement. "You're right. She will be okay."

"Alice, is it okay if I go inside and see her?" I asked while handing her the gift I had brought.

"I'm sure she will be happy to know that you care about her so much." Needless to say, Alice was on the brink of tears.

"Why isn't Caroline here? I heard that she's the reason Christine fell down. She must be feeling guilty right now..." I muttered.

"What?" Alice was shocked. Clearly, she didn't know anything about this.

It seemed that Charles had concealed the truth to protect Caroline's name.

I petted Alice on the shoulder and tried to appease her again. "Maybe there's been some sort of misunderstanding. I don't think Caroline would do something like that on purpose. Alice, you should go home and get some rest. I'll look after Christine for the time being."

The dark circles under her eyes made it clear that Alice was already exhausted.

I could tell that it had been long since she had a good night's sleep.

Alice hesitated for a moment before she finally nodded.

"Thank you. I'll take you up on that offer," she said.

Once Alice had left, the smile on my face dissipated. I pushed the door open and walked into the ward.

Inside, I shot Christine a cold glance.

"You old fool! I hope you never wake up again, so that Charles and Caroline never reconcile!"

As I stared at the oxygen mask on her face, a sinister idea dawned on me.

'If Christine dies, Caroline will be considered her killer!'

My hands trembled as I reached for the mask.

Just then, my phone rang.

It was from my assistant, Doris.

"Hello? What do you want?" I asked impatiently.

"Boris is coming back for money again," Doris replied anxiously.

I frowned and scoffed, "What money? Tell him that he shouldn't push his luck just because he's mildly useful to me. If word gets out that he induced Caroline's miscarriage a year ago, he will suffer!"
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After a moment of silence, Doris replied, "He said that if we don't pay him, he's going to tell everyone that you bribed him."

I tightened my grip on my phone and roared, "That greedy bastard! How dare he blackmail me?"

It took me a few moments to finally gather my composure. "Doris, give him some more money and warn him that he should behave himself for the coming days."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll arrange that right away."

All the anger bottled up in my heart finally bubbled up to the surface. I shouted, "Don't screw it up this time! You screwed up last time so Caroline survived the car crash, and now that bitch is still around Charles!"

I swore a few more times until the anger that I had stifled finally subsided.

When I finally gathered my composure, I let out a sigh and said, "Sorry, Doris. I didn't intend to be mean to you. My inability to control my anger has caused me to vent my anger on you. And for that, I apologize."

I frowned, feeling regretful.

Doris had been with me for as long as I could remember. I shouldn't have yelled at her like that.

"I'm sorry, Samantha. I won't screw it up this time," she said.

After the phone call, I took a deep breath to calm myself.

The moment I look up, I saw that Christine had opened her eyes, causing me to be startled.

Suddenly, my heart raced. I swallowed the lump in my throat and asked tentatively, "Christine, since when did you wake up?"

She just stared at me in silence; her chest, heaving up and down.

Suddenly, anxiety overcame me.

'Did Christine hear what I just said? Oh, no... This is bad. She might tell Charles!'

I clenched my phone, staring at Christine's oxygen mask again.

'If she dies, nobody will know about my secret. I won't allow anyone to ruin my relationship with Charles!'

Just then, the door opened from behind me.

A nurse entered the room.

When she saw that Christine had opened her eyes, she was filled with glee. "You're awake!"

The nurse ran out of the ward before I could stop her.

Not long after, a group of doctors and nurses arrived. They all surrounded Christine, and I was left with no more chance to take action.

About an hour later, Charles came in.

He was wearing a delicate hand-stitched suit, which made him look even more handsome and noble than before.

Despite feeling uneasy, I still gathered my courage to approach him. "Charles, you're here."

To my surprise, he just gave me a nod and quickly went to the bedside.

"Grandma, you're finally awake! How do you feel?" Charles sat by the bed; his eyes were filled with worry.

After a moment of silence, Doris replied, "He said that if we don't pay him, he's going to tell everyone that you bribed him."

Christine held his hand.

Meanwhile, I held my breath, clenching my fists as my palms began to sweat.

'Fuck... Did Christine hear anything I said?'

Just as I was trying to figure out how to deal with it, Christine said to me, "My beloved granddaughter-in-law is here! Come here, darling. Oh... you're such a good girl."

For a moment, I was stunned. I glanced at the direction of the door to check if anyone had come in.

It made me wonder if Christine was calling for Caroline.

But to my surprise, there was no one there.

"Dear, what are you still standing there for? I've been unconscious for far too long. You must've been really scared, huh? Come here, dear! Let me have a good look at you." Christine beckoned me to come to her with soft, loving eyes.

Another absurd idea formed in my head.

'Wait a second... is it possible that Christine has mistaken me for Caroline? This is great! Gosh, even God is helping me!'

I hid my joy and excitement and briskly went to the bed.

"Grandma!" I exclaimed with glee.

"There you are, my darling! You're such a good girl."

Christine took my hand and put it into Charles' hand.

His palm felt wide and dry, and there were several thin calluses on his finger pulps. My hand was much smaller than his, and it could be completely wrapped by his.

The warmth of his palm was like a surge of electric current, rushing straight to my heart. Seconds later, I found that my heart was beating like a drum.

I looked up, hopeful and eager to show him all the affection I had for him.

But then, I found that Charles was frowning. All I could see in his eyes was indifference.

It felt like a bucket of ice-cold water had been emptied over my head.

Slowly, the smile on my face disappeared and disappointment overcame me.

Christine stared at my face and Charles' back and forth. Worriedly, she said, "Are you two fighting? Listen, sweetie, Charles is a bit careless sometimes. There are times that he doesn't notice how you feel

for him. But even so, I hope that you can be more forgiving of him."

"Grandma, she's not your granddaughter-in-law. You got the wrong person," Charles grunted.

I held his hand, and gave Christine a comforting glance.

"Don't worry, Grandma. We're going to be fine."

Christine's knitted brows relaxed as she said, "My dearest granddaughter-in-law is much more sensible than my brat of a grandson!"

Her words made me blush and I glanced over at Charles shyly.

[Chapter 494 She Was A Nurse](#)

Caroline's POV:

Just as I was about to get off work, Dad came to the company.

A faint smile was tugging at his lips. He must be in a good mood.

"Caroline, I'm here to pick you up," he said lightly.

"I envy you, Dad. You don't even have to go to work," I complained while rubbing my stiff and sore shoulders.

Dad chuckled. "Well, I've been busy most of my life. I deserve to rest now. I'll soon hand over the entire company to you and enjoy my retirement."

I sighed helplessly. With that, I packed my things up and left the company with my father.

"You know that I'm not as competent as you are."

"I beg to disagree. You've been great. Well, at least you're better than Adam." Dad shook his head disapprovingly as he spoke.

The smile on my face disappeared at the mention of Adam's name.

Annoyed, I gritted my teeth and muttered, "That man would do whatever it takes to achieve his goal."

"Yes. He's a sucker for overnight success. Just recently, he invested a large sum of money in a project. The profit of that project is high, and so is the risk." Dad sighed heavily. From the look on his face, he doubted that what Adam had done would be a success.

I sneered. "He's so full of himself. Don't worry. I'm sure he'll get the taste of his own medicine one day."

All of a sudden, my phone rang.

It was Hugo. Apparently, Christine had woken up.

"Dad, Hugo just called. He said that Christine is now awake. I went to see her," I said to my father with an apologetic smile.

"Is it really Christine you went to see and not someone else? Since she's fine, I don't think it's necessary for you to see Charles again."

"Charles is my kids' father. Even if I don't want to, we'll have to see each other one way or another," I reasoned out.

"I think you should let the kids spend more time with Simon. Maybe they'll eventually see him as their father."

"Dad, we were apart for years, but you're still my dad. Nobody can replace you in my heart. Can't you see that?"

"What am I going to do with you, Caroline? You always have plenty of excuses in mind."

Dad did not say anything more, which made me feel quite uncertain that he was convinced by my excuse.

But it did not matter.

When we arrived at the gate of the hospital, I asked Elene and Carlos to wait for me in the car.

In all honesty, even I was not convinced by my words.

My father was right. It was Charles I wanted to see.

God, I missed him so much. How I wish I could see, hug, and kiss him. If only I could stay by his side all the time...

With these thoughts in mind, I excitedly pushed the door of the ward open.

However, what I saw next wiped the smile off my face.

Charles and Sementhe were sitting on the edge of the bed, holding hands.

Sementhe's face was flushed, and her bright eyes were full of love and adoration.

Lying on the bed, Christine was smiling as she gazed at them.

They looked like a family. I, however, seemed like an outsider who came to ruin their moment for no reason.

The scene in front of me was so nice and warm, but I felt a bitter taste in my mouth as I looked at it.

I was too stunned to say a word. The silence in the room was deafening that I could almost hear the sound of my heart breaking.

"Caroline?"

Charles was the first to react. He withdrew his hand and stood up from the bed.

It was then that I came to my senses. I wiped the tears on my face, which I did not realize were falling, and coldly said, "Sorry to interrupt."

Just as I was about to leave, Christine spoke. "Don't leave."

Charles's POV:

Caroline stopped in her tracks and slowly turned around.

Her eyes were slightly red. Even though she was trying all her might to conceal her disappointment, I could still see it.

Caroline's POV:

Just as I was about to get off work, Dad came to the company.

A faint smile was tugging at his lips. He must be in a good mood.

"Caroline, I'm here to pick you up," he said lightly.

"I envy you, Dad. You don't even have to go to work," I complained while rubbing my stiff and sore shoulders.

Dad chuckled. "Well, I've been busy most of my life. I deserve to rest now. I'll soon hand over the entire company to you and enjoy my retirement."

I sighed helplessly. With that, I packed my things up and left the company with my father.

"You know that I'm not as competent as you are."

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"I think you should let the kids spend more time with Simon. Maybe they'll eventually see him as their father."

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"What am I gonna do with you, Caroline? You always have plenty of excuses in mind."

Dad did not say anything more, which made me feel quite uncertain that he was convinced by my excuse.

But it did not matter.

When we arrived at the gate of the hospital, I asked Elena and Carlos to wait for me in the car.

In all honesty, even I was not convinced by my words.

My father was right. It was Charles I wanted to see.

God, I missed him so much. How I wish I could see, hug, and kiss him. If only I could stay by his side all the time...

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Just as I was about to leave, Christine spoke. "Don't leave."

Charles's POV:

Caroline stopped in her tracks and slowly turned around.

Her eyes were slightly red. Even though she was trying all her might to conceal her disappointment, I could still see it.

My heart ached to see her like that. Not wanting her to misunderstand what she had seen, I opened my mouth to explain myself.

But before I could utter a word, Grandma interrupted me.

"It's been a while since I woke up, and you just came now. You're so irresponsible. Do you have no

professionalism? Why are you still standing there? Come in," Grandma grumbled discontentedly.

I looked at her, at a loss for words.

How could she talk to Caroline like that?

At the thought of this, I suddenly remembered that she had also mistaken Samantha for her granddaughter-in-law.

At this moment, Caroline walked over to the bed and confusedly asked, "Do you still remember me?"

"Of course. Aren't you my nurse? Come and massage my shoulders. I've been on this bed for so long. My back hurts," Grandma complained.

I rubbed my eyebrows and corrected her, "Grandma, she's not a nurse. She's Caroline."

"No, she's a nurse! I'm not senile. How could I not recognize Caroline?" Grandma insisted. As soon as she said those words, her chest tightened, and she began wheezing.

As I stared at her frail face, I decided not to push her further. Instead, I agreed with her to get this over with. "You're right, Grandma. Anyway, you just woke up. You shouldn't let your emotions run high."

I sat on the edge of the bed and gently patted her on the back to calm her down.

Grandma let out a sort and turned to look at Samantha. "By the way, when are you and Charles going to get married?"

"We'll do our best to get married as soon as we can. So, Grandma, you should get better soon. I want you to be there," Samantha replied with a beaming smile. She then walked up to me with the brightest smile she could muster.

As if that was not enough, she even held my arm like we were close.

I shook off her hand in disgust.

Meanwhile, Grandma looked at Samantha and continued, "That is my dear granddaughter-in-law. I want to have the soup you've made for me before."

"Sure, Grandma. I'll prepare it for you right away."

Once Samantha was gone, I walked up to Caroline and whispered, "Caroline, Grandma isn't fully conscious yet."

Caroline stared daggers at me and walked out.

"Caroline!"

I felt like my heart was going to burst out of my chest as I stared at her receding figure.

Without thinking, I ran after Caroline.

I eventually caught up with her. And when I did, I grabbed her wrist and pinned her against the wall.

"Caroline, Grandma isn't fully conscious yet. I apologize to you on her behalf."

Caroline sneered and tried to break free of my grasp. "What are you apologizing for? You looked like you were enjoying yourself a while ago. Also, I didn't expect that you and Samantha are getting married. You should've told me that sooner."

"Caroline, you'll always be my wife. Don't you believe my love for you?"

Caroline turned her face away and burst into tears. "I don't want to listen to any of your bullshit!"

Her eyes were brimming with tears. It did not take a genius to know that she was very upset by what she had seen. Yet here she was, stubbornly forcing back her tears.

I felt a pang in my heart. I reached out and wiped the tears off her face with my thumb.

"Caroline, you're beautiful even when you're jealous."

Unable to contain my feelings any longer, I cupped her face and kissed her lips.

Caroline put her hand against my chest and pushed me as hard as she could.

Discontented, I slipped my tongue into her mouth while gently stroking the back of her neck.

"You bastard, how could you flirt with some random nurse?!"

An angry rebuke suddenly came from behind.

I turned around in surprise.

A few meters away from us, Grandma was leaning against the wall and brandishing her crutch at me.

Before I could regain my senses, Caroline stood between Grandma and me.

My heart ached to see her like that. Not wanting her to misunderstand what she had seen, I opened my mouth to explain myself.

Then, suddenly, I saw the crutch flying in our direction. Thankfully, Grandma missed, and the crutch hit the wall instead.

I put my arm around Caroline's shoulder and worriedly asked, "Are you hurt?"

Caroline waved her hand. "I'm fine."

I was appalled by what Grandma had just done. With a deep frown, I turned to her and shouted, "Grandma, what are you doing?!"

"You're dating two girls at the same time. That's unacceptable! You may be my grandson, but I have to teach you a lesson!"

"Grandma, I'm not! Caroline is the only woman I love!"

"Oh? Is it? Still, even if you love this girl, you can't force her to be with you. She didn't even say that she loves you back!"

I turned to look at Caroline, who, for some reason, was biting her lip with her head lowered to the ground.

"See? She's not saying anything. You forced her, didn't you?!"

Grandma raised her crutch and acted as if she was going to hit me again.

"No! Grandma, I love him!"

To my surprise, Caroline stood in front of me with her arms outstretched.

Grandma looked at her incredulously. "You love him?"

Caroline did not respond, but her blushing face was enough to tell me everything.

What she had just done warmed my heart. Without a word, I strode forward and held her in my arms.

"You young people just can't see who's really in your heart." Grandma looked back and forth between the two of us with a meaningful smile. Then, she walked back to the ward with her crutch.

"Grandma is gone. Can you let me go now?" Caroline asked while staring at me with narrowed eyes. Seeing that I remained unmoved, she stepped on my foot.

Her sharp heel left a mark on my shoe, but I was too stoked to care about it. I just snorted and laughed at her behavior.

"Caroline, are you trying to murder your husband?" I jokingly asked.

"Who? I haven't agreed to marry you again!" Caroline retorted, her face red in embarrassment.

With a smile, I stroked her long hair and said, "Caroline, I think you should go home now. It's getting late. Don't worry. I'll stay here and take care of Grandma."

"You should also take care of yourself," Caroline replied. It warmed my heart that she was concerned about me.

I nodded at her in response.

Once Caroline was far away, I limped towards the ward and went to see Grandma.

I sat on the chair by the bed and asked, "Grandma, can you tell me why you pretended that you didn't know Caroline? She adores and respects you. Didn't it occur to you that she might be sad because of what you've done?"

Grandma had behaved strangely ever since she woke up.

She was not one who would make trouble out of nothing. There must be a reason why she had put on an act.

"If I didn't do that, how could she admit that she still loves you?"

It was then that everything made sense.

Just like they said, "veterans are wiser than novices".

"Oh, Grandma, how kind of you to do that for Caroline and me."

"Of course. I saw with my own eyes how much you and Caroline love each other. I feel sorry for you two, so I'll do everything I can to help you get back together. I only have one wish, though. It's to see you so sweet to each other like you used to."

"You'll see that soon, Grandma."

"By the way, I heard Samantha on the phone earlier today. She said that Caroline had a miscarriage over a year ago. How could that happen? And, why didn't she tell us about it? Not only that, I think that Samantha was involved in Caroline's car accident before."

"Really?" I asked in utter shock.

"Even I find it hard to believe as well. Samantha has been sweet and lovely. But I'm telling you, when she was talking over the phone, she was like a different person. You should watch out for her."

Chapter 495 We're A Perfect Match

Charles's POV:

Once I left the hospital, I drove to Sementhe's clinic.

"Charles, what a pleasant surprise! What are you doing here? I'm currently making soup for your girlfriend."

Sementhe hurriedly approached me.

The fascination and affection in her eyes could not be hidden.

Merely seeing it annoyed me.

I used to think of Sementhe as gentle, considerate, and friendly, so I let Caroline befriend her. But to my chagrin, Sementhe was actually a sly vixen.

And I was incredibly ignorant to not notice it at first.

I stifled my complex feelings about this whole matter and just put on a smile.

"Sementhe, my girlfriend just woke up. Her brain is probably scrambled right now, which led her to believe that you're someone else. I hope it doesn't bother you," I said.

Sementhe waved her hand in dismissal and chuckled. "Oh, it's fine! It's my pleasure to help her out."

Then, I sat on the sofa and heaved a sigh.

Sementhe seemed nervous. "Charles, what happened? You look like you're in a bad mood," she said.

"I used to think that Caroline was the best woman in the world, but now... I'm not so sure. I have no idea since when she began to be so jealous. She keeps fighting with me regardless of the occasion," I complained bitterly as I rubbed my temples.

For a moment, Sementhe was stunned. Seconds later, she reluctantly replied, "I don't think Caroline means to do that. I believe she's just doing it because she loves you."

"Love? I don't feel any love from her! The only reason I went her way is because I wanted the kids to have a mother who loves them. But I can't pretend anymore. I'm tired." I covered my face and made myself look as disinterested as possible.

Sementhe set beside me, feeling distressed and holding my hand.

"Charles, Caroline isn't the only woman in the world. If you don't want to be with her, you don't have to!"

I did my best to hold back my disgust, and I held her hand tightly. "Sementhe, you're so kind and considerate. If only I could marry a woman like you."

"Charles, do you really mean that?" Sementhe's affection for me became even more evident in her eyes. I could tell from her voice that she was becoming more excited with every passing second. "I... I've actually been in love with you for a long time. I can be a good wife and a good mother to your kids. I just need you to have faith in me, okay?"

Charles's POV:

Once I left the hospital, I drove to Samantha's clinic.

"Charles, what a pleasant surprise! What are you doing here? I'm currently making soup for your grandma."

Samantha hurriedly approached me.

The fascination and affection in her eyes could not be hidden.

Merely seeing it annoyed me.

I used to think of Samantha as gentle, considerate, and friendly, so I let Caroline befriend her. But to my chagrin, Samantha was actually a sly vixen.

And I was incredibly ignorant to not notice it at first.

I stifled my complex feelings about this whole matter and just put on a smile.

"Samantha, my grandma just woke up. Her brain is probably scrambled right now, which led her to believe that you're someone else. I hope it doesn't bother you," I said.

Samantha waved her hand in dismissal and chuckled. "Oh, it's fine! It's my pleasure to help her out."

Then, I sat on the sofa and heaved a sigh.

Samantha seemed nervous. "Charles, what happened? You look like you're in a bad mood," she said.

"I used to think that Caroline was the best woman in the world, but now... I'm not so sure. I have no idea since when she began to be so jealous. She keeps fighting with me regardless of the occasion," I complained bitterly as I rubbed my temples.

For a moment, Samantha was stunned. Seconds later, she reluctantly replied, "I don't think Caroline means to do that. I believe she's just doing it because she loves you."

"Love? I don't feel any love from her! The only reason I want her back is because I want the kids to have a mother who loves them. But I can't pretend anymore. I'm tired." I covered my face and made myself look as dismal as possible.

Samantha sat beside me, feeling distressed and holding my hand.

"Charles, Caroline isn't the only woman in the world. If you don't want to be with her, you don't have to!"

I did my best to hold back my disgust, and I held her hand tightly. "Samantha, you're so kind and considerate. If only I could marry a woman like you."

"Charles, do you really mean that?" Samantha's affection for me became even more evident in her eyes. I could tell from her voice that she was becoming more excited with every passing second. "I... I've actually been in love with you for a long time. I can be a good wife and a good mother to your kids. I just need you to have faith in me, okay?"

Hiding my doubts, I said, "But we just met each other. Samantha, you don't have to comfort me."

"Charles, do you really not remember me? A year ago, a psychopath harassed me and you saved me," Samantha replied anxiously.

I had a vague memory of what happened at that time. "That was you?" I responded.

"Yes!" Samantha could no longer contain her excitement. She touched my face and muttered, "Ever since that day, I've been madly in love with you! Charles, just so I could get closer to you and stay by your side, I did so many things."

She had always acted so prim and proper. I had never seen her act this unhinged before.

I held her wrist, leaned closer to her lips, and said, "Really? What kind of things have you done? Tell me, sweetie."

"I asked my assistant to tamper with the brakes of Caroline's car. Then, I saved her, so we could become friends. Honestly, I don't want to be friends with her. I just want to understand why you love her. A bitch like that doesn't deserve your love," Samantha said through gritted teeth.

I nodded in agreement. "You're right. Caroline has always been so indifferent to me. I've done so much for her, but she's never given me anything back. She just enjoys the benefits of my love without giving back."

"I understand your pain, Charles. As long as Caroline disappears, you'll be able to live in peace!"

Samantha wrapped her arms around my neck. She leaned against my chest and rubbed her cheek against it.

Enduring my disgust of her, I said affectionately, "You've done so much for me, and yet I know nothing about you. Samantha, I owe you so much."

Right after I said that, she placed her finger on my lips and shushed me. "Charles, I did all of this willingly."

She took out a photo album and handed it to me.

She brushed her fingers against the photos; her eyes, turning crazy and obsessed. "Charles, all of these photos were taken in secret by one of my men. Whenever you're not by my side, I just stare at these photos."

The moment I saw the pictures, I was too shocked to utter a word, and cold sweat ran down my back.

My initial assumption was that Samantha had feelings for me, but I didn't expect her to be this obsessed already.

We'd known each other for quite some time now, but I never noticed any of this.

Hiding my doubts, I said, "But we just met each other. Samantha, you don't have to comfort me."

"Samantha, I... I'm touched. I didn't expect that you love me this much," I said, holding her hand.

"Oh, Charles! I'm so glad to hear you say that. I'll do anything for you in a heartbeat." Suddenly, Samantha sprang to her feet and took off her dress.

Her face was flushed, and her eyes were burning with fiery love.

Just before her red lips could touch mine, I stood up from the sofa and shouted, "Samantha, I will never love a lunatic like you. My answer is and always will be 'no'!"

Samantha's eyes widened in disbelief. "What is the matter with you, Charles?"

It was then that I showed her the recorder.

"Caroline is the only one I love! Samantha, if I were you, I'd turn myself in to the police as soon as possible, or else I will never let you live this down," I answered.

All of a sudden, she took a ring from her pocket and slipped it onto her ring finger.

"No! This isn't possible! Charles, can't you see? We're a perfect match! That bitch, Caroline, doesn't deserve you. I'm the only one who's qualified to be by your side. Just me!"

She threw herself at me, screaming wildly, and sobbing like a lunatic.

However, she gained no sympathy or pity from me.

And when I saw the ring on her finger, I got even angrier.

"That ring belongs to Caroline. You don't deserve to have it!" I pressed her against the wall and took off the ring.

Samantha struggled desperately as tears streamed down from her eyes. "No! Don't take off my ring! It's mine! I'm your bride, Charles. We're gonna be married soon! Even Christine wishes us happiness!"

I scoffed at her and tightened my grip on the ring. "Caroline is the only bride I want. Just patiently wait until you go to jail, you maniac. I will never forgive anyone who hurts my Caroline!"

After letting Samantha go, I walked away.

She struggled to get up from the ground and shouted hysterically, "Even if I let Caroline go, Boris won't! He's getting closer and closer to you! He's coming for you all!"

I stopped in my tracks and asked, "What did you say?"

"If I can't be with you, Caroline won't either!" Having said that, Samantha slammed the door at me.

An ominous feeling arose in my heart. I quickly sent Richard a message. "Send more people to keep an eye on Samantha. She's a psychopath!"

[Chapter 496 Being Kidnapped](#)

Caroline's POV:

The moment I woke up, silence greeted me. I couldn't see anything, for my eyes were covered with a black cloth, and my mouth was sealed with tape as well.

All I could remember was that when I left the hospital, the men wearing the baseball cap entered the elevator with me. Once I reached the underground parking lot, someone behind me covered my mouth and nose with the cloth. A pungent odor made me faint.

'So... I was kidnapped.'

I strained almost every nerve in my body when I realized that fact. I tried my best to not panic. For only when I could stay calm would I be able to think of a way to escape.

Based on what I could feel, it seemed like I was lying on a bed. I could feel a soft quilt on me.

I dared not move. I just listened to the sounds coming from outside in silence.

There were other people in this room with me. I could hear the sound of a chair moving. Then, someone opened the door.

A person walked into the room. The beating of my heart swayed to the sound of unhurried footsteps approaching me.

Soon, I felt someone raise my chin and touch my face.

The smell of a pungent, warm breath sprayed onto my face.

I turned my head to avoid it and struggled violently. Unfortunately, my whole body was tied up and my mouth was sealed. No matter how much I struggled, it would all be in vain.

"Oh, you're awake so soon? Don't worry, little lady. I'll untie you later."

The voice was from a man. It sounded familiar, but I couldn't remember where I had heard it from.

Suddenly, the black cloth covering my eyes was removed.

Light appeared before my eyes. It was dazzling, so I had to close my eyes.

I tried to move, causing me to fall off the bed. I accidentally hit my head on the floor, and the pain made me feel dizzy.

The man picked me up and threw me back to the bed. He then leaned closer towards me.

When I finally opened to the light in the room, I saw the man's face.

"Long time no see, Caroline."

It was Boris, the wretched doctor who gave me a surgery a year ago while I was having a miscarriage.

He tore off the tape that sealed my mouth.

"Boris? Why did you kidnap me? What do you intend to do?" I asked.

"Honey, slow down! You have so many questions that I don't even know which one to answer first."

Boris' face was so close to mine. I could only turn my face away from him just to avoid him.

"Then tell me what it is that you want. If you agree to let me go, I'll do my best to meet your demands." I tried my best to calm down and negotiate with him.

"Meet my demands?" Boris sneered. "I want one billion dollars. You think you can give me that?"

He paused for a moment and continued, "A year ago, I lost a lot of money because of gambling, and I ended up with a mountain of debt. Reine came to me and gave me some money in exchange for making you miserable. Though I know you're just a victim in all of this, I had to agree. If I don't pay my creditors back, they're going to break one of my arms. So, during my time as your attending doctor, I added something to the medicine that was injected into your system."

'So... this was the truth of my misadventure, huh?'

Boris touched my cheek and said in a guilty voice, "Caroline, I've been a doctor for over a decade. I've witnessed the birth and recovery of countless children. Never have I imagined that I'd kill one. I thought that as long as I could pay my debt and stay far away, this whole matter would be over. In my heart, I still believed that if I could work for a different hospital, I could start anew and become a good doctor again."

"You're the devil!"

I sneered, wanting to tear him apart.

Caroline's POV:

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you miscarry. Though I know you're just a victim in all of this, I had to agree. If I don't pay my creditors back, they're going to break one of my arms. So, during my time as your attending doctor, I added something to the medicine that was injected into your system."

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"You're the devil!"

I snarled, wanting to tear him apart.

"This is all Charles' fault! He had asked his men to investigate my crime. Look at me! I can't show up anywhere, let alone work in any hospital. All I can do is hole up somewhere like a fucking mouse! Charles ruined my God-forsaken life!"

The more Boris spoke, the more riled up he became. Suddenly, he smirked and pinched my chin. "I wonder how Charles would feel if I fuck the woman he loves the most. Do you think he'll be in more pain than I am?"

His perverted eyes fell on my body. Panicking, I began to struggle yet again.

"If you dare touch me, Charles will make sure you rot in hell!" I growled.

"Oh, don't worry, honey. You're going to meet him pretty soon." Having said that, he took out his phone and made the call.

When the call connected, I heard Charles ask, "Who is this?"

Just as I was about to cry for help, Boris covered my mouth.

"Charles, if you want to see Caroline alive, bring one billion dollars to meet me at eight in the evening. I will send you the address. Don't play any tricks, otherwise..." Boris stopped midsentence and removed his hand from my mouth.

"Charles!" I shouted.

With that, Boris ended the call.

He then put his phone aside and stared at me.

Based on the obscene look in his eyes, I could tell what he wanted to do.

I shrank back, and shouted, "Don't come any closer!"

Grinning from ear to ear, he came closer to me and tore my clothes apart. "Hush now. I'm going to satisfy you even more than Charles."

Fear overcame my heart. I kicked down the glass beside the bed, causing it to fall to the ground and shatter.

"Boris, focus on the money first!"

Samantha suddenly opened the door, interrupting Boris.

It was then that I realized that she was in cahoots with this monster!

Samantha walked over, raising her chin proudly. In a sarcastic tone, she said, "Caroline, you are so effing beautiful. You're just like a pretty little princess! You have a rich father, and a handsome husband—oh, wait! Ex-husband. Aside from that, you also have countless pursuers. You're infuriated that you got kidnapped by me today, are you?"

I looked into her eyes and said, "Samantha, I thought we were friends!"

"Friends? You really thought I was your friend? You already have everything. If I stay by your side, I'll end up being your foil and nothing more. As long as you're here, Charles will never care about me. It's fucking unfair!"

Samantha cursed, and then she slapped me right across the face.

The force of her slap caused me to stumble to the ground. A shard of glass pierced my body.

I secretly picked up a shard of glass and hid it in my sleeve.

"It's a pity that you'll disappear from the face of the earth after today. Since I can't be with Charles, neither can you."

Samantha squatted down, staring at me with complacency in her eyes.

"Samantha, why do you covet something that doesn't belong to you? You can pursue your own love!"

While I was speaking to them, my hands were moving behind my back.

I used the shard of glass that I hid to cut the hemp rope tying my wrists little by little.

Before Charles could appear, I had to buy as much time as possible.

I was certain that he'd come to save me. But before that, I had to protect myself.

"Samantha, you're an incredible therapist. You're kind, considerate, and generous. And besides, you're really beautiful! But do you know why Charles doesn't like you?"

I could feel that Samantha's mood had changed for a moment.

"It's because..."

I tried my best to pique her interest with my words. By now, my palms were sweating to the brim.

"This is all Charles' fault! He had asked his men to investigate my crime. Look at me! I can't show up anywhere, let alone work in any hospital. All I can do is hole up somewhere like a fucking mouse! Charles ruined my God-forsaken life!"

However, she interrupted me.

"Shut the hell up! I don't wanna know!"

Samantha stood up, smirked, and said to Boris, "Didn't you want to fuck her for a long time? She's all yours."

Her words left me shocked and scared. My heart began racing.

The hemp rope tying my hands together was half-broken, but it was still not enough for me to remove it.

When Samantha left my side, Boris came to me and towered over me. Every passing second, I felt more and more nervous.

I tried to break away from the hemp rope, but I failed.

'What am I supposed to do now? Is there really nothing I can do?'

At this time, Boris began touching me all over my body.

With great interest, Samantha took out her phone and began recording the whole thing.

I head-butted Boris' stomach to stop him. "Go the fuck away! Don't touch me!"

At long last, I had broken the hemp rope. I quickly untied the rope on my feet. When Boris pounced on

me again, I kicked his crotch, got up, and ran towards the door.

However, someone grabbed my hair from behind. My scalp hurt so much and I was dragged to the ground.

Boris got on top of me, stared down at me, and gritted his teeth. "Bitch, you still have the nerve to run away? I'll kill you!"

Meanwhile, Samantha was standing beside when she said, "Hurry the fuck up, Boris. Don't forget what we agreed upon."

"Yeah, I won't. As long as I kill this bitch and get the one billion dollars that I asked for, everything that happened today has nothing to do with you."

Boris unbuckled his belt and came close to me, wearing a devilish grin.

"No!"

I shook my head in desperation, and tears began to blur my vision.

Charles' POV:

Elena called me and told me that Caroline was missing.

She had already left the hospital, but Elena didn't see her in the underground parking lot.

'Damn! Something must've happened to Caroline!'

I thought as I hung up the phone. I asked Richard to gather all the security footage around the hospital and near Caroline's villa.

While I was waiting for any report, I felt desperate and anxious.

I was worried that something bad might happen to Caroline.

It frightened me that if I were even a second later, I would lose her forever.

Soon, Richard sent the security footage to me, along with a woman.

It was Doris, Samantha's assistant.

"Where is Samantha? What are they planning to do with Caroline?"

Like an enraged lion, I grabbed Doris by the collar and interrogated her.

Frightened by me, Doris said in a trembling voice, "Samantha said that she intends to erase Caroline from existence, and then she drove away alone. That's all I know!" She then knelt on the ground and added, "She had been asking me to give money to a doctor named Boris and to hide him. I'm guessing this has something to do with him. That's all the information I have, Mr. Moore. Please... forgive me."

Fueled by rage, I kicked her away.

'No wonder I can't find Boris! Samantha was behind this whole farce all along!'

Just when I was about to use all the connections I had to look for Caroline, I received a call from Boris.

He asked me to drop off a billion dollars in cash to a designated location, and threatened me that Caroline would die if I didn't give in to his demands.

I immediately asked someone to pinpoint the IP address of Boris' phone.

"Bring me my helicopter. Everyone, let's go! We're going to save Caroline," I commanded.

'Caroline, please wait for me. I'm going to bring you home!'

[Chapter 497 I'm Coming To Save You](#)

Caroline's POV:

My hands were tied up again. But this time, it was a lot more snug. I think Boris was trying to cut off my blood circulation or something.

Unfortunately, I had little strength left to resist him.

Once again, I was blindfolded by a black cloth.

"Stop pretending, bitch! Even though you are not a virgin, you have a hot figure. I don't mind sleeping with you." Boris drewled, a malevolent smile in his voice.

Suddenly, Boris picked me up and threw me on the bed. I landed with a terrified shout and bounced twice before I felt another presence on the bed.

The pervert began groping me, his hands caressing my body roughly.

Terror, unlike anything I ever felt before gripped me. "Let go of me! Don't touch me!" I yelled at the top of my lungs, horror choking me even as I tried to fight off his repulsive touch.

Boris leaned over and kissed my face, ears, and neck.

With terror still surging through my veins, I fought him off in the only way I could think of. Turning my head, I bit any part of him I could reach with every strength I had.

"Ah!" Boris screamed. But my joy at his cry of agony was short lived. Before I could take in a breath, my head snapped to the side, my ears ringing from pain.

With a vicious thud, my head smacked against the wall and my vision swam behind the blindfold, the pain snatching my breath away.

The pain radiated from my head down to every part of my body and I trembled, frozen to the spot.

It felt like my life force was seeping out with the blood dripping down my forehead. Soon, I began feeling, my limbs getting heavier.

All of a sudden, I heard a loud crash as something heavy fell to the ground.

Even though my consciousness was fading away, I began to struggle when someone grabbed my wrists.

Blinded by the clothes I was, my other senses were heightened and so was my fear. I fought with everything I had in me, kicking and clawing at whatever body part I could make contact with. The rope tightened on my wrists, blood circulation now surely cut off and soon, the rope was sure to cut through my skin as well, but I didn't stop fighting.

"Caroline, stop struggling. It's me. I'm here to save you."

That was Charles' voice!

Was I hallucinating?

My heart beat thunderously as I froze.

The black cloth covering my eyes was untied and I raised my head up to see my rescuer.

It was Charles. It was Charles!

Shrieking, I threw myself into his arms. Even though I was so relieved and happy to see him, I couldn't help hitting his chest with my fists over and over. "Why are you so late? Couldn't you have made a sound or said something? I thought you were that pervert!"

Now that I was safe, it hit me just how close to being assaulted I was. The fear and terror all coalesced into loud, ugly tears as I clung to Charles.

Minutes ago, I had been scared to death, and that terror was not showing any signs of receding even though I have been saved from my captor.

Charles hugged me tightly. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

Maybe it was shock or perhaps relief, but I became paralyzed. I leaned against Charles' chest and couldn't move a muscle.

Caroline's POV:

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Charles hugged me tightly. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

Maybe it was shock or perhaps relief, but I became paralysed. I leaned against Charles' chest and couldn't move a muscle.

His shoulders were wide, his embrace was warm, and his arms were strong. I felt inexplicably safe when I was leaning against him.

Eventually, Charles disengaged our embrace long enough to help me untie the rope on my wrists. When I was free of the ropes, I found that my wrists were scraped raw and swollen, but thankfully I wasn't seriously injured.

I struggled to get up, but Charles didn't let go of me. Instead, he held me more tightly.

Snug in his warm embrace and surrounded by his unique musk, I found that the urgency to get up had disappeared.

Charles crushed me to him so tightly that there wasn't a wisp of space between us. It felt like Charles was trying to tell me with his body language that he would never let me go.

The small measure of control I had on my emotions crumpled.

Turning my face into his shoulder, I held on to him and cried my eyes out.

"Charles..."

"Don't be afraid. I'm here."

His voice was soft, but somehow I got courage from it.

A figure ran into the room and I saw light reflecting against the metal in her hand.

Instinctively, I pushed Charles away even as I shouted, "Charles, watch out!"

Samantha was going to stab me with a knife in her hand.

Just as fast as I had pushed him, Charles turned on his heel and got in Samantha's way. She tried to stab him but he got hold of her hand. He twisted it viciously and I heard something snap.

"Ah!" Samantha shrieked, her face painted with agony. She let go of the knife and Charles caught it before the knife fell to the floor.

Judging by the pain on her face, I was guessing that Charles just broke her wrist.

Several bodyguards rushed into the room and Charles pushed Samantha to the ground, not far from the bodyguards who immediately detained her.

"Dispose of her." Charles ordered menacingly.

After giving the chilling order, Charles turned around and came to me. He pulled me to my feet and kissed my forehead.

"Caroline, let's go home."

I nodded.

Charles' POV:

After Caroline's injuries had been treated in the hospital, I drove her home.

The day's events must have worn her out because she fell asleep in the car.

She was still fast asleep when we arrived at the villa. I alighted the car before walking to her side and carried her out of the car.

Even when I tucked her into bed, Caroline was still asleep. Unfortunately, her sleep wasn't a very peaceful one. She kept turning and muttering under her breath, a frown on her face. A strand of hair fell on her nose and lush lips. She was as beautiful as an angel.

I just couldn't help myself. Slowly, I reached out and tucked the strands of hair behind her ear.

Then I moved my attention to her lips. They were so soft and delicate that I couldn't help but lower my head to kiss her.

Caroline suddenly woke up and shouted in panic. "My child! They killed my child!"

"Don't be afraid. I will make them pay for what they've done." I assured her firmly as I used my body to stop her frantic struggle.

His shoulders were wide, his embrace was warm, and his arms were strong. I felt inexplicably safe when I was leaning against him.

As gently as I could, I comforted her and rubbed her back in soothing circles.

Over and over again, I murmured tender words into her hair, using a tone I never knew I was capable of. Soon, Caroline was lulled to sleep again. I laid her back on the bed and pulled the duvet up to her neck before leaving.

"Take good care of her. If anything happens to her again, then I won't let you see the next sunrise. And it won't matter to me that you work for Edward." I threatened Elena, staring her down.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault." Elena muttered dejectedly and lowered her head. I didn't feel an ounce of sympathy for her.

Certain that my threat was well understood, I stalked out of the villa and drove to the police station.

Boris and Samantha had been detained for questioning.

I wouldn't let go of anyone who hurt Caroline!

Richard was waiting for me at the gate of the police station.

"Mr. Moore, Boris refused to say anything when we first questioned him. I asked our people to do something to make him talk. But the only thing he has said is that it was Samantha who planned it all."

"Make him confess by all means!" I snapped. "What about the other one?" I asked once I was able to calm down.

"Samantha is insane."

Insane?

What a coincidence!

Samantha was locked up in a separate detention room.

When we entered her cell, I saw her sitting on the ground with a dull look, staring into space.

"Samantha, don't you have anything you want to say to me?"

She turned her face in my direction only after I had spoken. It would seem that Samantha hadn't noticed our presence until I spoke. Once she saw me, she began laughing and then crying.

Samantha appeared to be really insane, but I was far from convinced. "Do you think you can be acquitted as long as you pretend to be insane? I am afraid you don't know me well. Maybe I should show you what I can do."

"I didn't do anything wrong! I didn't!" Samantha waved her arms excitedly at me. Then she suddenly quieted down and gave me a creepy smile.

I was not interested in her acting anymore. "Richard, go and find all her family members. Bring them all to me!"

"No! You are a devil! You are a devil!"

Samantha's face suddenly turned pale as she screamed at me. All at once, her cries stopped and she rushed at me.

But Richard intercepted her before she ever got close to me. He held her arm behind her back as a doctor and some nurses rushed into the room. They were able to hold her still long enough for the doctor to inject her with the tranquilizer.

"I'll kill you! Caroline! Caroline!" Samantha screamed hysterically.

The doctor ordered the nurse to give her one more injection to calm her down once it became obvious that the first dose of tranquilizer wasn't having any effect on her.

Without any hesitation, the nurse injected Samantha with another lethal dose. In less than thirty

seconds, Samantha went limp and became completely quiet.

Before leaving, I told Richard, "Since she is insane, send her to a psychiatric hospital. Don't let her out again."

[Chapter 498 We Don't Have To Sleep In Separate Rooms](#)

Charles' POV:

After leaving the police station, I decided to head back to the Moore mansion.

"Daddy, you're back!"

Right after I entered the house, the twins ran towards me and threw themselves into my arms.

James was following right behind them, and then he looked behind me. He seemed disappointed the next second.

"Daddy, why isn't Mommy with you? You're so useless."

He shook his head, sighed, and then he walked away with his hands behind his back.

"Useless!"

Just like their big brother, Jerry and Jason shook their heads at me.

The kids were unaware of what Caroline had gone through.

I chuckled at them and whispered, "Well, why don't I take you guys to your mother, huh? How does that sound?"

"That sounds great, Dad!" they answered in unison.

"However, Mommy is injured, so you're going to have to behave yourselves around her. Make sure that you don't make her angry, you got that?"

The kids nodded and followed me out.

"Charles, it's very late. Where are you taking the kids?" My mother happened to go downstairs just this second.

"I'm taking the kids out for a few days, so that you can take better care of Grandma."

My mother nodded, hugged the kids one after another, and then she bade us farewell.

"Teke good cere of my little engels, okey?"

I nodded in response.

As I turned around, I asked Trecey and Jenet to take the kids to my car. Thereafter, we headed for Caroline's villa.

"Oh, my little sweeties!" The moment Caroline saw the kids, her eyes lit up. She looked so much better in an instant.

"I brought them here because I thought it will make you feel better to have them by your side," I explained while approaching her.

Caroline looked back at me and said in a soft voice, "Thank you."

I chuckled at her response. "That's not good enough."

"Huh?" She was confused.

While the kids were distracted, I grabbed her chin and kissed her.

Little did I know that Jason saw what we were doing.

"Daddy, Mommy, are you guys fighting with your mouths?" he asked, tilting his head and looking all innocent.

Caroline blushed as she pushed me away. She then held the kids' hands, and led them into the house. "Go away! You're so shameless."

"Shameless!" The twins turned around and made faces at me in secret.

I scratched my nose awkwardly, following Caroline into the living room.

James was changing into the teddy bear pajamas that Caroline got for him. Meanwhile, Jerry and Jason were quarreling over a pink bear stuffed toy, and Caroline was telling them to share. The lovely scene made me feel so satisfied with my life.

Charles' POV:

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"Take good care of my little angels, okay?"

I nodded in response.

As I turned around, I asked Tracy and Janet to take the kids to my car. Thereafter, we headed for Caroline's villa.

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When Caroline noticed that the twins were about to fight, she looked at me with pleading eyes.

It was then that I took Jerry, threw him into the air, and then caught him as he went down. The boy was so delighted that he started giggling.

"I want to do it too, Dad!" Jason jumped at me.

Caroline, on the other hand, was terrified. She quickly took the child from me and said, "That's not the way to play with kids, Charles! You can't do that. It's dangerous!"

I chuckled at her and smiled. The dress she was wearing today fitted her well. It outlined the curvature of her chest more clearly. When she raised her hands, I could see her tempting cleavage.

"That's a tight dress," I said.

Her breasts were almost showing.

"Oh, yeah? None of your business! I like dressing up like this," she retorted while pulling up her collar.

Caroline's POV:

I went to the bathroom to fill the bathtub for the kids.

Suddenly, James ran in to hug me.

"Are you still in pain, Mommy?"

"Nope! I feel so much better now," I replied.

James hugged me again and gently blew on the wound on my forehead. "Don't cry, Mommy. I've blown the pain away."

My heart felt so warm, and I embraced him.

"Mommy, please hurry up and make peace with Daddy, so that we can protect you together," James whispered as he nestled in my arms.

I leaned over to plant a kiss on his forehead. "That depends on your Dad's behavior. Perhaps the day will come soon."

"Mommy, don't ever lie to me just because I'm a child. Pinky swear?" James wiggled his pinkie finger at me.

"Pinky swear," I repeated.

I held out my pinkie finger as well.

After hooking our pinkies together, I smiled at him. "Do you feel relieved now, son?"

"Yes, Mom!" James nodded happily, and then he left, feeling satisfied.

As I watched him walk away, I felt so damn lucky.

I was so fortunate to have been blessed with the company of these three little angels.

Once I had finished bathing the kids one by one, the twins became sleepy. Thus, Tracy and Janet took them to their bed.

James, on the other hand, insisted on sleeping in my room.

When I took him upstairs, I saw Charles standing at the door of my room in his pajamas.

Stunned and nervous, I asked, "Didn't I prepare a guest room for you?"

He glanced at me and said, "We have three kids already. Why do we have to sleep in separate rooms?"

The closer he got to me, the more I could smell the pleasant woody fragrance coming from his body. My mind went blank for a second. Once I had gathered my composure, I pushed him away.

When Caroline noticed that the twins were about to fight, she looked at me with pleading eyes.

"We're divorced. Of course, we should sleep in separate rooms!" I countered.

Charles fell silent; his eyes displayed sadness.

I had never seen him like this, so I wasn't sure what to do next.

"You..."

Before I could finish my sentence, James shook my hand and pleaded, "Mommy, please let Daddy stay with us. Without him telling me a bedtime story, I won't be able to fall asleep at night."

I couldn't bear to disappoint my child, so I agreed to let Charles sleep on the other side of James.

Once the light had been turned off, James was sound asleep. As for me, no matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't fall asleep.

Despite the fact that James was sleeping between us, the very idea that Charles and I were lying on the same bed was enough to make me uneasy.

"Caroline, I missed you so much. Did you miss me too?"

I suddenly heard Charles' husky voice amidst the darkness.

He then got off the bed, walked to my side of the bed, and lay beside me.

I wanted to push him away, but then he spoke to me again.

"I love you, Caroline. With all my heart and soul," he whispered in my ear.

My heart melted.

It seemed that he had bewitched me once again.

In this world, beautiful women weren't the only ones who could seduce others. When a charming man successfully seduced a woman, she would end up being completely obsessed with him.

He then left a light kiss on my lips, and then he slowly kissed my nose, cheek, forehead, and hair.

"I'm sorry," said Charles.

"For what?" I asked, preventing myself from gasping.

"I failed to protect you well," he said.

I could feel that he had changed a lot after all this time. It was easy to tell that he was treading lightly whenever he was facing me.

In an attempt to comfort him, I said, "None of it is your fault, Charles. Neither of us would have thought that Samantha would ever do something so insane."

Though Boris and Samantha kidnapped me, I was still somehow thankful to them for letting me know about the truth of the miscarriage I suffered a year ago.

I had always believed that Charles betrayed me and was the reason I had lost my other child.

It was the whole reason I made up my mind to leave him.

But it turned out that I had misjudged him. I was wrong about him.

"I'm so sorry, Charles." I gave him a warm embrace.

"Why are you apologizing?"

Just as I was about to say something, the phone on the nightstand rang. The ringtone was particularly grating amidst the silent night.

[Chapter 499 No Matter The Cos](#)

Charles' POV:

"Excuse me."

I got up and went to the balcony to answer the phone.

"This better be important, Corey."

"Charles, Adem's reputation is at rock bottom! He has no way out. Several cooperative banks have rejected his request for a loan. Hell, even the Wilson Group has made it clear that they have no intention of helping Adem! Edward must've ordered it. All the small companies that Adem invested in before have gone bankrupt. The only financial assets he has left are his shares in the Wilson Group. To make matters worse, he wants to put them up for collateral to some illegal banks, just so he could get a loan," Corey explained.

"Teke ell of his sheres. Leeve him nothing," I commended.

"All of them? Adem may not heve that meny sheres, but it's still going to cost e lot of money," Corey asked tentetively.

"Yes, I went ell of them no metter the cost. I went that besterd, Adem, to lose everything he hes!"

"You reelly ere willing to do enything for Ceroline, huh? You're willing to spend so much money just to meke her smile. I heerd that you moved into her ville. How do you feel, men?"

After discussing business with me, Corey returned to his usuel playful self.

"I would be heving fun right now if you hedn't interrupted me," I grunted.

"Is that so? Went my help, bro? I heve some good sex toys. It'll only cost thirty dollers for you to experience multiple pleesures, including vibretion, cool sense, end..."

Ceroline's POV:

"Mommy, it's time to get up! How could you be even lezier then Jeson?"

Around ten in the morning, I was ewekened by Jemes' sweet voice.

When I opened my eyes, I sew three little versions of Cherles blinking et me.

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"Charles, why are you cooking?"

Charles' POV:

"Excuse me."

I got up and went to the balcony to answer the phone.

"This better be important, Corey."

"Charles, Adam's reputation is at rock bottom! He has no way out. Several cooperative banks have rejected his request for a loan. Hell, even the Wilson Group has made it clear that they have no intention of helping Adam! Edward must've ordered it. All the small companies that Adam invested in before have gone bankrupt. The only financial assets he has left are his shares in the Wilson Group. To make matters worse, he wants to put them up for collateral to some illegal banks, just so he could get a loan," Corey explained.

"Take all of his shares. Leave him nothing," I commanded.

"All of them? Adam may not have that many shares, but it's still going to cost a lot of money," Corey asked tentatively.

"Yes, I want all of them no matter the cost. I want that bastard, Adam, to lose everything he has!"

"You really are willing to do anything for Caroline, huh? You're willing to spend so much money just to make her smile. I heard that you moved into her villa. How do you feel, man?"

After discussing business with me, Corey returned to his usual playful self.

"I would be having fun right now if you hadn't interrupted me," I grunted.

"Is that so? Want my help, bro? I have some good sex toys. It'll only cost thirty dollars for you to experience multiple pleasures, including vibration, cool sense, and..."

Caroline's POV:

"Mommy, it's time to get up! How could you be even lazier than Jason?"

Around ten in the morning, I was awakened by James' sweet voice.

When I opened my eyes, I saw three little versions of Charles blinking at me.

I glanced at the watch, blushing upon the realization that I had woken up so late. "Mommy had a really

beautiful dream just now."

Last night, I had the best sleep in these past few days.

"I know! Mommy must've dreamt of us and Daddy!" Jason raised his hands in the air, as if he was happily asking for me to praise him.

Upon seeing his lovely reaction, a smile appeared on my lips. I leaned over and planted a kiss on his puffy cheek. "Jason, you're so smart. Come on, son. Mommy will help you wash up."

When we went downstairs, the fragrant aroma of food reached my nose.

'Is Elena cooking?'

Confused, I went to the kitchen and saw that Charles was cooking.

He was standing with his back to the door. Elena was persuading him to leave, but he just ignored her and continued cooking with great skill.

"Charles, why are you cooking?"

Upon hearing my voice, they both turned around.

Elena ran towards me when she saw me.

"Caroline, Mr. Wilson said that Mr. Moore isn't allowed to enter the house. We made an exception for him last night, but we can't let him stay here any longer,"

Elena complained with a frown.

"Elena, please don't tell my dad about this for the time being. Lately, he hasn't been feeling well. I'll tell him about this myself once he recovers," I responded.

"Yes, ma'am," Elena sighed.

Charles came over with a plate of bacon on hand. "Breakfast is ready. Come and have some!"

While we were eating breakfast, I reluctantly asked, "Charles, when are you going back?"

"You want me to go back to the Moore mansion?" Charles raised his eyebrows, pointing at several large suitcases in the corner. "Richard has already packed all my luggage and sent them here this morning."

"Wait... what? Do you intend to continue living here?" I asked.

"You look really lonely, so I figured I'll keep you company." Charles' eyes were filled with affection when he looked at me.

"Lonely? Are you sure you're not talking about yourself?" I asked.

"Well, I'm indeed very lonely," he mumbled.

"My Dad will never agree to let us be together." Right after I finished my sentence, I averted my gaze from him to avoid his eyes.

"Caroline, can you please help me persuade your father? I'm begging you."

Charles looked at me with pleading eyes. It was hard to ignore the fact that his eyes were brimming with hope.

My heart skipped a beat. I couldn't stand to see him like this.

Normally, he was proud and dignified. But now, he was humbling himself before me.

"Mommy, don't forget our agreement." James showed me his pinkie finger to remind me of the promise we made last night.

I smiled at him to comfort him.

Perhaps it was time for me to try and trust Charles again and slowly learn to accept him.

I clenched my fists. Though I was hesitant to do it, I still nodded in response to him.

Suddenly, he held me so tight. He was as happy as a convict that had been pardoned of all his crimes.

"That's great, Caroline!"

Charles broke into a hearty laughter; his chest trembling slightly.

Feeling a lump in my throat, I hugged him back.

He stared at me for a while before he leaned closer to my ear. "Kiss me," he whispered.

I looked up at him, uncertain of what he meant.

"I'm the one who always takes the initiative. This time, I want you to make the first move."

Upon hearing my voice, they both turned around.

Elena ran towards me when she saw me.

His voice was laden with lust, but it was also filled with affection.

I stood on tiptoe, raised my head, and kissed his lips. Thereafter, I turned around shyly.

I kissed him ever so gently; just like a dragonfly, skimming along the water and leaving tiny ripples on a river.

"Daddy, you're doing something bad with Mommy again," James said abruptly.

Charles covered James' eyes. "You're aware that we're doing something bad, so why are you still here? Elena, take this boy to school."

"Dad, you're always so mean to me!" James protested as he put his hands on his hips. But in the end, he conceded. He took his school bag and went out.

Tracy and Janet took one look at us and proposed that they'd take the twins to the park.

Thereafter, only Charles and I remained in the villa.

I put my arms around his neck.

"Kiss me again," Charles said in a domineering tone.

I stood on tiptoe again, nibbled on his earlobe and said, "This is so hot."

All of a sudden, he grabbed the back of my head and pinched my chin. His eyes were filled with lust.

"Charles..."

Just as I was about to say something, he cut me off. "Caroline, are you full?"

"Huh?"

"If so, then it's my turn to eat!"

Before I could utter another word, he sealed my lips with a kiss.

His kiss was passionate and possessive. I couldn't even breathe.

I tried to push him away, but he was still unsatisfied. He kissed me even harder.

With no other choice, I kissed him back and leaved over his chest, feeling numb.

Noticing that he was slowly pushing my clothes up, I realized what he was about to do, so I stopped him at once.

I held his hands and said, "Charles, let's not do this in the living room."

Regardless of my warning, he wanted to kiss me again. Thus, I turned my face away and said, "What if the children come back later?"

Charles sighed, carried me, and took me upstairs. He then opened the bathroom door and placed me in the bathtub. While he was kissing me, he turned on the faucet to fill the bathtub.

He snickered and said, "If you don't want to do it in the living room, how about the bathroom?"

As I lay in the bathtub, he got on top of me. Because of this, I had no way to escape. In a trembling voice, I pleaded, "Charles, take it easy."

He leaned over to my ear and tried to seduce me with his husky voice. "Kiss me, Caroline."

I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

[Chapter 500 Put Her In The Men's Prison](#)

Charles' POV:

The next day, I sent the kids back to the Moore mansion and then I went to the company.

Amy knocked on the door and came in.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Mr. Moore, I'm here to resign. Here's my resignation letter," she said.

As I stared at the envelope she was handing me, I frowned. "Why do you want to resign?"

She placed her hand on her belly and smiled with glee. "I'm pregnant, sir. I've decided to become a full-time mother. I hope you can support my decision and bless me."

Amy was my right-hand assistant, and I had always relied on her. In my heart, I had always believed she preferred being a strong and independent woman.

And as for her boyfriend, I heard that he had gotten married to someone else.

"Amy, I don't mean to interfere in your personal life, but you do know that being a single mother is difficult, right?" I asked.

"I know that, Mr. Moore. I mean... not everyone can be as lucky as Mrs. Moore," she said, chuckling.
"She's lucky to have met the perfect husband," she added.

I raised my eyebrows at her remark. "Oh? Do you really think I'm the perfect husband?"

'Does Caroline think so too?' I wondered.

"Of course, sir! You're a loving husband, you're considerate to her needs, you're wealthy, you're gentle, and you're very handsome. The only weakness you have is..." Amy smirked as if to goad me.

"My only weakness is...?"

'She just said I was the perfect husband! That should mean I have no weakness!'

"Sir, as much as it pains me to say this, but your only weakness is that Caroline is the only person you truly love. I think every female employee in this company shares my opinion."

I never imagined that someone as straitlaced and solemn as Amy would have such a humorous side.

I broke into laughter with her.

"Well, Amy, I guess the only thing I can say now is 'congratulations'! As my parting gift to you, I'd like to give you an apartment. Don't refuse my gift, okay? Your kid is going to need it," I told her.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Moore. I'll find someone who can fill in for my role as soon as possible." Amy nodded happily and left the office.

Not long after she left, my phone rang.

It was from Richard.

"Mr. Moore, Boris has finally confessed. He said that Reine was the one who ordered him to add something into the medicine injection for Mrs. Moore that resulted in her miscarriage."
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It was from Richard.

"Mr. Moore, Boris has finally confessed. He said that Raina was the one who ordered him to add something into the medicine injection for Mrs. Moore that resulted in her miscarriage."

Through gritted teeth, I responded, "It seems like putting her into a jail is too light of a punishment. Lock her up in a men's prison and let her enjoy herself!"

Raina's POV:

Every single day of my life in prison was hell. Not a day went by that I didn't get hit.

In the middle of the night one day, someone dragged me out of my bed.

I opened my eyes and saw several inmates grinning from ear to ear; their eyes brimmed with malice.

"What do you think you're doing? Don't do anything stupid, or else I'm going to call the prison guards!"

Instead of being scared by my threat, they burst into laughter.

"What did you say? You're gonna call the prison guards, huh? Hahaha! Did I mishear you, bitch? You wanna call the prison guards?" One of them slapped me right across the face. "Well, go on then! Call for help! Didn't you say you're going to call the prison guards for help?"

The slap was so strong that I couldn't even stand firm and my ears were buzzing.

Livid, I propped myself up by putting one hand against the wall. Once I had managed to stand firm, I slapped the woman who hit me while everyone else was distracted.

The strong woman snapped after I slapped her. Her eyes widened in anger as she roared, "You little bitch! Girls! Beat the shit out of her! I don't care if we cripple her! Besides, Mr. Moore told us that we can do whatever the fuck we want with her as long as we can keep her alive!"

'Mr. Moore?' I exclaimed inwardly. 'Charles did this? He asked them to beat me up?'

Now I no longer wondered why the prison guards didn't come to check on us even after the commotion happened. And it was no wonder that these female prisoners were unafraid of punishment.

I stood up and ran towards the metal cell door. I grabbed the iron window fence and shouted, "Help! She's hitting me! Help! Somebody help me!"

Suddenly, someone pulled my hair without mercy. I staggered backwards and fell to the ground, screaming at the top of my lungs.

Then, someone pulled my hair up and they began kicking me and hitting me mercilessly.

It was then that I stopped shouting for help and just endured the beating in silence. All I could hear now was a peal of satisfied laughter.

Once the other prisoners got tired, they finally decided to let me go and went to bed.

Meanwhile, I lay on the ground as though I was dead. My face was covered in tears, blood, and bruises.

Through gritted teeth, I responded, "It seems like putting her into a jail is too light of a punishment. Lock her up in a men's prison and let her enjoy herself!"

'Why are they treating me like this? All I've ever done was fall in love with Charles, a man that I should've never fallen in love with!'

By the time I woke up, I found myself lying on the ground of a cell.

"Oh, you are awake!" said a rough voice, followed by the laughter of many other men.

'What the hell is going on? How are there male prisoners in a women's prison?'

I stared at the male prisoners around me in horror. Hurriedly, I sprang to my feet, retreated to a corner, and curled up. Soon, I found myself, leaning against the wall and hugging my knees as my body trembled.

A stout middle-aged prisoner came over, squatted down, and stroked my long hair.

"Don't touch me," I mumbled.

I trembled, wanting to escape. But unfortunately, there was nowhere for me to retreat to.

'What am I doing here? Why am I in a men's cell?'

The man squatting in front of me was grinning from ear to ear. He raised my chin and said, "You're a pretty girl. They said you didn't want to be imprisoned with women and that you insisted on living with us. You must be sexually unsatisfied, huh? Don't worry, lassie. Us, boys, will give you the time of your life!"

"Hahaha!"

"None of us will refuse a free meal!"

"I never thought that we'd have this kind of benefit in prison. Boy, do I love it here! That girl is a beauty!"

"So, who gets to fuck her first, huh?"

These men were discussing with fervor over my head.

I began struggling desperately. "Let me out of here! I don't want to live with you. I want to go out! I didn't want to live with you people. I didn't!"

"Wow, you're a shy one, aren't you?" exclaimed the middle-aged prisoner.

"I wonder what kind of big shot she offended to end up being thrown in here with us?" another prisoner asked.

"That doesn't concern us! Let's just fuck the life out of her!"

Several rough hands began to touch my face, my thighs, and even my waist. "God, look at that waist! It's so slim!"

Not long after, someone ripped off my prison uniform.

"Let me go, please. Have mercy!"

My voice was choked by my sobbing. I had no idea what to do now. Clearly, I was about to get gang raped by these evil men.

"Fuck off! Fuck off!"

I kicked and flailed my arms and legs randomly.

"Oi! Restrain the bitch!"

"No!" I shrieked.