

Warning 501

[Chapter 501 You Seem Pretty Popular With The Ladies](#)

Charles's POV:

Back home, Caroline was playing games with the kids with a loving smile on her face.

They all looked so pure and lovely.

I couldn't help but smile. I sent the kids upstairs before I walked to her side, and embraced her.

"Caroline, it's all over."

She hugged me back tightly.

"Really?" she asked tentatively.

"Yes, really." I brushed my fingers against her cheek.

It took Caroline some time before she found her voice. "Charles, you've been asking me the reason why I left a year ago. Well, here's the truth: I had a miscarriage at the time."

Though I knew the truth already, my heart still ached when the words came from her lips.

"Boris told me all the evil deeds he has done. I'm so sorry, Caroline. It's all my fault."

Guilt almost overwhelmed me and made it hard for me to breathe.

I couldn't imagine just how painful it must've been for Caroline, and how miserable she must've felt back then.

She shook her head and began sobbing. "Back then, I was so weak. The moment I saw you together with Raina and being intimate with her, I saw her as Rita. It made me think that you still loved Rita."

She was having a hard time talking because of all the sobbing.

I held her tighter and tighter, and my heart ached for her.

"I'm sorry, Caroline. All of it happened because I failed to take good care of you. I'm sorry that you had to go through that."

"None of it was your fault. It was me who failed to trust you enough. Moreover, Raina bribed Boris to inject me with an abortient. Our poor child didn't even get the chance to see the light of the world," Caroline replied through gritted teeth. Her eyes were filled with anger and sorrow.

I gently caressed her back to comfort her. "It's over now. Caroline, so many misunderstandings have happened between us and all of it has led to us being apart for so long. From now on, and until the end of our days together, let's trust each other more, okay?"

"Okay."

Caroline cried even harder, and she wrapped her arms around my neck.

I could feel her tears rolling down on my neck.

My heart ached for her. I patted her back and said, "Caroline, I promise you, we're going to have a better future together."

"You're right. We will." She nodded in agreement.

After a long time, Caroline finally managed to calm down.

I wiped the tears from her eyes and said, "You're just like a little cat with a smudged little face."

Caroline stared daggers at me. "You're the cat!" she countered.

I had to nod at her and reply, "Well, I guess I am a male cat, and you're female one. We're destined for each other, I see."

"Charles!" Caroline exclaimed.

I combed her hair back and gave her a smile. "Caroline, come home with me to the Moore mansion. Our kids and I want to live with you every single day of our lives."

"You still haven't asked for my father's permission! He's not going to let it happen," Caroline responded adamantly.

"Edward will know the truth soon. One way or another, I'm going to make him cast aside all of his prejudices against me," I answered.

"My dad isn't an easy man to convince. You'll have to put in a lot more effort than that," she countered.

"I intend to."

No matter the cost, I would never let her go again.

I looked down and interlocked our fingers together. A smile subconsciously formed on my lips.

Caroline nestled in my arms and said, "Dad's birthday is coming up. Why don't you make some preparations for it?"

"Great idea. I should probably think about it carefully."

This was the first time that I would try to impress my future father-in-law.

"Dad is picky, so you're going to have to prepare everything in great detail, and you have to be sincere. Otherwise, he's just not going to accept it," Caroline replied with a smile.

After pondering on it, I asked, "What does your father even like? I'll try to make some arrangements in advance."

"Charles, you'll have to make all of the preparations yourself to show your sincerity."

I could see Caroline's eyes lighting up with hope and glee. Her gaze was like a ray of light shining into my heart, and I couldn't help but smile at her.

Suddenly, she looked down and seemed to be dispirited. "Charles, how is Grandma doing? Does she still not remember me?"

I planted a kiss on Caroline's forehead and decided to explain the truth to her. "Grandma pretended not to remember you, because when she woke up, she happened to hear Samantha talking on the phone. If Grandma didn't pretend to be confused, that woman might've done something bad to her, and you."

Caroline's eyes widened in shock. "So, you're saying that Grandma doesn't have a memory disorder? Now I get why she was acting really weird that day."

"It's really all just a misunderstanding. Grandma loves you with all her heart, and her love will never change."

Caroline's POV:

Just then, the doorbell rang, interrupting my intimate moment with Charles.

When Elena went to open the door, my father marched in, visibly angry. "Caroline, are you okay?"

I jogged Charles so that I could be free of his arms. My face blushed as I tidied up my messy clothes. "Dad, do you know everything now?"

Charles stood up, still as calm as ever. He gave my father a nod and said, "Good day, Mr. Wilson."

My dad didn't even look at him. Instead, he walked up to me and asked, "Why didn't you tell me that something that big has happened to you? Elena, what the hell were you doing? Do I not pay you

enough?"

Elena lowered her head in shame, walking towards Edward and visibly afraid. "I'm sorry, sir! It's all my fault."

"You're fired! And tell Carlos that he doesn't need to wait outside the villa. You're both fired!"

This was the first time that I had seen my father this livid.

I hurried to his side and explained, "Dad, no! I'm the one who asked Elena and Carlos to wait for me in the car. They were just following my orders."

"Mr. Wilson, I humbly apologize. It was I who put Caroline in danger," Charles chimed in.

My father finally looked at him and asked, "Oh, you did, huh?"

His gaze was as sharp as knives.

"Samantha wanted to get revenge on me," said Charles.

My father's face turned grim; clearly, he was infuriated.

He sat on the sofa and said, "Mr. Moore, you seem pretty popular with the ladies."

"Mr. Wilson, I've done so many horrible things in the past, but from now on..."

"Stop," said my father, putting his hand up. "There's no more future for you. If you didn't have three kids with my daughter, you wouldn't have had anything to do with Caroline! Yes, I'm old-fashioned and stubborn, and I can't let go of the past. But it's for the sake of the children that I maintain my etiquette. There's no need for you to say anything else."

The atmosphere seemed to become tense.

Since I didn't want them to argue, I tried to smooth things over. "Dad, Charles got me some coffee that was air freighted from Cuba. I'm going to make a cup for you."

Fortunately, my dad didn't refuse.

Thereafter, I took Charles to the kitchen.

"Charles, please don't get mad. Dad is just worried about me," I told him.

"Yup. I totally get it." Charles grinned from ear to ear. "I've mentally prepared myself for this moment."

Once I had brewed the coffee, I put the cup of coffee on the tea table in front of my dad. However, he didn't seem to have any intention of drinking it.

At this time, James came downstairs and threw himself into his Grandpa's arms. "Grandpa, are you here to see me?" he exclaimed with glee.

No longer frowning, my father gave the boy a smile. "Of course, I did, little man! I missed you so much."

"Grandpa, we're here too!" Jerry and Jason threw themselves into the old man's arms, causing the latter to laugh heartily.

"Well, if there's nothing else, please leave, Mr. Moore. The kids will be staying here for a few days."

Clearly, my dad was trying to drive Charles away.

"But, it's already time for dinner. Why don't we let him..." Just before I could finish my sentence, Dad glared at me.

"Caroline, do not forget how much pain this man has brought you," he said.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson. From this day forward, I'll do everything in my power to make up for my mistakes." Charles turned around and was about to leave.

But then, James got out of his Grandpa's embrace and held his father's hand. "Dad, aren't you going to have dinner with us?"

Charles patted the boy's head. "Grandpa is not in the mood. I'll come back another day, son."

James pursed his lips in displeasure. He ran back to the old man and said, "Grandpa, I want to be with Mom and Dad."

This time, my dad said nothing more. He would never refuse a request from James.

Charles' proud expression made it seem like he had won this battle. He then volunteered to help in the kitchen.

To my surprise, dinner was actually lovely. Charles was busy all night long, so he barely had anything to eat.

After eating dinner, he said goodbye to my father and left.

I wondered why he left so soon and without hesitation.

Unexpectedly, someone knocked on my door in the middle of the night. Once I opened the door, it

turned out that Charles had returned.

He pinned me against the door, and I cupped his cheeks. "You haven't eaten much tonight. Do you want me to cook something for you?"

He tilted his face to kiss my hand, and replied in a husky voice, "I'm not hungry. But I do want to sleep with you."

I wrapped my arms around his neck and leaned against his chest.

Although Charles was trying to stifle his moans, tension was rising in the air.

[Chapter 502 There Was A Woman By His Side](#)

Caroline's POV:

Nina and I went gift shopping for Dad's birthday at the mall.

A white male shirt in a designer brand shop struck my fancy.

Even though picking out a gift for Dad was my main reason for coming to the mall, my mind was stuck on Charles.

Most of his shirts were of this simple style and color. But Charles exuded a certain charm when he wore these simple clothes that was simply hard to put into words.

Nina smiled and nudged me with her elbow. "Hey! What are you thinking about?"

I shook my head, a small smile overtaking my face as well. "Nothing."

Instead of querying me further, Nina took the shirt from my hands and inspected it. "This shirt is for young men. Hmm, it doesn't appear to me like you're shopping for Edward's gift." Nina taunted with an impish smile.

My eyes narrowed and I took the shirt back from her. "So what? Is there a rule that says I can only buy clothes for my father?"

"Who swore that she would never go back to that man?"

"It's definitely not me!"

"Tut-tut." Nina poked each side of my cheeks with her index finger. "There is a name written on your face now!"

"What?" I stuttered, my eyebrows creasing in confusion.

"Charles Moore!"

Nina hooted loudly, her voice attracting the attention of the shop assistants. They stopped and stared at us, curiosity shining in their eyes. Not only was the name Nina just yelled at the top of her lungs very famous, but this shopping mall was owned by the Moore Group.

Flushing, I slapped Nina's hand away and muttered, "Stop making fun of me."

The smile vanished and a somber air replaced the expression on her face. "You should think this through. I doubt Edward will accept your relationship with Charles."

That was true. Even though Dad allowed Charles to stay for dinner the other day, it was obvious that he still disapproved of my continued involvement with Charles.

"I understand your point. But let's forget it. So tell me, what have you been up to recently?" I chirped, doing my best to turn the attention away from my relationship issues.

The somber expression was still on her face, but now, there was an added tinge of depression to her aura. "Abner travelled abroad for a training program. One night, I called him."

The way she paused clued me in to the fact that something was wrong. "And then?"

"The local time was early in the morning," Nina sighed. "There was a woman by his side."

I was surprised. "Did you make a video call? Did you see her? Even if there was a woman by his side, it didn't necessarily mean anything."

"If you call Charles at small hours and hear another woman calling him darling affectionately, can you remain calm?"

Fair point. It was easy to analyze such a sensitive matter as long as you were an observer.

"Nina, I don't know how to console you. My own relationship is in a rough phase right now. But I do understand how you feel. As complicated as everything is, I know that I can't let Charles go. Even the idea that another woman might take my place in his heart aches. He has told me that he loves me. That means he has to love me for the rest of our lives. I refuse to accept anything less. And I certainly won't give him the chance to walk away either."

Nina shuffled closer and rested her head on my shoulder. "Since it has come to this, I have no choice but to keep smiling even when I feel like breaking down in tears. Maybe when I smile, I will forget my sorrows."

After picking out a gift for Dad, Nina and I went to the cinema. Several times throughout the movie, her

phone beeped with incoming texts and Nina was quick to reply each text. I was pretty certain she had no idea what the movie was about, since she spent pretty much the entire time with her eyes glued to her phone. Once the movie was over and we left the theater, Nina's expression turned gloomy.

"What's wrong?" I was worried about my friend.

Nina simply shook her head and said nothing.

Simon's POV:

I was lying on the sofa feeling sorry for myself, my phone in my hands as I debated calling Caroline.

The last time we spoke was when she left the party unannounced.

Each day that went by without seeing her was torture for me, but I didn't have the courage to look for her.

The fear of rejection kept me rooted to my house. As long as I hadn't spoken to her, then I wouldn't be rejected once again. Then she wouldn't stare at me with those cold and hostile eyes.

Suddenly, my phone rang.

I sat up on the sofa and stared at the screen with a hopeful smile.

My hope was dashed the moment I saw the name flashing across my phone's screen.

It wasn't Caroline, but Vanessa.

"Hello?"

"Simon, help me..."

Vanessa's frightened and trembling voice whispered through the receiver, accompanied by a burst of sobs.

The palpable fear in her tone twisted my stomach in knots. "Vanessa, what happened?"

Silence was my only answer. I had to check my phone before realizing that Vanessa had hung up on me.

Immediately, I redialed her number, but it wasn't connecting.

Did something happen to her?

The thought was a kick in the guts and I dashed off the sofa. I only had the presence of mind to pick up

my coat and car keys as I rushed towards Vanessa's house.

"Vanessa, are you at home? Are you okay?" I asked anxiously as I banged the door. A servant then opened the door and ushered me in.

"Where is Vanessa? Where is she now?" When there was no sign of Vanessa, I turned my anxious gaze on the servant.

"Mr. Felix, please follow me," the servant requested as he gestured for me to follow him.

Swiftly, the servant turned on his heel and led me to the living room.

As soon as I entered the living room, my eyes unerringly sought out Vanessa. I found her on the carpet beside a sofa, safe and unharmed. There were several bottles of wine and two goblets in front of her.

"Simon, you are here." Vanessa giggled happily, a drunk smile on her face.

"Didn't you call for help just now? You actually led me to believe you were in danger! But in the end, it turns out you only lied to me so you could deceive me into coming to your house." Anger at her deceit surged through me and I gritted my teeth.

Vanessa got to her feet unsteadily, a beseeching look on her face. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to deceive you. The truth is that I wanted to see you. I've sent several messages, but you didn't reply any of them. This was the only way I could think of to make you come see me. I really wanted to see you," Vanessa retorted in a low voice.

She lowered her head, a defeated air permeating off her, but I couldn't find it in me to feel sorry for her.

"Vanessa, don't be unreasonable," I snapped irritably.

"I'm not! I just feel sorry for you and I don't want you to suffer alone."

I pinched my nose, willing myself to stay calm. "I don't know what you are talking about. I have to go now."

Since the call for help had been nothing but a ruse, I had no business staying here.

"Simon, if you are facing any difficulties, then you should open up to me. I might be able to help you. Then you won't have to force yourself to love Caroline," Vanessa slurred, a delirious smile on her face.

"I'm not forcing myself to love Caroline. You are mistaken," I muttered, glowering at the drunken mess on the carpet.

"Really? In that case, you should see this," Vanessa declared cryptically before throwing a printed

document at me.

Deftly, I caught the document before it fell to the floor and raked a dismissive glance over it.

A shocked gasp left my mouth when I read the contents of the document.

This document was full of information about my father's death.

Reflexively, I crumpled the paper in my fist as a shudder racked my body.

"Did you investigate me? What the hell do you want to do?" my question was a low growl.

Unfazed by my anger, Vanessa propped her chin up with her palm and gazed at me contemplatively. "I think the reason you approached Caroline is because you want to find out the truth behind your father's death. Isn't that right?"

My lips thinned in displeasure, but I couldn't refute her claims.

My incessant chasing after Caroline was because I had ulterior motives.

"Simon, you are using Caroline." It wasn't a question this time, but a self-assured declaration.

"You are right, but I have no other choice." I smiled bitterly.

My father's death had always been a knot in my heart, and it wouldn't be unraveled until I knew the truth about his death.

The only way I could find out the truth was if I had Caroline's help.

Vanessa prowled towards me until she was standing right in front of me. In a flash, her arms were around my neck and her body flush against me.

"Simon, you have another choice. You can be with me instead of chasing after Caroline. It's clear as day that she doesn't want you. But I want you and I will certainly be of more help to you than Caroline," Vanessa whispered in my ear.

A chill ran down my back at the innuendo in her words. "What do you mean by that statement? Do you know something?"

Vanessa shook her head, held my face, and kissed me on the lips.

"Simon, I'm in love with you. No matter what you want to do, I'm willing to help you."

[Chapter 503 Earthquake](#)

Olivia's POV:

Edward returned home, looking sullen.

"Edward, what happened? Did someone make you angry?" I asked tentatively as I approached him.

Through gritted teeth, he said, "What's so good about Charles? Why can't Caroline forget that guy?"

He was breathing heavily and he was pressing his hands against his chest. Thus, I hurriedly comforted him.

"I implore you to stop trying to prevent Caroline from being with Charles. It worries me that he'll take revenge against you."

"Bah! If he dares to do that, I will kill him!"

Edward's face turned grim. The hatred in his eyes was frightening.

'You won't live for long, old man!' I thought.

Despite my hatred for him, I pretended as though I truly worried about him. I poured some hallucinogenic into a glass of vodka in secret and handed the glass to Edward.

"You look exhausted, Edward. Here, have a glass of vodka," I said.

Edward took the glass from me and drank the vodka down.

Then, I helped him lie down on his bed.

His anger had all but dissipated now. At the same time, his breathing became heavier and heavier, and his face turned livid.

'Great! My plan is progressing.'

After making sure that Edward fell asleep, I left the bedroom quietly.

That evening, I went to his study in search of useful information.

To my surprise, I found a flash drive in the middle of a stack of books.

I took my laptop with me downstairs and got in the car.

I was shocked by what I heard in the recording that the flash drive contained.

It turned out that there was a far worse reason for the death of Simon's father!

However, I couldn't let Simon know about it yet.

After pondering on the matter, I decided to redo the recording.

Caroline's POV:

Dad invited many friends to his birthday party.

As one of my presents for him, I personally baked a big cake for him.

Once we had finished eating dinner, I took out the gift I bought for him and gave it to him. "Dad, this is my birthday gift for you!"

Suddenly, Olivia took the bag and opened it.

"Huh? Why are there two shirts inside this?"

She took out the shirts from the shopping bag. Aside from the black shirt that I bought for my father, there was another one in white.

'Oh, no! I forgot to take out the shirt that I bought for Charles!'

"Why did you buy me two shirts?" Dad looked at me with a smile.

"Ha! Take a look at this white shirt. It's obviously not your size, and the style is for young people," Olivia remarked loudly.

I glared at her, took the white shirt from her hand, and stashed it into the empty shopping bag.

Determined not to let the topic go, Olivia asked, "Caroline, did you buy that shirt for Charles?"

My father's face turned grim. I could tell that he had something to say, but he decided not to say it.

Just then, my phone rang.

I took it out and saw Charles' name on the screen.

Out of curiosity, Olivia leaned over to check my phone. I covered the screen with my hand and walked to the balcony.

I didn't answer the phone until it rang two more times.

"Hey," I greeted.

"I want to see you," Charles said over the phone.

I glanced back at the living room, feeling a little awkward. "Now?"

"I'm right outside your house! Come on out," he answered.

I was surprised by what he said. "You're at my house?"

I looked downstairs, and just as I had thought, there was a black sports car parked under a tree amidst the darkness. The light was turned off, so it would've been difficult to find if I weren't looking carefully enough.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"Just come out, will you?" he replied.

"But..."

"Either you come out, or I'm going in." Charles chuckled and added, "I know that today is your dad's birthday. Since I'm already here, why don't I...?"

"No, wait! I'll come out and meet you there," I quickly replied.

I didn't want to piss off my dad on his birthday.

Thus, I went back to the living room and picked up the shopping bag on the sofa.

Dad approached me and asked, "Are you leaving? I haven't even cut the cake yet!"

"No, uh... I'll just go out for some fresh air." Feeling awkward, I cleared my throat and said, "My friend is downstairs."

By this point, I was too embarrassed to look my dad in the eye, so I just opened the door and left the house.

Upon getting closer, I saw Charles sitting in the driver's seat. He had lowered the seat, and he was half-collapsed in it. One of his arms was covering his eyes.

There was very little light outside. Somehow, I felt that there was something bothering Charles.

I started to wonder what had happened to him.

Worried, I bent over and knocked on the car window.

However, he lay there for a while as if he didn't hear me.

Keeping my composure, I knocked on the window again until finally, Charles put his hand down and opened his eyes.

We stared at each other through the window. The way he stared at me showed complex emotions in his eyes.

When I took a step back, Charles finally opened the door and got out of the car.

"It's really late. Why are you here?" I asked, surprised of his arrival.

Leaning against the car, Charles squinted at me and asked, "That's some welcome. Are you not happy to see me?"

"That's not it." I looked back, and said worriedly, "I just don't want Dad to find out and get mad at you."

Charles looked at me again. The dim moonlight shone on his face like a thin layer of mist covering his charming eyes.

For some reason, he was acting mysterious tonight. I couldn't figure out what he was thinking at the moment.

"So what?" Charles asked listlessly.

When I looked into his eyes, I felt bad.

Ignoring the question, I handed him the shopping bag. "This is for you," I told him.

Charles took my gift and opened it. "It's your Dad's birthday. Why are you giving me a gift?"

"When I was shopping the other day, I saw this shirt. I figured it would look great on you, so I decided to buy it," I answered.

Charles looked at me as if he wanted to see through me.

All of a sudden, he pulled me into his arms.

I tried to break free, but he clasped the back of my neck and held me even tighter.

"Don't move," he whispered to my ear. "I came out here just so I could hug you for a while."

The sound of his voice was particularly charming at night.

Suddenly, Charles kissed me passionately.

After a long time, I pushed him away and said, "I need to go, Charles. The kids are waiting for me."

At last, Charles let go of me. "Okay. I'll watch you go in before I leave."

"Wait! Why don't you let the kids take some cake with them before you take them back to the Moore mansion?" I suggested.

"Sure! In that case, I'll be waiting out here."

When I returned to the house, I found the guests clinking their goblets and chatting happily in the brightly lit living room.

Then, I noticed Simon standing on the balcony. My heart skipped a beat.

'Did he see me and Charles downstairs just now?' I wondered.

I walked up to Simon and muttered, "Would you like to talk to me?"

"Of course."

Thereafter, I took him to a relatively quiet place and hesitated on initiating the conversation.

"Caroline, just tell me what you're thinking." A bitter smile appeared on Simon's lips.

"Look, Simon, I know what you want, but I'm sorry. I don't have any feelings for you. I've never thought of you as nothing more than just a friend," I confessed.

"Caroline, didn't you say that you'd give me a chance?" he answered.

Having heard his response, I felt even guiltier. Biting the bullet, I explained, "I'm sorry. It was my eagerness to get back the custody of my kids at the time that led me to use you."

Simon pressed his lips and fell silent.

An awkward silence ensued between us. My stomach was churning from all the guilt I felt.

Just when I thought that he'd be mad at me, he actually maintained his usual composure.

"Thank you for telling me the truth, Caroline. But that doesn't mean I'm giving up!" he said determinedly.

"Simon..."

Just then, the ground began to shake violently.

Upon seeing the flickering chandelier above my head and hearing the screams coming from the living room, my heart sank.

It was an earthquake. And the magnitude wasn't weak.

I stumbled to the ground, sweating and panicking because of the situation.

When I managed to stand up, Simon was already gone.

[Chapter 504 I'm Here With You](#)

Charles's POV:

I leaned against the car, waiting for the end of the party while smoking idly.

All of a sudden, the ground began to shake beneath my feet. Soon, I heard the screams of a panic-stricken crowd from inside the house.

Simon was the first one to run out of the villa in fear.

More and more people began to flock out behind him.

I looked around in the crowd, but I couldn't find Caroline and the kids. I was starting to get nervous.

Thereafter, I elbowed my way through the crowd and rushed into the villa.

Caroline and the kids must be terrified right now.

Thus, I quickened my pace, wishing that I could be there with them in the blink of an eye.

The banquet hall was in shambles. Tables and chairs had fallen to the ground in disarray.

It took a while, but I finally found them hiding in a corner.

Caroline was holding the kids and protecting them with her body as she leaned against the wall.

Seeing that she and kids were safe and sound, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Are you hurt, Caroline?"

Tears welled up in her eyes and she threw herself into my arms the moment she saw me.

"I sprained my ankle," she said.

Just then, the ground shook violently again.

I staggered backwards, almost stumbling to the ground.

Fortunately, my back pressed against a cold, hard wall.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here with you," I told her. The sound of her cries broke my heart.

I patted her back in an attempt to comfort her.

"Charles, what are you doing inside here? It's dangerous!" she asked, looking into my eyes.

"I was worried about you," I said.

Not long after, Elena and Carlos rushed to our aid, carried the kids, and brought them outside.

Caroline held onto my clothes tightly and said, "We should leave. It's not safe here."

"Okay." I nodded in agreement.

Then, I picked her up and took her outside.

Caroline shrieked as she put her arms around my neck. "Charles, put me down! I'm perfectly capable of walking by myself. If you keep carrying me like this, we're more likely to stumble!"

"Ah, take it easy! I won't let you fall. And even if you do, I'll be your cushion." After comforting her, I quickened my pace.

"Who would want you to be a cushion?" Caroline murmured under her breath.

I chuckled at her response and bantered, "Is that so? Would you like me to be on top of you instead?"

"Charles! Be serious!"

Caroline's face turned red and she glared at me.

"Fine, fine... I won't say it again."

I tightened my grip on Caroline and quickened my pace to leave the villa.

Meanwhile, she rested her head on my shoulder. The warmth of her breath seeped onto my shoulder and neck, tickling me.

My heart began to race. I leaned closer to her ear and whispered, "Caroline, the earthquake seems to have stopped. We'll be out soon. There's no need to be scared anymore."

"Okay," she replied.

Once we were at the open space outside, we saw that Edward and Olivia were also there. She seemed to be frightened to the point that she was holding onto Edward's neck tightly.

Annoyed, Edward shoved her away and asked, "Caroline, are you and the kids okay?"

"We're fine." Caroline pressed her hand onto my chest and moved me away.

"Put me down," she muttered.

Though I was unwilling to let go, I had to listen to her.

Tracy drove over and took the kids back to the Moore mansion first.

I held Caroline's hand before letting her sit in the car.

"Charles, where are we going?" she asked.

"You'll know when we get there," I told her.

I drove to the Los Angeles riverside. From time to time, I would glance over at the passenger's seat.

Caroline was looking out the window in silence. Her gorgeous face and the beautiful beds of hyacinth flowers along the way formed a perfect image.

Just seeing her like this made me want to savor every moment of my life.

"The scenery here is beautiful. I could tell you were freaked out by what happened, so I took you out here for a relaxing ride," I explained.

"It really is beautiful here. Thank you," Caroline said with a smile on her face. Gradually, her knitted brows relaxed.

"I asked some people to plant the hyacinth along the way. Do you like it? It's my greatest hope that you'll always be happy," I told her.

"So, you've been planning to take me here for a long time, haven't you?"

Caroline asked, visibly surprised.

I pulled over and stared into her eyes intently. "Caroline, I wasn't very romantic in the past. In my attempt to make it up to you, I want to be as romantic as possible and give you all the beautiful things in the world."

It was then that tears welled up in Caroline's eyes.

"Charles," she muttered.

I cupped her cheeks and gently wiped her tears away.

"Do you like it, Caroline?"

"Yes. I love it," she said.

My heart melted when I heard her answer. Then, I leaned in and kissed her lips.

Simon's POV:

Later that night, I received a message from Olivia. "Simon, let's meet up."

I wanted to refuse her request, but she sent me another message.

It read, "I have something important to tell you. It's about your father's death."

My heart skipped a beat upon reading it. I hurried to the address that Olivia sent me.

Soon, I walked into a private club. Olivia was swiveling her glass around as she pointed at the seat beside her. "Have a seat," she said.

I frowned impatiently as I sat on the sofa.

"Tell me, what have you found out?"

"It's true that I found something important, but what will you give me in exchange for the information?" Olivia said, taking a sip of wine.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"My request is simple. Just give me two hundred million dollars and I'll give you the recording." Olivia took out a recorder pen from her purse.

"Two hundred million dollars? I don't have that kind of money," I told her.

"You and Caroline are responsible for a big project on the east bank, right? It'll be easy for you to embezzle some of those funds, I'm sure," Olivia snorted.

"Are you crazy? That's illegal!" I said as I stood from the sofa and suppressed my anger.

Olivia scoffed at me, turned on the recorder pen and said, "I advise you to listen to the recording first before making a decision."

The following second, Edward's voice came from the recorder.

"You'd better get ready. Wait for the perfect opportunity to kidnap him. You'll benefit greatly from it when it's done."

My heart sank.

'Kidnapping? What is he talking about?' I wondered.

All sorts of thoughts clouded my mind, and they almost devoured me. Soon, I found my hands clenched into fists.

Olivia smiled triumphantly. "That's just the beginning of this recording. So, what do you think? Is this recording worth two hundred million dollars or not?"

[Chapter 505 Lost Everything](#)

Adam's POV:

When my capital chain was broken, I fell into a desperate situation.

Just so I could pay off my debts in a short span of time, I had to sell a part of my shares and take the money to Las Vegas and gamble it.

Considering the fact that I was an experienced gambler, I had the utmost confidence that I'd be able to win enough money to pay off my debts.

In the beginning, I was able to win several rounds.

And when I saw that my chips on the table were piling up, I was so happy. I even began to feel heady with success.

Sadly, Lady Luck wasn't always on my side.

Every other game, I would lose more and more money and I even managed to lose all the money I had won during the first few games.

And after losing several days in a row, I finally broke down.

I couldn't go on like this. Otherwise, I wouldn't even be able to afford a ticket back to LA!

And so, I quietly left the gambling table, and left with the rest of the money.

But the second I walked out of the casino, several young members of the casino's staff went after me.

"Hey! Stop right there!"

My heart almost stopped. I ran away as fast as my legs could carry me along with the money.

I shouldered my way through the crowd. I could feel my heart almost leaping from my chest because of how nervous I felt. Unfortunately for me, the staff were skilled fighters and they soon caught up with me.

They surrounded me, fueled with rage.

"Why didn't you keep running, you fool? Isn't that all you're good for?"

I shook my head and began begging for my life. "I... I won't run anymore. Just spare me, please!"

"You made us lose a large commission and you want us to just let you go? Fuck you! We're not doing that. Oi! Beat the fuck out of this shithead!"

Before I could utter another word, the men gave me a beating. Fists and feet trampled upon me.

They were so merciless.

A burst of pain shot through my body. All I could do was curl up on the ground and bellow in pain.

"Please, let me go! I really didn't mean to run away! This is the last of my savings. I'm going to give all of them to you if you promise to stop beating me!"

I endured the tremendous amount of pain and handed all of the money I had in hand.

They cackled at me while swiping the money away. "You're wise to hand over the money. Alright, men! Time to go!"

As I watched them swagger away, I breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, I struggled to get up, hobbling my way back to the hotel.

At this time, two strong-looking men approached me.

I staggered back, begging for mercy, "Sir, I don't have any money left on me. Please don't hurt me!"

They clenched their fists and cracked their knuckles.

I was so nervous that I could feel my heart in my throat. I decided to turn around and run away. But with every step I took, the pain from my knees became worse.

Soon, I fell to the ground and stared at the men in horror.

"Who... Who the hell are you? Why do you keep following me?"

"There's someone who'd like to see you. You're coming with us!" Each of them grabbed my arm from one side, and they lifted me from the ground.

"No! I won't go anywhere with you! Let me go!" Overwhelmed by fear, I tried to break free from their grasp.

Caroline's POV:

"Caroline, would you like to get out of the car and take a walk?" Charles asked with a smile while he unfastened his seatbelt.

"Sounds great!" I told him.

Once we got out of the car, the cool night breeze blew past the river, dispelling the heat that I felt on my face.

Charles walked up to me, holding my hand as we walked along the river.

His palm wrapped my hand tightly. It was gentle and heartwarming.

My heart skipped a beat as I interlocked my fingers with his.

"Do you still feel scared, Caroline?" he asked me.

I shook my head in response. "I'm feeling a lot better now, Charles. And it's all thanks to you."

"Caroline, you and our kids are more precious to me than my own life. And you will always be," Charles said, stopping in his tracks.

The sound of his gentle voice made it hard for me not to put my faith in him again.

He was always like this. All of his romantic gestures moved me.

Like an experienced hunter, he was able to discern my weakness and use it against me.

I lowered my gaze, chuckling to myself for I was touched.

"Thank you, Charles."

"You don't have to thank me. But I do wonder, is this an extra credit for me?" Charles asked expectantly.

I fell silent for a moment before I asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you've said that your decision will be based on my performance, yes? You'll have to give me some feedback for that. And if I manage to behave accordingly, you have to give me more points," Charles explained.

After pondering on it, I nodded in agreement as he looked at me nervously.

"I will admit that you did a good job today. Keep it up," I told him.

Charles grinned from ear to ear. He then held my hand again and walked on.

We clasped our fingers together, smiling brightly just like other young couples in love around us.

That same evening, Charles drove me home.

"This is me. You can go home now. Drive safe, Charles." I stood at the door, waving him goodbye.

Suddenly, Charles held me in his arms.

Caught off-guard, my head rested on his chest and I could hear the sound of his steady heartbeat.

It was as if the beating of his heart resonated with mine, and it set thousands of butterflies loose in my stomach.

"Caroline, I don't want to leave you," he remarked.

Chuckling at his remark, I pushed his chest away. "I know you don't want to leave, but you still have to go."

"In that case, just let me hold you for a little bit longer," Charles said in a forlorn voice, and then held me even tighter.

I gave up on struggling and just let him hold me.

The porch was dead silent. All I could hear was the sound of our breathing.

I broke into a small smile and wrapped my arms around his waist.

Finally, he reluctantly released me.

"So... I'm heading in. Good night, Charles."

I entered the passcode and walked in. All of a sudden, the door was blocked by an arm, leaving it half-open.

"What is it?" I asked while looking up at him.

Suddenly, Charles came in and pressed me against the wall with his arms still around my waist.

"I love you, Caroline."

His deep, magnetic voice resonated in my ears, mixed with the sounds of his uncontrollable gasps.

He was holding my waist with one hand and my cheek with the other. Then, he kissed me over and over.

Everything he did was so sexy.

I almost drowned in the pleasure, and I was eager for more.

Thus, I wrapped my hands around his neck in response to his kiss.

The next second, Charles stuck his tongue into my mouth and gave me a French kiss.

His passionate kiss took me by storm. The warmth of his lips was so hot that I felt like it would ignite me.

Little by little, my rationality was devoured and replaced by carnal desire.

Restlessly, I writhed with pleasure, ready and waiting for more.

Charles' palm ran across my body. He unzipped my dress and pulled it down to my waist.

He then fondled my breasts, stroking them gently.

The roughness of his fingers brushed against my delicate skin and made me tremble.

"Charles, don't..." I pleaded.

"You don't want me to?" Charles chuckled as he continued to fondle my breasts. Then, he began licking my nipples gently. "Would you rather I do this?" he asked playfully.

His voice was lustful and tempting.

My mind went blank for a moment. Pleasure almost devoured me, and I could feel that my privates were getting wet.

"Charles, I... I feel uncomfortable," I moaned.

"Where do you feel uncomfortable?" he asked.

"I want it!" All of a sudden, my face burned up.

"If you don't tell me what you want, how will I know?" Suddenly, Charles stopped what he was doing and he just stared at me in silence.

"Charles, you are so mean!" I was so angry that my eyes turned red. I glared at him with teary eyes.

He obviously knew what I wanted, and he did all of this on purpose!

Charles broke into laughter. He held my hand, guided it down to his crotch, and pressed it against his thick, hard cock.

Though there was still a layer of clothing between my hand and his thing, I could still feel its warmth.

"Baby, tell me, do you want it?"

The warmth of his cock made me want to take my hand back, but he was holding my hand too tightly.

"Charles, let me go," I said to him.

But he didn't. Instead, he held me tighter.

He took my hand, placed it on the belt buckle, and whispered to my ear, "Unbuckle it and I'll give you what you want."

The coldness of the metal buckle was in stark contrast with the heat of his penis. My hand almost shivered due to the coldness and I withdrew it instinctively.

[Chapter 506 Scared To Death](#)

Caroline's POV:

"Who wants it? I certainly don't!" I glared at Charles and shoved him away. "Go back home and keep the kids company. They must've been freaked out by what happened today."

Charles chuckled at my response, pointing at his crotch. "If you don't want to do it anymore, what are we going to do about this?"

I followed his gaze and saw that his pants were about to burst due to his bulging crotch.

It wasn't hard to imagine just how much Charles wanted to have sex with me now.

A roguish smile appeared on my face. "You'll have to solve that problem yourself. I still need to observe your behavior. If you gain benefits too early, you won't learn to cherish me in the future."

Charles held his forehead and asked, "When did you learn all of that? You're being unreasonable! If I have to hold it back every time, this will affect my health and do harm to our sexual life in the future!"

The redness of my face spread to my ears. I scoffed at him and pushed him out of the doorway.

"Hurry up and leave," I told him.

"Caroline, are you really going to drive me away?" Charles stood outside the door; his face displaying just how sad he was to go.

When I saw how pitiful he was, my heart softened for a moment. Then, I said to him, "I'm exhausted. I don't want to do it tonight. You should go home."

During the earthquake, I really thought that I would die.

But now, I was finally able to relax. Exhaustion came over me, and all I wanted was to get some rest.

"Alright, then. Rest well and good night." Charles chuckled helplessly, brushing my hair with affection.

"Good night."

I leaned against the door, feeling like my heart was about to leap from my chest.

After going upstairs, I rubbed my shoulders and walked to the window to close the curtains.

I paused when I saw a figure outside.

Charles was standing outside of my house, peering at the bedroom window.

I picked up my phone and sent him a message. "Charles, stop standing there and go home. You look like an idiot!"

He quickly replied, "Good night, my love. And sweet dreams."

I stood in front of the window and waved at him.

Charles finally got in the car and drove away.

I patted my warm cheek, forcing myself to stop overthinking.

After taking a shower, I was surprised to find that my body was covered with hickeys.

I ran my fingers along the marks. It still felt as though I could feel Charles' warm breath on my skin.

It was hard to keep myself from smiling, for I shared a truly sweet and intimate moment with him.

Richard's POV:

I commanded my men to knock Adam out and take him to a deserted warehouse.

He had bruises and cuts all over his body; completely disheveled. Now, he looked completely different from the arrogant man he used to be.

"Tie him up," I ordered coldly.

My subordinates picked up the hemp rope and quickly tied him up.

I had no idea if it was because they were using too much force, but Adam suddenly opened his eyes and gasped in pain.

"Where... where am I? Who are you people? And why did you kidnap me?" He was struggling desperately to break free and his voice was trembling.

I could tell that he was scared out of his wits.

"Do you have any idea who you've offended, you dimwit?"

"Did Caroline send you? I'm warning you, don't mess around! I'm her uncle!"

I took the iron bar from my subordinate and brandished it in the air. "Mess around? What do you mean by that?" You mean this?"

I pounded the iron bar on the chair beside Adam, just enough to make a harrowing sound.

He was quaking in fear. Tears and snot riddled his face. He looked like a complete wreck.

"Don't hit me! Please, sir! I'll give you anything you want!"

Right after he finished speaking, an awful smell pervaded in the air.

I frowned in disgust upon seeing that Adam's lower body was wet and there was pee dripping from his trousers.

He was so scared that he peed his pants.

My men all laughed at him. "Here I thought that you were a powerful man, Mr. Wilson. You're an adult now, and yet you've wet your pants! How embarrassing!"

Adam tucked his legs tightly, visibly ashamed.

I scoffed at him and said, "Adam, if you want us to spare your life, you will show us your sincerity. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"I... I'll do anything you want me to," Adam said. There was still a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

I pulled a chair and sat across him.

The iron bar in my hand glinted beneath the dim light. I could imagine just how fearful this bastard must be to see the weapon in my hand.

"If you still desire to live, then you will answer my question honestly. Now tell me. How did Susan really die?"

Upon hearing my question, Adam's eyes widened in horror. "Who the hell are you?"

I clenched the iron bar, smashing it to the pillar beside me. "Answer the God damned question! Was it you and Raina who had Caroline kidnapped?"

But Adam just gritted his teeth in silence.

Fueled by rage, I hit Adam's knee with the iron bar as hard as possible. "Will you admit it or not?"

Adam screamed in pain, curling up on the ground and writhing in pain.

Unable to stand the torture any longer, he finally said, "Yes, it was me! I'm the one who came up with the idea of kidnapping Caroline. Who the hell are you? Did she send you here?"

Ignoring the bastard's question, I sneered and made a video call.

"Sir, he has already admitted to it. What shall we do next?" I asked.

After a long silence, Charles told me, "Make sure he suffers a slow and painful death."

Adam raised his head and asked in disbelief, "Are you working for Charles Moore?"

I swung the iron bar at him again and shouted, "Cut the crap and tell me what you've done!"

"I've told you everything I need to say!" Adam knelt on the ground, cowering in fear.

"Who killed Susan? Where's the man who pulled the trigger?"

Adam frowned and replied in a weak voice, "He ran away right after the police began to investigate. I have no idea where he went!"

Infuriated, I decided to give him a solid kick to the abdomen.

He bellowed in pain and rolled on the ground.

Then, I handed Adam the document.

"Sign this," I commanded.

My subordinates unbound Adam from the rope.

"Wait, is this... a share transfer agreement? No! I will not sign this!" Adam's eyes widened in shock. He then threw the document as if it were a hot potato.

"You will sign it whether you like it or not! Do you think you have any other choice?"

Despite my response, Adam clenched his fists and refused to take the pen.

I was getting annoyed, so I kicked him once more and forced him to sign his name.

I could see the anger and hatred in Adam's bloodshot eyes. "Just wait and see, you fucking assholes! I will not let any of you go!"

"Shut the fuck up and fuck off! Keep this in your little mind: Caroline isn't someone you can hurt!"

Now that I had gotten the document with his signature, I smiled with satisfaction. Then, I told my subordinates to let the bastard go.

Adam stood from the ground with difficulty, limping away as if he had just survived a disaster.

I took out my phone and sent a message to Charles.

"Boss, it's done."

[Chapter 507 Pink Diamond Ring](#)

Caroline's POV:

On Monday afternoon, Simon asked me to go out for a cup of coffee.

"So, Simon... what's up?"

"Caroline, remember what happened on Edward's birthday? I'm sorry that I... I was scared." Simon appeared to be feeling guilty.

I gave him a smile and said, "It's fine. Charles came in to save us."

After a moment of hesitation, Simon stood from the sofa and said, "Caroline, do you mind if I take charge of the project on the east bank? I've put a lot of effort into this project and I'm quite familiar with it now."

After pondering on the subject, I nodded in agreement.

Ever since Simon became part of the company, the project on the east bank had been the one he took part in the most. In all honesty, his proposal was undoubtedly the best choice.

Moreover, he had a good working relationship with the architect of the project, Vanessa. I figured if they would work together, it would spark something between them.

"Thank you." Simon smiled back.

All of a sudden, my phone rang and I answered the call.

"Where are you?" asked Charles.

"I'm in a cafe with Simon," I replied.

"Send me the address. I'll pick you up."

Five minutes after he dropped the call, Charles arrived at the cafe. I even thought that he was just near the neighborhood waiting for me.

Simon stood up and greeted him, "It's nice to see you again, Charles."

Charles smiled at him as he sat down next to me. "Nice to see you, too. To be honest, if we had met anywhere else, I would be happier."

I could sense animosity between them.

"Anyway, I'm done talking to Simon, so let's go."

When we went to the cash register, Charles took out his card and handed it to the cashier. "Here. Use my card," he said.

Just before the cashier could take the card, someone stopped Charles.

Simon took out a few dollar bills and gave them to the cashier. "Keep the change," he remarked.

When we finally got out of the coffee shop, Charles wrapped his arm around my waist all of a sudden. "By the way, Caroline and I are planning to hold a wedding ceremony again. You're welcome to attend it," he said to Simon.

'A wedding ceremony? Why is this the first time I'm hearing about this?'

I noticed that Simon's face turned grim.

Thus, I hurriedly left along with Charles.

Once we were in the car, he didn't say anything.

"Charles, did you just say that we're going to hold another wedding ceremony?"

"Why did you suddenly go out for coffee with him?" Charles asked in response, ignoring my question. He spoke in a nonchalant tone, but his eyes were locked on mine. Clearly, he really wanted to hear my answer.

"Simon said that he wanted to take charge of the project on the east bank. I guess he wants to be in frequent contact with the project's architect, Vanessa. Thus, I decided to do him a favor."

Charles nodded in agreement. He seemed satisfied with my answer.

I breathed a sigh of relief. 'Ugh, men are even worse than women when it comes to jealousy.'

"I'm taking you someplace," he said.

"Where are we going?" I asked curiously.

"Take it easy. You'll know when we get there," Charles replied with a mysterious smile.

Soon, the car stopped in front of a hotel.

Charles took my hand and led me inside. There, a waiter ushered us to the second floor.

The decoration theme upstairs was different from that of downstairs. It was simple, yet elegant.

From where we were sitting, we could see the situation of the entire auction hall on the first floor and items put up for bidding.

The auction began shortly after Charles and I sat down.

The auction items were displayed one by one, and the bidding ensued.

However, I noticed that Charles wasn't attempting to bid for anything.

He just sat there, calm and silent.

Out of curiosity, I asked him, "Charles, what do you plan to buy? Why did you bring me here?"

"You'll know soon enough." Charles leaned against the back of the sofa, fiddling with my fingers.

His hands were well-proportioned and much larger than mine.

His palm felt dry and warm, tightly wrapping mine.

Since he didn't want to tell me what it was, I had no choice but to wait.

When the auction was about to conclude, a pink diamond ring of incredible quality was brought to the display stand.

The diamond glinted beneath the light. Saying that it was beautiful was an understatement.

I held my breath, focusing my gaze on it.

Women always had a hard time resisting the temptation of jewelry and diamonds, and I was no exception. My very nature compelled me to take it.

At this moment, someone held my fingers.

I turned my gaze toward Charles and saw that he had raised his bidding paddle.

Many others raised their paddles as well. No matter how high the bid went, Charles raised it even higher.

In the end, he bought the ring for a price of ten million dollars.

Once the bidding was closed, the attendant brought the pink diamond ring to us.

Seeing it up close, I noticed that the diamond's cut and luster were perfect. It was free from all flaws.

"What do you think, Caroline?" Charles asked, lowering his head.

My mind went blank for a moment, and it took me some time before gathering my composure. "Is this really for me?"

Charles broke into laughter. He rubbed the tip of my nose and said, "Silly girl, who else is there? Besides, I won't buy gifts for women except for you!"

Upon realizing that I had asked a stupid question, I smiled awkwardly.

He took my hand and slowly slid the ring onto my finger.

The way he looked at my finger was so serious and sincere. It was as if he was performing a solemn ceremony.

Our wedding ceremony the last time flashed through my mind. Back then, he once put a diamond ring on my finger just as gently as he did today.

It felt as though a broken part of my heart had finally been mended and something arose. I sniffled and began to shed tears.

"Caroline, this is my first gift in my attempt to court you. Do you like it?" Charles looked at me intently. I could see my reflection in his deep-set eyes.

It was as if I was the only one he could see and there was no room for anyone else.

I threw myself into his arms and embraced him.

"I love it!"

Indeed, I liked it a lot.

[Chapter 508 Help Me Wipe I](#)

Charles' POV:

By the time we left the auction party, it was already raining outside.

The rain grew heavier with every passing minute, and it showed no sign of stopping.

A gust of cold wind blew over, causing Caroline's shoulders to tremble.

"Do you feel cold?" I took my coat off and draped it over her. "Caroline, wait for me here, okay? I'm going to fetch an umbrella."

"No, Charles. It's raining pretty hard. You'll just get yourself wet." Caroline grabbed my sleeve, worried of letting me go.

I stopped in my tracks and tried to comfort her. "Relax, love. I'll be back soon."

Thereafter, I ran across the rain to my car, took out an umbrella from inside the car, and went back to Caroline.

Pretty soon, her figure came into view.

My jacket was oversized for her and made her look even more petite than she already was.

I quickened my pace and reached my hand out to her. "Let's go, Caroline."

"Okay!"

She held my hand firmly.

I held the umbrella with one hand, and wrapped my other hand around her waist as we went on our way toward the car.

As soon as we reached the car and went inside, Caroline took out some tissues from her bag and handed them to me.

She frowned at me and said, "Wipe yourself quickly. You're sopping wet!"

I spread my arms out, leaning against the back of the seat and refusing to take the tissues.

"Do it for me," I suggested.

Caroline blushed right away, but she began wiping my face with the tissues anyway.

"There! You're all done," she remarked, throwing the completely wet tissues into the trash bag. Afterwards, she sat upright.

I looked down and pointed at my wet shirt. "It's still wet," I remarked.

Feeling like she had no other choice, Caroline took out a few more pieces of tissue and used them to wipe my shirt for me.

The fabric of my shirt was quite thin, so it was easily soaked with water. It clung to my chest tightly, revealing my abdominal muscles.

The way Caroline stroked her hand across my chest was starting to turn me on.

My temperature was rising and my breathing was getting heavier by the second.

Unable to endure it any longer, I grabbed her wrist and pulled her into my arms.

"Charles, I haven't finished yet!" Caroline remarked as she tensed up and tried to escape me.

I held her even tighter and whispered to her ear, "Be a good girl and don't move, Caroline."

I tried my best to restrain the surging desire in my heart, for if I didn't, I might end up having sex with her in the car.

Fortunately, Caroline stopped moving and decided to snuggle up to me.

Now, only the sound of my heavy gasping could be heard inside the car.

After a while, Caroline began adjusting her position.

Thereafter, I let go of her and handed her a document.

"What's this?" she asked, blinking in confusion.

"Why don't you read it first?"

Once she had finished reading the document, Caroline's eyes widened in shock.

I gave her a smile and explained, "It's a share transfer agreement. All you need to do now is to sign it."

"Charles, how in the world did you gather so many shares of the Wilson Group?" she exclaimed.

I handed her a pen, gently rubbing her ring finger, which wore the pink diamond ring I gave her.

"During the time that Adam was selling his shares, I asked Richard to buy all of them. As for the remaining shares, he transferred them voluntarily," I told her.

"Charles, did you do something to Adam? All of these shares amount to his entire fortune. Why on earth would he transfer them to you so easily?" Caroline frowned, visibly nervous.

I patted her on the shoulder to comfort her. "Compared to survival, these don't matter much to him. Adam is an adult man, and he knows the consequences of the choices he makes. Once these shares have been legally transferred to you, Adam will no longer have the right to challenge you ever again, and nobody in your company will ever push you around!"

Caroline's eyes turned red.

I could feel how grateful she was to me just by looking into her eyes. "Thank you so much, Charles!"

I chuckled at her response, ruffled her hair, and bantered, "If you really want to thank me, why don't you show your appreciation some other way?"

Slowly, her face turned red. She scoffed at me and turned her face away. "Nice try!"

I knew that I wouldn't be able to push my luck, so I gave up for the time being.

The car drove forward cautiously as the pouring rain drummed against the windshield.

It was very quiet inside the car.

As time passed by, Caroline began to feel sleepy. Her head was leaning against the backseat, and it was slowly moving down.

I quickly held her head and placed it on my shoulder.

Caroline rubbed her face against my shoulder and soon drifted into sleep.

I stared at her delicate, beautiful sleeping face, unable to resist the urge to smile.

'I'm so damn happy... Caroline finally came back to me! This is a blessing from God.'

No matter what might happen in the future, I vowed never to let go of her hand again.

Soon, we arrived at the villa where Caroline lived.

She was still sleeping soundly. I didn't want to wake her up, because if she were to wake up, I would have to part with her.

How I wished she could sleep like this for a while longer.

More time passed by and the rain gradually stopped. Finally, Caroline woke up.

"Am I home?" She rubbed her sleepy eyes and sat upright.

"You are," I remarked, tucking her hair behind her ears. Then, I gave her a nod and a bright smile.

Caroline yawned, picked up her bag, and was about to get off the car.

"I'll see you next time," she said.

But before she could leave, I grabbed her wrist. "Caroline, it's time for dinner."

She paused for a moment and looked at me in confusion. "Um... so?"

"Aren't you going to invite me to stay for dinner?"

I was really looking forward to hear her answer.

Caroline chuckled at me and said, "Nope! The kids are waiting for you at home. You should go back right away."

Disappointed, I heaved a heavy sigh. "Caroline, it's fine if you don't want me to stay, but you have to make it up to me somehow."

"Make it up to you for what?" she asked.

"Try to figure it out," I told her.

Caroline looked back at me; her eyes, sparkling.

She then leaned forward and kissed me on the lips.

The soft feeling of her lips disappeared before I could even savor their taste.

Caroline used this opportunity to remove my hand from her and trotted away before I could react.

Just as she was about to enter the house, she turned around and waved at me. "Good night!" she said gleefully.

"Good night."

I stared at her until she disappeared into the house.

Edward's POV:

At dinner, I heard someone knocking on the door.

Thus, I asked the servant to open it.

Soon, I heard the servant screaming outside.

I frowned, put my knife and fork down, and hurriedly went outside. "What happened?"

Outside the door, Adam was standing drenched in the rain. He was barely able to stand, let alone walk.

His clothes were tattered, revealing his festering wounds.

"Edward, help me!" The sound of Adam's voice was weak, and he was pleading for pity.

"What the hell happened to you, Adam?" I asked in shock.

Adam gritted his teeth. His eyes were filled with all the hatred a man could muster. "This is all Charles' fault! He swindled all of my shares and told his men to beat the crap out of me! Edward, I thought I'd never see you again!"

Having heard his response, I quickly understood why Charles had done something like that.

It was easy to guess that he just wanted to take revenge on Adam for Caroline's sake.

Even though I hated it whenever Charles meddled in my family's affairs, he did the right thing this time.

I scowled at Adam and replied, "Why don't you look at yourself in the mirror first, and ask yourself what horrible things you've done before running your mouth and blaming other people?"

Adam's eyes were filled with indignation and disbelief. "Edward, I am your brother! Why are you taking someone else's side over me?"

"Well, Caroline is my daughter! Have you ever thought of me as your brother every time you tried to lay your dirty hands on her?" I shouted back.

Adam staggered and fell to the ground.

He crawled his way towards me, grabbed my trousers and pleaded, "Edward, I understand that I'm at fault. I'm so sorry, brother! I will never cause trouble for Caroline again! Charles has crossed a line! I asked him to spare me for your sake, but he didn't even take you seriously!"

"Edward, you and Adam are brothers. Whatever dispute you have, you should solve it by yourselves. Charles is an outsider, so it's none of his business, isn't it?" Olivia chimed in.

"Shut up! You know nothing. Don't poke your nose where it doesn't belong!" I growled at her.

Feeling aggrieved, Olivia replied, "I'm only saying this for your own good, Edward. Stop nursing your feud with your brother. Look at Adam! He's in an awful state. If anything happens to him, you'll regret it for the rest of your life."

Upon hearing that, most of my anger disappeared.

Though it was true that Adam had done so many horrible things, it was also true that he was still my brother.

I heaved a sigh and said to the servant, "Prepare a room for him and tell the family doctor to come over."

Happy of my change of heart, Adam said, "I knew you wouldn't abandon me, Edward. Thank you!"

"As soon as you recover, leave my house at once. I'm only taking you in for the time being. I advise you to behave yourself. Otherwise, don't blame me for being rude to you," I responded, scoffing at him.

[Chapter 509 The Mini Version Of Charles](#)

Nevaeh's POV:

After I disembarked from the plane, I took my suitcase and walked out of the airport.

I hailed a taxi and asked the driver to drive me to the Moore mansion.

Looking at the familiar yet strange scenery along the way, I couldn't quite discern what I was feeling as the car sped towards the Moore mansion.

Sooner than I expected, the taxi stopped outside of the Moore mansion.

My heart began beating a wild staccato the second I alighted from the car.

'Charles, I am back!' I couldn't help but scream in my mind as a wide smile overtook my face.

At that exact moment, the door was pushed open from the inside and Alice's figure walked into my line of sight.

The years hadn't changed her much. She was still elegant and refined.

However, the fine wrinkles around her eyes were a sign of her age.

"Alice, do you remember me?" I asked softly, suppressing my joy.

Alice's eyes searched my face for a long time before a trace of recognition lit up her eyes.

"You are... Nevaeh? Didn't you go to England? Why have you returned out of the blue?"

Laughing, I hugged her tightly. But I couldn't resist needling her and joked, "If I tell you that I'm back for Charles, will you believe me?"

My answer shocked Alice and the smile vanished from her face as she stared at me with a dazed expression.

She opened her mouth but then closed it when she thought better of whatever it was she wanted to say to me. "Nevaeh, you..."

I burst into laughter and explained helplessly, "I was just kidding!"

Alice breathed a sigh of relief, patting her chest. "You are still as lively as when you were a child."

Chuckling, I grabbed her arm and declared, "I haven't been in the country for a very long time and I missed you so much. So I came back to see you. Am I welcome here?"

"Of course you are! Please, do come in and relax." Alice held my hand and led me into the Moore mansion.

With a fond gaze, I looked around the living room and sighed wistfully.

It appeared the same as it had been a few years ago, albeit with some changes here and there.

Two women carrying three children then chose this very moment to walk into the living room.

Naturally, my gaze went to the children and what I saw left me gaping in shock.

They... they were so alike.

One might as well call them mini versions of Charles!

"These two are our bodyguards, Janet and Tracy. These are Charles' three kids," Alice said gently.

Quickly, I wiped my face clean of any expression and replied Alice pleasantly, "It has been a long time indeed. I didn't expect Charles' children to be so grown already."

"Yeah, time flies."

I sat down on the sofa next to Alice and asked curiously, "Alice, where were you going before you saw

me? I'm not delaying you from an important appointment, am I?"

"Not at all. I'm glad that you came to see me." Alice waved away my question with a light laugh.

"Christine is injured and has been hospitalized. I visit her at the hospital almost every day and I was on my way there when you show up."

"Christine is in the hospital? Can I go to the hospital with you?" I implored Alice, grasping her hand.

Alice nodded. She patted the back of my arm gently and stated, "Nevaeh, you don't have to be so worried. Christine is out of danger. Right now, she is simply recuperating in the hospital."

A few minutes later, Alice and I left the Moore mansion and went to the hospital.

"Alice, is Charles also in the hospital?"

"No, but I'll call him right now. The two of you grew up together. If he knows that you're back, he would be very happy." Alice immediately took out her phone from her bag and called Charles.

My fists clenched tightly as I visibly tried to restrain my excitement.

Soon, Charles' voice came through the receiver.

It was deep, mellow, and pleasant to the ear. And it made my heart beat faster.

"Hello? Mom?"

"Charles, Nevaeh is back. Do you remember her?"

My stomach knotted and my heart raced. My ears flicked as I waited with bated breath to hear Charles' response.

"Yes, I do."

The soft words filled my heart with joy.

"Nevaeh and I are on our way to the hospital to visit your grandma. Come to the hospital as soon as possible."

"Okay, I'll be right there."

After Alice hung up the phone, I chatted with her more enthusiastically.

When we spoke of mine and Charles' childhood, Alice's smile brightened.

"So, how is Charles? I heard that he married Scarlett. Is that true?" I asked curiously.

"Scarlett's name is Caroline Wilson now. And she has divorced Charles."

"Divorce?" I quickly covered my gaping jaw even as a smile threatened to overtake my face.

"Yes. But Charles loves Caroline so much that he has no interest in any other women." Alice sighed heavily, her eyes full of worry.

Caroline's POV:

This morning, I put on the pink diamond ring Charles gave me and went to work.

On the way, I fiddled with it from time to time and couldn't help smiling.

"I will take this to mean that you have finally figured out what you want." Elena teased as she flicked a glance at my finger through the rearview mirror.

"Yes. Since the misunderstanding has been cleared up and we still love each other deeply, I would like to try again." I nodded firmly.

I raised the hand with the ring slowly.

The sunlight came in through the window and reflected on the pink diamond.

It shone so bright that it lit up my heart.

"Miss Wilson, I wish you are happy for the rest of your life."

"Thank you. I'm sure I will be."

Elena parked the car in front of the company's gate and I grabbed my bag before alighting.

I was in such a good mood that the entire morning passed in a haze.

Alone in my office, I palmed my flushed cheeks and reminisced on yesterday's events.

An open document was in front of me, but I had no desire to work at the moment.

A sudden knock on the door jarred me back to attention.

Patting my cheeks hurriedly, I tried to wipe away my smile and tried to appear as if I was immersed in work.

The door opened and Simon's bulk appeared as the door closed behind him.

"Good morning, Caroline."

"Good morning. Simon, what can I do for you?"

"I need your signature on this document. It's for the project on the east bank," Simon explained as he handed a document to me.

Still a bit absentminded, I took the document from him and spared a moment to glance at it before appending my signature.

"Simon, I will hand over the project on the east bank to you. If you encounter any difficulties, please tell me as soon as possible. I will try my best to help you."

"Okay, I will." "Caroline, I am going to the east bank to inspect the construction tomorrow. Would you like to go with me? If it's not convenient for you, I can go by myself." A small furrow appeared on Simon's face as he made his request.

I thought about it for a moment before looking at him with an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, but my schedule is a bit tight tomorrow. You will have to go alone."

"Okay." Simon agreed easily, his lowered lashes hiding his thoughts.

Before I could interrogate Simon, my phone's ringtone interrupted me.

I picked up the phone and pressed the answer key.

"Caroline."

Charles' soft and deep voice came from the receiver, making my ears tingle.

My heart missed a beat and I rubbed my ears with a shy smile. "Charles, why are you calling me at this hour?"

"Have you finished your work? Do you want to visit Grandma together later?"

"Okay, I'll be right there."

[Chapter 510 Remarry Soon](#)

Caroline's POV:

When I arrived at the hospital, I saw a familiar car parking at the gate.

With his long legs crossed, Charles leaned against the car door, a cigarette between his lips as he patted his pockets for a lighter. He must have seen me out of the corner of his eye, because he immediately put his cigarette away and walked over to me.

Before I could offer some form of greeting, Charles clasped my hand in his. A shy smile bloomed on my face and I tried to wrench my hand free, but Charles only tightened his grip.

A smile tugged at his lips when he stared at me. "You are wearing the ring. You're mine."

My smile turned into a flaming red hue and my lashes lowered. Bravely, I returned my gaze to his and murmured, "We'll go and see Grandma later. It's too blatant."

"Can't I hold my wife's hand?"

Charles asked lightly and hugged me as we walked into the hospital.

"Charles, Caroline, here you are."

Alice's voice broke into our embrace and I turned my head to see her standing outside Christine's door.

I quickly disengaged myself from Charles and hurried towards Alice.

"Why are you waiting at the door? Grandma..."

"Christine is fine. The doctor is doing a routine examination inside."

Her words were a soothing balm on the anxiety that struck me when I saw her standing there.

A petite figure hurried past me and hugged Charles just before I opened my mouth to say something to Alice.

"Charles, long time no see." she shouted happily.

"Who are you?" Charles frowned and pushed the woman away.

But the second I saw her, I recognized her. She was Nevaeh.

It had been years since I last saw Nevaeh. I remembered that when we were children, Charles, Rita, Nevaeh and I often played together. But not long after, Nevaeh moved to a different house and it would be years later when I heard through the grapevine that she had gotten married in the UK.

Nevaeh wore a white blouse and her hair was in a high ponytail today. With her round, lovely eyes free of make-up, Nevaeh looked like a delicate doll.

When I saw that Nevaeh was staring at me, I turned my head away and gazed at the floor.

"Charles, Caroline, this is Nevaeh. Do you remember her?" Alice explained, trying to introduce her and mitigate Nevaeh's embarrassment when Charles failed to recognize her.

"Yes, I remember her. Nevaeh hasn't really changed much over the years," I replied with a smile.

With a wide smile, Nevaeh left Charles' side and came over to hug me. "Scarlett... no. I heard your name is now Caroline. I might not have changed much, but you definitely have. I remember that when we were still in kindergarten, you used to go to the school gate to wait for Charles every day after school."

Charles raised his eyebrows and looked at me. "Really? You have liked me since kindergarten?"

My face reddened, and I turned my head without answering him.

"Charles, don't you remember? When I was a child, you kept saying that you would marry me when I grew up. You liked to be with me while Caroline always chased after you," Nevaeh said with a sweet smile.

"Really?"

Charles frowned in disapproval.

It was true that when we were children, Charles wanted to marry Nevaeh.

But it was because Charles had made a silly bet with the children in the neighborhood that the one who married Nevaeh first could get a full set of the Marvel heroes.

"Yes, Caroline. Am I right?"

"I don't remember," I replied flippantly and didn't say anything else.

"Why would you? You were not particularly bright when we were children, so it's no surprise that you don't remember."

There was a subtle hint of challenge in Nevaeh's eyes when she stared at me.

"I thought it would be easier to get along with you if I pretended not to remember that, but I didn't expect you to take it seriously."

I returned her stare with a sneer.

"Charles, when did Caroline become so mean?"

Pouting, Nevaeh turned tearful eyes on Charles.

"I don't mind. I like Caroline regardless of what she is like."

Charles interrupted her and hugged me.

Nevaeh still didn't give up. "When you were a child, you didn't like Caroline at all."

"You don't know me that well as you think. Besides, people change as they grow."

There was a hint of coldness in Charles' eyes even as he smiled at her.

Warmth filled my heart and I snickered quietly.

Nevaeh stiffened and she turned to Alice with wide eyes. "Alice, look, they are bullying me."

"Charles didn't bully you. He's used to protecting people he cares."

Alice patted her hand, waving away Nevaeh's complaints.

Just then, the door of the ward opened and Hugo walked out.

Alice hurried over and met Hugo halfway. "Dr. Neame, how is she? Can she be discharged now?"

Hugo glanced at us before returning his attention to Alice. "She's fine now, but she can't be discharged yet. We still need to put her under medical observation for a week at least."

Through the glass window, I saw Christine lying in bed with her eyes closed. She looked very tired and I felt that right now was not the best time to disturb her. I turned around and attempted to leave.

When I turned around, Charles stopped me. "Caroline, let's invite Nevaeh to dinner tonight."

When I noticed Nevaeh's nervous smile, I agreed with a small nod.

"Charles, I've actually returned to ask for your help," Nevaeh announced from her spot next to Charles at the dinner table.

"What's wrong?"

Charles shifted closer to me as he asked the question.

Nevaeh spared a second to look at me before answering Charles in a quiet voice. "This matter is related to my reputation and I would not like others to be privy to it. Caroline, you are not the type to

eavesdrop on other people's private discussions, are you?"

Correctly interpreting the meaning behind the question, I inclined my head. "Not at all. I'm not particularly interested in your personal affairs."

"Alright then, Charles. We will have our discussion after dinner." A delighted smile graced her face as she made the declaration. "I heard that you are divorced. Is that true?" Nevaeh then asked in a neutral voice.

A sharp pain lanced through my heart and I gasped, but Charles gripped my hand tightly before I could react.

"You heard right, but we are getting remarried soon."

Even though his answer was meant for Nevaeh, his gaze was firmly on me when he spoke.

"I will give you another grand wedding. And just like our first wedding, we will put a ring on each other's finger again."

Charles' eyes lit up as he stared at me expectantly.

The grip on my hand was a bit rough, but I couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Okay."