

Warning 511

[Chapter 511 Sympathy Is The Beginning Of Love](#)

Nevaeh's POV:

After dinner, a bodyguard came to pick up Caroline.

"We are the only ones left in the house. Now you can tell me what you want."

Charles' tone was indifferent when he spoke to me.

Silently, I rolled up my sleeves, revealing the hideous scars and bruises.

"Except for my arms, I have more scars like this all over my body." My voice wavered, revealing my fear. "My husband runs a nightclub and he is very violent. Each time something makes him unhappy, he makes himself feel better by turning me into a punching bag. About a month ago, he became addicted to gambling and lost a lot of money. To make some of the money he lost back, he asked me to do a striptease for his guests and I refused, so he beat me up. I ended up being hospitalized due to the severe injuries I suffered."

With a cry, I threw myself at Charles. "You have to help me Charles. It was very difficult for me to escape him and I know I won't make it out alive if he ever finds me. I can't go back to that living hell. Please say you will help me."

Almost immediately, Charles pushed me away from him none too gently.

"You can stay in Los Angeles for now. I'll see what I can do about this." His reply was gruff.

"Thank you, Charles." I beamed at him, relief swamping me.

When Charles turned away from me, I couldn't help laughing quietly.

I wasn't even bothered that Charles wasn't very receptive of me right now. It would all change soon because I knew for a fact that sympathy was the beginning of love.

Caroline's POV

When I got home, I was completely distracted.

The only thing I could concentrate on was the scene I witnessed as the driver drove me home. In the rearview mirror, I saw Charles and Nevaeh standing together and that image had been embedded in my mind ever since. Each time I was reminded of it, I couldn't help but feel jealous.

What did Nevaeh say to Charles?

What was so important that I had to be absent before she could tell him?

The more I thought about it, the angrier I became. I couldn't help flinging the throw pillow away.

"Why are you so angry? Are you jealous?"

Charles walked in at this exact moment and caught the pillow in his hand.

With a smirk, he grabbed my shoulders and pressed me against the sofa before I could escape his hold. His smirk widened into a pleased smile when I finally stopped struggling.

Frowning, I turned my face away from him and refused to say anything.

He smiled indulgently and kissed the tip of my nose. "Are you really angry?"

"What were you talking about with her? Why did it take so long?"

"We only exchanged a few words before I asked the driver to take her back to the hotel."

His answer failed to satisfy me and I pushed him away. "Why didn't you drive her to the hotel yourself?"

"Nevaeh is not worth my time."

"Oh. Then who is worth your time?"

I didn't get a verbal reply from him, just a long stare and a faint smile curling his lips.

When my anger began to wilt beneath his affectionate eyes, I turned my face away from him and muttered, "Why are you just staring at me? Answer my question."

Charles kissed my lips and said, "It's you!"

My smile was kissed away by his ardent lips. The world fell away as I fell into Charles' kiss and it would be a very long time before we came up for air. "Then what did she tell you?" I asked when I could think again.

"It's true that Nevaeh told me something but it is not important. Don't worry about it." He clasped my hand in his and asked, "Moving on to more important matters. When can you move back to the Moore mansion?"

I flushed and explained hesitantly, "My Dad is...."

"Fine." Charles cut through my fumbled explanation with a shrug.

Swiftly, he stood up and left. A short while later, he returned with a bottle of wine and an open smile.

"I know you like it, so I took a detour to bring it back. Would you like some?"

I nodded happily and turned to get the glasses.

We shared a few glasses of wine and the world began to grow blurry. I fell back on the sofa with a drunken smile. Suddenly, Charles pressed himself against me.

"Caroline."

"What?"

Instead of replying, Charles kissed me again and I was able to taste the wine he was yet to completely swallow. Our tongues dueled as I swallowed the last of his wine. For some reason, I began shedding tears.

He gently kissed the tears on my eyelashes.

"You haven't said that you love me."

The murmured words were repeated a couple of times while Charles kissed me again and again. It would appear that Charles was equally as drunk as I was.

"Charles..."

My thoughts were in a jumble and the ability to form words eluded me. The only thing I could focus on was the feel of his breath.

His breath was so heavy. He looked as if he was going to swallow me whole.

Not long after, my brain began to lack oxygen. Fortunately, he let go of my mouth and kissed my breasts.

I was so lost in the pleasure his touch invoked that I couldn't determine if this was really happening or if I was dreaming it up.

"Do you love me?"

Charles murmured, kissing me as he took off all my clothes.

"I love you, Charles." I touched his face and said, "I fell in love with you a long time ago."

Lost in his gaze, I nearly forgot how to breathe.

All of a sudden, Charles crushed me to his body. The way he clung to me gave the impression that he was scared. "Which version of me do you love? The Charles from seven years ago or the man that I am now?" he whispered.

I hugged him back and kissed him passionately, my tears flowing out uncontrollably.

Which one of him?

I had always been in love with him, that was the one thing that would never change. It didn't matter if it was in the past, right now or in the future. I loved him and I always would, regardless of what version of him I was with.

"If I said I was jealous of myself, would you believe me?"

The question was so ridiculous that I burst out laughing.

"Even if you love me now, I am different from the man I was before," Charles explained.

How could this proud and aloof man actually be jealous of himself?

The thought amused me.

Cupping his cheek, I pressed a soft kiss to his lips and declared, "It doesn't matter whether it was seven years ago or now. You are still the same domineering, strong and unreasonable man and I suspect you always will be."

His eyes lit up at my answer and he suddenly bent over me and kissed my breath away. When we separated, he rested his forehead against mine and rasped, "The year we separated is my greatest regret."

Slowly, I combed my fingers through his hair and murmured, "It doesn't matter anymore. We will be together forever, won't we?"

Olivia's POV:

After taking the medicine, Edward fell asleep.

The doorbell rang a short while later. Feeling quite impatient, I rushed downstairs and opened the door.

Even before the door was open all the way, Adam stormed in and pressed me against the wall. He groped my body roughly, his hands quickly finding their way into my clothes as he rubbed my breasts wildly.

His rough touch elicited a loud groan from me. I bit his shoulder and whispered throatily, "We need to keep it down."

"What are you afraid of? Edward has fallen into a deep sleep. He won't be able to hear you even if you scream in pleasure all night."

Adam's reply was dismissive. Almost immediately, he reached out to pet my private part and smiled obscenely.

I giggled at his antics before separating my legs. Hitching my thighs up, I made him take most of my weight as I wrapped my legs around his waist.

With a low chuckle, he suddenly penetrated me. It was rough and fast as Adam took his pleasure from my body at a vigorous speed.

The pleasure was so intense that I was almost in tears. When the sex was finally over, I was so spent that raising my hand was an upheaval task.

Adam grasped my shoulders in a loose embrace, but his eyes were full on malice when it locked on mine. "When are you going to make your move?"

"Within the next few days. Edward grows weaker by the day. His illness is so grave that he mistook me for Caroline on some occasions." A wicked smile curved my lips as I stared back at Adam.

"Is it almost time?"

Adam stared at me meaningfully.

"Yes."

My good day was coming. Mine, not his.

Internally, I snickered but still found the grace to offer some hypocritical advice to Adam. "You should play your role as a good brother and spend the last few days he has on earth with him."

"Ha-ha-ha, Edward is really a poor guy. Now all his property is mine, and so is his woman."

I returned Adam's deranged smile with one of my own and successfully hid the disgust I felt for him.

Both Adam and Simon were just my springboard to get rid of the crisis.

When I got Edward's money, I could shift all the blame to them.

When that time came and I was safely out of their reach, the two of them could fight each other as much as they wanted.

I only wanted the money.

After all, money was the only thing that would not betray me.

'Edward, you forced me to do this! It's all your fault!' I yelled viciously within the safety of my mind.

[Chapter 512 Business Trip](#)

Charles's POV:

"Here's your coffee, Mr. Moore!"

Amy walked into the office, placing a cup of coffee on my desk.

"Thanks, Amy. By the way, has anyone come by for an interview lately?" I asked.

Amy shook her head, visibly disappointed. "I've already interviewed several people, but none of them meet your standards. But don't worry, boss! There are still several interviews scheduled for this afternoon."

"Well, hurry up then! Otherwise, I'm not going to let you resign unless you find someone worthy to take over your position," I replied.

Amy solemnly answered, "No worries, sir. I'll find an excellent assistant for you before I resign."

"Thanks for all your hard work, Amy. I really appreciate it." I smiled with satisfaction.

"Oh, it's no big deal! I'll work even harder in my last week in the company. If I don't do that, I won't ever be able to repay you for the apartment you gifted me," Amy bantered.

"You deserve it. You've always been a dutiful right-hand woman to me, and you've done a lot for this company," I responded.

Amy seemed embarrassed to hear my compliment, and she couldn't stop smiling.

Once she had left, I threw myself back into my work and carefully dealt with all the paperwork on my desk.

A moment later, my phone rang.

It was from Corey.

I answered the call and asked, "Hello? What is it?"

"Charles, the project is going swimmingly," Corey remarked.

"That's good," I replied.

"But you may have to go to Boston for a negotiation regarding an investment for about three days."

After pondering for a moment, I said to Corey, "Call Caroline later and ask her to go there on business."

"Haven't you two made up already? Why do you need me to convey such a trivial message to her?" Corey complained.

I chuckled at his response and explained, "Caroline still has no idea that you're on my team yet. Oh, and by the way, don't tell her that I'll be attending as well. I'd like to surprise her."

Corey let out a sigh. "Well, I guess I'll help you get back together with Caroline. But, you have to invite me to your wedding when you get remarried."

"Of course!"

After the phone call, I began looking forward to the business trip.

It was a good opportunity to improve my relationship with Caroline. Thus, I figured it would be good to make some preparations for the fated day.

Just then, I heard a knock coming from the door of my office.

"Come in."

Amy walked in with a bright smile on her face.

"Boss, I've interviewed a talented young professional. She meets all of your standards. Would you like to meet her yourself?" she asked, visibly excited.

I glanced at the time and replied nonchalantly, "No need. I believe in your judgment."

"Yes, sir! I'll give her an offer and inform her that she can officially be a part of the company starting tomorrow," replied Amy.

"Right. Now that that's settled, I'll be taking my leave now." Before Amy could say another word, I left the office in a hurry.

Soon, the car pulled over in front of the Wilson Group. I sat inside the car, peering through the window.

After a while, Caroline finally stepped out of the company building.

I opened the door and got out of the car, waving at her gleefully.

Her eyes lit up when she saw me, and she briskly approached me. "Charles, what are you doing here?"

"I'm here to pick you up from work, of course! Does it make you happy?" I took the bag from her hand, delighted to see her.

Caroline blushed. "Yes, it does. I'm glad you're here," she muttered.

After getting in the car, I interlocked my fingers with hers and held her hand tightly.

Still blushing, Caroline tried to remove my hand, but I was holding her hand too firmly.

"Caroline, do you think we look like a couple now? I'm your boyfriend, and I'm here to pick up my beloved girlfriend. Then Like every couple in love, we go home hand in hand."

Caroline nodded at my remark and bantered, "My love, I think we may have to spend a few days being in a long distance relationship."

"Why would you say so?" I asked, pretending as though I knew nothing.

"I'm going on a business trip for a few days," Caroline replied, leaning her head against my shoulder.

I put my arm around her shoulder to make sure that she was feeling more comfortable.

"A business trip? Where are you going, Caroline?" I asked again.

"To Boston," she answered.

"Aww... I didn't expect that we'd have to spend some time apart so soon, Caroline. I don't want to be away from you!" Truthfully, I was delighted right now, but I still had to pretend like I was disappointed.

Caroline cupped my cheek in an attempt to comfort me. "It's not a big deal. We'll only be apart for three to four days. I'll be back soon."

I held her fingers and planted a kiss on her hand. "Not being able to see you for one day is enough to make me miss you. Being away from you for longer than three days could kill me!"

Caroline broke into laughter. Then, she kissed my lips. "Is it really that bad? Toughen up! I'm sure you can put up with it."

"But I don't want to," I complained. I grabbed the back of her head and kissed her back.

Her lips were supple and sweet to the taste.

Just being able to kiss her like this drove me crazy.

Moments later, we arrived at Caroline's villa.

Her lips looked a little swollen, which made them look more attractive than wearing a lipstick.

She covered her lips, staring right into my eyes.

My heart almost melted.

"Anyway... I'm heading home!" she exclaimed.

"Right," I answered.

"Aren't you going to ask me to stay today?" Caroline asked in confusion.

"If I keep you in here any longer, just kissing you won't be enough for me,"

I replied, showing her my erection.

Caroline followed my hand with her gaze, but she quickly averted her eyes from my crotch the second she saw I had a hard-on.

"Good night!"

She opened the door, got out of the car, and bolted away.

The way she ran so fast made it seem like a beast was chasing her.

That same evening, I turned on my laptop and googled the most famous scenic spots in Boston and the top-rated restaurants within the city.

I searched relevant information on the Internet and reviewed several travel guides and pictures on numerous websites.

Finally, I chose several places that met my requirements.

At this time, a child's head popped out from behind me. "Daddy, are you and Mommy going on a date?"

"We sure are! Your mother and I are going on a business trip to Boston in a few days. Make sure to look

after your brothers, okay, James?" I replied, ruffling his hair.

"Okay! Have fun with Mommy, Dad! Don't worry about us. I got this." James patted his chest proudly.

"Good boy. You're really mature now. You've learned how to share my worries and burdens," I replied, pinching his cheek. I was really glad to hear my son say those words.

"Oh, by the way, Dad, I have something important to tell you. Be serious, okay?" James removed my hand from his cheek. He looked pretty serious.

I raised my eyebrows, curious as to what he wanted to say. "So, what is it that you want to tell me?"

"I'm going to primary school soon, and I want to learn how to paint," James replied.

Confused, I asked, "You can also learn how to do that in kindergarten. You have relevant lessons for that in your school, right?"

"Yes, but that's different. I want to study painting and art seriously, because I like it very much!"

Just seeing the solemnity and sincerity of my son's face made me feel relieved.

James had grown up so fast, and he was able to find a passion so early in his life.

I gave him a smile and nodded. "Sounds like a plan, son. I'll help you make it happen."

[Chapter 513 New Assistan](#)

Charles' POV:

The next day, I went back to my office and noticed that there was already a cup of coffee on my desk.

After taking a sip of the coffee, I was delighted by its taste.

This was my favorite blend of coffee, and it tasted just right! It had all the right notes of bitterness and fragrance that I loved in coffee.

'When did Amy know me so well?' I wondered. This cup of coffee was the best out of all the ones she made for me before.

The taste was so exquisite that I couldn't help but take another sip. Sipping it eased my worries away.

At this time, I heard someone knock on the door.

"Come in," I said, putting down the cup of coffee and staring at the door.

Amy opened the door, and came in with another woman.

"Nevaeh? What are you doing here?"

I stood up, surprised to see Nevaeh.

Amy said, "Mr. Moore, she's the new assistant that I recruited for you. I took her here in order to help familiarize her with the company's environment and to introduce her to you. But since you know her name, I'm assuming you're already acquainted, huh?"

I nodded, feeling conflicted by this encounter. "We're old friends," I explained.

Nevaeh approached me wearing a gentle smile.

She said to Amy, "We're more than old friends. Charles and I grew up together. I've been living abroad for a few years, and I've only just gotten back."

Amy smirked. "I see. Now I get why I've never seen you before."

"Nevaeh, why did you apply for a job in the Moore Group?"

"I saw a job listing a few days ago, so I came here to try my luck. Charles, do you not want me to work here?"

I waved my hand and chuckled. "What? I don't mean it that way. I'm just surprised to see you here."

"Oh, I see. Well, from now on, we'll be working together. I'm looking forward to learning from you, Charles!"

"Likewise."

Even though I was hesitant to have her around, I maintained my composure.

Nevaeh was able to pass the recruitment smoothly, so I had no reason to drive her away.

'I guess we can just talk about it later.'

Nevaeh grinned and pointed at the cup of coffee on my desk. "So, what do you think about the coffee? Does it suit your palate? I made it just for you!"

"You're the one who made this?"

My brows knitted together, for I was actually surprised.

'How did Nevaeh figure out my taste? The coffee she makes is even better than Amy's!'

"Well, of course! I actually know you better than you think, Charles. Which is why I am definitely qualified to be your assistant." Nevaeh smirked confidently.

"In that case, I'll give you a chance. Amy, why don't you help her familiarize her with her tasks?"

Amy nodded in response. "Don't worry, sir. I'll help her get familiarized with the job before my last day of work. Nevaeh graduated from a famous university, and her skills are topnotch!"

"Anyway, I'd like some time to myself. Be on your way. I have some work to deal with."

Amy nodded and went to the door along with Nevaeh.

But then, Nevaeh stopped at the door.

"Charles, do you mind if I learn about your schedule for the next few days?"

After pondering on it, I replied, "I'm going to a business trip to Boston. You two will have to deal with the company's affairs."

Nevaeh's eyes lit up. She nervously asked, "Can I come with you?"

"No." I put down my pen and wore a straight face.

The metal case of the pen collided with the table, creating a dull clank.

"Are you planning to go on the trip alone, Charles?"

Nevaeh cast her gaze down, visibly disappointed.

"That is none of your business. I'll be going with Caroline. Nevaeh, Amy will be resigning soon. The only thing you need to focus on is to familiarize yourself with the job as soon as possible," I shouted.

"Nevaeh, Mr. Moore and his wife are very much in love. Focus on your job and try not to covet something that doesn't belong to you," Amy warned as she approached Nevaeh.

I shot Amy a look to let her know that I appreciated her help.

Just as I had expected, Amy was the only one who knew me well among all my employees.

It was truly disheartening to know that she would be resigning soon.

Caroline's POV:

After signing the documents, I noticed that there was something wrong with the weekly bill for the east bank project.

Upon examining the data on the bill, I was confused.

Simon was the one who was in charge of the east bank project. I seldom ever asked about that project, because I trusted that he would be more than capable to handle it.

But for some reason, I sensed that something was off about the data.

Thus, I picked up the phone to call Simon in.

Soon, he came knocking at my office door. In a daze, he asked, "What's up, Caroline?"

"Take a look at these bills." I handed over the papers and asked, "Why did the costs of the east bank project suddenly increase by so much?"

Simon read the bill and explained, "The construction materials for the roller coaster were purchased just last week, and we've made several orders of the materials. Aside from that, Vanessa recommended new suppliers for the project, so I went with her suggestion. It's a little more expensive than our original suppliers' goods, but the company has better quality than that of many domestic suppliers."

"New suppliers? Why didn't you inform me of something so important?" I asked.

"Just as you said, I have full autonomy over the east bank project. I actually came here to talk to you about it before, but you weren't in your office." Simon looked down, chuckling bitterly to himself.

I couldn't see the look on his face, but I somehow felt guilty.

"Keep an eye on the project, and make sure to tell me if you run into any problems. Next time, I'm coming with you to inspect the construction site," I answered.

"Got it."

After Simon left, I called Elena in.

"Elena, I'm going on a business trip to Boston for a few days. While I'm away, keep an eye on Simon. If he does anything strange, remember to report it to me," I commanded.

Elena's mouth was left agape in shock. "Simon? Miss Wilson, did he do anything to upset you?"

"I'm not sure yet, but I feel like something about him has changed. Please, keep an eye on him for me. I really hope my intuition is wrong this time."

As I stared at Elena's confused expression, I leaned against the back of my desk chair, lost in thought.

"Got it," she replied with a nod. She hesitated to leave right away and said, "Miss Wilson, Adam was seriously injured and was taken to Mr. Edward's west bank villa."

"My dad is too softhearted. I'm going to talk to him once I come back from Boston. We need to be on guard against Adam." I heaved a sigh.

My father was an old-fashioned man. He attached great importance to kinship.

Even though he was decisive and resolute when it came to running a business, he would always compromise and look out for his brother, no matter what an asshole Adam really was.

That evening, I decided to call my dad.

"Hello?" Dad's weak voice came from the phone.

"Dad, are you sick? Why do you sound so weak?"

"No, I'm fine. I'm just feeling a little tired. All I need is a goodnight's rest," he replied with a chuckle.

"Shouldn't you go get a checkup, Dad?"

"Don't worry about me. I'm fine! So... I heard that you're going on a business trip. You should stay there for a few more days of relaxation."

[Chapter 514 We're Safe Now](#)

Caroline's POV:

I got up early in the morning.

The first thing I did was pack my luggage. And once I was done, I went downstairs with it.

I hoped that everything would go according to plan so that I could finish my work early and come back to accompany Charles and my children.

Truth be told, I did not want to part with them, especially when it was sudden. Unfortunately, I had no choice but to do so.

Meanwhile, Elena had already prepared breakfast and was waiting for me downstairs.

"Miss Wilson, come and eat breakfast."

She walked up to me and took my luggage.

"Thanks, but I'm not yet hungry." I waved my hand in dismissal and reminded her, "Remember to keep an eye on Simon while I'm gone. Also, you should go and see Dad more often. I'm worried about him. Adam might take advantage of my absence and stir trouble again."

"I will."

Thanks to Elena's reassurance, I could finally be at ease. As I was not in the mood to eat, I skipped breakfast and headed straight to the airport.

On the way, I took my phone out and messaged Charles.

"I'm going on a business trip. Take care of the kids."

I hit sent. But then, I realized that my message sounded stiff, so I added, "I'll bring you something when I get back."

I waited for a long time for his response but none came.

Was he still sleeping?

I curled my lips sulkily.

I told him last night that I would take an early flight in the morning. But now, he did not even see me off nor did he reply to my message.

In a fit of anger, I cursed him a hundred times in my heart. Honestly, I was hoping that he would at least come and see me off. But since that did not happen, I entered the airport with a heavy heart.

A few moments later, it was time to board the plane. It did not take long before I found my seat by the window.

I reclined my chair, made myself comfortable, and closed my eyes to take a rest.

Suddenly, I felt someone put their luggage in the overhead compartment and sit beside me.

I was too tired to open my eyes, so I just let them be.

The pleasant voice of a flight stewardess came over the intercom. "Dear passengers, we apologize for the inconvenience. Unfortunately, this flight has to be delayed due to technical issues. Rest assured that the plane will take off in about an hour."

Many of the passengers groaned in annoyance.

A stewardess walked to my row and asked, "Sir, is there anything you'd like to eat or drink?"

"Coffee, please," the person beside me replied.

I knew that voice very well.

Without missing a beat, I opened my eyes and turned to look at the person beside me. Sure enough, it was Charles.

I stared at him with eyes wide open.

A myriad of emotions surged up inside me.

He did not reply to my message. But here he was, sitting right next to me. It did not take a genius to know that he was messing with me.

The stewardess then turned to me and asked, "How about you, Ma'am?"

"I'm good. Thanks."

I closed my eyes again and deliberately ignored Charles as if he were just a stranger.

"Actually, please give her a glass of milk," Charles said to the stewardess without even asking me.

My chest tightened as anger welled up in my heart. Annoyed, I sat up and slapped away his hand that was gently pinching my nose. "What do you think you're doing?"

Charles handed me the glass of milk that the stewardess had brought over and advised, "You should drink this before you sleep."

"I don't want to. You can drink it if you want."

Charles lifted the glass to my mouth, giving me no chance to refuse.

Unable to do anything, I grabbed the glass from him.

But just as I was about to take a sip, the milky smell came to my nose. I used to like milk. But for some reason, it made me want to puke right now.

Charles hurriedly handed me a barf bag and asked with concern, "Are you nauseous?"

I took the bag without a word. My stomach was churning. But because I did not eat anything, I had nothing to vomit.

Charles asked the stewardess to give me a cup of warm water, which she immediately gave.

I drank the water, and its warmth immediately soothed my stomach. It took me a while to feel completely better, though.

At last, the plane was about to take off.

I opened my eyes and saw that Charles was staring at me with an inexplicable gaze.

"Are you on the pill when we did 'it' the last few times?"

Charles did not need to be specific for me to know what he meant. He must be thinking that I was pregnant.

I stared daggers at him and snorted. "I had not eaten anything yet since the morning. My stomach is just upset because I'm furious at someone!"

"Are you pertaining to me?" Charles asked with a smirk.

I stood up and kicked him on the shin. "Get out of my way. I'm gonna go to the lavatory."

Charles withdrew his legs and made way for me.

But just as I was about to walk past him, he stretched out his leg on purpose. It was too late for me to take my leg back, so I tripped over his feet.

I thought I was going to fall and make a fool out of myself. But then, a pair of strong arms caught me in time.

I tried to get out of Charles's grasp, but he pulled me closer and held me even tighter. "Honey, I just wanted to surprise you. Don't you want me to go with you on your business trip?"

Speaking of which, something suddenly occurred to me. "Where's Corey Stanton? Why don't I see him? He should be with me today."

"Oh. I forgot to tell you that Corey is my man." Charles smiled and reached out to ruffle my hair.

I felt as though a lightning bolt suddenly struck me. I was too shocked to say anything, and it took me quite a while before I found my voice.

"So you've been secretly helping me regarding the west coast project all along?"

"Yes," Charles admitted.

I covered my face helplessly.

How could I be so stupid?

When I had gone to the tennis court to discuss business with Corey, Charles was there with James as well.

I should have guessed it at that time.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Knowing you, you would've refused my help. Besides, I wanted to give you a surprise," Charles explained with a smile.

Tears welled up in my eyes. I was so touched by what he had done that before I knew it, I had thrown myself into his arms.

"On second thought, had I known you'd be so moved, I would've told you about it earlier."

"I think you did the right thing." I cast Charles a reproachful look and continued, "You know, I wanted to make a clean break with you back then."

"Yes. You were very cruel to me, so I could only help you in secret. I didn't want to upset you more than I already have and make you push me away again. But now, things have changed for us. I'm afraid you can never escape from me again." Charles held me in his tight embrace with a beaming smile.

I finally went to the lavatory. And when I finally returned to my seat, my cheeks remained flushed.

I looked outside the window, and the sunny weather made me feel even better.

Since I returned, this had been the first time Charles and I had gone out with just the two of us.

While the plane was soaring in the sky, I took out my phone and played the movie I had downloaded.

Charles suddenly leaned over and curiously asked, "What are you watching?"

"The Notebook. I've been meaning to watch this, but I just didn't have the time."

Charles moved closer to me. "Let's watch it together."

He took one of my earphones and plugged it into his ear.

As the wire was short, it brought us even closer.

We watched the movie in silence. When it came to the part where the couple were kissing in the rain, my heart raced and my cheeks turned beet red.

I turned my head to look at Charles, who happened to turn his head too.

Our noses touched, and we gazed into each other's eyes. One move and our lips would touch.

The atmosphere between us was ambiguous.

Charles blinked his eyes and, ever so slowly, leaned over to kiss me.

His soft and warm lips made my body tremble. What was more, I felt like a current was pouring into my heart.

All of a sudden, the sunny sky turned a shade of gray as dark clouds gathered. There were also flashes of lightning, and the thunders were deafening.

The voice of the stewardess came over the intercom. "Our dear passengers, there has been an unprecedented situation in the sky. A storm is brewing, and we will likely experience some turbulence. Please return to your seats and fasten your seatbelts."

I felt a sinking feeling in my stomach. I looked over Charles's shoulder and gasped sharply. "Charles, it's the cumulonimbus!"

Sure enough, an enormous cumulonimbus cloud was forming in front of us. It looked terrifying up close. Unfortunately, the plane had to go directly into the clouds.

It was said that the downdraft of this cloud was strong. It could cause turbulence and might even throw off the plane's equilibrium.

Worse, it might cause the plane to crash.

The passengers shouted and cursed in panic.

"I checked the weather, and it's supposed to be sunny today. How could this be?"

It suddenly occurred to me that Charles got caught in a plane crash over a year ago. He must have been terrified for his life at that time.

I held his hand tightly.

With a grim expression, Charles enveloped me in his embrace. "Calm down, Caroline. This isn't the time to panic."

"Charles, are we going to die here?" I sobbed.

Charles stroked my back comfortingly. "No, we won't. Don't be scared. I'm here."

His voice was cold and deep, yet it was reassuring.

Thanks to him, the fear in my heart subsided a little.

So as not to feel unnecessary panic, I asked myself several times to calm down.

Charles was right. I had to keep calm.

But no matter how hard I tried to console myself, my hands and feet remained cold.

At this moment, the voice of the stewardess came over again. "Passengers, the plane will land in twenty minutes. Please fasten your seatbelts."

Twenty minutes.

As long as we could hold on for that long, we would be fine.

I comforted myself inwardly.

All of a sudden, a flash of lightning came outside the window, followed by a deafening rumble of thunder.

BOOM!

It was so dark outside. It was like the enormous cumulonimbus cloud had swallowed us.

Unfortunately, the cloud just kept on getting bigger and bigger.

I could not see anything outside the window except for the flashes of lightning.

A sense of despair washed over me, making me out of breath.

Bang!

The plane jolted, and I felt my body get thrown in the air for a second. I screamed and tightened my grip on Charles as if I was holding for my dear life.

"It's the downdraft! We're doomed!" a passenger exclaimed.

"Fuck! What the hell is with this weather?" another complained.

The passengers started cursing again. Some were praying, and the others were crying.

"It's okay. We'll be just fine." Charles covered my ears and tried his best to calm me down.

Tears streamed down my face in fear.

Twenty minutes had never felt this long. Right now, every minute was torture.

To make the situation worse, the plane met the downdraft and began to descend.

The plane jolted several times, and I felt like my heart was going to jump out of my throat.

The plane landed twenty minutes later. The instant the wheels of the airplane touched the runway, the rain poured down.

Although it was still dark outside, I could finally see some light.

Relieved, I wrapped my arms around Charles's neck and cried in glee.

"Charles, we're safe now."

[Chapter 515 Withdraw The Investmen](#)

Charles' POV:

The moment the plane landed safely, everyone on the plane breathed a sigh of relief.

They all had varying degrees of joy and extreme relief on their faces.

Just like them, my smile of relief was threatening to split my face in two as I crushed Caroline to my body.

A few moments ago, I had done my best to keep calm and present a brave front for Caroline even as I mentally prepared to meet my end with her by my side.

Holding Caroline in my arms and breathing in her scent when a few moments ago I had thought our deaths were imminent, I couldn't help but feel very lucky.

"Yes, we are safe now," I murmured into her hair and held her securely even as she shuddered in my arms.

Over and over again, I petted her hair and whispered soothing words into her ear until the last of her

tremors faded away.

Caroline wiped away the tears on her face even as she continued laughing and crying.

"Charles... I have a lot to tell you. I thought I would never have a chance to say them."

"You can tell me now. I'm listening." My smile blossomed as I caressed her cheek.

Caroline blushed fiercely, but her gaze never wavered from mine. "Charles, I love you. I've always loved you and my feelings never changed."

Caroline's confession of love had my heart racing.

"Caroline, I love you too."

I couldn't let such a momentous declaration go without sealing it with a kiss, so I lowered my head and kissed her softly. When she opened for me, I sucked on her tongue, deepening the kiss.

Due to the crying, Caroline's nose and cheeks were red. Oddly, the deep hue made her look rather cute.

After a while, Caroline broke the kiss and pushed at my chest. Reluctantly, I let go of her.

"Okay. Let's go." With a small nod, she agreed with my suggestion and in a matter of minutes, we disembarked from the plane and walked out of the airport with our suitcases in tow.

The rain was falling heavily when we finally made our way outside the airport.

"I'll call Amy and ask her if she has booked a room for us."

Afraid of getting separated from Caroline in the heavy foot traffic, I pulled her to my side as I dialed Amy's number.

"Mr. Moore, I heard that the flight encountered a thundercloud. How are you and Mrs. Moore?" Amy asked nervously.

"We are fine. Amy, have you booked a room for Caroline and me?"

In answer, Amy rattled off the address of the hotel she lodged us in.

Caroline stared at me unblinkingly, her eyes still red.

There was a confused albeit innocent air to her stare, and I almost melted into a puddle as I gazed back at her.

Deliberately, I made my voice high with false incredulity as I chastised Amy. "Excuse me? How can you tell me that you only booked one room? How could you be so careless?"

"Didn't you ask me to do that?" On the other end of the line, a stunned Amy gasped. But mere seconds later, she seemed to figure out the reason for the drama. "Mr. Moore, I wish you and Mrs. Moore a happy trip."

With those parting words, she hung up the phone, a smile in her voice.

With a small harrumph, I put away my phone and returned my attention to Caroline who was still staring at me in confusion.

Even though I was pretending to be put out by the rooming situation, I couldn't help but let my good mood slip through my false anger. "Amy only booked one room. I guess you have no choice but to share a room with me for the next few days," I rasped softly, pinching her soft cheeks.

Shock had Caroline's mouth gaping. "How could she have booked only one room for the two of us?"

I lifted my shoulder in a half hearted shrug. "Due to the heavy rain, all the nearby hotels are full. It was pure luck that Amy was able to book even one room."

"Maybe we should go to another hotel? Boston is so big. I'm certain that we can find a hotel that has two empty rooms," Caroline declared, her consternation evident on her face.

A deep chuckle thrummed in my chest and I smothered it only through sheer will. How could she be so cute?

The urge to pull her into my arms and kiss her silly swamped me, but again, I tamped it down.

"Honey, it will be a while before the rain stops. Do you really want to transverse the whole of Boston in search of a hotel with two vacancies in the rain?"

Caroline hesitated, "But..."

I couldn't resist taunting her. "What's wrong? Don't you want to stay in the same room with me? What are you afraid of?"

Again, Caroline blushed and averted her eyes. "Afraid? What would I be afraid of?" she retorted in a low voice.

"Then let's go." I couldn't help but dare Caroline with a smirk.

Without giving her a chance to back out, I snagged the handle of her suitcase and dragged it behind me as I rejoined the flow of foot traffic. "Follow me."

"I'm not a child," Caroline grumbled as she trudged behind me.

I stopped long enough to appraise her with a raised brow. "We are in another city. If I lose you, where else will I find another perfect wife?"

Simon's POV:

No matter what I tried, I found it impossible to get rid of the pain in my heart.

I couldn't believe that Edward was the one who killed my father.

My father was his best friend. How could he have the heart to kidnap and kill him?

Damn Edward! He deserved to die!

No! Instant death was too light a sentence compared to the gravity of his crime.

Edward could only die after everything he spent his life acquiring perished before his eyes. He could succumb to the cold grip of death only after he was completely shattered and riddled with pain. When death was the only escape from the hell his life had become, only then could I allow Edward to die.

And the destruction of Wilson Group was going to be my first act of revenge.

I called Roger Henry.

He was the head of the Bank of Singapore and one of the major investors in the project on the east bank.

The phone rang a few times before he picked the call. Without preamble, I stated my business. "Mr. Henry, I hope the Bank of Singapore can withdraw its investment in Wilson Group's project on the east bank as soon as possible."

Roger's confusion was evident when he replied. "As far as I'm aware Mr. Felix, you are a member of Wilson Group. So why would you make such a demand?"

Hatred filled my heart and rage had a snarl curling my lips.

I clenched and unclenched my fists repeatedly before I finally found the strength to answer Roger in a neutral voice. "I'm afraid it's a private matter, not something I can discuss with you."

"Then why should I do what you want?" Roger asked lazily.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't your father suffer a heart attack a few days ago? I believe it was

because several European funds attacked your fund." You are outnumbered and you have lost miserably." My voice could have frozen hell.

The silence on the other end of the line was very telling. Eventually, a flustered Roger asked, "How did you get that information? What the hell do you want to do?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Henry. I just want to make a deal with you. What you lack most now is money. If you want more working capital, it's in your best interest to withdraw the investment from Wilson Group."

Idly, I tapped my fingers against the sofa as I waited for Roger's answer.

In truth, I was simply waiting for Roger's confirmation. He was backed into a corner and he knew it. The only option available to him was agreeing with my demands.

After making me wait for a few seconds, Roger finally uttered the words I wanted to hear. "I will do what you want, but how will this benefit me? I don't make deals with people who are of no use to me."

A satisfied smile spread across my face and I murmured, "That won't be a problem. I'll be traveling to Singapore soon. I happen to have a way to help you recover your losses."

In the afternoon, I received a message from the company.

Roger Henry just made a request to withdraw the investment to Wilson Group.

Most of the financing of the project on the east bank came from Roger.

If Roger really withdrew the funds of four billion dollars, it would be a devastating blow to the Wilson Group.

On the other hand, even if Roger withdrew the investment, he only needed to compensate the Wilson Group four hundred million dollars.

When the shareholders received the news, they were as anxious as ants on a hot pot.

An emergency meeting was held to discuss the sudden crisis.

The conference room was noisy when I walked in.

A few shareholders walked over to me the second they spotted me by the door.

"Simon, why can't we get in touch with Edward? A very serious crisis has occurred and he fails to show up at a time like this?" I would have to be blind to miss the anxiety radiating off them in waves.

"Actually, Edward has been ill for a while. It doesn't look too good for him. I can't get in touch with him

either." I shrugged my shoulders and pretended to be as baffled as they were.

The news hit the shareholders like a truck and most of them failed to hide the fear in their eyes. "What should we do now? Caroline is on a business trip, and Edward is nowhere to be seen. Once Roger withdraws the investment to the project on the east bank, we will suffer a huge loss in a short time!"

"Don't worry. I'll try to contact Roger again and see if there is anything I can do to change his mind."

[Chapter 516 Couples' Room](#)

Caroline's POV:

Upon entering the room, I was stupefied.

Clearly, the room was for couples. The ornaments and decoration was romantic and sweet.

There was a bunch of rose petals shaped into a heart along with the words "I love you" on the wide bed.

I must say, it was quite romantic. Just looking at it made my heart race.

I looked at Charles, visibly surprised. "Did you prepare all of these? Did you really arrange all of it?"

Charles pulled the suitcase in, closed the door, and gave me a smile. "So, what do you think? I specifically arranged it for this trip. I sincerely hope that we can make good memories here."

I scoffed at him to show my displeasure. "I knew it. You did this on purpose! You told me all of the other rooms were full. You were just making up excuses!"

Charles hugged me from behind, nuzzling his chin against my shoulder to appease me.

"If I didn't come up an excuse, you wouldn't have agreed to share a room with me. But, I'm really happy that you're here, Caroline."

My back was pressed against his chest. When he spoke, I could feel the warmth of his breath on my neck. Since I had sensitive skin, it made me tremble.

I could feel my heart racing and I couldn't help but smile. Even so, I still maintained my composure. "Haven't we shared a room already?"

"That's not the same! Our kids are always there and getting in the way of our intimacy. But now, it's just us today." He gently kissed my neck and then nibbled on my earlobes.

Feeling his lips on my skin made me feel like I was on fire.

"Charles," I moaned, trying to stop him from initiating sex with me.

Charles stopped and removed his arms from me.

He urged me to go to the bathroom and said, "You should go take a shower and change into a fresh set of clothes, honey. Otherwise, you're gonna catch a cold."

Then, he planted a kiss on my forehead and left the bathroom.

As I stared at the closed door, my heart melted.

Once I was done taking a shower, I put on a bathrobe and left the bathroom.

Outside, I saw Charles smoking on the balcony. Amidst the smoke, I could see the outline of his handsome face.

"You should go and take a shower as well, Charles."

"Got it." Charles put out his cigarette and went to the bathroom.

After a while, I heard him speak from inside.

"Caroline, I forgot to bring my razor with me. Can you help me find it, please?"

"Sure."

I immediately opened his suitcase and took out his razor.

Upon entering the bathroom, I saw Charles standing in front of the mirror, half-naked.

He slowly turned around, revealing his abdominal muscles and his Adonis belt. His lean, muscular body was comparable to that of models; perfect, and free from flaws.

Beads of water slid down his chest, ran down his abs, and into the bath towel. The mere sight of it was incredibly seductive.

Perhaps due to the temperature in the bathroom being too high, or his appearance was too tempting, I swallowed the lump in my throat, unable to look away from him.

Charles raised an eyebrow at me and asked, "Do I look good?"

"You do!" I answered without a second thought.

The grin on his face widened as he slowly walked towards me.

Steadily, he approached me. My heart beat along with his every step.

My mind went blank for a moment, and I could feel my heart beating like thunder.

By the time I gathered my composure, Charles was already standing in front of me with a devilish grin on his lips.

"Since you like it so much, go ahead and take a closer look."

He was merely half a step away from me. My head could only reach his shoulders.

His chest was right in front of my face, so I could almost feel its warmth.

"No, thanks! Here's your razor. I'm leaving now."

After handing him the razor, I turned around and intended to leave right away.

"What's the hurry, Caroline?" Charles said from behind, chuckling at my reaction.

My heart trembled and I stumbled on accident.

Because I was falling straight to the ground, I closed my eyes nervously.

But to my surprise, I didn't feel the pain I was expecting.

Soon, I felt a strong hand on my waist and then I fell into his warm embrace.

I heard a muffled groan from above me. I tried to stand, but he grabbed me right away.

"Don't move."

My body tensed up for a moment, but it relaxed shortly afterwards when I nestled in his arms.

Charles' heavy gasp reached my ears.

It took a while before he finally let go of me.

I felt as though my entire body was on fire and that this heat wouldn't dissipate for a long time.

Later that night, Charles and I slept together in the bed.

The dim lighting made the atmosphere in the room even more romantic.

Because I wanted to change into a more comfortable sleeping position, I decided to move, albeit

uneasily. But as soon as I turned around, I bumped into his chest.

His natural scent wafted into my nose, almost drowning me.

He placed his arms around my waist; fully embracing me.

I was holding my breath in anticipation, but I was surprised that even after so long, he didn't try to have sex with me.

"We should sleep. We still have a project to deal with tomorrow, so I won't do anything to tire you out tonight," Charles said in a sleepy voice as he ran his hand along my back.

I breathed a sigh of relief, yet somehow felt a little disappointed.

Pretty soon, I drifted into sleep. That night, I was able to sleep really well.

Early the next morning, Charles and I set out from the hotel. Several cars pulled over in front of us, forcing our car to stop. Then, a group of people came out of the cars and besieged us.

Charles stood in front of me and said, "Follow me and don't let go of my hand!"

"Okay." I held his hand as firmly as I could, feeling nervous and tense.

Those people had ferocious expressions, and none of them looked like good people.

Charles kicked one of them, who was several meters away.

The man covered his lower abdomen, bellowing in pain.

Upon seeing this, the others began assaulting us.

When I saw the clubs and knives they had in hand, I was horrified. My instinct compelled me to avoid them at all costs.

And in all honesty, I was glad that they weren't holding any guns.

Otherwise, Charles and I would be in big trouble.

He was able to repel our attackers on his own, and he didn't seem like he was at a disadvantage. Pretty soon, he was able to incapacitate most of them.

The remaining ones looked at each other in fear. Thereafter, their leader commanded, "Retreat!"

Charles held my shoulder, staring at me from head to toe. "Are you hurt, Caroline?"

"I'm okay."

Charles managed to protect me well. None of those assholes were able to touch me because of him.

"Good to know. Call the police, Caroline," he said to me.

He then took out a rope from the trunk of the car, and used it to tie the people he had knocked down and were screaming in pain.

I called the police right away.

Thereafter, Charles began interrogating our assailants. "Who ordered you to do this? If you don't tell me the truth, I'm going to tell the police to throw you all into prison!"

At first, none of the attackers uttered a word.

But because of their silence, Charles was infuriated. Charged by rage, he kicked one of the men as hard as he could, causing the latter to wince in pain.

"Are you going to talk or not?"

"Someone paid us a lot of money to sabotage your schedule at all costs. We're just the first group of people. There are at least five more squads waiting along the way to stop you," replied one of the attackers.

"Who paid you?" asked Charles.

"There's never any name. We just take the money and do our job," the attacker replied.

Soon, the police came and took them away.

Feeling helpless, I let out a sigh. "Looks like we're gonna have to cancel today's schedule, huh?"

With a stern expression, Charles handed me his phone and said, "Caroline, I'm afraid we'll have to go back ahead of schedule. Something has happened to the Wilson Group."

I took the phone, read the news report, and gasped in shock.

"Why did Roger suddenly withdraw his investment?"

[Chapter 517 Make A Will](#)

Caroline's POV:

"Charles, I need to go back as soon as possible. I'm really sorry." I looked into his eyes with tears in mine.

"It's fine. We'll have other chances to go on vacation together in the future."

Charles cupped my cheek and gently caressed it to comfort me.

Just then, my phone rang.

It was Victoria, the public relations manager.

"Miss Wilson, something has happened in the company. There's a group of people causing trouble at the west coast construction site this morning. Our security guards were unable to stop them!" Victoria said anxiously.

I tightened my grip on the phone. A growing sense of uneasiness washed over me.

"How could that happen? Have you found out who's behind it?"

Naturally, a large-scale, organized riot like this one was premeditated.

"Just like we've agreed upon, we'll pay fifty percent of the cost of construction this month, and the balance will be paid before the first quarter of next year. However, the contractor changed their mind all of a sudden. They instigated the workers to come to the site to demand their salary, and they even made a scene in the city hall." Victoria paused for a moment before she continued, "Miss Wilson, the government has issued an order to our company that we should pay for all our debts. If the situation gets any worse, it could spiral out of our control. Unfortunately, we don't have any extra funds in our account to pay these debts."

"I see." I maintained my composure and didn't allow anyone to notice my inhibition. "If there's no better way, inform all the departments to suspend payment for this month's bills. Figure out a way to delay payment until next month. And as for these rallyists, let's go talk to them."

"Miss Wilson, I'm certain that Adam is behind this. Those who took the lead during the rally are from the engineering team. I'm afraid it's useless to reason with them," replied Victoria.

I leaned against the backseat of the car, feeling powerless and weary.

'Adam is already a drowning dog, fleeing to wherever he can. How in the world did he manage to make the Wilson Group suffer in such a short amount of time? It seems that I've underestimated him again.'

During the end of every year, funds would always be extremely tight. The Wilson Group had a lot of debts and liabilities to pay. Our company was like a ship, sailing across the turbulent seas. And now, the ship's hull had been breached and water was slowly pouring in. If I were to fail in patching up the breach as soon as possible, the Wilson Group would be as good as doomed.

We didn't have any extra funds to pay for our debts, and we also had to pay off a loan next month. If we failed to pay for that loan on time, the bank would probably stop loaning us any money. And if such a thing were to occur, the Wilson Group would go bankrupt.

Once I'd been forced into that desperate situation, Adam could easily take over the company.

Needless to say, it was a well-thought-out plan!

"What's your opinion on this, Victoria?"

"These people are hooligans. Using civilized means to deal with them will be useless. I think we'll have to use force to subdue them," she replied.

"I'm sorry, but that's not a good solution. If things take a turn for the worse, all of the work we've done will be in vain," I countered.

"But..."

"Didn't you hear what I said? Violence will only worsen this conflict! If things spiral out of control, Adam will use it as an opportunity to shift all the blame on me. Listen to me, Victoria, don't do anything reckless. Collect as much evidence of the violations they've committed, find a reporter to follow Adam around, and make sure to take photos."

After the phone call, I searched for news reports regarding the incident for the past two days. As I read every negative news on the Internet about our company and its plummeting stock price, my heart sank.

I pondered on the matter for a while, until I checked my address book and called Simon.

"Simon, have you spoken to Mr. Roger Henry already?"

"Yes, but he insisted on terminating his partnership with us," he replied.

"Why did he suddenly make that decision? There weren't even any signs, and he didn't even warn us," I responded.

"The health of Mr. Henry's father is getting worse every day. It appears that he needed to withdraw a large sum of money to stabilize his father's conditions. I'm afraid this sort of thing has no room for negotiation. There's nothing we can do," Simon explained.

I bit my lower lip and said, "Simon, I need your help to stabilize the situation in the company for now. I'll be back soon."

After hanging up on Simon, I called Dad next.

The phone rang for a long time, but he didn't answer. I kept calling several more times, yet I couldn't get through to him.

The automated response reached my ears and it only made me feel even more uneasy.

Charles and I took the earliest flight back to Los Angeles. Once the plane had landed, I hailed a cab by the roadside and told the driver my father's address.

Just as I was about to get into the car, Charles grabbed my wrist.

"Caroline, I'm worried about you. Let me come with you."

"Sorry, Charles, but I don't think my dad would want to see you. You should go home for now. I'll meet up with you again next time," I told him.

"Okay. Just remember to call me if you need any help," he said.

"Okay."

I stood on tiptoe, held his face, and kissed his cheek. Afterwards, I went into the cab.

The moment the driver started the engine, I rolled down the window and waved Charles goodbye. He stood on the roadside, watching me drift farther and farther with worried eyes.

After getting off the car, I rushed to my dad's house and rang the doorbell anxiously.

It took a while before someone finally opened the door.

Olivia was standing at the door, wearing a sexy silk slip dress, crossing her arms. She seemed surprised to see me.

"Oh, it's you! Caroline, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

She stood in front of the half-open door. It was as if she was trying to stop me from entering the house.

I cast aside my suspicions for now, and shouted, "Get out of my way, Olivia. I want to see my dad!"

"Edward doesn't want to see you, so you should just go home," she countered.

"Didn't you hear me? I said get out of my way! Don't let me repeat myself again."

I scowled at her, intending to push her away and break into the house.

Olivia was acting stranger than usual today. In the past, even though we didn't get along, she would never forbid me from entering the house so blatantly.

'Did something happen to my dad?' I thought anxiously.

The mere thought made me panic and it only made me more eager to enter.

At this time, the door was fully opened. Inside, I saw Dad, standing in the shadows.

He stood beside Olivia, slowly looking at my direction.

It had only been a few days since I last saw him, but it looked like he had lost a lot of weight. Aside from that, he looked rather sluggish. Upon taking a closer look, I found that his eyes seemed to be out of focus.

His face was riddled with frustration, and it looked like time was catching up to him.

Just seeing his face like this rendered me speechless.

'What is going on? Is this man really my father? How did he end up like this? What happened to him?' I wondered.

"Dad, what happened to you? Are you not feeling well?" I asked.

"Charles is trying to hurt me! He's the reason the Wilson Group's stock price is tanking! Caroline, if you insist on being with that man, you will never inherit my shares of the company."

I was taken aback by what he said. My eyes widened in disbelief, and I held my breath.

"Charles wants to hurt you? Why would he do that? Dad, I know you don't like him, but that's not enough reason to sully his name!"

"Why are you taking that man's side? I'm not slandering him! If you insist on taking his side, then get out of my house! I don't have a daughter like you!" Suddenly, my father became agitated. The veins on his forehead were pulsating because of how frustrated he was.

Having said that, he immediately closed the door. The way his eyes looked at me were so filled with animosity.

"Dad..."

I stared at the closed door for a long time before I was able to gather my composure.

I had no idea why Dad was acting so out of character. No matter how many times I knocked on the door,

nobody came out again.

Olivia's POV:

Edward covered his chest, gasping in pain. I immediately ran to his side to assist him.

"Can't you see, Edward? Caroline only loves Charles. She doesn't even have any room for you in her heart! She's an ungrateful daughter!"

"Caroline, you ingrate!" Edward growled, gnashing his teeth in anger.

I picked up a bottle of medicine from the table and handed it to him. "It's time to take your medicine, Edward."

I didn't expect that the increased dosage would have this kind of effect on him.

Within only a few days, I was able to completely put this old man under my control.

Each time he took the medicine, Edward became more sluggish than usual. His once bright eyes were now turbid and empty.

He sat on the bed, murmuring, "Caroline, you ungrateful daughter. You're an ingrate!"

I sat beside him, gently stroking his face.

"Edward, the decrease in the Wilson Group's stock price is all because of Charles! It's probably because you refused to let him be with Caroline, and now he's using such underhanded methods to threaten you into submission. It's all his fault that the Wilson Group has fallen from grace."

"Is it all Charles' fault?" asked Edward.

"Of course, it is! Charles wants to destroy your family, and yet Caroline still insists on being with him. She doesn't give a damn about you. A woman like that doesn't deserve to be your daughter!"

Edward clenched his fists, smashing them against the headboard and causing a dull thud.

"I don't have a daughter as selfish as her!"

I nodded in agreement and continued to manipulate him. "Edward, Caroline will never go back to you unless she suffers. Do you want to teach her a lesson?"

Edward's face was as stiff as a soulless machine.

It took him a few seconds before he responded to my question. "Yes."

Thanks to the medicine's influence, Edward gradually lost the ability to think for himself, and his brain was functioning worse and worse.

I figured this would be the perfect time to hand him the will I had prepared. Thus, I took it out from my bag and gave it to him.

Once Edward had signed this will, all of his properties and shares would be inherited by me and Adam.

And with all of his fortune, I would be able to live a comfortable life for the rest of my natural days.

By then, I wouldn't have to grovel before Edward just to get something!

The more I thought about it, the happier it made me.

"Edward, sign this will. As long as you sign it, Caroline will come back to you and beg for mercy. By then, she's going to be obedient to you and do anything you want her to do."

I suppressed my excitement and handed a pen to him.

Edward accepted the pen, but he didn't sign the will right away like I thought he would.

I was getting impatient, so I told him, "Do you still have such unrealistic fantasies about Caroline? I heard that she's having the time of her life with Charles. They even went on a business trip together!"

Edward clenched the pen in his hand. He pursed his lips, and his eyes were filled with indignation.

"Fine! I'll sign it and make Caroline regret doing this to me!"

His hand trembled while holding the pen. I was filled with joy when he signed his name on the signature area as I had instructed.

Once he had finished writing the last letter of his name, everything was settled.

I held the will in my hand, laughing and teetering with excitement.

[Chapter 518 Business Alliances By Marriage](#)

Charles' POV:

The second I got back to the company and saw Amy, I ordered tersely, "Amy, go to the finance department and inform them to get me all the money we can use."

"Mr. Moore, why do you need so much money?"

A shocked Amy asked instead of hurrying off to carry out my instruction.

"You must have heard that the stock price of Wilson Group plummeted. I need a large sum of money to help Caroline get through this."

"But... Something went wrong with our project in Europe. We can't proceed as expected so the capital is still trapped in the project until we are able to complete it. The company's capital chain is also very tight, and we really can't squeeze out so much money for the time being," Amy informed me in a grim voice.

I loosened my tie irritably and rubbed my temple, lost in thought.

"I'll think of a way to get the money. But for now, suspend all the expensive projects and transfer one hundred million dollars to the Wilson Group."

"Mr. Moore, once those projects are stopped, it will cause a great loss to the company. Isn't there any other way?"

The door opened at that exact moment and Nevaeh walked in with a cup of coffee in her hand.

"Sir, here is your coffee."

"Put it on the table."

With a slow strut, Nevaeh walked to my desk and placed the coffee to my left.

She was wearing a tight and sexy business suit. When she bent down, the V-shaped collar was slightly open, revealing half of her plump breasts and the cleavage.

"Sorry, but I couldn't help but overhear your conversation. It sounded like you need money urgently. If you don't mind, I can borrow some money from my father."

"No, thanks. I think the company can release some money." I emphasized my words with a decisive shake of my head.

The money in question was a large sum and with the Wilson Group facing possible bankruptcy, there was a major possibility that the money could be in vain.

"Charles, you don't have to be so formal with me. We grew up together. If you need help and I'm able to offer it, then why won't you accept my help?" Nevaeh's face was scrunched up in disapproval.

"Nevaeh, the money I want to borrow is not a small amount. It's one hundred million."

"You don't have to fret. I'm certain my dad will be able to get the money if I ask him for it. He will certainly lend you the money since it's for an emergency and you are capable of returning the money at

a later time. It's better to take the money from me than to stop the company's projects. Since we are friends, I will offer you a lower interest rate."

Without a doubt, borrowing money from Nevaeh was the best course of action. I nodded my head in agreement.

"Thank you, Nevaeh."

"Charles, it's my honor to help you."

Caroline's POV:

In the afternoon, I called the CFO, Asta to my office.

"How is the loan going? What did the bank say?"

Asta's face was grim. "Miss Wilson, I've talked to the bank and the repayment date for our previous loan is getting nearer. We have to pay the outstanding loan before the new year and only after that can we go through the re-lending process. Unfortunately, due to the present circumstances, the company has a low credit rating. If we can't find a big company to co-sign on the loan, it will be difficult for us to get the loan from the bank. They believe the risk is too great for them to give us the loan without a co-signer. We have discussed with the bank officials at length and the situation is not very favorable for us."

My heart sank at his report.

If we failed to pay the loan on time, then Wilson Group's credit rating will decline even further.

But the fact that the bank was urging us to repay the outstanding loan as soon as possible bothered me. What if the bank just wanted its money back and had no plans of lending us money ever again?"

"Go and make an appointment with the bank. The meeting should be either tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. I'll go with you and negotiate with them again."

"Okay, I'll arrange it right away."

After Asta left, the calm facade I was spotting evaporated and I stared at the ceiling helplessly.

In just two days, the stock price of Wilson Group plummeted, and the company was riddled with crises.

Dad didn't want to see me and the shareholders were very unhappy with me.

It felt like I had been abandoned by everyone and left to fight this battle alone.

I was tired, and this tiredness I felt was soul deep. But I trudged on, hoping to find the light at the end of

this dark tunnel because I knew I couldn't afford to fall now.

The next morning, I had a meeting with the bank.

When I asked them about the loan, they reiterated Asta's words.

"Is there no other way? Wilson Group needs a lot of money to survive this crisis."

The manager thought for a while before finally raising his head and meeting my eyes. "Miss Wilson, I heard that you have a very close relationship with the president of Moore Group. If Moore Group agrees to provide a guarantee for you, the bank will approve another loan to Wilson Group."

"Really?"

All of a sudden, a glimmer of hope rose in my heart. In a hurry, I took out my phone and was about to call Charles.

Just then, my phone lit up with an incoming call. It was Simon.

"Simon, what happened?"

"Caroline, I want to discuss the solution for this capital crisis with you. Are you available now?"

"I will ask Charles for help. With his guarantee, I can get a loan from the bank."

A short pause preceded Simon's cold words. "Don't be naive, Caroline. I don't think Charles will help you."

"Why?" I asked in confusion.

"I just found out that it was Charles who forced Roger to withdraw his investment in the project! Charles is only pretending to be nice to you when the truth is that he has been secretly working to pull down the Wilson Group."

"That's impossible!" My back stiffened in my seat as fury swamped me. "Simon, I won't allow you to slander Charles like this! He will never do anything as despicable as what you are accusing him of," I snapped at Simon, barely keeping my anger in check.

"Caroline, why are you so silly? Edward has been against your relationship with him. He must have a grudge against Edward."

"That's enough. I trust in Charles." With a snarl, I cut through Simon's words.

There were a few more words on the tip of my tongue, mostly what I thought of Simon's accusations,

but the news being shown on the TV snagged my attention.

"The Moore Group just made a partnership with Greem Investment. It is said that the two families will be strengthening their business relationship through marriage."

Strength left my limbs and I stumbled. Unseeingly, I stared at the rest of the news program, my brain unable to comprehend anything in particular.

For a very long time, my ears kept buzzing, the world refusing to make any kind of sense. The room began spinning a little too fast as Simon's voice got farther and farther away.

Marriage?

How could this be?

Charles had promised to marry me soon.

So how could he suddenly change his mind and decide to marry another woman out of the blue?

[Chapter 519 Pregnant Again](#)

Caroline's POV:

I called Charles immediately. I needed clarification for what I just heard on the news.

"Hello?" The voice was soft and feminine. Definitely not Charles.

Even without asking for her name, a part of my mind was well aware of whom I was speaking with. It was Nevaeh, the woman that was just announced on television as Charles' future wife.

"Please give the phone to Charles." My lips pursed and I fought to keep my voice calm.

"I'm sorry but I can't do that right now. Charles is in the shower, so he won't be able to speak with you. I'm his fiancée, so you can tell me what you want and I will make sure he gets the message..."

The rest of her words faded away, a loud buzzing sound was the only thing I was cognizant of. Blinking rapidly, I tried to calm myself but it was becoming a losing battle. The possibility that Nevaeh was lying wasn't lost on me. She was probably trying to create a misunderstanding between Charles and I, but I also had to seriously consider the fact that she might be telling the truth.

For the past few days, I had been battling insomnia. Most nights I had to take sedatives before I was able to fall asleep.

Even when the sedatives worked and I slept off, my slumber was always restless and riddled with nightmares. And the worst part was, I was now using a higher dosage of the sedatives before it would

have any effect on me.

My symptoms didn't end with the lack of sleep, unfortunately. I also had a case of severe migraines. Not only that, but my stomach cramped a lot and the pain was so bad that I ended up retching on several occasions.

But the Wilson Group was in a more difficult state than me. The company was suffering from internal and external problems, so my health issues would have to be ignored for the time being.

Simon called and asked me to meet him at the cafe.

After dabbing a concealer over the dark circles beneath my eyes, I pronounced myself ready to go.

Simon was already at the cafe, waiting for me. He wore a dark suit and white shirt beneath it. The suit brought out the color of his eyes and made him look more handsome.

His every move was suave and elegant, precisely the type of quality most women sought in a man.

Eventually, I made my way to him and plopped into the seat across from him. "I'm here now. What do you want to tell me?" I asked without preamble, irritation lacing my tone.

"Caroline, you seem to have lost a lot of weight. Have you been skipping your meals?" Simon's eyes were wide with concern. I looked away from him without answering.

Our coffee was served a few seconds later. My stomach churned when I took a sip of my coffee.

A weary frown creased my forehead and I glanced at my wristwatch. "We have to go back to the company and deal with work, so just get to the point."

Simon paused with the cup halfway to his mouth. A wry smile twisted his lips. "Caroline, do we have to be like this? I know I did something wrong before..."

"As I said, I have never blamed you. If you don't have anything else to say, then I'll be on my way," I interrupted Simon in a low voice and stood up to leave.

"Caroline! Charles is about to marry another woman. He will abandon you again for the sake of business interests. Such a man doesn't deserve your love at all," Simon declared anxiously, his firm grip trapping my hand in his.

I shook his hand off and sat back in the chair.

The corners of my mouth curled up in a bitter smile as I clenched my fists tightly. It was a good thing I was sitting down because the force of the pain that hit my heart like a speeding truck would have knocked me off my feet.

"This is between me and him. It has nothing to do with you." My voice was very even, not a single trace of the pain I felt evident in my tone.

"Caroline, don't you understand? It doesn't matter whether he will really marry this unknown woman or not. You will always have to fight for his attention with other women. When you left him a year ago, he was left unsatisfied, and that's why he is being kind and doing everything he can to get you back. But once you are in his pocket, of what value will you be to him?"

"Enough! Stop it!"

His words rubbed salt in my wound and I just couldn't listen to one more word.

But I shut him up too late. His words had already hit their mark and I was left bleeding from the force of their hit.

The tears I had been staving off rushed forward and I had to close my eyes tightly to keep from bursting into tears in the cafe.

All the tenderness and love we shared turned out to be nothing but a farce.

I sucked in a sharp breath, anger and betrayal surging up in my veins.

"Caroline, are you crying for that bastard?" A warm hand suddenly touched my face, his voice was gentle with restraint.

Subconsciously, I turned my face away to avoid his hand "It has nothing to do with you..."

Before I could complete my sentence, I saw something move in the corner of my eyes. The figure attracted my attention and I tilted my head to get a better view. Storming towards us, looking absolutely livid, was Charles.

It occurred to me to push Simon away from me, but before I could do it, Simon's shoulder was pushed into the table forcefully. Simon landed with a loud grunt, but Charles wasn't done yet. He reared back and punched Simon square in the face.

The move was so sudden that Simon had no time to protect himself. His head snapped to the side forcefully and he staggered back from the strength of Charles' hit. Simon crashed into the partition behind him, and it splintered into several pieces as Simon tried to regain his footing.

The terrified screams of the customers failed to deter Charles who was still advancing on Simon, his face clouded over with anger.

"Stop!" I shouted, panic making my voice higher.

Charles didn't stop. Over and over, he punched Simon without any ounce of mercy.

Battered, bruised and with blood rolling down his split lip, Simon looked like he would have fallen to the floor if it wasn't for Charles' stranglehold on his shirt.

I had no idea where Simon got the burst of energy from, but he was able to steady himself long enough to punch Charles on the jaw.

The customers at the cafe whistled and encouraged them with their sounds, clearly enjoying the show. None of them made an attempt to stop Charles and Simon.

I rushed forward and grabbed Charles's arms. "Charles, stop!"

Charles' arms were made of brick wall. He neither heard my screams nor did his body register my attempts to stop his brutal actions. I literally bounced off his back and nearly lost my balance as I stumbled. I would have hit the edge of the table if it wasn't for Charles. Somehow, he had been aware of my presence long enough to realize that I was about to hit the table. His hand grabbed my elbow and he pulled me back to his embrace.

"Are you crazy? Why did you rush into the middle of our fight?" Charles reprimanded me loudly, the veins on his forehead bulging.

The last sentence had barely left his mouth when Simon ran towards Charles and punched him in the face.

Charles didn't try to dodge the punch and he ended up with a bruised face as well.

The two of them looked battered, with Simon looking a little worse than Charles. My lips thinned and I grabbed my bag before marching out of the cafe.

"Charles, let go of me!" I snapped when Charles grabbed my wrist and stopped me from leaving.

Instead of releasing me, Charles tightened his hold on my wrist and stormed out of the cafe.

When it came to a matter of strength, I was no match for Charles. Even though I struggled, I had no choice but to amble after Charles as he dragged me along.

Charles didn't stop his furious march until we were at his car. Suddenly, he turned me to face him and scowled at me. "Let you go? Are you having an affair with Simon?"

"What are you talking about? An affair? Simon and I are talking about business!" I was so angry that I felt dizzy and struggled out of his arms.

Charles sneered in disgust. "I saw it with my own eyes. He touched your face and kissed you. But now I can't even touch you?"

His accusation wreaked havoc on my system. Anger and incredulity surged within me, but before I could explain how ridiculous his words were, my stomach twisted savagely and my world spun as a truly awful feeling spread through my body.

I struggled out of his arms, bent down and vomited violently.

My appetite in the past few days were non-existent. Most days, I couldn't summon up the will to eat, and on the days I managed to eat something, I ended up vomiting it all out. It felt like my internal organs were trying to shove their way out through my throat. Even on the days I had a hangover, I didn't feel this bad.

A bottle of water appeared in my face all of a sudden. I accepted the bottle of water from Charles with a grateful sigh. I chugged down the water after washing the after taste of vomit out of my mouth. Thankfully, the nausea receded somewhat.

"You... What nonsense are you talking about? When did he kiss me?"

"I saw it with my own eyes!" Charles grabbed my chin and lifted my face. His eyes were full of jealousy. "When you were with me, did you actually think of him all the time?"

I slapped his face hard and clenched my teeth even as tears rolled down my cheeks. "Charles, aren't you going to marry Nevaeh? Why do you still care who I am with?"

"Damn it! That news was made up by the reporters. Nevaeh and I..."

I harrumphed loudly, cutting his words off. "Why are there always so many women around you? I'm really tired of having to deal with the constant stream of women. I don't want to be in a relationship with you anymore! I just want to get the Wilson Group back on track. I don't have the energy to think about anything else."

I pushed Charles away, got out of the car, slammed the door and left.

When I got home, I threw my bag aside, curled up on the sofa and cried out my sorrow.

The sense of nausea that had been suppressed for a long time swept over me again. I rushed into the bathroom and began vomiting again. I even spat out blood.

The moment I stood up, a wave of dizziness hit me and I nearly collapsed.

This was getting worse. I couldn't afford to collapse at such a critical time. I had no other option than to go for a check-up tomorrow.

The next morning, I received a call from Asta.

"Miss Wilson, the Moore Group agreed to invest one hundred million dollars in our company, but it will be a drop in the bucket. We still have a huge financial gap."

I rubbed my heavy head and said, "If the company can't be saved, we can only cash out reasonably."

"But if we cash out, the Moore Group will definitely find out about it." Asta reminded me.

"It doesn't matter. I'll handle them. Just do as I said."

After hanging up the phone, I freshened up briefly and went to the hospital alone.

"Miss Wilson, congratulations. You are pregnant," the doctor said with a smile.

"Doctor, are you sure I'm pregnant?" Slowly, I pressed trembling fingers against my stomach. It was still flat and hard. I found it hard to believe that a baby could be growing in there.

"Yes. But you are not in a good state of health right now. And you compounded the issue by using a lot of sedatives. I'm afraid this will negatively affect the baby." The doctor placed the medical report in front of me, a rather grim expression on his face.

My mind went blank, fear blanketing me. I lurched forward and grabbed the doctor's arm anxiously.

"Doctor, this baby... Can you save it?"

"I'm sorry but I can't answer that question right now. I still need to do a few more tests before we can be certain."

I left the hospital in a daze, the world nothing but a blur behind my chaotic mind.

A year ago, my joy of impending motherhood had been snatched from me when the baby in my womb turned into a pool of blood and was lost from my body.

Would the same thing happen again a year later?

As soon as I entered the house, I heard Charles' deep voice behind me.

"Caroline."

My hand on the doorknob paused midair. Slowly, I turned around to look at the person behind me, and I couldn't help feeling embittered at the sight of his face.

"Why are you here?"

"I'm here to see you. Caroline, I understand that you want to get the Wilson Group back, but considering the current situation of the Wilson Group, it would be better if you declare bankruptcy so that you will be able keep some core assets."

Anger surged through me as I glared at Charles' handsome face.

"That's my choice to make, not yours. You want me to give up the Wilson Group? No way! Don't think that I don't know what you are planning. I will never give up until the end," I said coldly but firmly. Having said my piece, I turned around and pushed the door open. I slammed the door shut and stormed into the house.

But before the door closed, Charles quickly blocked it with his arm and forced his way into the house.

"Caroline, don't be impulsive. The best option is to declare bankruptcy."

Charles' hoarse voice was full of worry, but I only felt ironic.

He was going to marry another woman, yet here he was still pretending to care about me.

The thought of him being with another woman made me nauseous.

Dots appeared behind my closed lids and I shuddered violently.

As tight as I could, I closed my eyes and leaned my head against the door, trying to relieve the sudden dizziness. Charles' body heat enveloped me as he hugged me.

"Are you okay? I'll take you to the hospital."

"No, thanks."

I refused, but he simply picked me up and said, "You are going to the hospital for examination."

I wanted to struggle, but Charles only held me more securely.

Thinking on my feet, I offered the only explanation that would stop him in his tracks. "I've already been to the hospital and the doctor ran some tests on me."

Charles stopped and looked down at me. "What did the doctor say?"

Thinking of the pregnancy test report in my bag, I was at a loss. I looked away and didn't dare to look at Charles. "There is nothing wrong with me. Put me down first."

I didn't want to tell Charles about my pregnancy, and it was meaningless to say it now.

"Show me the test result," Charles demanded, his eyes boring holes into me.

"No..."

"Since the test report states that there is nothing wrong with you, then you shouldn't have a problem showing it to me." Charles carried me to the sofa and pinned me in his arms.

I bit my lips and said nothing.

It happened in an instant. One moment, Charles was glaring down at me and demanding I show him the test result, the next second, he was turning his head to look at my hand clutching the bag. Before I could react, my bag was opened and the ultrasound result was in his hand.

"Are you pregnant?" Charles muttered after a long pause.

His voice was hoarse, full of surprise and joy.

I stared at his face and couldn't tell whether his reaction was real or fake.

When I thought of the phone call Nevaeh answered for him and the rumors flying around that he was going to marry her, I became very bitter and angry. Rage filled me and I wanted to get my pound of flesh. Why should Charles be happy when his actions had left me shattered? "This baby... It's not yours. It's Simon's."

"What did you say? Say it again!"

The joy on Charles's face suddenly disappeared, replaced by a cold expression in an instant. His voice was like a roar of thunder. Even though he stayed still above me, it was impossible to miss the blazing anger in his eyes.

"You heard me the first time." My eyes never wavered from his.

Without another word, Charles turned around and stormed out of the house, and the resounding bang of the door he slammed on his way out was the only sound I could hear in my head for a long while.

[Chapter 520 Try I](#)

Caroline's POV:

When I returned to my office, Elena handed me a package. "There's a package here for you, Miss Wilson."

"Who is it from?" I asked casually.

"No clue. The sender info on the waybill has been blurred out," she answered.

Upon opening the package, I saw a stack of documents inside.

I picked them up to take a closer look, and my heart stopped when I realized what they were. I frowned and said, "Elena, why don't you step outside and close the door for me, please?"

Elena complied and I was now alone in the office. I held my breath while reading through the documents carefully.

The longer I read through them, the faster my heart beat.

It was a record of accounting loopholes when my father was in charge of the Wilson Group.

In order to develop the company to its present scale, it was understandable that something fishy had happened in the accounting of our books.

But seeing all of this evidence gathered together was quite shocking to say the least.

Just then, my phone rang. I was taken aback by the ringtone. I had to pat my chest just to calm myself down.

Adam's name appeared on the screen.

I took a deep breath before answering the phone. "Hello."

"Have you received the documents I sent you, Caroline?" The sound of his voice was ominous.

Cold sweat trickled down my back. I tightened my grip on the phone, but I was able to maintain my composure somehow.

"I didn't expect that you'd be able to gather all of this, Adam," I replied.

"Impressive, huh? I have more evidence in my arsenal. If you want to see some more, I can send them your way," he responded confidently.

I pulled a long face and asked, "What do you want?"

"What else would I want? I want to take revenge on you, of course! My legs are broken, and I lost every God damned share I had! Did you really believe that just because I've lost everything I'm no longer a threat to you? Caroline, my dear niece, you are far too naive. You're just as dumb as your father!" Adam broke into a maniacal laughter. "Tomorrow morning, drop by the club near the Wilson Group and meet up with me. I have something interesting to show you. If you refuse to meet with me, I'll send the

backup documents to the reporters."

I clenched my fists and answered in a calmer tone, "Fine. I'll meet you there."

After the phone call, I rested my hands on the desk. My chest heaved up and down in anger. It took a few minutes before I was able to calm down.

That evening, my car pulled over in front of the villa. Just as I was about to open the door and disembark from the car, I saw a familiar face walking over to my car.

The streetlight lit up the smile on his face and made him look even gentler.

"You're back. Why are you so late?" he asked.

"What are you doing here?" I was too tired to say anything more to him, so I just walked straight to the villa.

When I passed him by, he grabbed my wrist and prevented me from breaking away. But he made sure not to hold me too tightly.

"Change into your slippers, will you?" Charles helped me sit on the small stool by the door, bent over, and took out a pair of slippers from the shoe cabinet. Then, he held my ankle and gently took off my shoes. He was so cautious with every move he made.

"I can do it myself." I tried to retract my leg, but he was holding me too firmly.

"Don't move. It'll be done soon." Once he was done putting the slippers on my feet, he helped me stand up, and then he walked to the kitchen. "Dinner is ready. I'm sure you're pretty hungry by now. Go wash your hands."

As I approached the kitchen, the smell of broth wafted into my nose. It didn't reek of grease or smoke at all.

I heaved a sigh of relief. Because I was pregnant, the strong odor of food was enough to make me vomit. It was exhausting having to deal with something like that, so I had grown cautious of it.

"Charles, what are you..."

Charles stood behind me, crossed his arms, leaned against the door, and looked at me with raised eyebrows. "Do you need my help?"

Before I could refuse, he grabbed my hands.

He held me from behind and interlocked his fingers with mine. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get

rid of his hands.

He pinched the ring finger of my left hand, rubbing it for a second. "Where's your ring? Did you lose it?"

"I threw it away!" I said in a fit of annoyance.

Charles fell silent for a moment before he sighed, "I'll buy you another one."

"Who cares about your stupid ring? Buy it for the one you're going to marry!"

Tears welled up in my eyes. I balled up the towel in my hand, threw it at his face, and then I ran out of the kitchen in a huff.

Charles took out the broth and salad, and served them on the dining table.

Despite the fact that the food didn't make me sick, seeing these dishes didn't whet my appetite. As I held a spoon and stared at the broth, I felt disheartened.

"No appetite? Or do you want me to feed you?" Charles scooped up a spoonful of broth, put it into his mouth, and leaned closer to me.

I realized what he was about to do, so I put my hand on his mouth. "Are you insane? That's disgusting!"

"Then eat it yourself."

Truthfully, I wasn't in the mood to eat, because I knew that I'd just vomit it a few hours later. But if I didn't eat anything, I would starve.

After pondering on it, I decided to put vegetables into my bowl and began eating.

Suddenly, a spoon was placed before my lips. "It's delicious. Try it."

I took the spoon from his hand and tried it like he said.

The bitter taste in my mouth was diluted immediately.

"If you like it, have some more. Otherwise, your body won't be able to bear the pregnancy, and the baby inside your womb won't get enough nutrition," Charles remarked.

I scoffed at him, continued to eat the broth, and decided to ignore him.

Soon, I ate more than half of the bowl. Then, I put down the bowl and sighed with satisfaction. I had no idea if it was because of the fact that it didn't smell greasy nor smoky, but I had a really good meal tonight. The feeling of having a full stomach and the sense of security I felt at this moment made me

want to cry.

"Go sit on the sofa and relax. I'll clear the table." Charles stood up and went into the kitchen, carrying the tableware.

Meanwhile, I sat on the sofa, listening the sound of running water coming from the kitchen. At this moment, I felt conflicted.

I had told Charles that this baby was Simon's, and yet he didn't seem to care about that fact.

Based on his personality, he normally would've severed all ties with me by now.

'Is he planning to imprison me and threaten me with the baby just like before?'

I caressed my belly, feeling a pang in my heart.

Having leaned on the sofa for a long time, I soon felt drowsy.

A steady sound of footsteps reached my ears. I wanted to open my eyes but failed due to the fact that I felt so sleepy.

I felt a pair of strong hands pick me up, carry me to the bedroom, and gently placed me on the bed.

Then, I felt a warm, soft touch on my forehead. "Good night, Caroline."

The next morning, a noisy ringtone resonated in the room, waking me up from my dream.

I was so annoyed that I turned over, trying to ignore the ringing phone. Unexpectedly, I bumped into something hard.

Realizing that something was amiss, I opened my eyes, only to see someone's muscular pecs.

I held my breath, staring at the face of the person beside me. At this moment, Charles slowly opened his eyes.

He still appeared to be sleepy. He placed his hand around my waist and pulled me into his arms.

"Sleep a little longer," he said in a hoarse voice. Gently, he rubbed his chin against my hair.

"Charles, your phone is ringing." I wasn't in the state of mind to think of why Charles was sleeping next to me. When I looked at the name on the screen, I got upset and pushed him away.

Charles opened his eyes, held my hand, and took the phone. "Hello?"

"Charles, what took you so long to answer the phone? Is it because I called you too early? Aren't you up yet? I seem to recall that you don't usually get up this late." Nevaeh's cheerful voice resonated from the phone. She spoke to him so intimately.

Charles asked, "What's up?"

His voice sounded like he was growing impatient.

I scoffed and thought, 'Isn't he planning to marry her? Why does he bother pretending like he's keeping distance from her?'

The more I thought about it, the angrier I became. I kicked him hard, lifted the quilt, and attempted to get up from the bed. But because I stood up so swiftly, I got a headrush and had to sit back on the bed.

Charles helped me up and asked, "Hey... are you feeling dizzy again? Be careful, okay?"

"I'm fine." I rested on the bed for a few more moments before getting up and going to the bathroom.

Nevaeh's POV:

I was stunned to hear a woman's voice over the phone, and my face turned grim.

I initially thought that Caroline would've broken up with Charles by now.

But judging from the way they talked, it sounded like they slept together last night.

"What do you want from me?" Charles' voice became colder.

"I just need a moment to talk to you. Charles, I've told my father about the money. He said that it's not a small amount and that he wants to meet you to talk to you about the investment in depth. Besides, it's been so long since he last saw you. You know, my father has always admired you. Back when we were kids, he often joked that he wanted you to be his son-in-law."

Thinking that Caroline might be with Charles, I tried my best to speak in a sweeter voice.

"The sooner we meet, the better," he replied.

Right after that, he ended the call without hesitation.

I snorted and immediately booked two tickets to New York for tomorrow afternoon. I also told major media outlets that Charles and I were going to get married soon.