

## **Warning 521**

### [Chapter 521 My Wife Will Be Upse](#)

Caroline's POV:

When I got up in the morning, I retched in the bathroom for a long time. I was unable to throw up anything because my stomach was empty.

Downstairs, Charles was slaving away in the kitchen. When he saw me, he raised his eyebrows at me and said, "Why don't you sit down while you wait? Breakfast will be ready soon."

I wanted to tell him that I had no appetite to eat, but then I remembered that I was carrying a child in my womb, so I bit back my words.

The fetus' heart rate was unstable. If I failed to provide it adequate nutrition, I could lose another child.

And so, I sat down at the table, watching as Charles continued to cook. Suddenly, bitterness washed over me.

I wanted to ask him if Simon and Dad were telling the truth. So many things were happening to the Wilson Group out of the blue. I wondered if there was a possibility that Charles had something to do with it.

However, I didn't have the courage to ask him.

I was afraid that after knowing that he was indeed involved, our relationship would forever be tarnished.

Just then, I heard him sigh. "What's on your mind? You look like you have lot going on in that head of yours."

I was pulled back to my senses. I turned around, accidentally hitting the bowl he handed to me.

It was too late for Charles to move the bowl away from me. It shook violently, causing soup to spill on the back of his hand.

I shrieked, took out a tissue, and handed it to him. However, he didn't take it. He just pulled me to the other side to prevent me from getting spilled on by the soup streaming down the dining table.

"Oh, my Gosh! I'm sorry. Is your hand okay?"

Charles looked at me intently, reaching his hand out to me. The back of his hand was scalded red.

I was really shocked to see it.

"Help me wipe it up, Caroline."

I bit my lower lip, wiping the soup off the back of his hand using the tissue. Then, I led him to the kitchen and washed his hand with cold running water from the tap.

"Why didn't you avoid it?"

"If I did that, the soup would've spilled on you instead," he answered.

I glared at him, let go of his hand, and walked out of the kitchen. "Deal with it yourself!"

I could hear Charles chuckling at me from behind.

Once I had found the burn ointment from the first aid kit, I walked back to the kitchen and gave it to him. "Make sure to apply ointment on your burns."

Charles embraced me tightly. He lowered his head, intending to kiss me. However, I turned my face away, causing his lips to slide down along my cheek until they reached my neck. He bit me lightly, and licked my neck.

"Help me apply the ointment, Caroline. Please?"

"Do it yourself or just bear with it! It's none of my business." My body felt stiff. I put my hands on his chest, attempting to push him away.

But then, he locked me in his arms and prevented me from escaping. In a saddened tone, he said, "I will admit that getting burned hurts, but seeing you get burned will probably hurt me more."

And so, I had no choice but to apply the ointment onto the back of his hand. I was really annoyed at him, so I wasn't exactly gentle when I was applying it onto his hand.

Charles gasped shamelessly. "Be gentle! It hurts, you know."

"Why don't you just apply it yourself, then?" I was so infuriated that I pushed his hand away. "It's done. Can you let me go now?"

Charles smiled at me, combed my hair back, and kissed me. Then, he immediately took a step back.

No matter how angry I was, his kiss was able to dispel all my anger.

However, I was still upset, so I grabbed a magazine from the coffee table and threw it at his face.

Charles was able to catch it, and he chuckled at me like it was nothing.

He then went to the kitchen to ladle another bowl of soup. Afterwards, he put it in front of me and said, "You should eat as much as you can. You've lost weight these past couple of days."

I angrily picked up the spoon and gulped it down.

"Caroline, the Wilson Group is currently in dire tidings. I'm fairly certain that Adam will do everything in his power to cause trouble for you. You should be wary of him," he remarked.

"Shouldn't you be the one I should be wary of the most?" I retorted. "Adam asked to meet with me tomo-"

Before I could finish the sentence, Charles' phone rang.

I glanced at it and saw Nevaeh's name on the screen. My good mood was suddenly ruined.

Charles took a look at me before answering the call.

"Charles, my dad is free tomorrow. I've already booked two tickets for us. We'll fly to New York this afternoon," Nevaeh said in a sweet voice.

"This afternoon?" Charles knitted his brows.

"Yup! It's difficult to set an appointment with my dad. He's going on a business trip tomorrow night. If this meeting is postponed, I'm afraid he won't be available for another week or so." After a pause, she continued, "Honestly, this is my fault. I should've asked my father's schedule first. If I had done that, we wouldn't have to rush like this."

"It's not your fault. In fact, I appreciate your help," Charles answered.

After the phone call, he asked me, "Caroline, what were you saying just now?"

I didn't say anything and just left with a frown on my face.

Charles' POV:

On the way to the airport, Corey was glancing at me from time to time and biting his lip. I could tell that he was debating whether to tell me something or not.

"What is it?" I asked, growing annoyed by the way he was staring at me.

Corey cleared his throat and said in a nonchalant tone, "During this past week, the Wilson Group has been spending millions of money, but they've had no income."

"What do you mean?"

"You know better than I do that the Wilson Group will go bankrupt pretty soon. If they don't gather enough financing, they're doomed." Corey turned to look at me with a solemn expression. "In my professional opinion, you should withdraw the investments that you've transferred to the Wilson Group as soon as possible. If you manage to withdraw your investments now, we won't suffer any losses. But if we don't do it in time, we might lose a lot of money."

I leaned against the back of the seat, rolling down the window for some fresh air. "We should hold on a little longer."

If I were to withdraw my investments now, the Wilson Group would lose the chance to upswing for an upswing in their income.

Edward was sick and Caroline was the only one managing the company. If the company were to declare bankruptcy, she would definitely not be able to bear it.

Just thinking of the pain on her face broke my heart.

"It's your choice. Anyway, I'm not the one who's going to lose money in the end." Corey shrugged and decided to drop the topic.

When we arrived at the airport, I told him, "I want you to stay and look after Caroline. I'm worried that Adam is planning something bad against her. Tell me if you run into any problems."

"Don't worry, boss. I got this." Corey patted me on the shoulder.

I waved at him and walked into the airport with my suitcase.

I had made an appointment with Nevaeh to meet her at the airport. She was already waiting in the VIP lounge. Once I arrived, she stood up and greeted me with a smile. "Charles, you're finally here!"

I nodded in response and sat down. While we were waiting, I opened my chat box with Caroline, but there was no new message.

She got angry with me earlier for no apparent reason. Until now, I still hadn't figured out why she got mad.

Dealing with her now wasn't like pleasing my wife. It was more like I was trying to please my boss.

I sighed and decided to send her a message.

But then, Nevaeh said, "Charles, you're too distant to me."

"Distant?" I asked tentatively while looking at her.

"Aren't you? You never treated me like this before. You seldom talk to me now." Nevaeh heaved a sigh.  
"Am I that unattractive to you?"

I was stunned for a moment and then I cackled sarcastically. "Have you forgotten who I am, Nevaeh?"

"Huh?" The smile on her face disappeared, and I could see in her eyes that she was astonished.

I tapped my fingers on my knee and sneered, "You're my assistant and nothing more. What reason do I have to be enthusiastic with you? Besides, my wife will be upset if I'm too close to my assistant."

"I'm not asking you to be enthusiastic with me, but we are friends, aren't we?" Nevaeh pouted, visibly upset.

"Our relationship is that of an employer and an employee. Nothing more, nothing less," I countered.

#### [Chapter 522 Why Don't We Work Together](#)

Simon's POV:

At the Golden State Club.

The place was exuded arrogance and indulgence. Anyone who frequented this place lived a life of luxury and debauchery.

Beneath the neon lights and on the dance floor, people released their repressed animalistic desires.

I sat on the sofa, swiveling the goblet of wine in my hand. The rim of the glass shone beneath the light.

Then, I gulped it all down.

Adam clapped his hands in front of my eyes and said, "You're quite a forthright young man, Simon. No wonder Edward thinks highly of you. You've got guts!"

"He thinks of highly of me? I think he just wants to use me to protect his daughter. If I hadn't found out the truth, I would still be fooled by that man." I poured myself another glass of wine and cackled.

"The Wilson Group is practically floundering right now. Charles may have given it some hope, but that hope won't last long."

As I held the glass in my hand, I ran my fingertips along the rim and said to Adam, "I heard that Charles went to New York to meet with the CEO of Greem Group today. If he manages to get an investment from him, it won't be impossible for Charles to turn the Wilson Group's situation around."

"It is possible. But I think that if Charles chooses to take this step, it means that we can read his next course of action." Adam broke into laughter. "Things can't get any better for us!"

He took a drag of his cigarette, and blew a cloud of smoke. I was unable to see his face clearly.

"Oh? Is that so?" I chuckled as well.

Adam slammed his glass on the table, visibly excited. "Why don't we work together? Not only will I be able to take over the Wilson Group, but I'd also be able to destroy the Moore Group!"

I smirked at him and raised my glass in agreement. "Here's to a pleasant cooperation, Adam!"

Adam laughed heartily and kicked the woman beside him. "Go light his cigarette, will you?"

The scantily clad woman was kicked to the ground, and her breasts almost popped out of her clothes. She approached me while holding a glass of wine and putting her other hand on my leg. "Let me do that for you, hon—"

"You smell horrible. Get the fuck away from me." I frowned in disgust, pushing her away.

The woman glanced at Adam before leaving.

Once she had left, Adam gave me a smile. "Simon, what in the world is the reason behind your obsession to Caroline? There are many other women in the world. You can get anyone as long as you have enough money!"

"I'm picky, and that woman just wasn't my type. You should just keep her to yourself. I don't intend on taking her away from you," I replied.

Just then, a man came in and whispered to Adam, "Sir, Caroline is here."

Adam nodded in response. He signaled to his subordinate and the man immediately went out.

'Adam asked Caroline to be here? What on earth is he planning to do?' I wondered.

I put down the glass of wine in my hand, stood from the sofa, and clenched my fists. "Since you have an appointment, we should just talk some other day."

"Nah, just stay seated, Simon. I'll go to another room. If you go out now, you'll probably run into Caroline." Adam pressed down my shoulder, urging me to sit back down before leaving the room.

Caroline's POV:

I was led inside by a waitress in a short strapless dress. Her breasts were plump and she had long legs.

The walls were made of dark grey marble, with low orange saturation. The lamps were well-designed, and the club was stylish per se.

I was actually surprised that Adam still had money to spend at a place like this even after losing all his shares. I must admit, I underestimated him.

When I opened the door of the private room, Adam was casually sitting inside. "You're finally here, Caroline. It's not easy to meet with you alone."

"What makes you say that? You're free to come and go at the Wilson Group's construction site, remember? Besides, I heard you're presently living in my dad's house," I retorted, not bothering to be polite with him. "You probably just didn't want to go through the pleasantries and formalities of asking me out, did you?"

"I'm actually surprised you came here alone, Caroline. Aren't you afraid that you won't be able to come out of here alive?" Adam burst into laughter; his crossed legs trembling slightly. The tone of his voice was so aggressive.

When he walked up to me, I could smell the pungent odor of cigarettes and alcohol, along with the smell of a woman's perfume. Just smelling it made me feel like throwing up. There was little food left in my stomach, I felt sick to my core, and I tried to suppress the feeling of nausea.

"Save your threats, Adam. Do you honestly think that I'd come here alone without making preparations? Before I came here, I told Elena that if I don't return, she'll call the police right away." I crossed my arms, raising an eyebrow in defiance.

Adam scowled and replied, "Caroline, the Wilson Group is in dire straits. I'm sure you're having a miserable time trying to cope with all the problems of the company."

"What are you implying?" I asked.

"If you want to save your company, you only have two choices now. You can either let me take over the company with full authority over it, or you can announce bankruptcy. Caroline, you no longer have Edward's support. I sincerely hope you can accept that reality; the sooner, the better. As long as you agree to cooperate with me, I can give you all the evidence I currently possess." Adam gulped down his glass of wine. He was speaking nonchalantly, but I could tell that he was threatening me.

"I'll have to think it through." This wasn't the right time to sever my ties to Adam. If I were to refuse a madman like him, he would certainly be infuriated.

Adam smiled, seemingly unsurprised by my answer. "Then, I'll wait until you come to a decision. Remember to tell me about your decision once you've made it. Of course, I need to keep a bargaining chip for myself," he said.

"If you have nothing left to say, I'm leaving." I glanced at my watch to check the time, stood up from the sofa, and was about to leave the private room.

Suddenly, I heard Adam banter from behind me, "I heard that Charles and his new girlfriend went to New York to meet with her parents today. Where do you think they'll be sleeping tonight?" He looked at me with mocking eyes and said, "His assistant is quite a beauty, I must say. Normal men wouldn't be able to resist her charms. I wonder if Charles will be able to resist her."

My face turned grim as I tightened my grip on my purse and clenched my fists. I pinched myself to prevent myself from thinking too much. Otherwise, it could cloud my judgment.

However, my mind had already run amok. I was lost in various conjectures and imaginations. I was so angry that my chest began to ache.

I had been trying so hard to make myself look strong, but little did I know that others had figured out my weakness. I could no longer pretend to be strong.

"Mind your own business. This matter is between me and Charles," I snorted and left the room.

That night, amidst the bustling city, I got stuck in a heavy traffic jam. While I was driving, Adam's words kept repeating in my mind.

'Did Charles and Nevaeh go to New York to discuss their marriage with her parents? What are they doing now? Could they be...'

My heart skipped a beat. Anxiety soon washed over me.

'Fuck it! Whatever they're doing has nothing to do with me!'

While I was lost in thought, I turned the car at an intersection. Just as I drove away, two headlights appeared before me. It looked as if a car was driving towards me. My eyes were dazzled by the light, rendering me unable to see far ahead. Thus, I had to turn the steering wheel in a fit of panic.

My head staggered forward. Fortunately, the airbag deployed and my head hit it. My vision darkened and I soon lost consciousness.

### [Chapter 523 Car Acciden](#)

Nevaeh's POV:

Dad and Charles had a good talk. I could see in the way he looked at Charles that he really liked him.

Charles' etiquette and eloquence during their discussion was something to behold, and his every move could make any woman swoon. I must admit, I had great taste in men. He was the most incredible man



I'd ever met.

Someone like him was the ideal husband that I'd always wanted.

At this time, a waiter brought a cup of coffee to our table and approached me. "Here's your coffee, ma'am."

I stared at the cup of coffee while it was being handed to me when I suddenly came up with an idea, causing me to inadvertently stand up.

The waiter was unprepared by my sudden movement. Because of that, I "accidentally" knocked over the coffee and it spilled on me.

In order to accentuate my elegance and beautiful appearance, I wore a white dress today. But because of the dress I was wearing, the dark brown coffee stains were particularly obvious on the hemline of my dress.

"Eek!" I screamed in surprised. Uncertain of what to do, the waiter remarked, "I am so sorry, ma'am! I didn't mean to spill coffee on you."

"It's fine." I just took out a tissue and used it to wipe off the coffee stains on my dress. However, I knew that it was pointless to do so. Eventually, I just heaved a sigh and said, "Excuse me. I'm going to change to into something else."

Dad and Charles stopped talking and focused on me. Charles said to the waiter, "What the hell is the matter with you, eh? Why are you so clumsy?"

The waiter was flustered. He looked down, ashamed and apologetic.

As I stared at Charles' indifferent face, I told him, "It's really not a big deal. I believe he didn't mean to do it. If you think about it, I'm the one who's at fault. I shouldn't have stood up so recklessly. Um... Charles, can I use your room please? I'd like to clean off the coffee stains on my dress."

Charles was visibly hesitant at first, but he eventually agreed and handed me his room card.

I happily took it and went straight to his room. Inside, I saw his suitcase placed by the wall.

I walked over to the suitcase and opened it.

From the amount of clothes he brought with him, I concluded that he wanted to finish this trip as soon as possible. I took a white shirt from inside the suitcase, gently rubbing it with my fingertips.

The fabric of this shirt was particularly soft and comfortable. It still had a lingering fresh, pleasant smell to it. It was hard not to get obsessed with the scent.

I wasn't in any hurry to leave the room. Aside from that, I knew that Charles and Dad would speak for a while, so I took Charles' shirt and hung it up using a hanger.

Its sleeves were drooping down as it hung in front of the cabinet. I held one of the sleeves as if I were holding Charles' hand.

Though it might be awkward for me to admit it, I was eager to be with him. What I wanted most in this moment was for him to embrace me tightly.

Sadly, the privilege of his warm embrace belonged only to Caroline. Before, I had never even taken her seriously. She was a beauty, but she had nothing else going for her other than the fact that she had a pretty face.

Compared to her, I was different. Not only was I beautiful, but also capable. I was perfectly capable of helping Charles with his business empire. Out of all the women in the world, only I deserved to stand by his side and be his wife.

'Who does Caroline think she is?'

I tried my best to hide the anger in my eyes. At first, my plan was just to wash off the stains from my dress using water. But then, an idea came to me. I took off my dress, and decided to put on Charles' shirt.

Afterwards, I stared at myself in the mirror, admiring how great I looked in it. His scent was oozing off of the shirt and it made me feel like he was holding me.

I unbuttoned the first two buttons, revealing my cleavage. The mere sight of it was enchanting. I was well-aware of the fact that a woman was at her most beautiful whenever she was only partly naked.

Normally, men wouldn't be able to resist this kind of temptation, and Charles wasn't an exception to that rule.

As soon as I walked out of the room, I noticed that someone was hiding in the dark with a camera in hand. From the looks of it, the person hiding in the dark was a paparazzo.

I pretended not to see him and closed the door of the room very slowly. Then, I turned my face away just as slowly to give the paparazzo enough time to take photos of me.

By the time I returned to the cafe downstairs, Dad and Charles were still talking. My dad was frowning, seeming as though the talk didn't go well.

Charles, on the other hand, was wearing a polite smile. It was hard to tell what was on his mind. And even I was unable to read him.

I walked over, returned the room card to Charles, and gave him a smile. "The person who was supposed to send the change of clothes was taking a while. I couldn't wait any longer, so I decided to wear your shirt instead. I'll give you back this shirt next time once I've cleaned it."

Charles took his room card back and wore a stern expression. "You don't have to. Just throw it away after you're done with it."

The way he spoke was cold and decisive. He made it sound like his shirt had become dirty now that I'd worn it.

My face turned red, making it seem like someone had slapped me.

Despite feeling upset, I maintained my dignified smile and replied, "Charles, I've already asked someone to prepare another shirt for you. Someone will deliver it to your room later."

"I said there's no need. Nevaeh, have you forgotten what I told you on our way here? If this sort of thing happens again, tender your resignation at once." Charles was glaring at me with so much anger. He then glanced at my father and said, "Like I said before, this is a line I will not cross. No matter what, I won't give in. And if you refuse to accept that, then there's no need for us to continue this cooperation."

Charles' POV:

Just then, Richard called me and I answered it right away.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Moore! Mrs. Moore got into a car accident," he replied, sounding really anxious.

Right after I heard it, I stood up at once. Nevaeh was startled by my abrupt movement.

I apologized to them and walked a few paces away from them to continue the phone call. "What happened? How did she get into an accident?"

"Mrs. Moore went to Golden State Club to meet with Adam this afternoon. She didn't stay long there. We kept a close eye on Adam the whole time, but what we didn't anticipate was that some pedestrians would appear in front of her car. She had to swerve her car away to avoid hitting anyone and another car, but she ended up hitting the guardrail instead."

"Where is she now? Is she okay?" I asked.

'Why is something bad always happening to her whenever I'm not around? She's really scared of pain. She's probably feeling horrible right now.'

At this moment, all I wanted to do was to fly back to her side, hold her in my arms, and tell her that there was no need to be afraid. Sadly, I could do nothing but worry right now.

"We didn't see her right away. By the time our men arrived, Simon had taken Mrs. Moore away." Richard paused for a moment and spoke in a remorseful voice, "I've sent some men to search for Simon, but it seems like someone is blocking the news to prevent us from finding Mrs. Moore's whereabouts."

"Keep searching! I don't care if you have to turn the city upside down! Just find Caroline at all costs. Book a flight ticket for me on the earliest flight possible. I don't care what time it takes off. I just have to go back there as soon as possible," I commanded. "Pay attention to the media. I don't want to see any news or public commentary against Caroline."

After the phone call, Nevaeh approached me and asked worriedly, "What happened, Charles? Why are you in such a hurry to go back? Allow me to accompany you!"

"No. I've already booked a flight ticket, and I'm going to the airport right away. You should just stay here with your father and spend some time with him." I cast her a cold glance before going to the reception to check out. Then, I asked the bellboy to take my luggage downstairs.

#### [Chapter 524 She Is Pregnant](#)

Simon's POV:

Caroline was lying on the bed, unconscious. Her face was pale, and there was a bruise on her forehead, caused by the collision.

Fortunately, the airbag activated. Otherwise, her injury would've been far worse than this.

As I sat on the edge of the bed, I brushed my trembling fingers against her cheek. I suddenly regretted what had happened. My hesitation almost caused irreparable harm to my beloved one.

I was aware why Adam asked Caroline out. The Wilson Group was on its last legs. She wouldn't be able to hold on for too long. Unless she agreed to Adam's suggestion, her only option was to declare bankruptcy.

And whichever result would come to pass, it wouldn't be a bad deal for Adam.

Based on my perception of Caroline, I was aware that she wouldn't give up so easily. She would never agree to Adam's unreasonable request.

Thus, I was like a hunter hiding beneath the shadows and waiting for my prey to kill each other and reap the rewards.

I didn't have any other choice. I didn't care who Caroline would work with, but I wouldn't allow her to be back in Charles' arms.

'Whatever Charles can give her, I can give it to her, too! Why does she keep giving him all her love? Why can't she give me the chance that I deserve?' I exclaimed inwardly.

I sat on the edge of the bed, gently stroking her beautiful face. I then leaned over, intending to kiss her.

But before my lips could touch hers, I heard footsteps coming from behind.

I immediately straightened up, pursed my lips with displeasure, and stared at the nurse who just entered the room.

She was oblivious to the awkward atmosphere. She handed me a piece of paper and said, "We have to run several tests on the patient first. Please, help me carry the patient to the stretcher bed."

I picked Caroline up and put her on the stretcher bed. I stared at the nurse wheeling the bed out, hesitating for a long time until I eventually decided to go after her and grab the bed. "Nurse, she is pregnant. Will the tests have any impact on her health? And the child's?"

The nurse turned around, visibly surprised. She stomped her feet and asked, "Why didn't you say that earlier? Why didn't you tell us when the doctor was here? Some of the tests aren't suitable for pregnant women! If she takes the tests rashly, it could affect the health of the baby in her womb!"

"Sorry, I'm really anxious right now. I only just remembered it," I answered.

"Wait here. I'll ask the doctor right away," the nurse said anxiously and then rushed to the doctor's office.

I stood beside the stretcher bed, clenching my fists. The veins on the back of my hand were practically pulsating.

Before Caroline passed out, she grabbed my arm and told me, "Take me to the hospital. I'm pregnant!"

'Why did she tell me that she's pregnant? She didn't have to tell me, and I didn't want to know!'

Oh, how I wished that I didn't know about it. If such were the case, I wouldn't have to go through this psychological torture.

As I stared at Caroline's face, a malicious idea came to my mind. If I could make her believe that the baby wasn't healthy, then I might be able to manipulate her into aborting the child.

Someday soon, I believed that Caroline and I could have a child that belonged to just the two of us.

And if she wanted it, we could have more kids.

I would treat her like a queen and give her all the best things this world could offer. And I would never dream of hurting her just like Charles did.

After a while, the nurse came back with an examination list in hand. "It's impossible to guarantee that all the tests won't have any influence on the fetus. The doctor has tried to minimize the damage, but there's still a risk to the patient's situation."

"Is the risk under control?" I asked in a hoarse voice.

The nurse handed the new examination list to me with a stern expression. "We're not sure yet, but the patient's health is of utmost importance. All we can do now is to try our best."

Charles' POV:

By the time I got off the plane, it was already morning.

Richard came to pick me up. As soon as I got in the car, he handed his phone to me and wore a serious expression. "Mr. Moore, ever since yesterday, all the media platforms have been reporting that you and Nevaeh are going to get married. I've already sent some people to prevent this news from spreading out, but it seems like my actions are useless."

I took the phone and was stunned by what I saw on the screen.

The news reported that I went to New York with Nevaeh to meet with her father, Zane. The reports claimed that she and I entered the same hotel room, and there were photos of her coming out of my hotel room wearing my shirt.

The headline of the news read, "The President of the Moore Group, Charles Moore was having a tryst with the daughter of the Greem family. They spent a passionate night together."

Such deceitful words would certainly be able to bend the public's attention and it would spread like wildfire on the Internet.

The public probably wouldn't care if this news was factual or not. The only thing they'd care about was juicy rumors about the rich families behind these photos.

Some financial media outlets even provided an analysis of the Moore Group's future development on account of the marriage between the two families.

"Have you found the source of the news? Do you think Adam is behind all of this?" I asked, clenching the phone.

All of this was so coincidental. I didn't even have the chance to defend myself. However, it was true that Nevaeh did enter my room and come out of it in my shirt. In those reports, they didn't even bother the

time difference between her entering my room and leaving it, which had only been a few minutes. They only wanted to make people see the fact that she had changed her clothes.

And to make matters worse, she was wearing my shirt when she came out of the room!

I scoffed in dismay.

I knew better than everybody else what Nevaeh was thinking. If it weren't for the fact that I wanted to cooperate with Greem Investment, I certainly wouldn't have let her anywhere near me!

Based on my perception, Nevaeh didn't have that much power to cause this much trouble. No matter what she intended to do, it would all be in vain. For that reason, I never paid her much mind. I had led myself to believe that she wouldn't be able to affect me this much.

But to my surprise, someone used her to rouse public opinion and cause trouble for me.

Richard firmly replied, "I think Adam is behind this. Besides, he and Simon have joined hands. Our men saw them enter Golden State Club together and go into the same private room. Simon stayed in there for a long time, but I'm not sure what they talked about."

I massaged my temples and gave Richard back his phone. "Where's Caroline? Did you find her?" I exclaimed.

Visibly conflicted, Richard looked back at me and replied, "Sir, Simon has taken her to a hospital, but we still don't know which hospital it is."

I was really worried about her safety. I kept wondering, 'Is she seriously injured? How is the baby in her womb?'

I pressed my lips together, feeling like my stomach was churning from anxiety. The only thing I wanted right now was to go to her as soon as possible. I never wanted her to get hurt again.

After a moment of silence, I ordered, "Richard, call Simon and ask him where Caroline is right now."

"Yes, sir. I'll do that right away," Richard replied.

"Hello? Who is it?" Simon asked over the phone.

I grabbed the phone from Richard's hand and asked, "Simon, where did you take Caroline? Where's my wife?"

"She's at the St. Hill Hospital." Having said the name of the hospital, Simon disconnected from the call.

"Richard, go to St. Hill Hospital at once." I threw his phone back at him. How I wished I could see

Caroline right away!

### [Chapter 525 Abortion](#)

Caroline's POV:

As I lay silently on the bed, the wound on my body began to ache.

A few moments after the accident, I suffered a concussion and I had several bruises on my legs. Due to the fact that I was pregnant, the doctor was very cautious in giving me a prescription. However, there were still certain medications that I must take.

Apart from all that, I didn't have any other physical problems. I could even be discharged from the hospital right this moment.

I stared the ceiling, dazed and heartbroken.

While the doctor making his morning rounds of the wards, he said, "Get enough rest. Based on the tests we ran on the fetus' condition, it's not optimistic. Of course, the choice is all yours."

I didn't respond to the doctor's reminder. I just stared at the news being broadcast on TV. Seeing Nevaeh leaving Charles' room and wearing his shirt broke my heart, and it made me feel cold all over.

As I stared at the TV, my vision began to blur.

When I came to my senses and closed my eyes, tears fell from the corners of my eyes.

It turned out that the reports were all true. Charles and Nevaeh really were getting married. At this moment, all the effort I made to deceive myself turned into a joke. I couldn't help but laugh at myself for how stupid I was.

How could Charles proclaim that he loved me, and yet he was dating another woman at the same time?

Once the doctor had given instructions, he left.

Simon stood beside the bed, putting down the lunch box and holding my face with both hands. He made me look at him, and told me, "Caroline, if you don't want to keep looking at it, don't. Stop torturing yourself."

"It's fine. I've already experienced this before." I struggled to sit up from the bed, wiped the tears from my eyes, and tried to maintain my composure.

The only way I could truly make myself fully grasp this was to watch all of it clearly. That same man managed to fool me again and again, and I let him.



I should've already guessed that things would end up like this when he left along with Nevaeh that day.

But even though I had expected it, I was still devastated.

I huddled beneath the blanket, clenching my fists tightly. My nails dug into my flesh, but I didn't feel much pain.

My body was shaking violently and it took so much effort to calm myself down.

Simon remained silent for a long time, just staring at me. Gradually, a look of sympathy appeared on his face.

"You don't have to act tough in front of me, Caroline. I can tell that you're really sad right now. If you want to cry, lean on my shoulder and cry as much as you want."

"I don't need it." I pushed his hands away, stared at the thermo lunch box on the table and said, "Help me get some soup."

Simon opened the lunch box and ladled a bowl of soup for me. He didn't hand me the bowl until it was a little cooler.

I endured the nausea and dizziness, held the bowl, and drank it all down. Sadly, when I almost finished the bowl, I threw up again. I squatted in front of the trash can and puked all the food I ingested.

The tears that I had prevented from falling eventually fell again. I bit my lower lip tightly to prevent myself from making a sound.

I didn't want anyone to see just how vulnerable and humiliated I was at this moment.

Simon walked over and gave me a gentle pat on the back. "I'll call the doctor," he said.

"No, it's fine. This is a normal symptom of pregnancy. It's just morning sickness." I sniffled and stood up. "Please ask the doctor about the abortion."

Simon was stunned by my request. "Don't you want this baby anymore, Caroline?"

"Those pills have side effects on the baby. It'll be better for the baby to leave this world now than to continue suffering in my womb." I gritted my teeth to stop myself from sobbing.

"Have you thought this through? Once the baby is gone, there's no turning back," Simon warned.

I nodded in response and tears continued to fall from my eyes.

My hands were trembling as I pressed them against my lower abdomen, closing my eyes in pain.

'Forgive my cruelty, my dear child. I had failed to take good care of you ever since you were conceived. I knew that I'm pregnant with you, and yet I still took medication and kept running around to deal with the company's affairs.'

The more I thought about it, the more tears flowed from my eyes.

Despite the fact that I knew I'd get hurt again, I gave Charles a second chance and willingly threw myself into his arms. That was the reason I ended up in this situation, and for that, I deserved it.

'From now on, I'm only going to pay attention to things that will benefit me and forget about stupid crap like love and affection. Let's see who has the last laugh!'

Charles' POV:

Upon learning that Caroline had gone to the obstetrics and gynecology department to get an abortion, my heart stopped for a moment.

As I passed through the corridors between the two buildings of the hospital, I strode to the OB-GYN department as fast as my legs could carry me. By the time I arrived, I saw Simon waiting outside the door.

I rushed over. Before I could speak, I heard a nurse from inside shouting, "Where is Miss Caroline Wilson's husband?"

Simon shot me a cold glance before hurrying into the room.

I stood there, dazed and confused. I felt like my heart was about to leap from my chest.

'Is the operation over? Did Caroline really cast aside her morality and aborted our child?'

My mind soon went blank. I walked over there, feeling like my legs were as heavy as concrete.

Outside the operating room, Caroline lay on a sickbed. Her face was deathly pale, and her hair was wet and sticking to her forehead. She looked so weak that she appeared like she'd pass out the next second.

Simon was about to help her up.

Annoyed, I grabbed his arm and pulled it away.

Then, I took a step closer to Caroline, put my hand on her back, and helped her sit up. I placed my other hand under her legs and carried her.

Caroline struggled to free herself from me. When I looked down, I saw the disgust in her eyes.

"Let me go, Charles!"

The sound of her voice was faint, but every word that came out of her lips were vicious enough to tear my heart out.

Simon stood in front of me and shouted, "Charles, she said let her go!"

"Who are you to her? And what right do you have to meddle in our affairs?" I asked through gritted teeth. Anger boiled from within me and soon came bubbling up to the surface.

"What do you think you're doing, Charles? Caroline is an unstable condition. Do you really have to keep making things harder on her?" Simon clenched his fists and his face was full of anger.

"Shut the fuck up and get the fuck out of my face! This is between me and Caroline. You're just an outsider. You have no right to meddle in our business!" I sneered. Ignoring Simon, I stared at the woman in my arms and asked through gritted teeth, "Caroline, why did you abort our child? Don't you have any conscience?"

I had tried my best to make a living and prepare a happy future for our family. If I had done something wrong, she could beat me or scold me, and I wouldn't even dream of fighting back.

She shouldn't have ended our child's life so easily!

Caroline looked up and growled, "This child isn't yours! Just like I said before, Simon is the father of the child. And even if I want to get an abortion, it has nothing to do with you."

"Him? Does he even deserve you?" I carefully put Caroline on the bed before swinging my fist at Simon. He didn't avoid my fist and ended up getting hit in the jaw. "Do you think I don't know that you're behind that shitstorm of public opinion aimed at me? I advise you to behave yourself, or else you're going to suffer my wrath!"

#### [Chapter 526 It's Impossible To Break Up](#)

Charles' POV:

I carried Caroline out of the hospital. The sun was shining down on us, and yet I couldn't feel its warmth.

I was disappointed, but when I saw how fragile and feeble she was, my heart softened.

I bent over to put her into the car. For fear that she might run away, I put her deep into the car.

Caroline wasn't strong enough to escape at this moment. Her back accidentally bumped into the armrest of the seat. She winced in pain, almost bursting into tears.

I got in the car, shut the door, and approached her to trap her in the corner of the backseat.

She had no room to retreat to. I grabbed her chin and forced her to look at me.

Tears were running down her cheeks and her face was deathly pale. She arched her back and protected her stomach with both hands.

She had just undergone an operation. Clearly, she was still in pain.

When she decided to get an abortion, she didn't bother to inform me and even asked Simon to accompany her. It seemed as though she really didn't think much of me.

I couldn't find a good reason to be gentle to her anymore.

Caroline's face was stern and her eyes were like pools of stagnant water. "The child is already gone. It doesn't matter how angry you are at me. From now on, you and I are nothing to each other! You can be with whoever you want to be with now, and I'll never come between you and your desired woman again!"

"What on earth are you saying?" I gritted my teeth and tightened my grip on her chin. "Even without this child, you're still the mother of my children and my wife! Are you seriously planning to sever all ties with me? Don't even think about it, Caroline. I won't let you marry someone else for as long as I'm alive!"

"Why are you doing this to me?" Caroline growled like an injured little beast. She whimpered and complained, "Why do you have such double standards, Charles? You slept in the same room as Nevaeh and you let her wear your clothes. Did I say anything about it? No! I just don't want to be with you anymore. You make me feel sick! You're marrying her, right? Why are you still trying to fuck with my life?"

I was losing control of myself, and I subconsciously gripped her arm harder. Caroline cried out in pain, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

It broke my heart to see her crying. When I saw the look on her face, I couldn't tell which one of us was in more pain.

I turned my gaze away from her, pretending like I didn't notice the tears in her eyes. The veins on my temples were throbbing with anger. "Are you really going to believe some stupid photos that media companies posted? I never slept with Nevaeh and I never will! And now look at what you did! You had aborted our child. You didn't even bother to ask me what happened, Caroline. Why did you sentence me to death without giving me a chance to explain myself?"

Bitterness overcame me. Every word that came out of my lips was torture. I had never been this hurt

before. The pain was so overwhelming that I could hardly breathe.

Caroline pushed me away and wiped away the tears from the corner of her eyes. She regained her composure and said, "Think whatever the hell you want to think."

At this time, the car stopped abruptly, causing her to stumble forward.

Almost instinctively, I pulled her back, put my arm around her waist, and embraced her.

I couldn't understand why Caroline didn't bother to give me a chance to explain, and I certainly would never be able to understand why she aborted her child so mercilessly!

I was well aware that I failed her. I failed to help her get rid of the hidden danger around her sooner, which caused the Wilson Group to fall into the verge of bankruptcy.

For that reason, I went to New York to talk to Zane about a cooperation. I wanted to gather enough funding to help her get through this crisis as soon as possible. I couldn't understand why she would hurt me like this!

"Charles, let go of me!" Caroline tried to free herself from my arms. She pounded her fists on my shoulders and chest repeatedly. However, her hits didn't hurt me. I didn't even feel a tinge of pain from them.

But for some reason, my heart ached.

When the car finally arrived at Caroline's villa, I carried her and entered the house.

I held her tightly, buried my face in her neck, and bit her skin. The salty, metallic taste of blood seeped into my mouth.

Caroline gritted her teeth, but didn't make a sound. Her entire body was trembling.

With a stern face, I held her chin and asked, "Does it hurt?"

Caroline's eyes were red and there were beads of sweat on her forehead. "What are you planning to do?"

"You are so cruel, Caroline!"

"You have no right to accuse me of that! While I was pregnant, you slept with another woman. Between the two of us, you're the cruel, merciless one! Let's break up. I'm tired of this relationship." Caroline broke free from my grasp and staggered forward.

The veins on my arms pulsed. I wanted to dig my heart out of my chest just to make her see that she

was the only one in my heart. 'How could she break up with me for those rumors?'

"You wanna break up? No fucking way! You're my woman for the rest of your life! Don't even think about being with anybody else." Anger almost overflowed from my heart. I clenched my fists, staring at the bite mark on her neck. It was so hard to control myself.

I took one more look at her, slammed the door, and left.

Nina's POV:

Charles suddenly came to me carrying a lot of stuff.

Flabbergasted, I pointed at the stuff he was carrying and asked, "What are those? Did you send them to the wrong place?"

I rummaged through the trunk and found all sorts of nutritious products and supplements.

"Take these to her." Charles wore a terrifying expression.

Based on the look on his face, I almost thought that all of these were poison.

"To whom?" I rested my hand on the car and casually asked, "Are you referring to Nevaeh? Uh... we're not that close."

Charles frowned. His expressionless face made me feel like a storm was about to come.

'To be perfectly candid, I don't give a fuck about his feelings. He treated my best friend like shit! Why on earth should I be nice to him? He had it coming!'

Ever since Caroline got together with Charles, she had experienced nothing but pain. As her best friend, I felt really bad for her.

The conversation remained deadlocked. Charles' face turned grim. I could tell that he was about to lose his temper.

Truthfully, I was a little flustered, but I remained composed and stood my ground.

At this time, Abner appeared to mediate over the dispute. He held my hand and whispered, "Just do the guy a favor, okay?"

I'd rather not help Charles, but since Abner was pleading for him, I reluctantly agreed.

Soon, we arrived at Caroline's house. Before I got off the car, Charles said to me, "Tell her that you're the one who bought all these stuff."

I carried all the stuff to the house, struggling to ring the doorbell.

Caroline soon opened the door. When she saw a pile of boxes beside the door, her bloodless face showed that she was surprised.

"Nina, did you just empty the shopping mall?"

I walked into the house and collapsed on the sofa. While catching my breath, I said, "You're damn right, I did! I'm rich. Anyway, these stuff are good for your health. Eat as much of them as you want. And once you've finished them, I can bring you more."

The costs didn't matter, because I wasn't the one who paid for them. Charles had hurt Caroline over and over. These trivial things were far from enough to make it up to her.

"Even if I want to, I can't consume all of that. Did you keep the receipt? Why don't you return some of them?"

"What? I'm not going to return them. They're gifts! Relax, Caroline. Just take good care of yourself. That's all you need to focus on," I nagged. Then, I took her hand and sat on the sofa with her.

"Fine... I'll follow your advice." Caroline nodded, threw herself into my arms, and rubbed her cheek against my shoulder.

Though she didn't say anything else, I could feel that she was in pain and despair.

I cursed Charles thousands of times in my heart, but that wasn't enough to satisfy me. "That Charles is a fucking asshole, isn't he? They say that if one loses something important but later gets it back, they would cherish it more. But I guess that's not the case for Charles. He just keeps on hurting you like he doesn't even give a fuck about how you feel. You're already sick. Look at you! You look even more haggard than before."

I cupped Caroline's cheek to comfort her. I was angry for her, and I felt really sorry for her.

"I've broken up with him. He and I no longer have anything to do with each other." A faint smile appeared on Caroline's lips, but the light in her eyes grew dimmer by the second.

I stared at her belly and asked, "Did you really get an abortion, Caroline?"

"No." She looked down, gently caressing her belly with eyes filled with love.

"You lied to him?" I asked, visibly surprised. She looked calm, but I could hear the trembling of her voice.

"It's all because he fooled around with another woman. He wants to marry Nevaeh. That just means he doesn't care about me and this child. In that case, he should just think that the child is gone."

#### [Chapter 527 Apologize](#)

Charles's POV:

I was sitting in my car, inhaling deeply on a cigarette to calm my nerves. A few moments later, I put my hand out of the window and flicked the cigarette ash, which scattered in the air.

The intimacy between Caroline and me had disappeared in the blink of an eye. And now, there seemed to be an insurmountable gap between us.

Richard showed me a video and informed me, "Nevaeh has contacted the media and clarified everything as soon as she arrived in Los Angeles."

In the video, Nevaeh explained the complete timeline with evidence. According to her, she just went to my room to change her clothes. Nobody was in the room at that time as I was in the coffee shop of the hotel, talking business with Zane.

Apparently, she could not wait for the hotel to send her a clean set of clothes. So, to save time, she decided to wear my clothes instead.

A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth as I looked at the outrageous news on the Internet. "I'm impressed. She indeed knows how to advance by retreating," I mumbled.

I was on the plane back to Los Angeles when the rumor about me and Nevaeh broke out, so I was unable to set things straight right away.

And when I returned, the news had already spread like wildfire. People had already believed that the rumor was true.

Sometime later, since nobody stood out to give an explanation, people eventually lost interest in it.

That was why the timing of Nevaeh's statement was strange. She did not say anything at the height of the rumor. Instead, she waited until the public was distracted by other news before she addressed the issue. As a result, the matter piqued everyone's interest again.

Right now, there were countless rumors about Caroline, many of which were nothing but groundless accusations.

A new rumor soon surfaced, saying that the CEO of the Wilson Group had had an abortion in the hospital.

Even though the attached picture was blurry and the woman's face could not be clearly seen, I still



recognized who it was at a glance. It was indeed Caroline.

The netizens were speculating about who the child's father was.

One of them did not even hold back on his insults. As if that was not enough, that person also accused Caroline of having an affair while we were dating.

Before I knew it, I was holding my phone so tightly that the veins on the back of my hand bulged.

How dare they target Caroline? Fuck this shit.

One did not have to be a genius to notice that someone was deliberately steering the public opinion.

"Mr. Moore, do you want to call Nevaeh? After all, we plan on cooperating with Greem Investment. I don't think it would look good for us if we offend them openly," Richard voiced his concern.

"No need." I pulled a long face and continued, "They were the ones who dared to play tricks on me. What makes them think that I'm a forgiving man?"

"Mr. Moore, what are you going to do?" Richard asked hesitantly.

I closed my eyes and leaned against the back of my seat. The veins on my temples were throbbing from stress. After a long period of silence, I answered, "Teach Zane Greem a lesson. If he can't get his daughter under control, the cooperation will have to be terminated."

"Okay. I'll call him right away."

Richard called Zane and told him what I had said.

Once the call ended, I put out the cigarette and ordered, "Drive me to the hospital."

Caroline's POV:

It was in the middle of the night, and my room was dark and deathly quiet. Only the table lamp dispelled the darkness surrounding me.

After hours of twisting and turning, I sat up from the bed, leaned against the headboard, and looked at the ceiling in a daze.

My head hurt so bad, and I felt stuffy in my chest. It was as if a boulder was pressing on it. Also, I could not sleep. Every time I closed my eyes, the scene of Charles's betrayal would cross my mind.

I turned around to look out of the window. Seeing that the curtain was covering it, I got up and took the remote control on the bedside table. With that, I pressed the button.

The curtains slowly opened, revealing the French windows. Outside, the stars glistened in the sky.

My eyes began to hurt again.

I put my hands on my eyelids to warm them. Once I felt better, I then massaged my forehead and temples.

Suddenly, I heard a faint sound of footsteps outside the door.

Before I could even process what I had heard, the door opened with a click.

I put my hand down and looked in the direction of the door. A tall, familiar figure of a man was standing there, staring at me.

It was Charles.

How did he come in?

I looked at him in surprise. Without a word, Charles slowly made his way toward me. Every step he took felt like a step on my heart.

"Stop!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "How did you get in?"

Charles stopped in his tracks and replied in a low and hoarse voice, "The password you've set is easy to guess. I got it right after several tries."

As he spoke, I sensed a hint of complacency in his voice as if he was asking for praise. How despicable.

I gritted my teeth in anger. "What are you doing here?"

Charles paused for a moment and then answered, "I'd like to apologize."

"You broke into my house in the middle of the night just to apologize? Do you think I'll believe you?" I scoffed.

Charles did not seem disheartened, though. He continued walking toward me. And once he got near enough, he sat down on the bed and reached out his hand to hold me. However, I unconsciously moved away to avoid his touch.

His hand froze in midair, and his fingertips slightly trembled. But then, he withdrew his hand as if nothing had happened.

"Caroline, I was just so emotional the other day. Does your wound still hurt?" Charles asked with

concern.

"Do you think I'll forgive you just because you were emotional? What a joke."

I found it ironic to hear that from him when he had bitten me without mercy that day. In fact, for a moment, I even felt like he wanted to kill me.

I turned my back to him and faced the window. The man I loved was right next to me, and yet I felt nothing but anger and desolation.

All of a sudden, there was a rustling sound behind me. I turned around to see what it was, and what I saw stunned me.

"What are you doing?" I asked with eyes wide in awe.

"I'm going to sleep." Charles took off his shoes and sat on my bed again. I could only watch as he took his suit jacket off.

His first button had been undone, revealing his well-sculpt collarbone and sexy Adam's apple.

Any woman would go crazy if they saw him like this. Although I did not want to admit it, he did have the looks that could make any woman go head over heels for him.

But the more charming he was, the more insecure I felt.

My nose twitched, and my eyes blurred with tears. In a flash, my grievances welled up in my heart.

"Who says you can get on my bed? If you want to sleep next to someone, why don't you go find Nevaeh? Get out!" I bellowed. The more I spoke, the angrier I became. I did not know where I got the strength and courage to push him away.

Charles knelt on the edge of the bed. But then, he suddenly lost his balance, which sent him stumbling backward.

My heart almost jumped out of my throat. I inhaled sharply in panic. Without thinking, I reached out to catch him, but it was too late.

Fortunately, Charles was quick on his feet. He stretched out his hands and held me in his arms.

"Caroline, you're the only one I want to sleep with, and I will only sleep with you," he whispered in my ear.

Tears streamed down my face, wetting Charles's white shirt. "Charles, you bastard!" I roared.

"I know, I know. It's all my fault. You can shout at me for as long as you want. Just, please, don't push me

away." Charles stroked my head reassuringly as he spoke.

I did not know what to say, and I just lay on the same bed as Charles in a daze.

He put his arms around my waist and enveloped me in his tight embrace. By doing so, my face was buried in his chest, and his manly scent wafted into my nose.

I poked him hard on the chest, but he held my hand at once. I struggled to get out of his grasp but to no avail. In the end, I gave up.

With my face red in fury, I lifted my head and said in a low and stern voice, "I've told you that the baby is Simon's. Don't you believe me?"

"No," Charles answered without a second thought.

"Why ever not?" I asked while staring into his deep eyes.

He let out a snort and stroked my belly with his warm palm. "I'm sure that my sperm is stronger than Simon's. When I found out that you were pregnant, I knew in an instant that it was my child."

I opened my mouth to refute what he had said, but words got stuck in my throat.

I eventually calmed down after a long while. With a faint smile, I put my hand on the back of his hand and softly said, "The baby is well in my belly."

"I know."

"What? How do you know?" I asked incredulously.

"I had been to the hospital again before coming over here." Charles turned over and pinned me to the bed. Then, he pressed his lips to the wound his bite had caused and licked it with the tip of his tongue. "Caroline, I knew you wouldn't be so cruel to abort our child."

## [Chapter 528 You're Not Even The Other Woman](#)

Nevaeh's POV:

Charles hadn't called me to ask about the news report yet, nor had he asked me to testify and clarify the matter.

I found it strange, but I didn't want to be reckless and make him think that I was scheming something.

Thus, I decided to invite Caroline to meet me at a cafe.

She was now sitting across me, wearing a simple light-colored dress, her long hair falling down over her shoulders. Despite looking a little bit pale, she was as lovely as ever.

Though it pained me to admit this, I wasn't as pretty as her.

I gritted my teeth, tightening my grip on my cup of coffee as jealousy clouded my heart.

But pretty soon, I felt relieved. The news that Charles and I were about to get married along with the rumors that had been circulating about us, many people would certainly buy that we were really a couple.

Caroline, on the other hand, was just the woman that Charles had abandoned. In the public eye, she suffered a complete defeat against me.

She cast me an indifferent glance and said, "Miss Greem, get to the point. I'm sure you didn't invite me here just for coffee."

"I just want to tell you that there's nothing going on between me and Charles. I recently heard that you've had a fight, and I'm hoping that I didn't affect your relationship in any way. Even though Charles has expressed his intention to marry me before, it's a thing of the past. Please don't get him wrong."

I had been observing Caroline's reaction while I was speaking, trying to see a trace of sadness or pain on her face.

But to my surprise, Caroline remained calm the whole time. She was just sipping her coffee, listening to me intently. "Go on. Is there anything else you want to tell me?" she said. She gestured her hand at me and added, "I'm all ears."

As I stared at her listless face, I couldn't figure out what she was thinking. So, I handed her the paper bag and continued, "This is the shirt I borrowed from Charles that day. I've already washed it clean. Caroline, believe me, I just borrowed it."

She took the paper bag from me, raising her eyebrows. "Since you already knew that Charles and I had a fight, what's the point of giving me his shirt? Are you just trying to make me confirm that this is indeed his shirt?"

The smile on my face disappeared as I awkwardly tried to reason my way out of this. "No, I, um... I really asked you out here so that I can clear things out. Honestly, I was worried that you misunderstood me."

Caroline picked up the shirt to take a look at it before throwing it back into the paper bag in disgust.

She called the waiter over and handed the paper bag to him. "Throw this thing away, will you? The smell on the shirt makes me sick."

"What are you implying?" I replied in an annoyed voice, clenching my fists in frustration.

"What am I implying? You already know what I mean! Someone once sowed discord between us using this very tactic. Do you think I'm going to be fooled that easily by the same trick?" Caroline smirked at me, acting like she already had the high ground.

I clenched my teeth just to restrain my anger. "I don't understand what you mean."

"You don't? How could a smart woman like you not understand what I'm trying to say?" Caroline scoffed at me. "I know better than anyone just how popular Charles is with the ladies. It's understandable for you to like him, but it's disgraceful of you to play dirty. Oh, and I forgot to tell you! Charles has no intention of breaking up with me. No matter how hard you try, the best you're going to be is the other woman in our relationship. Oh, wait! You're not really the other woman when the feelings are unrequited and the man isn't even interested in you, right?"

Caroline's words were like a slap to my face, leaving a burning sensation within me.

I glared at her, almost losing control. "Don't say such nonsensical things, Caroline. Nothing is going on between me and Charles!"

"Is that so? Well, Nevaeh, I sincerely hope that you're telling the truth, or it might be really hurtful since you'll never get to be with Charles."

Her words had infuriated me to the point that I could no longer keep up the pretense.

I shouted, "Caroline, just because you can't keep his heart, that doesn't mean you can blame other people for your failure! Suspecting me and Charles for something we didn't do is just pathetic. Here's my advice to you: keep an open mind, or else Charles will soon grow tired of you."

Caroline scoffed at me once again, picked up her cup of coffee, and poured it over me.

"Eek! You bitch!"

The hot coffee streamed down my face, making me scream in pain. I was so startled and angry that I couldn't utter a word.

I didn't expect that Caroline would actually do something like this.

"You have really impressed me today, Miss Greem. Bravo! I finally know just how shameless a woman can be. I wonder what gives you so much confidence to compete with me. You're a hypocrite, you're filthy, and all you can do is play tricks behind my back. You're the pathetic one!"

Having said that, Caroline slammed the coffee cup on the table, stood up, and left.

I was so angry that I almost fainted. I took out a tissue, awkwardly wiping the coffee stains on my face in a hurry.

'How dare she do this to me? That bitch!'

Just then, my father called me. The sound of his angry voice resonated from the phone.

"Nevaeh, always remember who you are and know your place! I've warned you before not to try and be smart unless you can make Charles fall for you. Otherwise, you'll just sow the wind and reap the whirlwind of failure. I'm giving you one chance to explain this whole mess to Charles as soon as possible. And if you fail to handle that, I'm going to marry you off to Philippines!"

"Dad, Charles didn't even say anything. Has there been a misunderstanding?" I was so angry that my chest was heaving up and down. I closed my eyes and tried to compose myself. "Fine. I'll go talk to Charles."

"Hurry up! I don't care what method you use, as long as you can make him happy. If the partnership between our families is ruined, you're going to face the consequences, and my wrath!"

With that, my father hung up on me.

Depressed and aggrieved, I threw my phone aside, and tears welled up in my eyes.

All my father ever cared about was earning money. He made me marry my ex-husband, a gambler, for the sake of money. And now he wanted me to marry some upstart who owned a banana plantation in the Philippines.

I didn't want to live a miserable life again, so I wanted to marry Charles. I wanted it to happen, no matter what the price might be.

Caroline's POV:

Although I had spilled coffee on Nevaeh's face, it still didn't make me happy.

I went back to my car. Just as I was about to open the door, a man pressed on my hand and closed the door. He then took the car key from my hand.

Startled, I turned around, only to find that Charles was standing behind me.

The lights in the underground parking lot really brought out his enchanting deep-set eyes. His chest was pressed tightly against my back, making my heart beating wildly.

I managed to calm myself down and say, "Your new girlfriend is upstairs. You shouldn't be here. Oh, by the way. I'm sorry for spilling coffee on her face. I think she needs you to comfort her right now."

"My girlfriend is right here." Turning me over to face him, Charles leaned forward and rested his arm on the car. I couldn't reject his advances because my back was now pressed against the car and I had nowhere to run to. His face was inches away from mine.

My heart raced as I quickly put my hand on his chest to prevent him from getting closer. "Get off me."

"No." He refused to move and even wrapped his other arm around my waist to pull me closer. "Don't be mad, honey. You're pregnant."

I gritted my teeth. I really hated him because he was now trying to comfort me, in spite of the fact that he was the same one who hurt me.

Suddenly, the phone rang.

It was from Simon. I wanted to reject that call, but Charles answered it. He put it on speaker.

"Caroline, how are you doing lately? Are you feeling better?" Simon sounded really concerned.

Before I could respond, Charles replied in a sarcastic voice, "Simon, how come you have so much spare time to call Caroline?"

"Charles, don't you think you've hurt Caroline enough? Just get away from her!" I could tell that Simon was holding back his anger.

Charles looked at me and tightened his grip on my waist. "That's none of your business, pal. You, on the other hand, should stop dreaming about using Caroline to get what you want."

Simon was dumbfounded.

After a while, he found his voice and said, "I have no idea what you're trying to imply."

Only then did I sense that something was amiss. I looked up at Charles and saw that the veins on his hand were pulsating as he held the phone tightly. His eyes showed so much anger as he said, "I'm warning you, Simon. Don't pull any stupid shit behind my back."

With that, he ended the call and put his hands on my shoulder. "Caroline, no matter what Simon and Adam say, don't believe them."

#### [Chapter 529 Cerebral Hemorrhage](#)

Caroline's POV:

I suddenly couldn't think straight anymore. "Are you saying that Simon and Adam have joined hands? B-but... how is that possible?" I stammered.



"That day you went to Golden State Club to meet with Adam, someone saw Simon with that bastard." Charles frowned; his eyes, filled with contempt.

I bit my lower lip, feeling flustered. "If Simon really has a hidden agenda, then that means my dad is in danger! I have to see this for myself."

Afterwards, I grabbed the phone from Charles' hand and hurried my way into the car, intending to see my dad.

But then, Charles held my arm. He leaned close to my ear and whispered, "No need to worry. I've already sent bodyguards to protect him. He's going to be fine."

"Thank you, Charles." I breathed a sigh of relief. Charles chuckled at my reaction as he led me to his car. "Allow me to drive you home," he said.

That same evening, Adam called me out of the blue. "Caroline, it seems like you've decided not to work with me."

To hold my anger bank, I had to grit my teeth. "I already know about your dirty tricks. The mere idea of working with you disgusts me. Even if the Wilson Group goes bankrupt, I will never hand it over to you!"

"My, my... you're tougher and more stubborn than I thought, Caroline. In that case, I won't go easy on you anymore! Let's see just how long you can keep this up!" Adam remarked. His words were like sharp thorns, jabbing into my heart.

After the phone call, I began to feel uneasy.

I was almost certain that Adam had aces in his sleeve that I still didn't know about. A covert attack was difficult to avoid, and I had no idea how he would enact his plans.

The deeper I was in this predicament, the more anxious it made me.

A few days later, the company received word that my father had gotten involved in a financial crime, causing the feds to freeze all of his assets.

My mind went blank. I hurried out of the house, ready to go to my father's villa.

As soon as I got out of the house, a car drove towards me and pulled over. Simon got out of the car and said, "Caroline, something has happened to your father!"

In that moment, all the strength of my legs dissipated, causing me to fall to my knees and lose the will to stand. Simon grabbed my wrist and remarked, "I know that you're emotionally unstable right now, so it wouldn't be good for you to drive. Get in my car! I'll take you to the hospital."

Without thinking too much, I went into his car at once.

While he was driving, Simon told me, "The police went to find Edward and instructed him to cooperate with the investigation. Edward was so devastated by the news that he ended up falling down the stairs and hitting his head in the process. He's suffered a concussion and cerebral hemorrhage. He's unconscious right now."

As soon as we arrived at the hospital, I rushed to the emergency room.

After having waited in the corridor for what felt like forever, the doctor finally came out. "Excuse me, who here is a relative of Mr. Edward Wilson?"

"I am!" I rushed to the doctor's side and grabbed his arm. "Doctor, I'm his daughter. How's my father? How bad is it?"

"The patient is suffering from cerebral hemorrhage. Thankfully, we've managed to clear his intracranial hemorrhage after performing a minimally invasive surgery. However, he's still not out of the woods yet, and we're still uncertain when he will regain consciousness."

The doctor's response was like a bolt of lightning, tearing through a clear sky. My ears began to buzz, my vision blurred, and I felt dizzy.

Just then, Simon held me firmly and said, "Caroline, it's going to be okay. Edward will recover."

I looked into his eyes and saw how concerned he appeared to be. But knowing what I knew about him, I felt disgusted.

I withdrew my hand from him and steadied myself. "I wish to be alone for a while. You should go home."

Simon frowned and let out a sigh. "I understand. Call me if you ever need anything."

Once Simon had left, I noticed that the doctor was hesitant to say something. He was acting a bit strange.

"Doctor, tell me the truth. Is there something wrong with my dad?" I asked, realizing that something was amiss.

"We ran a blood test on him when he came in and surprisingly detected a special kind of drug in his system. This particular drug can make people hallucinate and even render them insane."

The hands at my sides clenched into fists. I gnashed my teeth and took several deep breaths just to stifle my rage.

'Those bastards did this to my father! I'm going to make them all pay!'

"Doctor, I need you to keep this information between us. If word of this gets out, chances are, someone will take advantage of the situation to hurt my dad." It broke my heart to see my beloved father lying in bed, unconscious.

In the short time that I didn't see him, he had already become so haggard. His once mature yet handsome face had become deathly pale. His hair had completely greyed out, and he was almost skin and bones.

I half knelt down before the sickbed, breaking down in tears. "I'm so sorry, Dad. I failed to protect you!"

I should've realized that something bad was happening the last time I saw him. Had I been more vigilant, Dad wouldn't have ended up this way.

When the doctor left, I took my phone out and dialed Hugo's number.

"Hugo, something has happened to my dad. Can you transfer him to a hospital in France for treatment? Make sure to do it in secret."

Hugo fell silent for a moment before letting out a sigh. "I've already heard about what happened to the Wilson Group, Caroline. Alright. I'll send someone to pick up Edward as soon as possible."

"Thanks, Hugo." I wiped away my tears and held my dad's hand tightly.

After the phone call, I told my people to inform major media outlets that my father had died of a serious illness.

"Get some good rest, Dad. I promise you, I'm going to make everyone who hurt you pay!" I pressed my hands down on the edge of the bed to support myself up. Because I had been kneeling down for a long time, I had to stagger my way to the door to leave the ward.

Once I had confirmed that there was nobody else around, I called the CFO of my company and told her, "Asta, I need your help in acting my plan out."

I had already planned for the worst in several situations. Now and until the end of this battle, I would fight until my last dying breath. Just like everyone else, I wanted a chance to survive and triumph.

Charles's POV:

I rushed to the hospital as soon as I heard the news of Edward's accident.

Caroline was sitting on a bench beneath a tree shade right outside the hospital. She was staring at the sky, just like how she used to when she was younger.

Every time she was feeling dejected, she would sit alone and stare into nothingness. Back when we were kids, I had no idea how to comfort her, so all I could do was throw leaves and bugs at her to distract her.

But this time, I didn't attempt to disturb her.

I stood behind her while she was seated on the bench.

Even from a distance, I could clearly see her tearful face. Based on how swollen her eyes were, she must've been crying for a long time. But even so, she remained silent.

In my heart, she was still the same little girl who used to follow me around all the time. Despite her slender shoulders, she was carrying a heavy burden that she shouldn't even bear.

Just seeing her like this broke me. I could feel the pain all over my body.

When I left the hospital, Richard handed me a document. "Simon had been contacting Adam like we thought. Aside from that, we've found something regarding the east bank project. I've already arranged for someone to follow up on the lead. Additionally, Nevaeh has offered to resign. Amy said that she'll look for a new assistant for you as soon as possible."

I nodded in response and looked towards the direction of the hospital. "Start the car."

### [Chapter 530 Dismissed](#)

Caroline's POV:

When the news of my father's death hit the Internet, it caused an uproar.

The next morning, Adam went to the company and presented a will that stated that my father had transferred all his shares to his brother, Adam Wilson, before his death.

The minute I heard the news, I rushed to the company to confirm it.

"Hey, isn't this Caroline? What are you doing here?" Adam drawled with a grating smile, his body relaxing into the sofa in the chairman's office without a care in the world.

"I should be asking you this question. Why are you here?" I demanded as I stared him down coldly.

Adam leaned forward and retrieved a document from the table. The next second, he flung the document at me, a self-satisfied smile on his face. "Caroline, I suggest that you read that document carefully. But I will do you the favor of relating its contents to you. When Edward was alive, he made a will and transferred all his shares to me. That means that I now own majority of the shares in the Wilson Group. Simply put, I'm the chairman now."

While he spoke, I perused the document and found Dad's signature on it.

The reason for their actions became crystal clear when I saw the signature. Just for the sake of getting my father to sign this so called will, they had deceived him into using a drug that made him mentally unstable.

My grip tightened on the document and I nearly tore it into pieces, but in the end, I refrained. "Congratulations, Adam! Your wish has come true," I gritted out through clenched teeth.

"Thank you. As the chairman of the board, I now officially declare that you are dismissed from your post as the CEO of Wilson Group. You can get out now," he declared condescendingly, an air of superiority surrounding him.

Having expected such an announcement, I nodded shortly and left the company without any objection.

Adam's POV:

Once I was able to send Caroline away from the company, no one dared oppose my rule.

I entered the office of the chairman of Wilson Group and sat on the new highback leather chair, sighing with satisfaction.

This chair was customized in England. It was said that this chair was the same model as the Queen's. It was really comfortable!

What made me happier was the new title I got. From now on, I was the chairman of Wilson Group and the whole company was mine!

With a triumphant smile, I slouched in my chair and tapped my fingers against the desk. "I didn't expect that Caroline would end up like this one day! Didn't she always look down on me? Today, I finally let her taste the feeling of being belittled, trod upon and discarded." Nothing could topple the elation I was feeling right now.

Staring at me from his spot on the sofa, Simon pulled a face at my statement. "Adam, you have gotten what you wanted. Let's stop it here."

Frowning, I removed my feet from the table, stood up and poured Simon a glass of Martell. "Simon, you are not feeling sorry for Caroline, are you? After everything you have done for her, it doesn't seem like it makes a difference to her. She doesn't care about you, so why are you still so insistent on looking out for her?"

Simon picked up the glass and took a sip. His eyes were cold and indifferent when he looked at me. "It's my business. It has nothing to do with you."

With a shrug, I sat next to him on the sofa and placed my arm on his shoulder. I shifted closer and whispered in his ear, "Simon, do you really want to stop now? It's way too early! We still have a lot we can accomplish together. If you stay here and help me, together we can defeat Charles and get Caroline into your bed."

Sadly, my cajoling words had no effect on Simon. He stared back at me blankly before shaking off my hand. He stood up regally and turned to appraise me with an ice cold stare. "No, thanks. Edward is dead and I have avenged my father. As for Caroline, I will win her favor myself. I don't need your help." Simon turned around and strolled out of my office without looking back.

Anger twisted my gut and I gritted my teeth as I watched his receding back silently.

With an angry snarl, I kicked the coffee table to vent some of my anger. The coffee table toppled over from my kick and crashed against the floor with a loud piercing sound, which only served to further irritate me.

"I only asked him to work in the company because I appreciated his abilities. And he dares to reject my offer? What an ungrateful brat!"

The assistant came in and asked awkwardly, "Mr. Wilson, are we really going to stop?"

I slapped him on the head and sneered, "Stop? And wait for Charles to kill me?"

Although I had kicked Caroline out of Wilson Group and vented my anger, by doing so I had completely offended Charles at the same time.

I had no other choice but to continue on this route.

The next day, I sat in my office and enjoyed the wine leisurely.

In the chairman's office, there was a wine cabinet that was filled with all kinds of precious wine Edward collected over the years.

What felt like a lifetime ago, I used to salivate over these wines, but Edward was such a mean man that he refused to give me even a bottle.

Now, all these were mine. That cunning man must have never thought that I would someday find a way to defeat him.

The sound of someone pounding on the door repeatedly jarred me out of my introspection. I frowned in displeasure and announced curtly, "Come in."

"Mr. Wilson, bad news! Charles withdrew all the money! Without that money, Wilson Group has become a shell of a company." Even before she was fully in the room, Asta, the CFO, began yelling in a

thin, high voice. Before I could fully process the meaning of the things she was saying to me, she hurried towards me until she was in front of my desk.

"What?" My mouth gaped open as I stared at Asta in shock. My glass clattered as it hit the table. I didn't bother to check on the spilled wine as anger overrode my shock. "How did he do it? Can't you do anything to stop him?" I demanded gruffly, my mind racing.

An embarrassed blush colored her cheeks and she lowered her head in shame before rasping in a low voice, "His previous investment was to meet an emergency the company was facing at the time. Because of the urgency of the situation, we didn't take the time to sign a proper contract with him, so..."

The stilted words were like a bolt of lightning to my system. I slumped into my fancy leather chair as my mind went completely blank. For a long time, I existed in this floating space where I was a meaningless atom without any worries. Of course Asta had to bring me back to reality with her whining.

"Mr. Wilson, what should we do next?" Asta asked nervously.

"Get out! Let me think it over." I shooed her out of my office, the sinking feeling in my gut spreading.

I rubbed my throbbing temple, a wave of panic enveloping me.

I had thought that with the money Charles transferred to the Wilson Group and my management, the group would definitely be able to grow stronger.

But I had not been expecting this curveball Charles threw in my way.

My mind kept running around in circles, but I was unable to come up with any solution to this crisis. While I was in this downtrodden state, Olivia stormed into my office in a flurry, her high heels clacking against the floor loudly. "Adam, you promised to give me a large sum of money once you successfully took over the Wilson Group. You are the chairman now, so where is my money?"

Pasting a smile on my face, I got to my feet and walked over to Olivia with a glass of wine in hand. I pulled her into my arms and kissed her neck affectionately. "Olivia, Charles has withdrawn his investment. This is not my fault, but Caroline's. I'm certain that she has instigated him into doing this. Didn't you always say that she was just a brainless woman? So why can't you fix it yourself?"

Olivia pushed me away all of a sudden and wiped the place where I kissed. The disgust on her face was undisguised. "Get your dirty hands off me. Don't touch me."

"Dirty?" I sneered at her and threw what was left of my wine in her face. I stormed back to her and slapped her face twice. "Bitch, how dare you call me dirty? How clean do you think you are? You seduced me and begged me to fuck you! All the women I've slept with have bigger breasts than you. They are prettier than you and I am more comfortable when fucking them! Who the hell do you think you are? If you hadn't been of some use, I would never hook up with you! You think I'm dirty, don't you?"

That's because you've never seen anything dirtier!"

Turning on my heel, I faced the door and shouted to get the attention of my bodyguards outside. A second later, several bodyguards rushed into my office.

Olivia's beautiful and delicate face turned red and swollen from the force of my slaps, and her split lip was stained with blood. She bit her lips, tears streaming down. Her eyes were full of hatred when she stared at me. "Adam, you bastard! You can't do this to me!"

I turned a deaf ear to her insults and ordered the bodyguards, "She is all yours now. You can fuck this woman as you like. Just make sure she's alive after you're done."

Eyes blank and unblinking at my order, the bodyguards as one turned their attention to Olivia and advanced on her.

The hatred on Olivia's face turned into panic. She struggled to get up from the sofa and ran towards the door.

The bodyguards pulled her back to the sofa and bent over to tear her dress.

Olivia struggled and screamed desperately for help, but she was no match for these people. Her efforts only got her more punches.

After a few minutes, I spat at her before leaving the office.