

Warning 531

[Chapter 531 Revelation](#)

Olivia's POV:

When I awoke, I was lying on the hospital bed with bruises all over my body. Even just a slight move was excruciating.

I stared at the ceiling in a daze, and the scene before my coma flashed through my mind. Before I knew it, tears were welling up in my eyes.

I once heard from Edward that Adam was wicked. Those who dared to provoke him often got the short end of the stick. I had thought that Edward just exaggerated it because he did not want me to get involved with other men, especially not with his own brother. It turned out that that was not a warning but a caution out of good heart.

Every time I closed my eyes, the memory of when those men were raping me appeared in my mind. I felt humiliated, but there was nothing I could do about it right now but cry.

The hatred in my heart was like a burning fire. In a fit of anger, I clenched my fists and cursed Adam a thousand times in my heart.

All of a sudden, I heard footsteps outside the door. I turned my head and was stunned to see who it was.

It was Charles.

My lips trembled, and my eyes widened in horror.

"You... Why are you here? Are you here to laugh at me on behalf of Caroline?"

Without a word, Charles walked in and stared at me with cold and narrowed eyes.

"I don't have time to laugh at you, Olivia."

I could not help but scoff at what Charles had said. Well, I could attest that he was telling the truth. Indeed, how could he come all the way here just to laugh at me?

"Then what are you doing here?" I asked sharply.

"You were the one who replaced Edward's medicine with something else, weren't you?" Charles asked without beating around the bush.

A chill ran down my spine. My body stiffened, and then I started trembling like a leaf. It took me quite a while before I finally found my voice. "It-it's true. But I didn't want to kill him! It's just that I've... I've had

enough of this life. I wanted to get away from him. You have no idea what I experienced with him! He never treated me as a human being. In his eyes, I was just a plaything, a toy in which he could vent his lust whenever he wanted. Every time I came into conflict with Caroline, he would ask me to apologize to her right away. He never gave me a chance to explain myself!" I roared through gritted teeth. As I spoke, my nails dug into my palms, but I felt nothing.

"I dug up your past. If it weren't for Edward, what kind of life do you think you would've had?"

As soon as Charles said those words, I fell into a deep trance. Suddenly, the memories I tried my best to bury appeared in my mind.

I was born in a small town in Florida. I had four siblings—me being the eldest one, two sisters, and two brothers. My father was a drunkard. And when he was drunk, he was violent. He would overturn the table, smash the furniture, and even hit people. Mom would lock the five of us in the kitchen and bear the beating and scolding by herself. One day, my father got drunk again. But this time, he did something way more horrible. He went into my room and raped me. As soon as Mom heard my screams, she rushed to stop him. However, my father kicked her to the ground. Once she regained her bearing, she went to the kitchen, took a fruit knife, and stabbed my father on the back. I ran away without looking back. I went to the nearby town and worked as a waitress in a bar. There I met Edward. And since then, my life had changed. I recreated myself and became an actress.

Sometime later, I sent someone to inquire about my family. I found out that my mother was put into prison for murder. Meanwhile, my father became worse. He became a degenerate gambler and would not even go home for days on end. He locked my brothers and sisters at home. And when the police found them, it was too late. They had already become cold and stiff corpses. I almost went crazy when I heard the news. Thanks to Edward, that fiend was thrown into an underground casino in Burma, where he was beaten so hard that he lost his eyes and got his limbs severed. He was later thrown into a trash heap, where wild dogs ate him up alive.

Without Edward's help, I might still be in that bar, being treated like a piece of meat. I would probably still be insulted by men for no reason, looked at lasciviously, and touched by their filthy hands. And the worst part was that there was nothing I could do but endure it.

At the thought of this, I clenched the sheets and bit my lower lip, so much so that it bled. Blood oozed into my mouth, but the only thing I felt was anger.

With tears streaming down my face, I shook my head and said, "Edward did save me, but he dragged me into another abyss. I wanted to love him wholeheartedly, but he didn't care about me at all. I have been with him for years, and yet he refused to marry me!"

Charles chuckled sardonically. Suddenly, he stood up from his seat and slowly made his way to the bedside. "Olivia, if you really hated Edward, then why didn't you just leave him? Let me guess. You didn't want to give up the rich and glamorous life that he had given you, did you? Admit it. You're shallow and selfish."

I opened my mouth to refute his words, but words got stuck in my throat.

The moment Charles walked out of the door, pain and regret surged up like a tide, devouring me whole.

With that, I propped myself up and left the hospital. I returned to the villa where Edward and I used to live.

Every step brought me a sharp pain in my body. But I did not care. I tried my best to hold out.

I arrived at the villa not long after and went straight to the bedroom upstairs. When I walked through the door, my legs became weak, and I fell to the ground. I struggled to get up with all my might. At last, I made it to the nightstand, took out a USB flash drive, and made a copy of the files inside.

These were evidence of Adam setting Edward up and Simon embezzling the funds of Wilson Group's project on the east bank.

If I were to be put in jail, I must take the two with me.

With the flash drive in hand, I sat on the cold, hardwood floor, and looked around the room.

This was our room. We had spent countless wonderful nights on this very bed. Even though sometimes he was unable to control his temper and basically just took me as a substitute for Caroline's mother, he had never treated me like trash.

I would just tell him which bag I liked, and he would buy it for me in a heartbeat. Whenever I told him that I wanted to act in a movie, he would invest in it right away so that I would have the role that I wanted.

He was actually kind to me. And I was too greedy to see his generosity.

"Edward, I'm sorry. I-I murdered you. I swear to God, I will atone for what I've done for the rest of my life." I wrapped my arms around my knees and cried my heart out.

Once I got ahold of myself, I backed up the original recording, which told the truth about the death of Simon's father. I also copied the edited version which I made to coerce Simon to embezzle the funds of the project on the east bank. But before going to the police station, I sent them to Caroline first.

Caroline's POV:

When I received the flash drive from Olivia and heard the recordings, I realized that Simon had already emptied the company's finance behind my back.

I felt a myriad of emotions as I listened to Simon's voice. It was unlike him—so full of hatred and

distrust.

Dad had hidden the truth from Simon in hopes that the latter would grow up into a good man and not be influenced by the conflicts among the last generation. This was my father's way of caring.

However, because of speculations, Simon turned his back on my father and even destroyed the Wilson Group.

I handed the evidence to the police and soon received the news that Simon had been arrested.

After pondering for a moment, I decided to go to the police station to see him.

Simon seemed to have aged overnight. His handsome face now looked gaunt and haggard.

I had thought I would lose my temper when I saw him. On the contrary, I was rather calm and composed.

Simon avoided my gaze and pursed his lips nervously. He also kept clenching and loosening his fists. When he had finally mustered his courage to speak, he raised his head and looked into my eyes. "Caroline, I'm so sorry."

I walked over to him and sat down. "Simon, are you sure you know the truth about what had happened that year?"

"You... What do you mean?" Simon asked in confusion.

"Listen to this first." I took out a recorder from my bag and played it. "Olivia gave this recording to me. I'm afraid the one you've heard before was forged. Simon, my father had never hurt your father. On the contrary, your father had planned to kidnap mine when they had a conflict in business. Good thing my Dad was clever, or else he would've died in your father's hands."

"No. That's not true! You're lying! Caroline, tell me that's not true. Tell me!"

Simon roared with anguish. From the looks on his face, he was on the verge of breaking down. He was clutching his head tightly with both hands, and his veins on his forehead were bulging.

I looked at him, and a sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth. "Simon, you know very well how good my father treated you while he was alive. Although I understand your reason for doing that, I won't forgive you. From now on, you're on your own."

[Chapter 532 Proposal](#)

Caroline's POV:

Thanks to the power shift in the company's management, the stock price of the Wilson Group

plummeted even further. Besides, there was even a foreign company that wanted to take over the Wilson Group. Even though Charles had made another investment in the company, the Wilson Group was still suffering greatly from the after effects of the loss we suffered when Roger pulled out of the project on the east bank.

In order to help the company regain its footing, I hired Diego Turner, a professional agent, to help me manage the operations of the company. I asked my assistant to explain our daily mode of operation to him, after which I brought him up to date on the current situation of the Wilson Group.

I had just left the company when I received a call from Charles. "Caroline, Grandma will be discharged from the hospital today and she wants you to have dinner with us at the Moore mansion tonight."

"Okay, I'll be there," I murmured softly, a wave of relief sweeping through me. Whilst I waited for Charles to follow up that information with another sentence, perhaps a greeting or something, a beep alerted me to the fact that Charles had hung up on me.

Shocked, I stared at my phone as I tried to understand what just happened. How could Charles treat me so coldly? Was it too much to expect him to greet me or ask how my day went?

Piqued, I called him back.

The phone rang a few times before he finally answered my call. "Won't you pick me up?" I asked sullenly.

"No. I have something to deal with in the company. I'll ask Richard to pick you up." There was a small pause but Charles continued before I could object. "I might be a little late. Don't wait up for me."

My lips thinned as my anger spiked. "Don't flatter yourself, okay?" Fuming, I hung up on him and threw the phone in my bag angrily.

All he had to do was show that he was concerned about me with a few words, but instead, he was being so cold! A part of me realized that my anger was going a bit overboard lately, but I couldn't do much to control it. The only conclusion I could reach was that my pregnancy was the cause of my unstable emotions.

Most days, I could be unreasonable about a lot of things, especially where Charles was concerned. Even though I knew it was silly, I wanted reassurance that I was still the only one in his heart.

I entered the car and placed a call to Nina with the intent of complaining to her. But the second she answered the phone, she spoke in a harried tone. "Honey, I'm still busy. I'll talk to you tomorrow." Then she hung up on me.

Confused, I stashed my phone in the bag before making a detour to the mall where I got a gift for Grandma. Once I'd gotten the gift, I drove to the Moore mansion.

When I arrived, it was already dark. To my surprise, there was no light in the house.

The only source of light was the moon. My frown deepened the closer I got to the house.

At night, the Moore mansion was always brightly lit, every corner of the house visible. But today, the house was pitch dark with no even landscape lights to light the front yard either.

Someone could get injured walking around in the dark like this. Maybe I should ask a servant to check on the light switch once I got inside.

The thought had barely crossed my mind when I stepped foot over the front gate. A string of lawn lights suddenly lit up around me as if I'd triggered them somehow. Startled, I froze in place and turned my head around in confusion.

There was a sudden burst of cheers and applause from somewhere. Again I twisted around and that was when I saw several bodies emerging from the garden they had been hiding in. Their faces were wreathed in joy and merriment as they laughed and clapped.

One of those faces was a familiar one, and she was currently approaching me with a camera in her hand. "So, do you like your surprise?" Nina asked as she pointed the camera at me.

Blushing, I hid my face in my hands. Something told me I knew the reason for this surprise.

My heart was beating wildly and I was both eager, excited and shy.

Slowly, I walked forward, an elated gasp escaping me each time I did. This was because every time I took a step, neon lights lit upon either side of me. It felt like I was walking on a path paved with light. Pink petals gathered at my feet and they looked so exquisite under the light.

I had only walked forward a few paces when a spotlight shone above me.

Again, I was frozen to the spot, but this time, I couldn't help the feeling of anticipation that thrummed through my veins. Strings of bulbs that were reminiscent of stars lit up in front of me. It was so bright that the whole yard was brightened as well.

Decorated with flowers, balloons, and other beautiful ornaments, the garden was decked in a romantic vibe.

The neon lights, however, drew my attention. They were arranged to spell out a question.

'Will You Marry Me?'

My heart rate was through the roof now, but I scanned the crowd anxiously, trying to locate the person

who wanted to ask me this question. Finally, I saw his familiar figure in the distance. Time stood still as I waited for him to make his way towards me.

He wore a black suit and a white shirt, looking elegant and dashing as he strolled towards me at a methodical pace. The bouquet of flowers he held was almost an afterthought in my mind, his face the only thing I could concentrate on.

For every step he took, my heart thumped just as loudly.

In the brightly lit garden, Charles looked handsome and so sexy that I had to cover my face as another wave of embarrassment swept through me.

Happy tears rolled down my cheeks and my ears turned red. I pushed my hands up higher, trying to cover my face and ears at once.

Charles gently pulled down my hand and teased me with a smile. "I haven't said anything yet. Why are you crying?"

"I'm not crying. These are tears of surprise. When you said you had something to deal with, were you referring to this?"

"Yes, I wanted to give you a surprise." He dropped his hand from my cheek in favor of grabbing my hand before taking a step back. Then he knelt down on one knee in front of me. He raised a beautiful ring box and opened it. When he spoke again, there was a trace of nervousness in his voice. "Caroline, I want to marry you again. I want you to be my wife, the mother of my children. I will spoil you and love you with all my heart. Are you still willing to marry me?"

Tears were clouding my vision, but I smiled through them. My joy knew no bounds as I stared at him, unable to believe this was truly happening. This scene was straight out of a fairy tale. It was so beautiful and mesmerizing that it felt like I was in the middle of a dream.

People around us shouted cheerfully, "Marry him! Marry him!"

The chorused words rose in volume.

Still holding the camera, Nina smiled mischievously and remarked, "Let him kneel a little longer before you answer. He should remember how hard he had to chase you before you agreed. Only in this way can he cherish you more in the future."

Her words drew a round of applause and cheerful whistles. Grandma nodded in agreement, a wide smile on her face.

The same look of agreement was echoed by Alice and Chloe.

Looking affronted, but still smiling, Charles turned to Grandma. "Grandma, remember that I'm your grandson. You should be helping me."

Grandma snorted, her eyes full of disdain. "If you were not my grandson, I wouldn't want such a good girl like Caroline to marry you!"

The crowd burst into laughter again and Charles pressed his lips together, trying to maintain his affronted air.

Smiling down at Charles, I couldn't help the warmth that filled my heart. Grandma was helping me and not her grandson. Even Alice and Chloe were in support of me. I was enormously glad to have such a loving family.

My tears overflowed as did my joy. My smile was so wide and full that my cheeks ached from the force of it. Lowering my eyes, I reached my palm out and cupped his cheek. "Yes, I will marry you again."

As soon as the words left my lips, Charles put the ring on my finger and got to his feet fluidly. Before I could realize his intentions, Charles had bent and lifted me off my feet and into his arms.

Just then, the balloons beside us got released and were left to float into the sky.

The fireworks were blooming in the sky above the whole villa, forming a heart shape in the night sky.

I snuggled up to Charles, my arms around his neck as I stared up at the fireworks in awe.

I couldn't help but smile, my tears mixing with unspeakable happiness.

"Caroline is pregnant. Be careful!" Grandma admonished nervously as she tapped Charles' arm.

Charles was stunned for a while. Then he smiled and put me down. "I'm sorry. I was too excited."

With a red face, I held his hand tighter and whispered, "I'm not that weak."

Bending slightly, Charles kissed the ring on my finger. When he straightened up again, his hands were around my waist as he held me in a loose embrace. His black eyes were like the fireworks, absolutely bewitching.

I tugged at his shirt and stood on tiptoes. "Won't you kiss me?" I whispered.

A smile pulled at his lips as he raised his eyebrows at my words. Charles used his fingers to raise my chin and kissed me slowly but deeply in front of everyone.

I saw flashes of light behind my closed lids. Our audience were taking pictures of us.

He didn't let me go until I was almost out of breath. Immediately we separated, I buried my face in his chest and refused to raise my head even when Charles tried to cajole me. The tips of my ears were burning. Without a doubt, every inch of my face must be very red right now.

"Caroline." I turned my head at the mention of my name and found Alice and Chloe behind us, both women wearing identical expressions of uneasiness.

A small push of my hand on Charles' chest and he got the hint. He let go of me and I turned around to face them.

"Alice, Chloe, long time no see," I greeted pleasantly even as I fought not to frown.

"Caroline, we want to apologize to you. We misunderstood you and made you suffer so much. I'm really sorry. I won't interfere in your relationship with Charles anymore," Alice declared softly, her wide eyes portraying how apologetic she was.

"Caroline, I didn't like you and I wanted to kick you out of the Moore family. And I even believed Raina's bullshit and hurt you because of it. I'm so sorry!" Chloe implored awkwardly, her face pinched. As the daughter of the Moore family, Chloe had lived her life as a spoilt princess. Every single wish she ever had was granted at the snap of a finger as people around her fell over themselves to please her. Never had she been on a situation where she had to be humble and seek forgiveness.

But this time, she apologized to me sincerely.

My frown disappeared and a smile blossomed on my face as I walked towards them. I held their hands and murmured, "Let bygones be bygones. I have never truly blamed you."

[Chapter 533 Let's Get Married Again](#)

Caroline's POV:

It was now late at night, and the guests had already left. Meanwhile, Grandpa and Grandma had gone back to their rooms to rest.

Charles held my hand and led me upstairs to the master bedroom.

He was the one who decorated the room. Rose petals were scattered on the carpet, the photos of our family of five were hung on the wall, and balloons of various colors were hanging next to them. On the bed were petals that formed a red heart.

To top it off, neon lights flickered on the wall, creating a breathtaking play of lights across the room.

As soon as we walked through the door, Charles hugged me tightly from behind. He rested his chin on my head and lovingly stroked my hair. "Caroline, let's move back to Garden Street. I want to live there with you. Just the two of us."

I could feel his heartbeat through his clothes, which made my heart pound wildly in my chest. Moved by his words, my cheeks turned red. "Okay," I replied.

"Caroline, I've been waiting for this day for a long time," Charles said in a hoarse voice.

I chuckled and pushed him toward the bathroom. "Your breath reeks of alcohol. Go take a shower first. Hurry up."

"Well, can you blame me? I was so happy." Charles wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me into the bathroom with him. "Shower with me."

"Who says I want to take a shower with you?" I shot him a reproachful look and turned around to leave. But before I could take a step, he grabbed my wrist and pulled me back.

He pinned me against the cold wall. And the next second, warm water flowed from the shower head, wetting our clothes.

The fabric of my dress was thin that it clung to my body when it got wet, outlining my curvaceous figure and baby bump.

Charles reached out his hand and caressed my lower abdomen. "Caroline, do you think it's a boy or a girl?"

I raised my head and curiously asked, "Which do you prefer?"

"I will love them either way." Charles lowered his head and kissed me on the lips. "But honestly, I would like it to be a girl. We've had too many boys."

His deep eyes twinkled with excitement as he spoke.

What was more, I could sense his possessiveness in his words, which made me feel warm in my heart.

I was so shy that I pursed my lips and patted him on the chest. But because we were all wet, what I had just done made a familiar crisp sound, which even the sound of the running water could not block out.

The atmosphere became ambiguous in an instant. I hurriedly withdrew my hand and hid it behind my back. I also averted my gaze and did not dare to meet his eyes.

They were filled with the fire of lust. If I looked back, I was afraid my reason was going to burn to ashes.

Charles stroked my lips with his finger. "Caroline, help me take off my shirt," he asked in a hoarse and sexy voice.

I shook my head and snorted. "Take it off yourself."

Charles, however, did not let me go. He held my hand with one hand and unbuttoned his shirt with the other.

Once his shirt had been taken off, his well-toned abs were exposed. The water flowed from his abs into his trousers. I must admit, it looked enticing.

I could not help but swallow hard as I stared at his body. Slowly, I reached my hand and touched his chest. It was not until my fingertips touched his skin that I came to my senses and realized what I had just done.

I covered my face in embarrassment. For a second, I felt an urge to find a hole and bury myself in it.

Charles chuckled when he saw my reaction. With a faint smile, he pulled me into his arms, held my waist, and unzipped my dress. "To be fair, I'll take your clothes off for you too."

My face was pressed against his chest. This time, without the obstruction of the clothes. I could now feel his heat directly from his skin.

I stood there silently as he took off my dress. Afterward, we held each other, naked.

"I don't think we should do it. Please don't... The doctor said that the fetus is fragile inside my womb and that we should restrain ourselves from having sex in the first few months." I poked him in the chest, my voice getting lower by the second.

Charles held my hand and kissed it. "I won't. I swear I won't do anything that could harm you and the baby. You're important to me."

I hugged him again. I could not conceal my joy and love for him. Well, I did not want to hide them in the first place.

"Caroline, I have a lot to tell you. I didn't have the courage to say these things in the past, and I truly regretted it," Charles said while holding me tight.

I raised my head to look at him, my eyes brimming with tears. "Me too."

"Why are you crying?" Charles cupped my face and wiped the tears off the corner of my eyes. There was a hint of panic on his handsome face when he saw me crying.

"Nothing. I'm just so happy," I answered while wiping my tears.

"Caroline, from now on, I will always believe you, love you, and spoil you, no matter what." Charles kissed the corner of my eye and whispered in my ear, "We will never be apart again, okay?"

I could not find words to express my feelings. So, I put my face against Charles's chest and playfully bit him.

I left bite marks on his chest, shoulders, and arms. My heart was filled with affection as I stared at the marks.

With a helpless smile, Charles pointed at the most obvious bite mark on his neck and asked, "Why did you bite me? If I go to work tomorrow like this, people will laugh at me."

I rolled my eyes and let out a snort. Suddenly, I grabbed his ear and pointed at the bite mark on my neck that had not disappeared. "You bit me last time, remember? Can't I bite you back? Besides, I bled from your bite at that time!"

Charles touched the tip of his nose and rubbed his fingers on my neck. "It was because you lied to me. You said you had had an abortion that day."

Suddenly, a question popped into my mind. I blinked my eyes and asked him, "What would you do if I really had an abortion?"

Charles frowned and, all of a sudden, slapped me on the buttock. "Then you have to give birth to another child for me, or I won't let you go."

I laughed at his retort, but I raised my eyebrows at him. "If I give birth to another child, will you then let me go?"

"No. You can only be mine for the rest of your life. Don't even think about leaving me."

We talked and laughed while taking a shower. Once done, Charles carried me out of the bathroom.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and let him put me on the bed. Before the flush on my face dissipated, Charles leaned over to kiss me again.

I dodged his advance and teasingly said, "Charles, you promised we wouldn't do it tonight."

"I promised I wouldn't have sex with you, but I said nothing about making out," Charles reasoned out. Without waiting for my response, he held my hands above my head and kissed me passionately as if his life depended on it.

Apparently, he had drunk a lot. He still reeked of alcohol even after taking a shower.

The smell of wine, mixed with his masculine musk, was so addictive.

I was so engrossed in our kiss that I did not notice that Charles had taken off my nightgown.

His lips trailed slowly to my collarbone, breasts, and stomach. He also left hickeys along the way. At last, he stopped at my baby bump and kissed it. "Baby, you must grow up healthy. Daddy and Mommy are looking forward to seeing you."

We looked at each other and smiled. This sweet and intimate moment of ours filled my heart with warmth.

Charles eventually stopped kissing me after a long time. But then, he held me in his tight embrace and kissed me on the forehead. "Caroline, let's get married again," he solemnly said.

I touched my belly and refused at once. "I don't want to. My baby bump is getting bigger. How can I wear a wedding dress looking like this? I won't look good."

"Nonsense. In my eyes, you're always the most beautiful woman in the world." Charles smiled and pecked me on the cheek.

I raised my head and kissed him back. "Let's talk about it when the baby is born. I want to marry you in the most beautiful way possible. Besides, there are so many problems in the company that needs to be solved. I just don't have the time to think of anything else yet."

"Okay." Although reluctant, Charles agreed to my request.

I nestled in his chest comfortably and put my arms around his waist. "The situation of Wilson Group may have been stabilized for now, but I'm still worried that someone will show up and make trouble. Remember the man with a spider web tattoo? I have a feeling that he's very dangerous."

"Don't worry. He's in jail now. And also, I'm here. I won't let anyone hurt you," Charles assured me while stroking my hair.

"He ran away, didn't he? How did you find him?" I looked up at him curiously, and I felt relief wash over me.

At the same time, I was greatly moved. As it turned out, Charles had been doing so much for me in secret, but he never told me about them. He certainly didn't want me to worry.

"I knew that you couldn't rest assured while that man was freely roaming around, so I'd been sending people to look for him." After saying that, Charles looked at me again with eyes full of lust. He planted a soft kiss on my neck and said, "Every minute of our night together is precious, Caroline. Let's forget about those unimportant people for the time being."

He gently kissed and fondled me as he spoke. He always found my sensitive spots with staggering accuracy. Under his skillful movements, I soon forgot about the world and let myself drown in his loving tenderness.

Chapter 534 Can He Do It Or No

Charles' POV:

I was in a very good mood when I got to the office in the morning.

As soon as I was in my office, Amy walked in and placed some documents on my desk. "Mr. Moore, Mr. Carter wants to have dinner with you tonight at Starlight Restaurant. You played tennis with him two days ago. He has also invited the actress who won the best new artist of the year award as well as several other ladies who are popular on the Internet."

"I'm busy tonight. Please decline the invitation on my behalf," I ordered tritely as I picked up the documents on the table and perused them.

"Okay, I'll contact Mr. Carter right away." Amy nodded and was about to leave.

"Wait a minute," I called out as a thought occurred to me. "From now on, decline all invitations that are not related to business."

I was a married man now, so I had to maintain a certain distance from other women.

Otherwise, Caroline would be jealous.

My mouth curved in a small smile as I opened a document and started my work for the day.

At this moment, my phone blared with an incoming call. I paused what I was doing and picked up the call. "Charles, how have you been? It's been a while since we last saw each other, would you like to have dinner at the Starlight Restaurant? Bring Caroline with you, okay?"

I considered it for a moment before agreeing.

After ending the call, I returned my attention to the document, but a reflection of someone's shadow made me look up. A stunned Amy was gaping at me. "Mr. Moore, didn't you just say that you aren't free tonight?"

Calmly, I closed the document and tapped the table twice as I regarded her. "I decided to change my plans. Is there a problem with that?"

"Of course not! I'll explain to Mr. Carter. I wish you and Mrs. Moore a happy night." Smiling, Amy left the office and closed the door behind her.

Once the work day was over, I asked Richard to take me to the Wilson Group. Incidentally, we arrived just as Caroline was coming out of the company.

The moment she saw me, a wide smile bloomed on her face and she quickened her pace.

When she was in front of me, I opened my arms and enveloped her in a hug. "You shouldn't be walking so fast. What if you trip and hurt yourself? Please be careful."

"I'm not that fragile." Caroline smiled shyly, blushing as she avoided my kiss. "No. We are on the street."

"So what? I want to kiss my wife. It's none of other people's business." I held her firmly and bent over her as I pecked her on the lips. Relenting, I ended our hug and opened the door for her to get into the car.

The second we entered the restaurant, an excited Icey was upon us. She rushed towards Caroline and hugged her tightly. "Caroline, long time no see. I missed you so much!"

"Icay, I missed you too!" Caroline hugged her back with a big smile on her face.

As Icey swept past me in her rush to get to Caroline, a gust of strong perfume clogged my nostrils.

Their hug went on for so long that I wanted to separate the two of them. I was man enough to admit the fact that I didn't want someone else to be so close to my wife, be it a man or a woman. But when I saw the happy smile on Caroline's face, I found the strength to restrain myself.

At a leisurely pace, David strolled over to my side. Placing his arm across my shoulder, he teased me, "Don't be nervous. Women hug like this to show their friendship. You will get used to it."

Lips twisting in disgust, I pushed his hand away and muttered in a low voice, "Just go and pull your wife away from mine."

"I dare not. Why don't you do it by yourself?"

I gaped at him speechlessly. Feeling a little helpless, I turned around and walked into the restaurant.

"You are pregnant again so soon. Your husband is so efficient." Behind me, Icey and Caroline walked hand in hand. Icey deliberately kept her voice down, but I still heard what she said.

Swiveling my head, I pinned Icey with a hard stare. She widened her eyes and pretended to be frightened, even going as far as to tighten her grip on Caroline's hand.

Caroline looked up at me helplessly. When I saw her bright and wide eyes, my heart softened and my dissatisfaction fizzled out.

"Mr. Moore!"

Just as we were walking to the room we booked, someone called my name. Reflexively, I turned my head to seek out the voice.

The figure of a man laughing cheerfully was the first thing I saw. As he came closer, his bright laughter resounding in the corridor, I realized two things about the man. One, he was accompanied by five sexy women and two, I knew him.

Mr. Carter.

A sudden chill ran down my back and my stomach twisted. I had a bad feeling about this.

Quickly, I turned away from him, but Carter failed to interpret the meaning behind my averted gaze. He and the women on his arms walked towards me. He came to a stop in front of me and graced me with a knowing smile. "Mr. Moore, your assistant informed me that you weren't free today. I asked her to tell you that I had invited several beautiful women to join us tonight and that you couldn't miss it. Sure enough, here you are."

The sexy girls giggled at his words. Batting their eyelashes at me, they simpered, "Hello, Mr. Moore."

"Mr. Moore, would you like to have a drink with me? I've seen the video of you playing tennis with Mr. Carter. You're so handsome! Can you teach us how to play?"

Instinctively, my gaze went to Caroline. The smile on her face was gone now and she glared at me coldly. "Since Mr. Moore has an appointment with you, we won't disturb you further."

She averted her gaze, took Icey's hand and marched into the private room.

Staring at her angry back, all I wanted to do was go over to her and hold her in my arms.

But I remained rooted to the spot because I had no idea how to explain myself to her.

Caroline's POV:

When we got to the private room, I eased my grip on Icey's arm and sat down, feeling upset. When the scene outside the private room flashed across my mind again, my lips curled in a snarl and I became a lot more irritated.

A man appeared from nowhere and took a group of women to my husband.

But Charles didn't even deign to explain anything to me.

He just stood there and listened to those women ogling him and fluttering their eyelashes at him. I was pretty sure he was eating up the way they simpered at him!

If I hadn't witnessed this scene, I wouldn't have realized that he had such a large appetite. No wonder he was able to restrain his desire last night.

Absentmindedly, I picked up the menu and stared at it blankly.

Icey rested her chin on one hand and asked with great interest, "Is the baby in your belly a daughter this time?"

"I guess so," I grumbled. But when I touched my swollen belly, I breathed deeply and tried to calm myself.

"Congratulations! You have three sons and finally, you are going to have a daughter."

"Do you like daughters? Then you can have one with David," I murmured teasingly as I grabbed her hand and placed it on my belly.

"I have no idea when I can get pregnant, but we've been trying for a while now." Icey touched my belly gently and sighed with disappointment.

"Let nature take its course. You should be more patient." Patting her hand softly, I tried to comfort her as best as I could.

The words were barely out of my mouth when the door was pushed open and Charles and David walked in. I glared at Charles before returning my attention to the menu.

"Hey Charles. Why are you up here? The beautiful girls inviting you to dinner are downstairs, so why aren't you with them? Are you not going to be bored to tears if you have dinner with two married women?" Icey teased Charles loudly the second he was in the room.

Ignoring her, Charles walked over to me and sat next to me. Gently, he grasped my hand and stared at me with his deep eyes. "I'm not interested in women."

Icey was so shocked that her eyes nearly popped out of her head. After a few seconds, she whispered in my ear, "He said he's not interested in women. Is he impotent now? How long ago did the two of you have sex? Is that part of him still working?"

Even though Icey was whispering the questions, Charles was right next to me, so he heard every word.

Charles' face turned gloomy at her words. "What I mean is that I'm not interested in any other women apart from you, Caroline."

Smirking wickedly, Icey leaned over and whispered in my ear again. "Have you tried it recently? Can he do it or not?"

"No, we didn't..."

"Then try it tonight when you get home," Icey ordered quietly. "That's why it's better to marry a younger man. Men of a certain age will likely be impotent. If Charles really can't do it, just tell me. I'll introduce some young and skilled men to you."

Knowing what she meant, my face flamed and I ducked my head.

There was dead silence in the room. Even David was stunned. He pulled Icey's sleeve awkwardly, indicating for her to mind her words.

"Young? Skilled men? You wish!" Charles' face clouded over and he grunted in low voice that managed to be dangerous at the same time.

Realizing that she had gone too far, Icey backtracked quickly. "I was just kidding! Men can fool around with other women. Why can't women play with young men? Don't you think it's a double standard?"

Clenching his fists, David coughed and changed the topic stiffly. "Where are Spencer and Vivian? They should be here by now. I'll go and check if they're arrived!"

"That is true; they should be here already. Or did something delay them? I'll call them right away," I echoed hurriedly.

"Are you looking for us? Sorry, we are late." Vivan's round and very large belly was the first thing I saw as she walked in. Spencer, who was walking with a crutch, ambled in next to her. He held on to her waist with one hand and with the other, he clutched his crutch.

"Haven't you ordered yet? I'm starving to death!" At the sight of the empty table, Spencer and Vivian complained even as they helped each other to sit down.

"I was just about to order..."

Before I could finish my words, Vivian suddenly stood up and asked, "Hey, why is this chair wet?"

Curious, I craned my neck and saw that Vivian's chair was indeed wet, and so was the back of her dress.

"What is flowing out? Ah!" Vivian reached out and touched her buttocks. Her face suddenly turned pale and she screamed in panic.

Spencer stood up anxiously and didn't know what to do.

"It's the amniotic fluid! Her water just broke! I will call the ambulance now!" Quickly, I took out my phone and dialed the number for emergency. After explaining our emergency to them, I ended the call and turned to Vivian. As softly as I could, I murmured soothing words to stave off her panic. "You don't have to be nervous. Since your due date is fast approaching, it's perfectly normal for your water to break."

Vivian clenched my hands and screamed in panic, "Ah! I feel something coming out!"

The private room was in chaos. But thankfully, the ambulance arrived a short while later and Vivian was placed on a stretcher and wheeled out. We all piled into our cars and followed them to the hospital.

Standing outside the delivery room, Spencer clenched his crutch tightly, an anxious look on his face.

Hours later, we heard the cry of a baby and we were informed that Vivian had given birth.

Spencer looked at the baby in the nurse's arms. He raised his hand and suddenly put it down. His fingertips wouldn't stop trembling. "Gosh, this... Is this my child?"

Lying on the bed, Vivian was still shivering. Her hair was wet and stuck to her head. Her face was full of fatigue, but the smile at the corners of her mouth couldn't be suppressed.

Tears welled up in Spencer's eyes. He rushed to her and held her hand. "Vivian, thank you. I won't lose my temper with you anymore. I'll listen to everything you tell me from now on."

Vivian's eyes were also blurred with tears. She raised her hand to wipe the tears on Spencer's face. "I just gave birth to a baby. Why are you panicking?"

Spencer rubbed her palm against his cheek gently, and kissed it gratefully.

[Chapter 535 Crawl Into Bed](#)

Caroline's POV:

On our way back from the hospital, Charles was very quiet. He placed his hands on his knees and lowered his eyes. I couldn't even begin to guess at the thoughts running through his mind.

Curious about what could have put him in such a mood, I tapped his shoulder. "Were you scared in the hospital?"

"No," Charles retorted sharply.

When I stared at his gloomy face, I became convinced that he was indeed scared, otherwise, why would he be acting so strangely?

Back to our house in Garden Street, Charles followed me to the door of the bedroom. "I want to sleep with you."

He held me from behind and gently rubbed his chin against my head.

"No, I'm pregnant. It's inconvenient," I murmured, lowering my head. While I enjoyed his tenderness, it suddenly occurred to me that it had been several months since we last had sex. On the night of the proposal, he did nothing but held me in his arms and slept the whole night.

Was he really... impotent?

Feeling conflicted, I looked down his body and stared at his private part. Face flaming a deep red, I looked away immediately.

"What are you thinking about?" Charles asked in a low voice.

At the question, I suddenly realized the direction my thoughts had strayed into. Lowering my head, I ducked my head and didn't dare meet Charles' gaze. "Nothing. I'm going to sleep with James tonight."

"What about me?" Charles grumbled, tightening his grip on my waist.

I slapped the back of his hand and gave him a reproachful look. "You can sleep wherever you want. It has nothing to do with me."

"Then I want to sleep with you." Charles leaned over and peppered kisses all over my neck. Every inch of skin that his lips grazed became hot to the touch. I gasped unconsciously and bent my head, giving him access to my neck.

The bedroom door was suddenly pushed open and James walked out. He stopped short and stared at us curiously. "Daddy, Mommy, are you kissing?"

Nonplussed, I stared at James for a few seconds before I remembered the position Charles and I were in. Hurriedly, I shoved Charles' hand away and leaned towards James. Gently, I ran my fingers through his soft hair and asked, "Why are you still awake?"

"I am waiting for you. I want to sleep with Daddy and Mommy!" James blurted, his innocent eyes wide with expectations.

My heart melted as I held his little hand in mine.

"James, only the two of us will sleep together tonight. Daddy won't sleep with us."

"Why? Did Daddy make Mommy angry again?" James planted his hands on his waist and glared at Charles angrily. "Dad, apologize to Mom now! Otherwise, you can't crawl into Mommy's bed tonight!"

I didn't expect that this little boy even knew these words.

Flushed, I raised my hands to cover my face and then looked up at Charles fiercely. "Did you teach him these words? James has been led astray by you!"

Instead of being remorseful, Charles chuckled lightly. He gripped my shoulders and forced me to look into his eyes as his smile faded. "Caroline, I have nothing to do with those women. In fact, I had already declined Mr. Carter's invitation earlier in the morning."

James rushed over, held my legs, and raised his head. "Mommy, Mommy, Daddy has explained. Please forgive him! I haven't slept with you two for a long time! I really want you to sleep with me!"

No wonder James was still awake at such a late hour. It turned out that he was here to help Charles.

I pinched the tip of James' nose lightly. I looked at the father and son who were echoing each other and became convinced that Charles was the mastermind of this scene. He had played this trick for the sole purpose of spending the night with me.

"Since you and your father are so inseparable, James, you can sleep with your father tonight."

"Caroline, as parents, shouldn't we fulfill our son's wish?" Charles looked down at James and then turned to look at me. His deep eyes were earnest and beseeching.

I looked away calmly, unmoved.

Charles sighed helplessly, bent over, and picked James up. "It seems that we can't sleep with Mommy for the time being. I'll sleep with you tonight."

Struggling in his arms, James declared, "Daddy, Mommy said I could sleep with her."

Snorting, Charles patted James' buttock. "You wish! I won't let you sleep with my wife if I can't sleep next to her as well."

James stopped protesting and Charles carried him to his room.

At midnight.

I was roused from my sleep when a sudden noise disturbed the quiet room.

The noise was from outside the door.

I struggled to open my heavy eyes and looked in the direction of the door.

The door was pushed open, and a tall figure walked steadily to the bedside. The moonlight shone through the window and I was able to see his handsome face clearly.

"Charles, why are you here?"

Still silent, Charles got on the bed and lifted the quilt before laying next to me. He gathered me into his arms and murmured into my skin, "Caroline, I missed you so much that I couldn't fall asleep."

He put his forehead against mine, and the affection in his deep-set eyes couldn't be ignored.

When I stared into his bottomless eyes, I was lost for a moment and my heart raced. However, I did my best to appear unaffected. "Is James asleep?"

"Yes. I had to sneak in here so I wouldn't wake him up."

Charles pulled me into his arms and kissed the corner of my lips. The kiss was affectionate and gentle and I pushed my body closer to Charles', indulging in the kiss.

Perhaps the darkness gave me the courage I didn't usually have, or I simply missed him. Either way, I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back.

Our kiss petered out after a while. Charles held me closely and rested his chin against my temple, looking satiated and relaxed.

Embarrassed, I pushed his chest and said, "It's time for you to go back."

"Let me hold you for a while." Charles tightened his grip on my waist. The atmosphere became amorous as his heavy gasps became the only sound in the quiet room.

His presence was so soothing that I was lulled to sleep.

In a trance, a low voice rumbled in my ear. "Caroline, good night."

Charles' POV:

After Caroline fell asleep, I left the room reluctantly. It was a long night because Caroline was not in my arms.

When I woke up in the morning, I asked James to get dressed and wash up by himself, and then I went downstairs to the kitchen.

Janet was already in the kitchen and making breakfast for us.

I walked in, rolled up the sleeves of my shirt, and ordered her, "Go and take care of James. I'll make breakfast."

"Mr. Moore, are you going to take away my work again?" Janet put down the things in her hands, a sad look in her eyes.

"Yes, you are right."

Janet had no choice but to leave her preparations for breakfast and went upstairs to help James.

After breakfast, I sent James to school and drove to the company.

Richard walked in and put a file on my desk. "Mr. Moore, Adam suddenly fainted before the trial. He is receiving treatment now."

I opened the file and looked through it. After reading all of its contents, I threw it back on the table.

"Can the police keep an eye on him?"

"Since he has escaped once before, the police are being more watchful and vigilant this time around."

My confidence in the police's ability to do their job was high, so I didn't pursue the topic any further. However, I was unable to shake the worry I felt. I stared at the file for a while before turning my attention to Richard. "Double the number of Caroline's bodyguards. You have to choose the best bodyguards. I don't want her to be in any danger again, understand?" I reminded him.

"Got it." Richard nodded.

I waved my hand at him, indicating for him to leave. And then I buried myself in work.

[Chapter 536 Younger Husband](#)

Caroline's POV:

I had arranged for Elena and Carlos to go to France with my father to protect him. Tracy and Janet, however, stayed by my side for my protection.

Nina and I met at a restaurant for lunch one day. While we were walking out of the restaurant, I saw several luxury cars come into a halt in front of the establishment.

The convoy attracted the attention of the passersby. They stopped and stared at the cars with awe.

At this moment, the car doors opened one after another, and bodyguards in black uniforms got out of the car. Some surrounded me, while others stood not far away from me.

I stopped in my tracks, perplexed by what was happening. Seeing my confusion, Janet walked up to me, pointed at the men in black, and explained, "Mrs. Moore, what you see was arranged by our boss. He's worried that Adam will return for revenge, so he asked more bodyguards to protect you."

As I stared at the bodyguards, a smile tugged at my lips. I felt amused and, at the same time, moved.

"I must admit, it's so ostentatious. But it seems that Charles has been doing a great job!" Nina winked at me meaningfully.

"We'd better not go out in the next few days. It'll be bad if we really get ourselves into danger," I reminded her.

Although Adam had already been arrested, who knew if he had a backup plan? It was better to be safe than sorry.

Nina nodded in agreement. "You're right. Caroline, you must be more careful than ever, especially since you're pregnant. You're most vulnerable now. It'll be dreadful if someone takes advantage of the situation to hurt you."

"I will."

With that, I asked some of the bodyguards to send Nina home. I, on the other hand, returned to the company under the protection of the remaining bodyguards.

Nina called me as soon as she got home. When she spoke, there was uncontained joy in her voice. "Caroline, this is the first time professional bodyguards escorted me home. Being rich is so amazing!"

I smiled helplessly. "If you like it, I can ask some of them to protect you wherever you go."

"No, thanks! One experience package is enough for me. I don't like being followed anyway. Besides, Charles assigned them to protect you at all costs. You can have them all to yourself."

In the company, I spent the whole afternoon in a meeting with Diego. We discussed the business operation of the company.

Before I knew it, it was already time for dinner. As soon as the meeting adjourned, Diego stood up, smoothed his wrinkled suit, and said with a smile, "Caroline, can I invite you to dinner?"

"Sure."

Just as I walked out of the meeting room, I saw Tracy waiting outside for me. She walked up to me and whispered in my ear, "Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore is here to pick you up."

"I'll be right there," I replied. I then apologized to Diego for not being able to fulfill my promise and hurried to the elevator.

Diego did not seem at all bothered. He just shrugged and said, "It's okay. Let me accompany you downstairs."

As I was wearing high heels and in a rush, I tripped over my foot and sprained my ankle.

Good thing that Diego was quick on his feet. He instinctively held my arm to support me. If it were not for him, I would have fallen and hurt myself. "Caroline, are you okay?" he asked with concern.

The pain from my ankle made me wince. Even so, I smiled at Diego and reassured him, "I'm fine. Thank you."

At this moment, I saw Charles making a bee line toward me. He held my other arm and wrapped me in his tight embrace.

"Caroline, who is he?" Charles asked while staring at Diego intensely.

Diego let go of my arm and politely nodded to Charles with a smile.

To stop the tension between the two, I introduced Charles to Diego. "Charles, this is Diego Turner, a Harvard top student and an elite of Wall Street. He's a promising young man. I hired him to help me run the company."

Diego reached out his hand to Charles for a handshake. "Mr. Moore, I've heard a lot about you. In the short time I've been here, I saw how smart and capable Caroline is. I envy you for having such a great wife."

Charles was unmoved. With a long face, he stared into Diego's eyes disdainfully.

It did not seem that Charles was willing to even talk to Diego.

I smiled at Diego awkwardly and pulled Charles's sleeve. He glanced at me and reluctantly shook Diego's outstretched hand.

It was not so much a handshake as his fingers barely touched Diego's before withdrawing them. Then, ever so slowly, he took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his fingers one by one.

"I just remembered that I have something to deal with. I'm afraid I have to go now. Caroline, let's make an appointment some other day. Goodbye."

Diego left as soon as he finished speaking.

I watched as he walked away. Suddenly, a familiar voice that was full of jealousy rang in my ears. "He's gone far, yet you're still looking at him. Do you want him to stay? Should I call him back?"

I raised my head and looked at Charles's glum expression.

"Are you jealous?" I asked in disbelief.

"Yes," Charles answered without a second thought.

For the second time, he took out his handkerchief and carefully wiped the sleeve of my business attire.

That sleeve was where Diego held when he helped me up.

Once done, Charles nodded with satisfaction and led me into the car.

"If he hadn't helped me, I would've fallen," I explained.

"I know." Charles threw the handkerchief into the trash can and continued, "If that wasn't the case, do you think I'd let him leave just like that?"

I facepalmed, incredulous by what he had just said.

While we were on the way home, my phone suddenly rang.

It was Diego.

I had a bad feeling about this. I cast a glance at Charles and answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Caroline, Charles asked someone to beat me!" Diego roared. I could hear his anger over the phone.

I turned to look at Charles and hung up the call. "Did you really ask someone to beat him up? Why?" I scoffed.

Charles crossed his legs and leaned against his seat casually. "Well, he's younger than me."

As I stared at him with narrowed eyes, I suddenly remember what Icey had told me the other day.

"It's better to find a husband who's younger than you..."

Did... did Charles hear that?

Charles's POV:

When we arrived home, Caroline went straight to her room.

Of course, I followed her. But just as I walked through the door, she blocked the way and said, "You sleep in the guest room tonight."

Without waiting for my response, she shut the door to my face. I could not help but sigh as I looked at

the closed door.

James trotted over and asked, "Daddy, why are you standing outside?"

I bent over and picked him up. "Daddy will help you take a shower and sleep next to you."

A few moments later, James, who was sitting in the bathtub, raised his head and asked in confusion, "Daddy, why can't we sleep with Mommy?"

I pinched his cheek and squatted down beside the bathtub. "Actually, it's not that we can't sleep with your mommy."

"Then what is it?" James looked at me with his big, innocent eyes. It seemed that he really wanted to know the answer.

"It's you who can't sleep with your mom," I jokingly replied.

James seriously shook his head. "Daddy, you're wrong! Mommy wants to sleep next to me, but not with you! Grandma said you were pathetic. If it weren't for me, Mommy would have never let you sleep on her bed. Daddy, I have an idea! I'll help you sleep with her!"

I could not help but chuckle upon hearing my son's words. The children these days were becoming more and more difficult to fool.

With that, I leaned forward and asked, "What is it?"

Caroline had locked the door. I could not get in.

James beckoned me to come closer, so I did.

"Daddy, I'll knock on the door and enter Mommy's room. When Mommy falls asleep, I'll open the door, so you can come in," he whispered in my ear.

"Good idea. You really are my son. You're so clever!" I took James out of the bathtub and changed him into his pajamas. I could not wait to take him to the door of Caroline's room and do as we planned.

With a cunning smile, I squatted down, gave James a high five, and hid in the corner.

James knocked on the door. A few seconds later, Caroline opened the door and let James in.

I stood in the corridor, waiting for James to open the door. To my disappointment, he did not come out the whole night.

I clenched my fists and muttered, "I shouldn't have believed that naughty boy."

The next morning, I saw James on the bed, holding his toys and looking at me innocently.

I marched towards him to confront him.

"Daddy, I'm sorry. I fell asleep last night," James hurriedly explained.

"Hmm. So you fell asleep. I waited for you outside the whole night."

Embarrassed, James scratched his head and explained in a low voice, "It smelled so good in Mommy's arms. I fell asleep as soon as she put me to bed. I promise I didn't mean it."

[Chapter 537 Handsome Man](#)

Charles' POV:

After breakfast, Caroline and I drove James to the kindergarten.

On the way, James whispered in my ear, "Daddy, I heard Mommy talking to a man on the phone last night."

"Which man?"

Caroline barred me from sleeping in her room, but she had the time to call another man at night. The longer I thought about it, the unhappier I was. I gripped the steering wheel tightly, the green eyed monster in my chest reigning supreme.

"The man he's referring to is Diego. You hit the poor man and I had to apologize to him," Caroline explained with a helpless shrug.

From my periphery, I glanced at her before snorting derisively. "Why are you apologizing to him? If he didn't get fresh with you, I wouldn't have asked someone to beat him up."

"He didn't get fresh with me. He helped me up out of kindness. If it weren't for him, I would have fallen." Caroline glared at me and turned her head to the other side as if she didn't want to talk to me.

I turned the steering wheel irritably but said nothing.

I was well aware of the fact that I could be very possessive where Caroline was concerned, but I just couldn't stand the idea of other men getting close to her.

Besides, it was obvious that Diego had ulterior motives.

James asked curiously, "Mommy, who is Diego?"

"He is Mommy's colleague, a very handsome one in fact." Caroline turned to James and answered with a twinkle in her eye.

"Handsome? Is he more handsome than Daddy?" After chewing on her answer, he finally blurted the question.

Caroline was silent for two seconds. She looked at my face for a while and concluded, "He is younger than your father."

These words were like a torrent, completely drowning my reason. Before I had even fully thought it through, my foot was already slamming down hard on the brake. The sound of rubber tires screeching against the ground as we came to a sudden stop cut through James' sentence.

The bodyguards following our car also braked and hurried out of their car. In seconds flat, they surrounded my car and looked around vigilantly.

James gripped the seat belt and asked nervously, "Daddy, what's wrong? Is there any bad guy?"

"There are no bad guys. Sit back down," I retorted sharply, my cold gaze focused solely on Caroline.

The sudden brake caught her by surprise. She was shoved forward by the car's suddenly stopping before the seatbelt stopped her forward momentum. Her face turned pale and she turned towards me nervously. "Why did you stop in the middle of the road?"

"Is he so young?" I asked through gritted teeth.

Caroline blinked innocently. "He is indeed younger than you."

Something cold clasped around my heart and squeezed. Sneering, I leaned into her personal space. "So you like him? Caroline, answer me."

Caroline leaned away from me, but she had nowhere to go, trapped in the passenger seat as she was. She settled on glaring at me.

After a few seconds of tense silence, she broke our stare off and glanced out of the window with a frown. "What do you want me to say? It's true that he is young. Why are you making such a fuss over a trivial statement? You stopped so suddenly, people might think something is wrong with us."

I didn't care one whit what other people thought of me. The only thing I cared about was...

Was it possible for her to fall in love with someone else?

I straightened up and turned the ignition.

We made good pace, albeit a slow one, but I was in a terrible mood the entire drive.

After dropping James at school, we were the only ones left in the car. For a long while, the car was deathly silent since neither of us was willing to be the first to speak.

Leaning back in my seat, I stroked the steering wheel with the heels of my palm and gazed at nothing in particular.

Caroline lowered her eyes and unlatched her seatbelt. "Maybe I should head to work in another car," she declared softly, her hand on the door latch.

"Why? Are you in such a hurry to see that young man? Do I drive too slowly for you now?" I sneered at her but still turned the ignition.

When we arrived at the gate of Wilson Group, I stopped the car.

Caroline unfastened her seat belt and opened the door to alight the car. "I'm going to work. Be careful on the way."

When she turned her back to me, a wave of panic just enveloped me.

I grabbed her arm and pulled her back into the car.

Startled, Caroline screamed but I cut off her screams with my kiss.

Icey's words was like a festering wound in my heart. It corroded every single one of my senses and left me insecure and scared.

When I saw Diego's young and handsome face, jealousy flicked out like a snake's tongue. The feeling it roused in me left me irritable and snappish.

Caroline's POV:

Today was a family reunion day. When I closed for the day, Charles was waiting for me downstairs. He picked me up and drove us back to the Moore mansion.

The twins kissed Charles and me for a few minutes before going to play with James.

Once they were gone, only the adults were left in the living room, but it was still lively.

A short while later, various dishes were served on the table and the family gathered around, everyone having a good time.

"You two should come back more often to have dinner. Zoey also wants to cook more maternity meals

for Caroline. She has no chance to display the maternity food she has learned before, so she has been complaining to us," Dad suggested with a smile.

Grandma held my hand and pouted like a child. "Caroline, I want you to stay at home more frequently. I haven't seen you for a long time."

I smiled at her, my heart softening. Grasping her hand, I murmured softly, "Okay, I'll stay here tonight."

"You young people rarely visit your elders, so you must stay the night now that you're here," Mom echoed.

My heart jolted at the declaration.

Was she trying to say that I would spend the night in the same room with Charles?

"You have an appointment with David tonight, don't you?" I reminded Charles, willing him with the blinks of my eyes to go along with my fib.

Charles narrowed his eyes and smiled. "Really? Why don't I remember?"

"Yes! Didn't you talk on the phone with him on the way back?"

While everyone watched our interaction raptly, Charles made a show of picking up his phone before going through his call log.

The silence stretched and my heart raced, panic seizing me. 'Why does he have to expose my lie?'

Charles raised his head slowly and stared at me with a faint smile. His eyes were unfathomable and I found it difficult to read his mind.

Without meaning to, I began sweating profusely as I waited for him to make me out as a liar in front of everyone.

"Yes, there is."

"See? I've always had a good memory." It turned out to be a false alarm. I smiled at him with satisfaction.

However, before I could relax, Charles said seriously, "Your memory didn't serve you well. I declined his request for a drink. Have you forgotten?"

Spluttering, I glared at him angrily, unable to come up with a retort.

After dinner, I chatted with the elders for a while. Before long, Grandpa and Grandma began to yawn.

When Mom noticed their incessant yawns, she immediately helped Grandma to stand up from the sofa. "It's time to go to bed. We can talk tomorrow. Charles, take Caroline upstairs so she can rest. She is pregnant. She needs more rest."

Charles followed me unhurriedly. I opened the door and slowly turned around to look at him.

"What's wrong?" Charles raised his eyebrows and stood at the door, not intending to leave.

I had no idea what I should do. I just stood in the room and held on to the doorknob with one hand, leaving only a crack open. "Why don't you spend the night with the children?" I suggested in a last ditch attempt.

At this time, Jerry ran to Charles and held his leg. "Daddy."

Charles bent down and picked him up. "Why are you still up?"

Jerry put his arms around his father's neck and said, "I want Daddy and Mommy to sleep with me!"

Charles turned to look at me for a few seconds. "I'll sleep with you," he murmured into Jerry's hair as his eyes remained locked on mine.

Jerry nodded happily and let Charles carry him away.

Looking at their receding figures, I breathed a sigh of relief. I immediately closed the door and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

I slept well that night.

When I woke up the next morning, I felt the presence of another body in bed with me.

Still deep in sleep, Charles' eyes were closed but smooth and his handsome features were softened in sleep. He appeared more amiable than he usually was.

It took a few seconds for me to get over my shock. I wanted to wake him up and demand how he got in when I suddenly remembered that I didn't lock the door last night. Charles must have sneaked in at midnight.

Where did he learn it from? He was more and more skilled at playing the rascal!

How dreadful!

I clenched my fists and struggled to get up from the bed. However, as soon as I moved, I was pulled back by an arm.

The sudden change in equilibrium had me crashing against his chest. Eyes still closed, Charles rumbled in a low and hoarse voice, "Sleep a little longer with me."

[Chapter 538 What's Wrong With Your Husband](#)

Caroline's POV:

After breakfast, Charles drove me back to the company.

Along the way, I didn't even glance at him and just focus on the scenery outside the window. Suddenly, my phone rang, breaking the silence in the car.

I glanced at the screen and saw that Diego was calling. I rejected the call, but he soon called again.

Charles pressed his lips and slowly pulled over.

I looked at him, visibly confused. "Why'd you stop the car?"

He took my ringing phone away from my hand and pressed the answer key. His face was sullen and tense. He looked like he wanted to fight someone.

"If you don't want to be fired, never call her again!" His voice was frightening and was enough to send shivers down anyone's spine.

Thereafter, he ended the phone call.

I looked at him with a blank stare. I couldn't understand why he was being so hostile against Diego. "Charles, why did you threaten him?"

"What do you mean? Why would I need to intimidate him?" Charles cast me a cold glance and spoke in a disdainful tone.

His firm attitude dampened my courage to go against him, and I felt uncomfortable.

For as long as I'd come back as Caroline, he had always been kind to me. But lately, he was getting more and more irritable. These days, his temper was volatile.

After we arrived at the company, he pulled over the car. He held the steering wheel with both hands, sullen and silent.

I unfastened my seatbelt, ready to get off the car. But then, he stopped me. "Caroline."

"What?" I asked, annoyed by his cold attitude towards me. Because of how sad I was of how he treated me, I was distancing myself from him as well.

"Do you like him?"

"Who?"

"Diego," he answered, looking into my eyes.

I was stunned for a moment. I stared back at him as anger surged in my heart.

'How could he think that I like Diego? Shouldn't he already know who I like? If I love someone else, I wouldn't have agreed to his proposal! And I never would've gotten back together with him.'

As I stared at his face, I got so annoyed that I wanted to beat him up.

"Charles, you're the one who's always fooling around with other women outside of our relationship. Do not lump me in with you. Got it?"

"I've never betrayed you," Charles countered with a frown. "We're talking about you right now, Caroline. Stay away from other men. Have you forgotten already? Simon courted you, seemingly out of love. But in truth, he had an ulterior motive!"

"Diego is my colleague. I've never crossed the line with him. Charles, get your head out of your ass. I'm not as dirty or cheap as you think!"

I was so angry that my blood pressure soared. I felt a dull pain coming from my lower abdomen. Thereafter, I unfastened my seatbelt, got out of the car, slammed the door, and went away.

'God! How could Charles be so unreasonable?'

Upon entering my office, I felt so dispirited. I had nowhere to vent my anger, so I took out my phone and sent Charles a message. "Don't come to pick me up tonight. I don't want to see you!"

I texted him several other messages just to alleviate some of my anger.

As I sat on the office chair, tears streamed down my cheeks like beads from a broken necklace. I sulked for what felt like a lifetime.

'What on earth had I done to make him think that I've fallen in love with someone else? Besides, I only see Diego while I'm at work! From the very beginning, Charles has never trusted me. He always has it out for me,' I complained inwardly.

Right after work, I left the company building.

I found Charles' car waiting downstairs. I shot it a cold glance before looking away, hailing a cab, and

getting in.

The kids were in the Moore mansion along with the elders, so I made an appointment with Ikey and Nina at Starlight Restaurant. Once the dishes were served, I ate and chatted with them.

"Caroline, you look like you're in a bad mood. Did Charles upset you again?" Ikey asked, holding her chin.

Nina, on the other hand, took a sip of her wine and slammed it on the table. I could tell that she was angry. "It's only been a few days since the proposal and he's already upset you. Men are so infuriating!"

"I'm fine. I'm just a little upset." I lowered my head while casually stirring the soup in my bowl. The thought of what Charles said to me during the day brought tears to my eyes.

Just then, a knock on the door interrupted our conversation.

All three of us glanced at the door at the same time and saw a man smiling at us. He stood at the door, holding a glass of red wine.

Janet stood outside the door beside the man and said, "Mrs. Moore, Mr. Carter wants to propose a toast to you."

"Mr. Carter?" I couldn't remember who the man was even while I was staring at him.

The man walked in and said, "Mrs. Moore, I'm Bill Carter. We met here a few days ago. Do you remember? I assure you that what happened on that day was a misunderstanding. I heard that you're here with your friends tonight, so I came here to apologize to you."

It finally dawned on me who he was. I smiled and asked, "What have you done wrong that requires you to apologize to me, Mr. Carter?"

"When I invited Mr. Moore for dinner that day, he refused me. His secretary said that he wanted to have dinner with his wife. I thought it was just an excuse. And when I met him here later, I asked those beautiful women I brought to invite Mr. Moore for a drink. I thought that alcohol and women were the best tools to use to ensure our cooperation. But now, I realize that I was wrong. After that night, Mr. Moore wished to cut all ties with me. Only then did I realize what kind of mistake that I've made. Mr. Moore is a true gentleman. He's different from the rest of us." Bill appeared to be remorseful as he stared into his glass of wine.

I stirred the bowl of soup with my spoon, listening intently to his story.

Seeing that I wouldn't respond or react, Bill's voice became fainter and fainter, and fear appeared in his eyes.

"Based on what you just told us, you should apologize to Charles, not Caroline. Why are you apologizing

to her?" asked Nina.

"I'm just worried that she might misunderstand her husband. He's a gentleman. He truly cares about his wife. What happened that day was my mistake. But I do hope that you won't get mad at me for it, Mrs. Moore. How about this? I'll punish myself by drinking three glasses of wine continuously. If that doesn't satisfy you, I'll drink as much as you'd like me to drink."

Having said that, he started gulping one large glass of wine. The one followed behind him was probably his assistant, who immediately poured another glass for him.

After having drunk three glasses in total, Bill looked at me and said to the person beside him, "Fill it up again."

"That's not necessary. I've felt your sincerity, Mr. Carter. There's no need for you to drink any more. However, I can't make a decision on Charles' behalf when it comes to business. You'll have to talk to him instead."

"Alright. I'll apologize to Mr. Moore. Anyway, I'll let you ladies have your dinner. See you again next time!"

Bill nodded, giving us an awkward smile before leaving.

Once he had left, we started chatting again.

Icey shifted the topic to Charles.

As I recalled what had happened these past few days, I heaved a heavy sigh. "I think something's wrong with Charles."

Just then, the door opened and I heard a deep voice. "What's wrong with your husband?"

Upon hearing his voice, I was flustered. I turned around and saw Charles standing at the door, followed by David.

"Why don't you ask yourself? You're Caroline's husband, but you're not doing what a husband must do!" Nina shot him a cold glance, offering him no politeness.

Icey chimed in, "Caroline is pregnant and you're stressing her out on purpose. Are you willfully making her suffer? Back when you proposed, you spoke such honeyed words. It's only been a while since then, but you've already shown your true colors!"

Charles didn't seem to care about whatever they said. He approached me and placed his hand on the back of my chair. "Do you mind if I sit here, Caroline?"

'He's acting nice and gentle on purpose. but really he's just...' I thought.

"Whatever." I sprang to my feet and avoided him. "I'm going to the bathroom."

I was starting to feel nauseous again. I leaned over the sink, retching for a time. In the mirror, I saw my face was as pale as a sheet of paper.

Charles walked in and gently closed the door.

I glanced at him through the mirror and asked, "What do you want?"

Charles walked towards me until he stopped right behind me. While staring at me he asked, "Are you mad at me?"

He had a deep look in his eyes. And I could tell from them that he was trying so hard to restrain himself.

His body was pressed against me. I sensed that something was amiss. I looked down and felt something warm touching my legs.

I grabbed the edge of the sink, wanting to leave.

He held my arms firmly and let out a sigh. "My wife seems to have a liking for younger, better men. As your husband, am I not allowed to feel angry?"

I tried to remove his hands from my arms, but I failed.

I was so furious that I pushed him hard through his chest. "When did I even like another man? Charles, stop speaking ill of me!"

"Didn't you like someone?"

"No!"

"You really don't like Diego?" Charles grunted.

"No. I don't like him!"

All the anger, resentment, and sadness burst forth from my heart like a torrent. I gave up on struggling. My voice had grown hoarse, and I had lost all my strength.

'How could he do this to me? Over and over, he doubts my fidelity to him!'

Charles stared deeply into my eyes. Then, he held my hand and embraced me.

[Chapter 539 Fain](#)

Caroline's POV:

Once my duty was over, I went to the hospital to visit Vivian. Of course, I did not forget to bring a gift for her.

Vivian was lying on the bed, her face plump and ruddy. Judging from her well-being, she was being taken good care of.

"Your presence is enough. You didn't have to bring me a gift," she said with a faint smile.

"The gift is for the baby. Babies love gifts. Look at him. He's so cute!"

My heart softened as I stared at the sleeping little boy in the crib.

"I thought he's only cute when he's asleep. God, I was so annoyed these days whenever he's awake. I thought giving birth was already hard enough. I didn't expect that raising a child would be harder," Vivian complained. Even so, she could not stop smiling.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Spencer listened quietly to his wife's complaints and teasingly said, "Just last night, I saw someone hold the baby and refuse to put him down."

"But your mother took him away in the end." Vivian snorted and got a little worked up when she recalled what had happened the other night.

"Mom was just worried that you wouldn't have a good rest. It might not be obvious, but she wanted to help you take care of the child," Spencer explained in a low voice.

I held Vivian's hand and patted it. "What you should do now is take care of yourself. Don't think about anything else."

"I'm just worried. You know that Spencer's mother doesn't like me. Who knows if she'll take the baby away from me?" Vivian winked at me meaningfully after saying this.

I understood what she meant at once. I turned to Spencer and asked, "You won't let that happen, will you?"

Seeing that Vivian and I resonated with each other, Spencer was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. "Of course, nobody can take our son away from us," he promised.

Vivian cast a glance at him and warned, "Good. I'll remember your promise. Caroline is my witness."

"I always keep my word," Spencer retorted through gritted teeth.

I went to a nearby cafe after visiting Vivian. When I sat down, I remembered that I could not drink coffee

as I was pregnant.

Because of this, I ordered two cups of coffee for Janet and Tracy instead and asked them to sit with me.

The sunlight was shining through the window, illuminating the coffee shop with a warm glow. I touched my baby bump and gazed outside the window.

At the next table, two girls were chatting excitedly.

"Of course, it's true. I just came from his office. Mr. Charles Moore asked me to be the model for their new car."

At the mention of the name, I turned around and looked at them. These girls looked like they were in their twenties—so pretty and fashionable for their age.

"Is Mr. Moore really cold and unapproachable as the others say?" the other girl curiously asked.

"It's called temperament. But the truth is, he's easy-going. It's just that he's straight to the point and has no time for pleasantries. But what fascinated me most is..."

"What is it?"

"He has this captivating force on him, which makes me want to get close to him."

After saying that, the girl blushed and bit her lip.

"Wow. Are you—" The girl suddenly stopped speaking.

"What's wrong?"

"Shh..."

The two girls exchanged a nervous glance and then looked at me. Upon realizing who I was, they lowered their heads in guilt and quickly paid their bill.

Although I was smiling on the outside, my blood was boiling. I could not help but tighten the grip on my cup in anger.

Janet and Tracy followed my gaze. When they saw who I was staring at, they immediately reassured me. "Mrs. Moore, they're just talking nonsense!"

"Yeah. How could Mr. Moore talk to nobodies like them?"

"It's true, though. The company is looking for a model," I calmly replied.

Janet and Tracy glanced at each other, having no idea how to defend Charles.

I was no longer in the mood to stay there, so I stood up and left.

After lunch, I stayed at home and did not go out the whole afternoon.

While I was going to get changed, my phone suddenly rang.

I picked it up and saw that it was Charles who was calling. I was hesitant at first, but I answered the call in the end.

"Hello?"

"I'll pick the kids up from the Moore mansion. Let's have dinner together."

"Okay," I agreed dully. Suddenly, what the two ladies said at the cafe crossed my mind, and I felt a pang in my heart.

I opened my mouth to ask something but decided not to on second thought. Without another word, I hung up the call.

At this moment, I got up from the sofa. But then, I suddenly felt dizzy.

My vision went blurry. I reached out to hold on to something but failed. I fell onto the cold, hardwood floor and then everything went black.

"Caroline, Caroline..."

I could hear someone calling my name. I tried to open my eyes. It was then that I noticed that my breathing was weak and laborious.

"Caroline?"

The familiar voice, along with his broad and warm chest, made me gradually regain my consciousness.

I was still dizzy, but at least I was awake.

"Charles, is that you?" I reached out and touched his face. Before I knew it, tears were streaming down my face.

"It's me," Charles replied while holding my hand.

Panic was written all over his face.

I must have worried him.

At this moment, the doctor came in and told us his diagnosis. "The patient hasn't fully recovered from the car accident last time. In addition, it seems that she got stressed lately, so she fainted. I'm afraid that she's in a fragile state right now. You shouldn't leave her alone."

Charles lowered his eyes guiltily and kissed my hand. "I'm sorry, Caroline. I was careless."

I looked up at him. When our eyes met, I felt warmer in my heart.

However, I suddenly recalled the conversation between the two girls at the cafe, which made me unconsciously withdraw my hand.

But Charles held my hand tighter.

"Is this the first time you fainted?" the doctor inquired.

I thought for a moment and answered, "This is the second time."

"Then you should be more careful. To be frank, you're not in perfect health. You must pay extra attention to your diet when you get home. Eat more times a day, but have less serving every time. Also, don't get up quickly after you're sitting for too long, or you'll feel dizzy and faint again. If your condition gets worse, you will need to be hospitalized for medical treatment."

The doctor left not long after, but my headache became worse. I unconsciously touched my forehead and felt something on it.

There was a bandage on my forehead. I must have hit my head when I fainted.

Charles sat beside me and took my hand off. "Don't touch it."

"It's itchy," I protested.

It was true. It hurt and itched.

"The doctor said that although the wound is not deep, it will take a few days to heal. Just put up with it."

I looked up at him aggrievedly.

To coax me, Charles reached out and wrapped me in his embrace.

His warm and strong chest was so comforting. Just like the girl said, he indeed had a captivating force.

I let out a snort and looked at him with narrowed eyes. "You didn't let other girls lean in your arms, did you?"

"What? What other girls?" Charles frowned and stared at me confusedly.

I lowered my eyes, fiddled with his shirt, and shyly explained, "I heard from a girl at the cafe that you had this pulling force that she couldn't help but want to get close to you."

Charles chuckled. "Caroline, are you worried that I'm messing around with other women?"

"No, I'm not! You can do whatever you want!" I struggled to get out of his grasp and tried to push him away.

As usual, Charles did not let me. He held me tighter and even rested his chin against my neck. "Caroline, I didn't, and will never be unfaithful to you. And just so you know, I will never let any woman lean in my arms."

His deep and sexy voice soothed my restlessness and made my heart pound in my chest.

"I know."

When we arrived at Garden Street, the elders from the Moore mansion had all rushed over to meet us.

"Caroline, how are you? Why did you faint all of a sudden?" Grandma worriedly asked. Worry and apprehension were written all over her face.

Before I could answer Grandma's questions, Alice held her arm and queried, "Caroline, was it serious?"

"I'm fine. I just fainted and accidentally bumped my head," I reassured them.

"You bumped your head? Isn't it bad enough?" Grandma glanced at my belly and looked at my forehead. Suddenly, her eyes brimmed with tears.

I patted her on the back and reassured her, "Grandma, I swear it isn't that serious. The wound will heal in a few days. Don't worry."

Grandma sighed. "If you say so. Charles, you should pay more attention to your wife. Try to postpone all your social engagements until she gives birth to the baby. Spend more time with her. Your wife is more important than work. You're lucky nothing happened to her this time. Otherwise, you would've been sorry for the rest of your life!"

"Your Grandma is right. Be alert even when you're sleeping. In her last trimester, she might find it difficult to get up, so you should accompany her to the bathroom," Alice advised.

"Okay. I'll be sure to keep an eye on her more," Charles promised. He was standing behind me with his hands on my shoulders. And when he spoke, his tone was unusually solemn.

After dinner, the elders said a few more words to us before they left.

When I was about to go upstairs, I felt my feet suddenly leave the floor.

It turned out that Charles had picked me up, intending to carry me up the stairs.

Startled, I wrapped my arms around his neck. "Are you going to carry me in your arms wherever I go from now on?"

"Yes," Charles replied without a second thought.

I thought it was a little exaggerated for him to carry me everywhere when I could walk on my own. But it was true that I was weak and needed to be more careful. Since he volunteered to carry me, I just let him be.

"Shall I take you upstairs?" Charles asked pleasantly while carrying me bridal style.

"And then?" I asked with raised eyebrows.

"Then..."

He pondered over the meaning of that word. Suddenly, his face lit up, and he stared into my eyes excitedly.

Upon realizing what I had just asked, my mind went blank for a second, and my face turned beet red.

I closed my eyes in embarrassment and did not dare to look at him.

The next thing I knew, Charles opened the bedroom door and put me on the bed. Then, he bent over, held the back of my head with one hand, and put a pillow under my head with the other.

I put my hands on his chest and pushed him away. "You can leave now."

"Are you driving me away again?" Charles raised his eyebrows at me. Instead of leaving, he leaned closer and said, "Caroline, the doctor said that you're weak. As your husband, it's my job to take care of you, especially at night."

"I don't need you. Just ask Tracy and Janet to keep me company." I had a feeling that he was going to press his lips against mine, so I hurriedly pushed him away.

"Nope. I won't be at ease. They can be careless and clumsy sometimes, so I'll take care of you myself

instead." Charles stared into my eyes and reminded me, "You haven't taken a shower yet."

As he spoke, his fingers wandered on my body and unbuttoned my shirt. What he had just done made my heart skip a beat. So, I grabbed his hand and asked crossly, "What are you doing?"

"We already have three sons. Why do you still feel shy when I take off your clothes?"

"I—"

"Well, I think I've taken your clothes off at least a hundred times. Maybe even a thousand." Charles skillfully unbuttoned my shirt, revealing my thin bra.

"Charles, stop talking nonsense. I don't need you to take off my clothes!" I snapped. I put my hands over my chest and stared daggers at him.

To my surprise, Charles straightened up, got out of bed, and walked toward the bathroom. "I'm going to run the bath. We'll go to bed after you take a shower."

[Chapter 540 A Baby Shower](#)

Caroline's POV:

I took a break from work for a few days and rested at home. But today, I returned to the company and resumed work.

As soon as I sat down in my office, someone knocked on the door.

"Come in."

A clerk of the personnel department came in and handed me a document, which was a girl's resume.

"Miss Wilson, there is a girl who wants to apply for the position of your assistant."

"I don't need an assistant for the time being. Just refuse her." I took the pen and knocked it on the table carelessly.

"But she said she was your cousin."

"My cousin?" Surprised, I stopped fiddling with the pen and paid attention to the clerk. "Send her in," I declared, my curiosity piqued.

A young lady walked in. She looked to be about the same age with me. "Miss Wilson, my name is Helen Dewar. I'm the daughter of Uncle Edward's elder sister."

Frowning, I inspected every inch of her face carefully and found that there was a little similarity in our facial features.

As a matter of fact, Dad once told me he had an elder sister, but he had lost touch with her years ago. It certainly never occurred to me that her daughter would seek me out.

"Helen, why the sudden visit?" I asked in confusion.

Helen sighed, with a tinge of sadness on her face. "I'm the only child of my father, but he had issues with alcohol. Last year, while he was drunk, he died in a car accident. So now, I'm all alone. I used to work in a different city, but when I heard that I have a cousin here, I decided to apply for a job here so we can get to know each other better."

"Alone? What about the rest of your family?"

"More than ten years ago, my mother married another man after divorcing my father because he was an alcoholic. I have no idea where she is now." Helen shrugged, looking like her mother's unknown whereabouts was old news.

My heart softened a little as I stared at her. She must have had a tough life. But the issue was that I didn't want Helen to be my assistant since I really didn't need one. However, if she was really my cousin, Dad would have wanted me to take her in.

"You are my only family now, Miss Wilson," she muttered softly, her eyes wide and beseeching.

I thought for a moment and reached out my hand to her with a smile. "In that case, you are welcome to join us here at the Wilson Group, Miss Dewar. I hope you enjoy working here with us. Oh, and when we are alone, you can call me Caroline."

"Thank you." For a moment, Helen was stunned and remained unresponsive. But the next second, she regained her mobility and lurched forward to shake hands with me.

Helen turned out to be capable. With the help of her colleagues, she soon became familiar with her duties.

Her capabilities amazed me and my impression of her surged.

After the meeting in the afternoon, Helen came out of the meeting room and followed me with some documents in her arms. "Caroline, can I ask you out to dinner?" she asked in a low voice.

Before I could reply, Janet who was next to me whispered in my ear, "Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore is waiting for you downstairs. He came to pick you up for the party."

I nodded and turned to Helen. "I'm sorry Helen, but I already have a prior engagement, so I won't be able to have dinner with you tonight. But we can certainly have dinner another day."

At this precise moment, Diego walked out of the office, but stopped when he saw me. "Caroline, are you done for the day?"

"Yes. I have another appointment. In fact, I need to leave right now. Diego, this is my new assistant, Helen Dewar. She is new here and not familiar with the company. Can you take care of her for me?"

"Of course. Helen, if you have anything that you don't understand, just ask me." Diego smiled and nodded at Helen.

"Thank you very much." A grateful smile curved my lips, but then I became conscious of the fact that Charles was waiting for me. Swiftly, I turned around and hurried out of the building.

Briefly, I heard Helen saying something to Diego before she followed me.

Charles stood next to the car, the exquisite high end suit fitting his body like a glove. It sharpened the angles of his body and made it hard for anyone to take their eyes off him.

His long legs quickly ate up the distance between us. "Are you done for the day?"

"Yes."

"The party..." Before he could finish his words, Helen walked up to Charles with a smile and extended her hand out for him to shake.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Moore. I'm Caroline's cousin, Helen Dewar."

Unhappy with the intrusion, Charles frowned. He glanced at Helen coldly and summarily dismissed her. "The party is about to begin. In fact, David just called to ask when we'll arrive. Let's go," Charles explained in a soft tone, his hand clasping my wrist.

"Okay," I agreed with a smile.

Charles opened the door with one hand and with the other, helped me into the car.

To most people, Charles came across as forbidding and rather cold, but he always treated me like a delicate flower.

The contrast in his demeanor and appearance made him intriguing and extremely appealing. No wonder so many women kept trying to get closer to him.

A derisive snort curled my lips but I tamped it down because we were in public and other people were present.

I rolled down the window and waved at Helen. "The next few days are going to be hectic. You should

take this opportunity to rest after dinner."

"Okay. Bye, Caroline."

As the car drove away from the company, I became lost in my thoughts.

Helen had no one now that her mother left and her father died. Had I been too nonchalant in my attitude towards her?

Even though I wasn't particularly pleased with the idea of a hitherto unknown cousin suddenly springing up on me, I felt like I should be more obliged to her because we were related by blood.

Since she came to me, then it would stand to reason that she had no one else out there to seek support from. If Helen were to prove that she was a trustworthy person, maybe I should find a way to help her more.

While pondering the situation, it occurred to me that I could seek Charles' opinion on the matter. I turned to him and explained briefly, "Helen is my aunt's daughter. I forgot to introduce the two of you properly because we were in a hurry."

"Have you investigated her claim?" Charles asked brusquely, cutting to the chase.

"Not yet."

His question reminded me of the fact that I had accepted Helen's words at surface value. It never even occurred to me to research her background and confirm for myself whether she was telling the truth or not.

Charles hummed for a few seconds before turning his attention towards Richard. "I want you to do a background check on Helen Dewar. The more detailed, the better."

A small smile lifted my lips. Charles had a thing for investigating everything.

But even I should admit that it was always good to be cautious.

A while later, we arrived at our destination. After getting out of the car, Charles and I walked into the house.

Vivian's son, Leo Patel, was one month old today. Vivian and Spencer held a party and invited all of their friends to celebrate it.

When we arrived, Icey and David were already there.

Standing in the bedroom, Vivian held her son in her arms and grinned from ear to ear. "Look at him. He

eats eight times a day. Now he is as fat as a piggy."

The little boy was chubby, lying on Vivian's shoulder and smacking his lips. He was very cute.

Icey pinched the little boy's face, her eyes bright and expectant. "Can I hold him?"

"Of course!" Vivian promised. She handed the baby to Icey and taught her how to hold him properly.

"This is so amazing," Icey gushed, surprised.

The little boy was not afraid of strangers at all. He wrapped his arms around Icey's neck and smiled at her.

"If you like children, you should have one with your husband as soon as possible. Since this boy came to our home, our family has been extremely lively."

As Vivian spoke, her phone suddenly rang.

She picked up the phone and looked at the caller ID. Her face darkened and she rejected the call immediately. "I need to make a phone call. Please take care of Leo for a while."

After Vivian left, I turned to Icey in confusion. "What's going on?"

Icey spared a moment to ensure Vivian was not going to return anytime soon before shuffling closer to me. "Do you remember Emily, Vivian's mother? She is pregnant and the baby is Ethan's. The stepmother is pregnant with the stepson's child. What a scandal!"

My eyes widened in shock. "Daniel is known to have a very bad temper. I don't think he will forgive Emily."

Icey shook her head and ventured a guess, "I heard Ethan has lost the ability to father a child after that, and Daniel is too old to have any other child. This child will definitely be delivered since it will be Daniel's only grandchild, but I don't think the Johnson family will keep Emily alive after the baby is born."

"That's why she keeps calling Vivian. She wants Vivian to help her escape." I speculated based on her words.