

## **Warning 541**

### [Chapter 541 What Was The Point Of Being Young](#)

Charles's POV:

Once the party was about to end, Caroline yawned.

I raised my wrist to check the time. Then, I sprang to my feet and strode towards Caroline. As I carried her, I said, "It's getting late. I'm taking Caroline home."

Half asleep, Caroline tilted her head towards the car window.

I adjusted her position, so that she could lean on my shoulder while I continued driving.

Caroline frowned, rubbing her head against my shoulder. It took some time, but she was able to find a comfortable sleeping position and drifted into sleep.

I stopped the car at the red light. Her face looked so innocent while she slept. Her eyelashes were curly, and her skin was really smooth. Seeing her like this made me realize that she was actually more beautiful than I believed she was.

I felt like my cold, icy heart was melting away because of her tenderness.

I was filled with the desire to kiss her, but in the end, I just started the car and went home.

By the time we arrived at Garden Street, Caroline had already fallen asleep.

I unfastened her seat belt and carried her back to her room.

Her eyes were half-closed, and her eyelashes were fluttering. "Are we home yet?" she asked drowsily.

"Yep."

She looked like she wanted to open her eyes, but she couldn't resist the urge to sleep and soon drifted into slumber.

I bent over and gently placed her on the bed. Then, I sat beside her just to stare at her pretty face.

I brushed the lock of hair off her forehead, and planted a kiss on her forehead. When I looked down at her finely shaped nose, I kissed it and then planted another kiss on her lips.

It was hard to resist the urge to kiss every inch of her face.

Unable to stand it any longer, she groaned and forcibly opened her eyes. "I want to take a shower."

"I'll carry you there."

"Okay."

"Are you going to undress yourself or would you want my help?" I asked.

"Please help me," she said, reaching out her arms.

I brushed her hair back and kissed the side of her face. When my fingertips reached the buttons of her clothes, my heart raced for some reason.

Soon, I took off her clothes, put them aside, and then I began taking off her pants.

But before I could take them off, she kicked me hard.

The kick wasn't that heavy, but I was caught off-guard.

I looked at her in disbelief. "What are you doing?"

"What do you think you're doing?" Caroline asked back, struggling to get up.

"Well, you asked me to help you take off your clothes, right?"

"I said no such thing! Why on earth would I... You know what? Get outta here!" Caroline's face turned red, and she looked away from me. Obviously, she was just pretending not to remember anything, and she refused to admit what she had said earlier.

I looked at her, speechless and uncertain of to clear things out.

Caroline glared at me, clearly feeling ashamed. Then, she rushed into the bathroom.

After taking a shower, she came over and lifted the quilt.

Because of that, my naked lower body was exposed to the open air. Caroline was stunned. She looked away, visibly panicking. "Charles, why don't you have any pants on?"

"I prefer sleeping naked."

Seeing her blush like that made me chuckle and it put me in a good mood. Then, I slowly used the quilt to cover myself.

After turning off the light, I embraced her.

Caroline wanted to break free, but I held her even tighter. I nuzzled my chin against her hair, and lightly spanked her buttock. "Time to sleep."

Caroline's body stiffened for a moment.

Satisfied, I closed my eyes and drifted to sleep.

The next morning, I got up early to jog.

Once I had completed a lap and a half, I saw a familiar face approaching me. I quickened my pace to take a closer look. It really was Diego.

"I see you're also here for a morning run, Charles," Diego greeted me with a smile.

"You're late, and I'm almost finished" I said, casting him a cold glance. "Young people like you enjoy sleeping in I guess."

Diego simply smiled at me and began warming up. "Would you like to run with me?"

"Sure." I stopped and waited for him to finish the warm-up. As I looked at his young, handsome face, I was filled with renewed energy. When we started running, I quickened my pace and soon left him far behind.

I managed to finish three laps around the lake, while Diego only did one and he was already out of breath.

Gasping for air, he stopped, bent down, and held his knees. His face turned red as he waved at me. "I... I can't run anymore. Charles, I'm surprised you're so athletic!"

"I'm surprised you're so weak." I eyed him up and down, and looked away in disgust.

'He may be young, but he can't even beat me yet.'

Satisfied, I went home to take a shower and changed my clothes.

Then Richard came and reported, "Boss, Helen is indeed the daughter of Edward's sister."

I turned my phone on and told Caroline about the news.

That evening, when I was about to pick Caroline up, David called me, asking for help.

Because of that, I had to send Caroline a message regarding this, and told the bodyguards to escort her home.

By the time I finished dealing with David's problem, it was already past midnight. I went back home and directly went to the bedroom.

Caroline had already fallen asleep.

I walked over and squatted at the bedside, watching her sleep as the bedside lamp illuminated her angelic face.

"Charles."

Caroline was calling out my name in her sleep.

It warmed my heart to hear her voice and it made me smile.

I brushed the hair on her cheek and tucked it behind her ear. "I'm here," I whispered.

Caroline's POV:

When I opened my eyes in the morning, I saw Charles's broad chest.

I stared at him for some time. His jawline was perfect and it compelled me to touch it. Before I could move, he woke up.

"Do I look handsome?" Charles asked.

"Yes, you are."

Even after so many years, I couldn't help but be so captivated by his dashing face.

"Good morning," he said, looking right into my eyes. The sound of his still hoarse voice was so sexy.

Just seeing him look at me so lovingly warmed my heart. He was so gentle this morning.

"Good morning. Were you able to solve David's problem last night?"

"Yes." Charles nodded before kissing me on the lips.

My heart trembled. Before I could turn my face away, he held the back of my head and kissed me passionately.

So many years had passed since I first met him. From a kid to an adult, and from being a little girl to a mother, I was still fond of his lips.

He seldom ever said sweet words, but he was really good at kissing.

I loved kissing him. And each time he kissed me, it filled my heart with desire.

I believed that I would spend the rest of my days with him, and I didn't want to be with anybody else.

Because I was obsessed with his face, his figure, and his love for me.

As long as he could have faith in me, I would forgive him for what he did.

I could tell from Charles' kiss that he was raging with desire.

I even felt my clothes loosening up. "Charles," I murmured.

When he moved away from my lips, I tried to catch my breath.

Thereafter, he planted a kiss on my belly. His kiss was so gentle and loving.

He then rested his head on my tummy and said, "Caroline, I feel like our daughter is saying something to me."

"Really? What did she say?" I craned my neck to look directly at his face.

"She said that she likes me."

"Well, of course, she does! You've been looking forward to her arrival for so long." I broke into laughter and covered my lower abdomen.

Just then, we heard someone knocking on the door from the outside.

"Daddy, Mommy, get up!" James stood outside the door along with his two younger brothers.

The sound of their voices were getting louder and louder. We could hear the noise from inside the room.

Hearing their voices warmed my heart though.

Charles and I exchanged glances, put on our clothes, and prepared to go out.

He was moving so sluggishly though. He nuzzled his face against my arms, refusing to get up for a minute or so.

I could feel his lips on my skin. He was creasing his eyebrows. And I could tell that he was annoyed that we got disturbed.

I nudged his shoulder and jokingly said, "Hurry up! The kids are waiting outside."

"Let them wait! I locked the door last night, so they won't be able to come in." Charles chuckled and planted another kiss on my lips.

Just then, my phone rang, causing us to cease kissing.

I stared at him while wiping my mouth and answering the phone.

The call was from Diego.

I looked at Charles and saw the displeasure on his face. He was staring daggers at the phone screen, looking like he was ready to kill someone.

"Hello?" I answered the phone.

"Caroline, where are you?" asked Diego.

Before I could answer, Charles took my phone away.

He gritted his teeth, creased his eyebrows, and grunted, "Caroline is on her husband's bed."

Right after he finished his sentence, he hung up.

I looked at him, letting out an exasperated sigh. "Why are you being so childish?"

"He knows that you have a husband, and yet he keeps on bothering you!" Charles responded.

"He's calling for work," I said.

"You have no idea what kind of person he really is. What if he's just taking the opportunity to get closer to you?" he countered.

This time, I was rendered speechless.

Charles pressed his forehead against mine. His gaze was so deep and intense. "I'll be away on a business trip, but I'll be back in three days. Be a good girl and stay at home. Make sure to stay away from Diego!"

"Business trip?" I looked at him, visibly surprised.

'Why is he leaving so suddenly?'

Charles brushed my hair and replied, "I need to make some negotiations regarding a project personally. Don't worry; I'll be back soon. You can move back to the Moore mansion while I'm away. I'm worried

about you being alone."

After breakfast, Charles packed his bags and drove me to the Moore mansion. Once we arrived, he left right away.

Meanwhile, Alice assisted me to the living room sofa, happily caressing my baby bump.

"Did the baby kick today?"

I looked down to touch my baby bump and said, "No."

"She's such a good girl. She's already so considerate of her mother." Alice stared at my belly, suppressing her excitement. "By the way, how many days will Charles be away on his business trip?"

"Three days."

"Actually you can stay here for as long as you like. I'll ask the cook to prepare nutritious food for you," she responded.

"Aww... Thank you!"

Life in the Moore mansion was plain but cozy. In the evening, after taking a shower, I leaned against the headboard and couldn't fall asleep.

Charles had been away for two days. It had only been two days since we last saw each other, but I already missed him so much.

Without him sleeping by my side, I felt like there was a hole in my heart.

During the middle of that night, when I finally fell asleep, I felt someone lay beside me on the warm bed.

I was a light sleeper, so I was awakened right away.

"No need to be afraid. It's me," said a man's voice.

"Charles?" I asked tentatively.

"Yes, honey. It's me."

"Aren't you supposed to return tomorrow?" I looked into his eyes, uncertain if I was just dreaming.

He brushed my hair with his palm, and he looked at me lovingly. "Yes, I came back ahead of time. Does that make you happy?"

"Yup!"

"I'm happy too," he said, kissing my lips.

Then, he lifted up my pajamas and planted a kiss on my belly. "Did you miss me?"

"We're a married couple. Why do you have to ask that question?" I looked away, trying not to make eye contact.

"I want to hear you say it." His eyes were filled with desire in this moment.

"Of course I do." I giggled, regardless of the fact that I was feeling embarrassed. "What about you? Did you miss me?"

"Very much so," Charles murmured, rubbing his nose against mine. Then, he began kissing me. "I missed you so much that I thought I'd die."

The sound of his husky voice aroused my desire and made me feel like my body was on fire. I tightly embraced him and kissed him back. "I don't want you to die."

He held my hand, intending to run his hands along my body.

My arm almost froze and I immediately tried to stop him. "Charles, the doctor said that having sex might cause a miscarriage. We shouldn't do it!"

"Alright. I understand." Charles was patient with me, but he still held my wrist. "Do you want to do it?"

"No, I don't." My face was burning, and I shook my head in dismissal.

"You're lying." Charles chuckled as he began to kiss me again.

#### [Chapter 542 He Has A Son](#)

Caroline's POV:

One evening, Icey invited Nina and me to a bar.

My belly was getting bigger and bigger with each passing month. Charles prohibited me from going to bars, so I lied to him that I was just going to a bookstore with Nina.

As soon as we entered the bar, the familiar scent of cigarette smoke and alcohol wafted into our nose. The putrid odor choked me, causing me to cover my mouth and cough.

Icey swept away the smoke in front of her. "I'll just finish this cigarette and I'm done."



"Aren't you supposed to be preparing for pregnancy, Icey?" I asked tentatively.

"I don't have to do that anymore. He already has a son." Icey took a deep drag of her cigarette and continued, "You should all know that he once slept in a waitress. If he just still has some feelings for that girl, then I can bear the thought of it. After all, she was before me, and he and I were married because of our families' interests and businesses. But I've never thought that he'd have a child with that waitress."

Nina and I exchanged glances when we realized the gravity of the matter.

"Did that waitress come to David with their child?" Nina guessed.

"Yes, and it seems like the child is suffering from a rare condition. The waitress said that she's not capable of paying for the medical bills, so her only choice was to turn to David for financial aid." Icey scoffed and stubbed out the cigarette as if it would help to vent her anger.

Having heard what she said, I was rendered speechless. Though David and Icey indeed got married for mutual interests, as bystanders, we could tell that their relationship was getting deeper than before.

Icey had been actively preparing for pregnancy these past months, hoping to bear David's child. She even decided to quit smoking.

But now that things had turned out this way, how could she take it?

"It's going to depend on how David will deal with this matter." Nina sat down next to Icey, and patted the latter on the shoulder. "The child is sick. Paying for the medical bills is easy. But what is he planning to do once the child recovers? Does David have a plan already?"

"Who knows what that guy is thinking? I've been a strong independent woman for over thirty years. Never have I imagined that I would experience something like this one day!" Icey chuckled bitterly and then she bent down to pour some wine for herself.

After a while, David came in, visibly embarrassed.

I shot him a cold glance. "I heard that you're a father now. What are you doing here? Since you have so much spare time, you should just spend it with your son."

David was rendered speechless because of what I said. Then, he frowned and said, "I heard from Charles that he forbade you from going to bars."

I looked him dead in the eye, pretending to be calm. "Do not use his name to threaten me. He doesn't scare me."

"Is that so?" he countered.

Suddenly, Charles came in from behind David. He walked towards me, locking his fearsome gaze at me.

The look on his face sent shivers down my spine and I couldn't move.

'What the...? When did he arrive?'

"I've got something important to do, guys! I gotta go. You guys talk!" Seeing that the situation was taking a turn for the worse, Nina looked at me with pity, picked up her purse, and walked out in a hurry.

David cleared his throat and took the drunken Icey away.

Soon, only Charles and I were left in the room.

"Oh, so this is what a bookstore looks like, huh?" he asked. He raised his tone at the end of his sentence, and for some reason, it made me fear him even more.

I was at a loss for words for a few seconds. "I... um..."

He leaned over, placing one hand on the back of the chair and lifting my chin with the other, forcing me to look at him. "How should I punish you for your insubordination tonight?"

My heart raced and my cheeks blushed when I saw his face inches away from mine.

Feeling guilty, I looked away and said, "I only lied to you this time. You know what happened to Icey. I knew that she was suffering, so I thought it would make her feel better if I accompanied her."

"It's their problem. They should deal with it themselves. Tell me one good reason why you should interfere in their business," Charles countered.

"Back when we had a fight, Icey gave me advice out of the goodness of her heart. I can't just leave her alone in her time of need." I scoffed and slapped his hand away from my chin. "Were you aware that David has a son with another woman? You came home late the other night. Were you trying to help him solve his problem?"

Charles wasn't annoyed that I slapped his hand away, and he nodded affirmatively.

I glared at him to express my dissatisfaction. "You also meddled in their affairs! What right do you have to judge me? If this had happened to me instead of Icey, I would definitely feel worse."

Charles held my hand and pulled me into his arms. "I won't ever let this happen to you," he said.

Icey's POV:

I followed David into a private room and closed the door behind me. "What are you doing here?"

"I had an appointment with Charles to have tea here," he answered.

"You came to a bar to have tea? Do you honestly believe that I'd buy that?" I rolled my eyes at him, feeling even worse.

"Aren't we supposed to be preparing for pregnancy?" he asked.

I scoffed at him, trembling with anger. "What's the point? You already have a son!"

"Icey, that child may be mine, but that doesn't mean I'll only have one child for the rest of my life," said David.

I laughed bitterly for quite some time before I managed to gather my composure and looked him in the eye. "So, you're saying that you want to have a child with me, but you also want to keep your bastard son with that woman? Would you like me to share my husband with her as well?"

David rubbed between his eyebrows and sternly promised, "You're the only wife I'll ever have. Unless you decide to leave me."

"I see. So, you're just waiting for me to take the initiative to divorce you so you can be with her? Is that it?" I was so angry that I broke into laughter and glared at him. "Fine! Let's get divorced. That woman can have you."

"I refuse!" David was visibly agitated now. "I know that you're angry, and I'll have you know that I'm just as surprised as you are. But the boy is indeed my child. Once he recovers, we'll give them some money, and tell them to go abroad and never come back. How does that sound?"

I fell silent when I saw the sincerity in his eyes. The thought that he refused to divorce me for that woman and their child made me feel a little better.

But, pretty soon, I felt bad again. I couldn't bear the idea that a father would abandon his child like that.

In the eyes of other people, I was emotionless. True, I'd never been a person who was attuned to her feelings for others. Nonetheless, my parents and I shared a close relationship.

I had no idea what might happen to the child if he grew up without his parents around. After all, many cases of children growing up without a complete family to be horrible adults had happened.

Aside from that, I would feel bad if that boy were to be raised abroad and couldn't come back to the country just because of me.

Feeling tired and stressed out, I muttered, "Let's separate for a while. I'll be living with my parents until this whole thing blows over."

"Should we tell our parents about it?" David asked.

"Do you think we'll be able to hide something this big from them? Even if I want to hide it from them, your son is receiving treatment in the hospital, and my parents have friends in that hospital. Sooner or later, they're going to find out."

"I know we won't be able to hide it from them. But, Icey, can you at least wait until the child has undergone surgery and recovered?" David pleaded.

I must admit, the child was innocent.

I held my bag tighter. I didn't agree, nor did I refuse his plea.

When I was at the door, I stopped in my tracks and turned to look at him. "David, I think it's best that we don't see each other for a while. That way, you'll have more time to spend with your son."

#### [Chapter 543 The Island](#)

Charles' POV:

The kids spent the past few days at the Moore mansion while Caroline and I stayed sequestered in the house on Garden Street, enjoying some private time. We lay on the huge sofa and huddled together tonight.

The satisfaction I felt at the simple act of holding her hand was immeasurable.

Caroline leaned against my chest and looked up at me.

"What's wrong?" I asked in a near whisper, unwilling to disturb the blissful silence.

"Nothing. I just want to look at you," Caroline replied in a soft voice.

Warmth filled my chest and I couldn't help chuckling happily. Just because I could, I raised her hand to my lips and kissed it. "Is that all you want to do? Just look at my face?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is, wouldn't you rather look at my whole body instead of settling for just my face?" My voice was rough with desire when I spoke again. "How about I show it to you now?"

"You bad boy!" Caroline spluttered, her face turning crimson. She snatched her hand back in mock anger and tried to leave the sofa.

However, I didn't release her hand but instead dragged her back to my chest and wrapped my arms

around her body.

"Caroline, how about we go to the island next week?"

I was not in a hurry to let the quality time Caroline and I were enjoying come to an end. At the island, I was confident that no one would be interrupting us.

It would only be the two of us on the island, enjoying quality time together.

"On the island where we held our wedding?" Caroline blinked her bright eyes, which glittered with excitement.

I pressed my lips against the corner of her eyes, then kissed the tip of her nose and finally pecked her lips. "Yes."

"Sure, I would love to go to the island with you." Caroline replied into my chest, her face as red as a ripe tomato.

At this time, the phone suddenly rang. The call was from David.

I picked up my phone and answered the call.

The conversation was brief, but the information he relayed was disheartening. I chewed on it for a while before turning to Caroline with a heavy heart.

"What's wrong?" Caroline asked in confusion.

"David's boy... has died." Reluctantly, I disengaged my limbs from Caroline's and got to my feet. "I have to go to the hospital."

"Yes, you need to go. David needs you by his side right now."

When I arrived at the hospital, the child had been taken away. The child's mother, Cathy, was crying silently in the morgue, while David who was sitting on the floor outside, stared into space, looking extremely guilty.

He expelled a heavy breath and leaned his back against the wall. The way he slouched spoke volumes on how dejected my friend felt right at this moment.

"David," I called in a tone I rarely used on anyone who was not Caroline as I walked up to him.

David didn't react to my voice, but I saw his shoulders shaking.

If I were to hazard a guess, then I would say that David was trying to hold in his tears. I crouched next to

him, feeling useless. I had known David for so many years, but it was the first time that I had seen him so sad and I had no idea how I could comfort him.

"Charles, why am I so useless? I don't deserve to be a father at all!" David suddenly blurted in an agonized tone.

Gently, I patted his shoulder and tried to offer some words of comfort. "There are some things that can't be redeemed. I'm sorry."

Just then, a soft female voice interrupted our conversation. "David, I don't blame you for what happened. You've tried your best. This is my fault, not yours. I shouldn't have given birth to him, but I did it anyway because I'm a selfish person."

David lurched to his feet, anger clouding his features. But almost immediately, his anger disappeared when he saw Cathy's shattered expression and he became dejected once more.

He stared at her for a long time, but eventually, he found the words he wanted to say to her. "Of what use is your apology now?"

"After the child is cremated, I will take his ashes with me. Just chalk it up as a bad dream. At least, now you and Icey will not have to fight over this matter ever again."

Before David could react, Cathy ran away, her loud sobs trailing after her.

When I got home, it was already late at night.

Caroline was in bed, working on her laptop. When she saw me come into the bedroom, she stopped what she was doing and gave me her full attention. "How is David?"

"He is fine. I took him to Icey before returning," I explained quietly as I walked to the bed. Once I sat down, Caroline moved closer and hugged me.

"What's wrong? Are you tired?" Caroline smoothed my eyebrows.

"No, I just want to hug you."

Caroline's POV:

The next morning, Icey asked me to accompany her to Vivian's place. When we arrived at Vivian's house, Icey played with the baby as usual. However, after the child fell asleep in her arms, she kept staring at him blankly, as if she was lost in thought.

Vivian, Spencer, and I stared at Icey for a long time. No one dared to disturb her.

After a long while, Vivian couldn't stand it anymore. She whispered in my ear, "What happened to Icey?"

"I think she must be very sad now."

At this time, Icey looked away from the baby and shook her head with a smile. Turning her face in our direction, she asked neutrally, "Are you talking about me? There's nothing to worry about; I'm fine."

"In my honest opinion, David is innocent. He didn't cheat on you after the two of you got married. His ex-girlfriend gave birth to the baby in secret, without informing him. Strictly speaking, he is also a victim in this situation," Spencer declared in his friend's defense.

"You are his friend. Of course, you will say that he is the victim. But as a man, why didn't he consider the consequences before putting himself in a situation that led to her getting pregnant? How could he be the victim when he was not forced?" Icey retorted in a disapproving tone, her eyes blazing.

Spencer was rendered speechless. He made a gesture of zipping his lips.

At this time, Icey's phone rang. She looked at the name on the screen and immediately hung up.

The baby was frightened by the ringtone. With his eyelashes trembling, he sobbed and rubbed his head against Icey's neck.

Icey hurriedly patted him on the back gently to comfort him.

But the phone rang once more, which startled the child again.

Icey was furious. She gave the child back to Vivian, pressed the answer key, and shouted at the person on the other end of the line. "Why are you calling me repeatedly? Do you know that you have scared the baby?"

"Baby? What baby?" David's confused voice came through the phone's speaker.

"Caroline and I are visiting Vivian and her baby. He was sleeping soundly just now. Why do you keep calling me?" Icey asked angrily.

"How could I have known that you were with Vivian? I don't have the ability to predict your location or whatever is happening around you, so how could it be my fault?" David retorted, his voice sharp.

The two of them quarreled for a while before Icey hung up the phone angrily.

Early the next morning, there was an entertainment news notification on the phone's screen. When I saw Charles' name on the title, I immediately clicked it.

In the photo, a woman in a tight black dress whispered in Charles' ear. The neckline of the dress was

very low, and her plump breasts seemed to be threatening to jump out at the slightest pressure. The scene looked particularly erotic.

Charles still looked indifferent as if he was not interested in the woman in front of him, but he still allowed her to get close to him.

Breathing deeply, I tried to calm myself and consider the news rationally.

Without a doubt, Charles was innocent. Those sleazy reporters usually take ambiguous photos from a tricky angle and add a suggestive title to the photo to attract attention.

I should trust Charles, I knew that.

However, that photo was an insidious worm and no matter what I tried, I couldn't purge it from my mind.

When a woman saw another woman getting so close to her husband, how could she really keep calm and pretend nothing had happened?

I was sad about it, but what could I do?

This had happened more than once.

Charles chose this moment to call me. When I saw his name flickering on the screen, I got so angry that I immediately rejected his call and blacklisted him.

But even after blacklisting him, I felt that I hadn't done enough to vent my anger.

I picked up my phone again and called Icey. When she answered the call, I asked her to go to the island with me.

I didn't tell Charles about it, but I knew my bodyguards were loyal to him. They wouldn't keep it a secret for me.

But it didn't matter anymore. I just didn't want to see him for the time being. I wanted to be alone.

#### [Chapter 544 Have Sex](#)

Caroline's POV:

Icey and I went to the island.

Though it had been long since I last went here, everything seemed to be in order.

We went fishing out at sea during the daytime, and played bridge at nighttime. Icey asked three young



handsome bodyguards to play with her.

At first, the bodyguards were feeling nervous and were looking at me for help from time to time.

Meanwhile, I sat on the chair, watching them with a smile as I propped up my chin with my hand.

Icey might have a fondness for handsome men, but she wasn't a harlot. She just needed to use this as a way to forget about David and all the stressful things that had been happening to her lately.

Later on, Icey began to wager money on the game and even the nervous bodyguards became serious on the game.

The room was soon shrouded in smoke. I was feeling choked by it, so I had to sit a little far away from them.

Icey, on the other hand, enjoyed a good time. She played for the whole night. She didn't ask the bodyguards to leave until it was the morning of the next day. Thereafter, she went back to her room.

The bodyguards told me that David had come to the island.

When I saw him, I looked behind him almost on instinct.

"Charles isn't here with me this time," he said. "Where's Icey?"

When I came to my senses, I wasn't sure if I was disappointed or something else. I decided to cast those thoughts aside for now, and then I pointed upstairs. "She's sleeping," I told him.

I took David to Icey's room. He tiptoed in and watched Icey sleep. Then, he leaned over to tuck her in.

"Don't tell her that I was here," he said. Then, he put on the coat and left in a hurry.

Once David had left, I went for a walk on the beach along with Tracy. She muttered, "Why did David even drop by here? Icey probably has no idea that he was even here."

"Some people are just easily satisfied. David is no exception. He's probably happy enough that he was able to see her for a few seconds. I'm sure he wanted to see Icey so much, but he was worried that her mood would sour if she were to see him upon waking up. For that reason, he left right away." Janet let out a sigh.

"I see." Tracy pondered for a moment and said, "But, why didn't our boss come?"

"Mind your own business," Janet said, as she covered Tracy's mouth and looked at me cautiously.

I sat down on a beach chair, stared at the mountains in the distance and smiled bitterly as the wind blew

past me.

'David came to see Icey, but Charles didn't even bother to come looking for me.'

On Monday morning, Icey said she had to go home.

I, on the other hand, decided to remain in the island. Without her, the island became quiet.

David's POV:

During the evening, I invited Charles and Spencer to the bar for a drink.

While we were drinking, several hot chicks approached us. They were wearing sexy short skirts, with glasses of red wine in their hands, and their fiery, passionate gazes were locked on us.

"Gentlemen, would you like to have a drink with us?"

I frowned at them and asked, "Do we know each other?"

"You don't know us, but we know you. You haven't been here for a long time, have you? You used to be regulars at this bar." A short-haired woman walked over, put her hand on my shoulder, and stroked my face gently.

I leaned back to look at Charles for help.

The women's eyes lit up when they saw Charles. I could tell that they dreamed of giving themselves up to him.

Spencer grinned and bantered, "Charles, you lucky dog! You get surrounded by beautiful women even though you just came in here for a drink."

Charles pursed his lips and avoided the women's advances with a grim face. He sprang to his feet and said, "I'm leaving."

When he walked to the door, he stopped in his tracks and turned around, visibly annoyed. "Don't tell Caroline about what happened tonight."

Spencer and I looked at each other and smiled knowingly.

A few days ago, Charles was caught in a scandal with another woman. After finding about the rumor, Caroline ran away from home. Even now, she still hadn't come back.

Pretty soon, Spencer found an excuse to leave. "Well, it's getting late. I should go home to accompany my wife and son. Enjoy yourself, bro."

The women didn't try to stop either of them from leaving, but they seemed unwilling to give up on their pursuit. They approached me and asked, "What's wrong with Mr. Moore? Is he really going to divorce his wife?"

"Who told you that?" I asked back.

"I saw it on the entertainment news. I heard that Mr. Moore and his wife are on bad terms, and that they've separated."

I stared at them, speechless and ready to leave.

But then, they surrounded me and kept asking me to drink. I couldn't get rid of them until it was late in the night.

By the time I got home, it was already early morning. The house was normally dark and empty after Icey moved out. It didn't look like a home at all.

But today, when I opened the door, I found that the light was on.

A pair of high-heeled shoes were left on the ground. I found Icey holding her phone checking for news or something while lying on the couch.

Upon hearing the door open, she eyed me up and down and joked, "Seems like you've been enjoying a rich night life while I was away. Why are you home so early?"

"What are you talking about?"

Icey showed me what she was looking at on her phone. It was a photo of me, surrounded by a group of women drinking in the bar.

I looked at her grim face and explained, "It's not what it looks like. The fact is, I went to the bar to talk to Spencer and Charles. On my way back, those women stopped me."

"You don't have to explain yourself. If you want to take them home, go ahead. But if you're going to do that, you'll have to let me bring home men as well." Icey couldn't hide her excitement.

Annoyed, I raised my voice and said through gritted teeth, "Icey, what do you think I am?"

"I'm aware that you're my husband now, but that doesn't mean we can't have an open marriage, right? I've always been looking forward to it. You know that, right?" Icey drew closer to me and the smile on her face widened.

"No way! I will not agree to that! Icey, I know that you're still upset with me because of what happened

before. I'm sorry. You can go back to your parents' house and live there for a while, and you can ignore me or stay mad at me as you like. But I'm a man, and I'm still your husband. Please take our marriage seriously."

Icey pursed her lips and stood up from the sofa. "I'm bored now. I'm leaving."

As soon as she headed for the door, I went after her. Then, I held her waist, swept her off her feet, and carried her over my shoulder.

"David, what are you doing?" In a fit of panic, Icey grabbed hold of my clothes and struggled to get down.

I quickened my pace towards the bedroom and threw her to the bed. "We're going to have sex like a husband and wife should!"

Thereafter, I climbed onto the bed and tore off her clothes.

Icey struggled for a time until she finally decided to stop resisting. Tears welled up in her eyes as she asked, "You really didn't have sex with those women?"

"I have a wife. Why would I have sex with another woman?" Her question amused me. I leaned over, cupped her cheeks, and kissed her.

Suddenly, Icey turned over and got on top of me. She ran her fingers along my Adam's apple and asked, "Did you go to the island to see me the other day?"

Stunned by the question, I nodded. "I did."

Since she already knew, there was no need to deny it.

"Then why didn't you wake me up?"

"I didn't want you to get upset at the sight of me," I answered.

I had no idea when it happened, but day by day, I cared more about her feelings.

After a long silence, Icey raised her head and kissed me.

I held the back of her head and deepened the kiss.

#### [Chapter 545 Confrontation](#)

Caroline's POV:

Icey stayed at home for only one night and came back with Spencer and Vivian the next day.

We gathered around, playing bridge while talking and laughing. For everyone to have a good time, Icey bet quite a sum of money again.

Spencer clasped his hands excitedly and took out the money. "No one leaves tonight!"

Our laughter boomed across the room.

I had been sitting for quite a while and was starting to feel tired. But since everyone was in high spirits, I tried my best to cheer myself up and join in the fun.

Impressively, I won in most of the rounds.

Icey propped her chin in one hand and sighed. "Caroline, I never expected that you were so good at playing cards."

"I'm just lucky today," I humbly replied.

I used to lose consecutively in this game. But today seemed to be my lucky day.

The next morning, I woke up to my phone ringing. I picked it up and saw that it was Christine who was calling. I answered the call at once.

"Hello?"

"Caroline, when will you come back?"

I felt a lump in my throat when I heard Christine's concerned voice from the other end of the line.

"Grandma, I'll be back in a few days."

"But I miss you so much. How about I take the kids to the island so we can see you? They miss you very much too."

"Sure. When will you come here?"

I was curious as to why Christine wanted to come to the island so suddenly.

The call ended not long after. To my surprise, my phone rang again. But this time, it was Nina. "Caroline, where are you now?" she asked in an agitated tone.

"I'm on the island. What's wrong?" I asked with a frown.

Nina hesitated for a moment before telling me the reason she called. "Uhm, I met Charles this morning. I

was having breakfast with a client when I saw him with Amielia, a female star of Esastin Entertainment."

I felt a pang in my heart. I unconsciously tightened the grip on my phone that my knuckles turned white. "Really?" I asked while trying my best to stay calm.

"Wait a minute. I'll send you a photo. That woman must have a thing for Charles. I mean just look at her. She looks like she's going to throw herself at him at any moment."

I immediately clicked on the photo Nina had sent. In the photo, a beautiful woman was sitting very close to Charles. In fact, they looked intimate.

I forced a smile and comforted myself, "Maybe they were talking about work."

"Talking about work?!" Nina exclaimed incredulously. "Do they need to be that close to talk about work? Why don't you feel threatened at all? Caroline, leave the island and come home now."

When the call ended, I sat on the sofa and stared at the photo in a daze.

I had seen a similar photo on the entertainment news before coming to the island. This was not new to me.

Charles was famous and attractive. And because of this, many women tried their best to get close to him.

Nina's POV:

My blood boiled as I looked at the sly smile on Amielia's face when she was looking at Charles.

I could not stand it anymore. Without thinking, I picked up the cup of my soy milk, walked over to their table, and splashed it onto the woman's face.

"Ah! It's so hot!" Amielia sprang up from her seat and clutched her face in pain.

"It's a pity that you didn't get burned to death. The nerve of you to seduce Charles! Aren't you aware that he's married?" I asked while fuming with anger.

"Who the hell are you?" Amielia asked back while wiping the soy milk off her face and body with a tissue.

"Who am I? Ha! I'm the best friend of this man's wife. How about you? Who are you? He's married. Why are you still seducing him? Don't tell me you're not. Your clothes are short and indecent. I'll tell you what. If you really wanted to show off your figure, you should've just come here naked!" I stared at her fiercely with my arms crossed over my chest.

"I have no idea what you're talking about. Mr. Moore and I are just talking about work. How dare you splash me with milk without knowing anything?" Amielia glanced at Charles, her eyes brimming with tears. From the looks of her, she was trying to make him pity her.

Charles, however, was unmoved. He stood up and walked out without even taking another look at Amielia.

But after taking two steps, he turned around and asked me, "Did you call Caroline?"

With a sneer tugging at the corners of my mouth, I pointed at the Amielia and answered, "Caroline is pregnant and alone on the island, and yet you're having breakfast with this 'beautiful' woman. How could I not tell her? Charles, I swear to God, if you betray Caroline, I won't stop until your reputation crumbles to dust!"

Charles's eyes narrowed, and anger flashed on his face. I thought he would lose his temper, but he did not. He left just like that.

"Mr. Moore, please don't leave..." Amielia stepped forward to follow Charles.

Unfortunately for her, I immediately blocked her way. "Stop. He can go, but you can't."

Amielia stared daggers at me. "I don't know you. Why do you keep bothering me?"

"You don't know me, but I know you." I took out my phone and opened the Google search page. "Amielia, a famous star of Esastin Entertainment. You'd better tell me everything that happened between you and Charles. Otherwise, I will destroy your future and career in the blink of an eye."

Amielia stared at me, unable to speak.

While I was waiting for her to confess, Amielia suddenly smiled cunningly. "Mr. Moore promised to make me famous and give me everything I want. If you lay a finger on me, let's see who'll suffer in the end."

"Did Charles really tell you that?" I asked doubtfully.

Of course, I did not completely believe what Amielia had said.

If Charles said something like that, it meant his relationship with Caroline was over.

Amielia chuckled and said in a serious tone, "Of course. Actually, we were together last night. Mr. Moore said that he was very satisfied with me and that I could go to him anytime to ask for help."

I was dumbfounded.

How could she be so shameless? She said those things without missing a beat as if she was telling the truth.

If I did not know how much Charles loved Caroline, I would have believed her.

However, I could not let these rumors continue to spread. When Caroline finally returned and heard these things, she would be upset.

"Just wait and see."

If I couldn't even dig up some dirt on someone like her, I did not deserve to be called one of the best lawyers in town.

I called Caroline as soon as I got home. "Caroline, are you really not coming back?" If you and Charles just go on like this, things will only get worse!"

"I don't want to go back yet," Caroline replied dejectedly.

She was always like this. She would keep everything in her heart and endure the pain in silence.

I cursed Charles inwardly and tried to talk some sense into Caroline "You do know that regardless of what Amielia is saying, she's humiliating you?"

Caroline smiled bitterly. "If what she said is really the truth, it's not her who's humiliating me."

I was at a loss for words.

Well, it was true, though. It was not that bitch who was humiliating Caroline. It was Charles.

Nevertheless, I was flabbergasted by Caroline's attitude. It seemed that she had no intention of confronting Charles and solving the problem.

"Nina, I have to hang up now. Grandpa and Grandma are on a vacation here. I have to go and accompany them."

"Think about it. Are they really on vacation, or are they afraid that you would go to extreme if you found out what Charles has been doing?"

In a fit of anger, I hung up the call without waiting for Caroline's response.

[Chapter 546 Live Separate Lives](#)

Charles's POV:

Caroline seemed to have no intention of coming back home. Because of this, my grandparents decided



to take the kids to the island to be with her.

At last, they returned on Friday.

After work, I drove back to the Moore mansion dejectedly. As soon as I entered the house, the children rushed toward me.

The three kids circled me. The twins even clung to my legs in excitement.

I stroked James's head and bent down to pick the twins up. "My boys," I greeted with a perfunctory smile.

There was no doubt about it that I missed the kids very much. However, I was more concerned about Caroline. Even though my children were right in front of me, my eyes still searched for Caroline.

And there she was, drinking tea beside Grandma in the living room. When I finally saw her, I could not take my eyes off her anymore.

We had not seen each other for a week. Caroline seemed to have lost some weight, but looked less depressed than before. It seemed that she had a great time on the island.

Mom was talking about something interesting that had happened recently. With her head lowered, Caroline listened intently to Mom's story. She talked and laughed from time to time, just like in the old times.

However, I knew very well that she was still upset about something.

In the past, whenever I would come home from work, she would greet me with a smile and ask, "How was your day?"

Spencer told me to explain myself to her, and so did my parents.

But, was it really necessary?

What was the point of explaining if she did not trust me in the first place?

"Mr. Moore, you're back. The dinner will be ready soon," Janet greeted me with a tray of dishes on her hand.

I nodded and looked in the direction of the living room again.

Now, everyone knew that I had returned and were all looking at me.

Except for Caroline.

She did not even spare me a glance. She just held the cup of her tea and blew on it gently. Nobody could guess what she was thinking.

"Excuse me. I'm going to use the lavatory." Caroline put down the teacup, stood up, and left.

As I stared at her receding figure, I felt that she was getting farther and farther away from me. I felt a pang in my heart. Things were not supposed to be like this.

Just as I was about to take a step toward her, James stopped me and showed me the remote control of his toy car. "Daddy, the remote control seems to be broken. Can you help me fix it?"

I would have helped my son right away, but now was not the time for that. I looked in the direction of the bathroom and frowned.

Fortunately, my father was quick-witted. He waved at James and said, "Come here, James. Let me fix it for you."

With that, James ran toward his grandpa with the broken remote control.

I went to the bathroom without delay.

Caroline was washing her hands in the wash basin. Noticing my presence, she glanced at me in the mirror and turned off the tap.

I hated it whenever she ignored me like this. I approached her and glumly asked, "Did Nina call you?"

"Yes," Caroline answered dully. With her head still lowered, she took a tissue and wiped her hands with it.

"Don't you have anything to ask me?" I queried. Every minute that she was ignoring me was excruciating.

"There's nothing to ask. You don't have to explain your every move to me."

Her indifference made me feel as if what we were talking about was unimportant.

Without another word, Caroline threw the tissue into the trash can and turned around to leave.

Of course, I did not let her. I blocked her way and looked into her eyes. "There's nothing going on between me and that woman. She suddenly went to my table while I was having breakfast—"

"Like I said, you don't have to explain yourself to me. Also, I don't want to be stressed because of you. So, you're free to do whatever you want."

"What do you mean?" I asked confusedly.

"I mean literally. I didn't stay on the island for days just to have fun. I went there to recollect and think about things. Actually, I've been thinking about this matter for a long time. We're a couple, and so what? As long as you don't get in my way, I'll do the same for you."

"You still don't trust me, do you?" I fumed.

"Let's stop talking about whether we trust each other or not. Let's just live our own lives and not bother each other," Caroline fired back.

I walked over to her, but she took a step away from me. I froze for a second but then laughed sarcastically.

"Not bother each other? How?"

"Oh, it's easy. Many couples live independent lives. We can do the same, can't we?"

"Independent lives? Are you in such a hurry to mess around with other men? You don't want me to get in your way, so you want to get rid of me as soon as you can. Isn't that what you want?"

"I said that for your own good. Besides, I don't have another man. Don't twist the truth," Caroline retorted while glaring at me with dissatisfaction.

With a sneer tugging at the corners of my mouth, I stepped forward and pressed her against the wall. "You want to push me to another woman, don't you? Well, thank you for your generosity!"

In a fit of anger, I turned around to leave.

Just as I was about to walk out of the door, I remembered something and turned to face her again. "Caroline, no matter how many women I would have, I would never give you a chance to mess around with other men!"

"Who do you think you are?" Caroline snapped. She must be so mad that her face was drained of color, and she looked like she would burst into tears at any moment.

"I'm your husband!" I turned my back on her and walked out of the bathroom without waiting for her response.

"Ah!"

But just when I reached the door, I heard Caroline's painful groan behind me.

I turned around and saw her leaning on the basin while clutching her stomach.

I rushed forward and held her up. "What's going on?" I asked in a panic.

"My belly... It hurts..." Caroline leaned weakly in my arms and clutched my shirt. Even though it was cold, beads of sweat were trickling from her forehead.

I rushed her to the hospital at once.

After the examination, Caroline was sent to the ward. According to the doctor, what had just happened was a physiological reaction caused by emotional instability.

All the elders gathered outside the ward and scolded me one by one. "You brat! Caroline has just returned from the island. But you... you made her so mad that she had to be rushed to the hospital. If you keep doing this, you'd better not see her again!"

"If anything happens to the baby, I will never forgive you!"

Mom and Grandma blamed me for what had happened. Meanwhile, Dad just stood aside, lost in thought.

"Well, don't be so loud. You'll disturb Caroline's rest."

It was only then that Mom came to her senses. She walked to the bed and comforted Caroline.

"Caroline, your health is most important. Try to calm down. I'll ask Charles to stay here with you. Just call him if you need anything."

Caroline pulled the quilt over her body and sobbed, "I don't want to see him."

Mom opened her mouth to say something but decided not to on second thought.

Meanwhile, Dad beckoned me to go outside with him.

Before leaving the room, I glanced at Caroline, who had her head under the quilt, and sighed.

"Can't you control your temper? Caroline is pregnant. She's too weak to bear any stress!" Dad reminded me. Although he was calm on the surface, I could feel his frustration.

"You know that Caroline is emotionally and mentally weak right now, but you still made her upset. And now, she's hospitalized because of you. Are you happy now?" Mom chimed in.

I said nothing and just lowered my head in guilt.

I never expected that things would turn out like this. It was just that I was really annoyed at Caroline at

that time. She seemed ready to be living separate lives. And at this rate, she might even divorce me any time.

It was very irresponsible of her to say something like that. But then again, it was also my fault. I was too angry by what she had said that I forgot that she was pregnant and could not handle any stress.

Fortunately, both she and the baby were fine.

Caroline's POV:

When I woke up, I saw Charles sleeping on the edge of the bed.

Feeling my slight movement, he raised his head and checked in on me. "Caroline, are you okay? How do you feel now?"

He reached out to touch my forehead, but I dodged his hand instinctively. "What are you doing here?" I asked coldly.

"I'm here to take care of you." Charles grabbed my arm with one hand and felt my temperature on my forehead with the other. "Don't move."

For a moment, he rested his slightly cold hand on my forehead and sighed. "Thank God you don't have fever,"

As soon as he lifted his hand off my forehead, I moved slightly away from him. "Get out. I don't want to see you."

I thought Charles was going to insist on staying here, but he did not. Instead, he slowly got up and said, "I'll go ahead and finalize the discharge formalities."

As I watched him walk away, I lowered my eyes, and tears rolled down my cheeks uncontrollably.

Charles returned to the ward not long after. Just like he had promised before, he lifted me up from the bed, carried me all the way to the car, and drove me home.

On my way back, I received a call from Nina.

"It's strange. I was going to make trouble for that woman to avenge you, but someone told me that Esastin Entertainment had already banned her. I also heard that she had reached out to other entertainment companies, but none of them accepted her. Could it be that it was your husband who did all this?"

"I don't know." I glanced at the man sitting next to me and pursed my lips.

Could it be him who did it?

While I was in deep thought, Charles snatched my phone and hung the call.

"What the hell?" I stared daggers at him and retrieved my phone.

"What should I do to make you believe that I have nothing to do with that woman?"

"Nothing. You don't do anything." I looked out of the window and avoided his burning gaze.

#### [Chapter 547 Sleep On The Sofa](#)

Caroline's POV:

After taking a shower, I went out of the bathroom, sat on the edge of the bed, and turned on the hair dryer to blow dry my hair.

It was pretty troublesome to dry my hair because it was long. After a while, I felt tired, so I had to put down the hair dryer.

Charles walked over, stood behind me, and took the hair dryer from my hand. "Let me help you."

I had no intention of refusing his offer because he offered and my arms were really sore.

He was so gentle while blow drying my hair. He even ran his hand through my hair to make sure that it was being dried evenly. Feeling his hand brush against my hair felt really good.

Once he was done drying my hair, Charles put down the hair dryer and went to take a shower.

Meanwhile, I grabbed a fluffy toy dog and embraced it.

Pretty soon, Charles walked out of the bathroom and walked up to me. "What's that?"

"I just bought this. Nina said it's comfortable to embrace it while sleeping at night. I specifically bought this to give it a try." I lay on my side of the bed, hugging the stuffed toy dog and said, "It's indeed comfortable."

"Are you going to replace me with that dog?" he asked.

"Yup! From now on, this cute big dog will be sleeping beside me," I answered.

"Then, where am I supposed to sleep?" Charles asked worriedly.

I raised an eyebrow cheekily and pointed at the sofa in the room. "How about over there?"

Charles fell silent for a while before bursting into laughter. "Fine. I'll sleep on the sofa then."

He threw the bath towel aside. Then, he opened the wardrobe and put on a night robe unhurriedly.

The second I looked up, I saw his naked back and muscular waist. He was in perfect shape. It was hard to take my eyes off him.

I used to enjoy holding his waist to sleep.

I couldn't even remember the last time Charles and I slept together intimately.

It even made me think that we would never be intimate anymore.

After putting on the night robe, Charles came over and sat on the edge of the bed. "If my memory serves me right, this is my spot."

I cast a sidelong glance at him and said, "Didn't you once suspect me of having an affair with someone else? You are such a neat freak! I'm sure you wouldn't want to sleep in the same bed with me," I retorted confidently.

Charles took a deep breath, visibly upset. "Caroline, did you really have to mention that again?"

I calmed myself down and answered, "Isn't it true? You don't have to sacrifice your needs and wants just to be with me. I'm willing to give you absolute freedom."

"I thought that you've been in a bad mood lately, because you suspect that I had an affair with another woman." Charles looked down at me and pursed his lips.

"What makes you say that? I've already told you before that we can live our own lives without bothering each other. I will not interfere with your life anymore," I countered.

"Caroline!" Charles grunted, suppressing his anger.

Just seeing him fuming with rage frightened me. I covered my bulging belly vigilantly. "Your daughter said that she's tired and she wants to rest."

Then, I buried my face in the stuffed toy dog and decided to ignore him.

By the time I woke up in the morning, I felt something warm next to me. I thought it was just the stuffed toy dog, so I rubbed my body against it a little more.

But then, I realized that something was amiss.

The thing next to me felt nothing like the stuffed toy dog.

I opened my eyes, surprised to see who was next to me. He was supposed to be sleeping on the sofa, but now he was lying beside me.

I looked up and glanced at the sofa. There, I found the toy dog, lazily thrown onto the sofa.

Needless to say, Charles was behind it.

When I looked beside me, I saw that he was sleeping right next to me. Last night, before I went to sleep, I took off my night robe. So, all I was wearing was a thin nightgown, and he...

"Charles!" I grunted, pushing him away.

Startled by what I did, Charles opened his eyes and greeted, "Good morning."

"Why are you on the bed? Who said you could sleep here? Get out of the bed this instant!"

"Weren't you having a nightmare last night? I just thought you needed me to hug you, so I..."

My mind went blank as I glared at him. "Charles, stop pushing your luck!"

"What did I even do wrong?" he countered.

"I'm done arguing with you. I'm leaving!" I lifted the quilt, ready to get out of bed. But then, he grabbed my hand.

"Where do you think you're going?"

I tried to shake off his hand and said, "I'm going somewhere you'll never find me and never return!"

"Caroline." Charles sat up from the bed, held my waist, and put me back to the bed.

Although he seemed anxious, he was still gentle and reserved. In addition to that, the mattress was very soft, so I didn't feel any pain even though I fell onto the bed.

Even so, I felt infuriated and ended up biting his neck.

"What the hell is the matter with you, Charles?"

"No matter what you do, you won't be able to leave me." Charles frowned, but he didn't try to dodge me.

Thereafter, I let him go and fell silent.



This time, Charles had gone too far.

He had been suspecting that I was having an affair with another man, and he even slept on the same bed with me after I told him not to because we hadn't really cleared out the misunderstanding.

After breakfast, Charles went to work.

Meanwhile, I packed my stuff and took the kids to the island again.

It was Saturday morning, and the sun was shining on the beach.

The kids were enjoying a nice day on the beach with smiles on their little faces.

Just the sight of them having a good time brought me happiness and made me less depressed.

Spencer and Vivian also took their son to the island. But they were bickering for most of the day.

James spent a lot of time with them, probably because he was taking a fancy to baby Leo.

Icey approached me and asked, "By the way, how are you planning to spend Christmas this year?"

I pondered for a moment and replied, "Grandpa's birthday is on Christmas, so I guess we'll be spending the holidays with him. What about you?"

Icey turned her gaze to the sea horizon. The smile on her lips widened. "I'm planning to take a handsome young man to Hawaii. And once I've had my fun, I'll come back."

"Aren't you worried that David will get jealous?" I asked.

"So what? Whether he gets jealous or not is beyond me." Icey shrugged and chuckled. "What about you and Charles? Are you still mad at him?"

"I am. Very much so." I nodded, chuckling bitterly.

"I think Charles is jealous because he really cares about you. He's just feeling insecure," Icey responded solemnly.

"It doesn't matter anymore. Honestly, I don't want to think about that right now. I just want to relax until I give birth to the baby." I lowered my eyes and gently touched my lower abdomen.

"Being in a relationship is so exhausting! Now that I know what it's like to be married, I realize that it's always better to be single and free," Icey sighed.

[Chapter 548 Please Don't Leave](#)

Charles' POV:

Grandpa's birthday was on Christmas. We held the party for him at a five-star hotel.

On this important day, Caroline came back from the island.

I arranged for a car to go to the docks to pick her up.

She had been on that island for several days. Though it hadn't been that long since she left, every single day still felt like hell for me.

I was anxiously waiting until the car finally arrived in front of the hotel.

The door was opened and Caroline got out.

At a single glance, I saw her amidst the crowd.

Caroline was wearing a neat dress and a pair of flat leather shoes. She looked so much better than she did before. Not even the goddesses of myths were more astonishingly beautiful than her at this moment. The bright lights of the hotel paled in comparison to her dalliance.

We hadn't seen each other for a few days, but it seemed as though she had taken very good care of herself.

Her baby bump had grown a little bigger, and she had gotten slightly plump. She was brimming with vitality. Her elegant temperament made people unable to take their eyes off her.

She must've dressed up especially for tonight. Her light makeup brought out her most attractive facial features. Even though she was pregnant, she was easily the most beautiful woman present.

I heard that she played the piano and listened to music on the island every day. And whenever she was feeling exhausted, she would go for a walk on the beach. She even had a little get-together with her friends on the island last weekend.

It seemed like she had been living a great life even without me around.

And to be honest, I hated that island so much. I bought that stupid island, so we could go there for vacations. But now, she was always going there just to hide from me.

Caroline greeted the other attendees with a nod and a smile. Then, she walked towards me and stood beside me.

It wasn't surprising that we were standing next to each other in the party.

Sadly, she wouldn't even glance at me. She might be smiling, but she wouldn't even bat an eyelash at me.

Just to calm myself down, I had to take several deep breaths. I looked at her, wanting to say something. But before I could get a word in, an elder came over with his children to greet us.

"Charles! It's been so long since we last saw each other. It seems like your relationship is going strong. You're a match made in heaven!"

I, for one, wasn't fond of unnecessary compliments. I put my hand on the back of Caroline's waist and put on a smile. "Thanks for the compliment. Please do attend our party when our child is born."

"Gladly! I'm looking forward to it already," the elder said with a grin.

After some time, Caroline couldn't hold on any longer. Exhaustion was written all over her face. She rubbed her waist and stretched her legs.

"Are you tired? Let's get you a room so you can get some rest, okay?" I held her arm with one hand and put the other on her waist. Thereafter, I led her back to the room upstairs.

After we entered the room, Caroline breathed a sigh of relief.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were tired?" I asked, squatting in front of the sofa. Then, I put Caroline's legs on my knees and began massaging her ankles.

"I'm fine. It's just that there are a lot of guests here today. It wouldn't be appropriate for me to hide out in here to get some rest."

Caroline wanted to withdraw her legs, but I held them even tighter. "Don't move," I said, casting her a stern glance. "If you exert yourself even more, you won't be able to walk tomorrow."

"Is it that serious?" Caroline glanced at me, pursed her lips, and averted her gaze right away.

"Those guests aren't as important as you and our child. Just stay here and get some well-needed rest. I'll handle the rest." Thereafter, I put Caroline's legs down and went back to the banquet hall to entertain the other guests.

Caroline's POV:

Around nine in the evening.

"Is there anyone at the docks tonight? Let's go back to the island," I said to Janet.

"Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore is here," Janet said while nervously looking at the door.

I instinctively glanced towards the door. There, I saw Charles striding in until he sat across me. "Would you like to stay here in the hotel or would you rather go home tonight?" he asked.

"It's too noisy in here. I'd prefer to go back to the island," I told him.

"If it's too noisy around here, we can go back to the Moore mansion," he suggested.

"I think our daughter would like being in the island better." I smirked, leaned back, and caressed my baby bump.

Charles leaned over, running his hand along the armrest of the sofa. He said to the two bodyguards, "Leave us alone for a bit."

"Yes, sir." They immediately walked towards the door.

"Why did you tell them to leave the room?" I asked in confusion.

"I'm here already, and I think that's enough." Charles sat next to me as if he was exerting his dominance.

I kept my distance from him and replied, "Then, I guess I'd rather sleep here tonight."

As he sat on the sofa, Charles looked down and asked, "Will you be leaving tomorrow morning before I wake up?"

My heart skipped a beat. I turned to look him in the eye and replied, "I just don't want any unnecessary fights between us again."

"So, now you don't even want to fight with me?"

"Of course! Why do you bother asking these stupid questions when you already know the answer?" I glared at him before heading to the bathroom.

Now that I was pregnant, I was no longer worried that my husband would just barge into the bathroom while I was showering.

Later on, he put on a bathrobe and walked to the bedside. "I still have the right to speak to my daughter, don't I?"

The light of the bedside lamp illuminated his white bathrobe. Just seeing the look on his stern face rendered me speechless.

Before I could nod, Charles lay on the bed beside me, and gently placed his hand on my belly.

I could feel the warmth of his palm through my nightgown.

The baby inside my womb kicked. Charles immediately moved his hand towards the direction the baby kicked.

I held my breath, making sure that I wasn't moving.

Charles looked up at me before pressing his cheek against my baby bump. "Daddy won't be able to stay by your side every day, but you have to be a good girl, okay? I know that you really miss me, sweetie. Well, Daddy misses you too. Hold on for a little while longer. Soon, we won't be separated from each other anymore."

When I heard him say the last sentence, my heart was overcome with fear and anxiety. It suddenly occurred to me that he took my son away after he misunderstood that I was with William, and he didn't let see my little boy for quite some time.

A thought dawned on me. I had to run away. I had to get away from him as far as possible.

"I think it's best that I go back to the island."

I was pissed now. But before I could get up, he pressed on my shoulder and urged me to lie back down.

Thereafter, I leaned against the pillow, feeling like a puppet. It felt like I wasn't even allowed to move without his permission.

Suddenly, Charles leaned closer to kiss me on the lips.

The softness of his lips was light to the touch, and the kiss was passionate but also gentle. When I felt his tongue on mine, I immediately tried to push him away.

I tried my best to get rid of him, but I couldn't do it. After making sure that he was no longer on guard, I wrapped my arms around his neck. Then, I sucked on his lower lip and bit it.

Charles groaned, held the back of my head and continued to kiss me.

"Caroline, do we really have to live apart?" he asked.

"I'll be back," I said, avoiding eye contact with him.

"Why do we have to keep living like this? Caroline, all I want is to live a happy life with you. Don't leave me. Please." Reluctantly, Charles moved away from my lips, and then he kissed me on the neck a few more times. Once he was satisfied, he pressed his forehead against mine and looked deep into my eyes.

[Chapter 549 Emotional Blackmail](#)

Charles' POV:

It was snowing early in the morning.

As soon as I woke up, I changed my clothes for the day. My gaze fell on the woman sleeping soundly on the bed.

I had no idea how I managed to make it through.

Only God knew how many times I had wanted to go to the island to see her. However, I restrained myself, too hurt because she left without saying goodbye.

Although her bodyguards reported to me on a daily basis everything Caroline had done on the island, my heart was in desolation, especially when I was alone in the bedroom.

But now, she was back.

All along, I knew that she didn't come back for me; but her being here was good enough for me.

Thank God I could see her, touch her, hold her to sleep, and kiss her lips. Everything seemed to be the way it was before.

At this moment, Caroline stirred, and her eyes fluttered open.

I could see from her eyes that she was still sleepy. But when she saw me looking at her, her eyes widened, and her sleepiness seemed to have vanished in an instant. "What are you doing?" she asked warily.

She then got up from the bed, her face as white as a sheet from being startled.

"Good morning," I said with a chuckle.

"Good morning," Caroline replied hesitantly.

My gaze fell on her exposed collarbone and smooth shoulder. Thankfully, I caught myself, so I looked away and said, "Come downstairs. Breakfast is ready."

During breakfast, I noticed that Caroline kept on glancing at me. When she was done eating, she finally asked, "What time are you going to work?"

I raised my eyebrows and put my fork down. "Why'd you ask?"

Caroline lowered her eyes nervously. "Nothing. I was just wondering."

I was not stupid. Judging from the look on her face, she planned to sneak out of the house. That was the reason why she got up early in the morning. Of course, I would not give her the opportunity to do so.

I took a sip of coffee and replied, "Well, I don't have much to deal with today at the company, so I can go to work a little later than usual. Why? You wanna go somewhere?"

"Not really. It's just that I invited Icey to play bridge with me." Caroline glanced at me and changed the topic. "It's okay. It's still early anyway. I can accompany you for now."

"Alright then. Anyway, why don't you go with me later? I'm going to do an inspection at the company." I stood up from my seat and laughed lightly.

After breakfast, Caroline changed into a formal suit.

After walking for a while, I noticed that she had slowed down and could not keep up with me.

I stopped in my tracks and turned to look at her. "Are you tired?"

"No. The coat is just a little heavy for me. I want to take it off." Caroline shrugged her shoulders, uncomfortable with the weight of her clothes.

As a concerned husband, I stood in front of her and said, "Raise your arms."

Caroline did as told, and I helped her take her coat off.

The accompanying staff immediately walked over to take the coat out of my hands.

However, I refused to give them the coat and instead put Caroline's coat in the crook of my arm. "Shall we go now?"

How could I let others take my wife's coat?

As we walked forward, I saw, from my peripheral vision, several female employees gossiping with one another. "I heard that the relationship between our CEO and his wife hasn't been good in the past two years. But that doesn't seem to be the case," an employee said.

I took a look at Caroline, and the corners of my mouth curved upwards slightly.

Caroline's POV:

At noon, Charles took me to the Starlight Restaurant for lunch. He ordered our favorite dishes, but I did not have the appetite to eat.

But for the baby's sake, I still forced myself to eat.

For some reason, Charles suddenly lowered his head.

"Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore."

A female voice suddenly came to my ears. I looked up and saw that it was Amelia, the female star who had tried to seduce Charles and the one Nina had photographed.

According to my best friend, no company dared to hire her recently. She must be so desperate that she came to us.

She walked over and looked at Charles and me with pitiful eyes. "I'm... I'm here to apologize. I was thoughtless. I shouldn't have offended you, Mr. Moore. Please let me go just this once."

I raised my eyebrows and rested my chin on my hands. "Your rumored girlfriend had come to us. Aren't you going to say something?" I asked Charles with my voice dripping in sarcasm.

Charles raised his head and stared at me for a moment before glancing at Amelia indifferently. "You are indeed thoughtless."

"I know, I know. I was wrong. Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore, please spare me this time. I will never do such a stupid thing again," Amelia implored.

Charles's face was as cold as ice. Without a word, he motioned to the bodyguards to take her away.

When Amelia saw the bodyguards approaching, she rushed to me and grabbed my trousers. "Mrs. Moore, please help me," she begged, her eyes red in fright.

With a frown, I shook off her hands and stood up. "I'm going to the restroom. Do you want to go with me?"

Amelia glanced at Charles and nodded. "Okay."

"Follow them," Charles ordered to the bodyguards.

In the restroom, I leaned against the washbasin and said, "If you have something to say, say it."

"Mrs. Moore, I-I didn't mean to destroy your family. I just wanted to make money as soon as possible. My family is in urgent need of money. If Mr. Moore doesn't lift the ban, it will be the end of me." Amelia glanced at the bodyguards as if that would change anything.

Unfortunately for her, I did not fall for it.

I looked at her with an icy cold gaze. I had taken her here because I did not want her to make a scene



outside. And now that we were alone, I could make her have the taste of her medicine without anyone intervening.

"Hasn't it occurred to you that it wasn't Charles who banned you from the entertainment circle? Sad to say, but the ones who did that were those who were afraid to offend us," I corrected her.

"You didn't tell them to do that?" Amelia asked in disbelief.

"Such a petty thing is not worth our time."

Amelia stared at me, at a loss for words. After a moment's silence, she finally asked, "Then, will you help me?"

"I can, but I don't want to. You're not the first person to come to Charles who had planned on using him for your selfish desire. And just so you know, you're not the first to be banned from the entertainment circle."

I would not sympathize with a woman who tried to seduce my husband to get what she wanted, let alone help her.

"Will you still be so calm if I tell you that I've slept with your husband?" Amelia asked snarkily.

The bodyguards' faces changed, and they glared at Amelia.

"Nice try. But I know for a fact that that didn't happen," I retorted.

"How can you be so sure about that?"

"Because Charles is a neat freak. Amelia, let's put an end to your bullshit. If you were really short of money and in need of help, I might sympathize with you, perhaps even help you. But no. You wanted to destroy our marriage."

Amelia's pitiful demeanor suddenly turned murderous. "If you want to see me crash and burn as revenge, fine. But I will take you with me!"

In a blink of an eye, she took out a fruit knife from her pocket and aimed it at me.

The sharp knife glinted under the light. It all happened so fast that I did not even have time to react. I just gasped in horror and waited for the knife to pierce through me.

Fortunately, Janet was quick on her feet. She sprang to action by kicking Amelia on the wrist.

Amelia fell to the floor, along with the knife. She was clutching her injured hand, her eyes brimming with tears.

"I was not trying to kill you. I-I was trying to commit suicide!" she cried out in grief and indignation.

"Even if you just want to end your own pathetic life, don't do it in front of me." I supported myself on the washbasin, straightened up, and said to my bodyguards, "Let's go."

Before I could take a step, Amelia wrapped her arms around my legs and begged in a hoarse voice, "Mrs. Moore, please let me go. I was wrong..."

"Let me go!" I ordered.

"No! You've done so much charity, and the Moore family is famous for being philanthropic. Please give me a way out, or those creditors will kill me."

"I have no obligation to help you," I replied, unmoved.

"Why are you so selfish? How could Mr. Moore marry a selfish and arrogant woman like you? Why are you so cruel to me?!"

I pulled my legs out of her hands and scoffed, "Do you honestly think that you're a good woman? Besides, what right do you have to judge me? Who do you think you are? I've seen many women like you. You think you're better than everyone else. But look at yourself. If you're so righteous, then why would you throw yourself at a married man?"

Ever since Charles and I got married, I had experienced a lot and heard harsh and unpleasant words. Most of them came from women like Amelia.

I never liked being in an argument. Arguing with someone who thought highly of themselves was futile, so I just turned my back on them most of the time. However, it did not mean that I was a pushover.

"How dare you?! For once, why don't you get off your high horse? Didn't you take Mr. Moore away from Rita? Admit it, you're not any better than me. You're just a bitch lacking morals." Amelia leaned against the wall and looked at me with a sneer.

"Slap her," I ordered the bodyguards in a low voice.

Without hesitation, they walked forward and slapped Amelia as hard as they could. After several slaps, her pretty face was now swollen, and blood oozed from the corner of her mouth.

"Don't fucking slander me. I don't need to explain my relationship with my husband to you. If you dare to use emotional blackmail on me again, I will teach you a lesson you'll never forget," I said, not a hint of sympathy for her.

[Chapter 550 No Divorce](#)

Caroline's POV:

Once I was out of the ladies' room, I saw Charles standing outside. Considering the fact that the sound insulation here wasn't that good, there was a chance that he heard everything just now.

Feeling nervous, I whispered, "What are you doing here?"

Charles chuckled. He didn't mention anything about what happened earlier. He just took my hand and led me to the private elevator. "The food is getting cold. I've already asked them to get another table for us and serve something new. Let's go upstairs to the private room and have our lunch, shall we?"

'Looks like he has no idea what happened inside the ladies' room,' I thought.

Once we were inside the private room, Charles pulled a chair for me, on which I sat down.

He sat across me, tapping his fingers on the table as he looked into my eyes and smiled.

The way he smiled sent shivers down my spine. I stood up, ready to run away. But then, he grasped my wrist.

"You did a great job earlier, Caroline." He stared at my baby bump and let out a sigh. "Looks like I don't have to worry about my daughter getting bullied after she's born. With someone as strong as you for a mom, she's got nothing to fear!"

My face instantly turned red. I broke free from his hand and shot him a glare.

He made it sound like I was a valiant tigress.

Charles let go of my hand and asked, "Caroline, what gift would you want for New Year's Eve?"

"A gift? I don't want anything."

I pondered on his question. In all honesty, just knowing that my family was together and having the certainty that my kids would grow up healthy and safe was the best gift I could ever have.

Charles nodded affirmatively as he looked intently at me. "Well, I want a gift, Caroline."

Looking at his smiling eyes made me feel anxious. I somehow worried that I might not be able to give him the gift that he wanted. "What do you want?"

"Sell the island. A few days ago, one of my partners said that he wanted to buy it above market price," Charles responded.

"Has our family gotten so poor that we have to sell the island now?" I looked at him, dumbfounded.

Once the dishes were served on the table, Charles chuckled, lowered his head, and ladled a bowl of soup. "What if we really are getting poor?"

I hesitated for a moment before replying, "Then sell it."

If he really needed the money to keep the business afloat, selling the island wouldn't be that big of a deal.

Charles seemed surprised by my answer. He smirked and asked, "But once the island is sold, where would you go whenever we're fighting?"

"Huh?" I now realized that something was amiss. "Charles, why did you suddenly decide to sell the island?"

"I'm strapped for cash lately," he answered.

I stared at him in silence for half a minute.

For some reason, I couldn't believe that he was short on cash.

"I'm actually surprised that you trusted me enough to believe that nothing happened between me and Amelia," Charles said in a joyful tone as he handed a bowl of soup to me.

"Who said I trusted you?" I retorted. "Whether I believe you or not, I just don't need others to tell me what I should or shouldn't do."

"Seriously? So you don't trust me?" he said, creasing his brows together.

"Nah," I answered passively.

"Well, since we don't trust each other, we're even now."

"What makes you say that? How are we even?" I asked in confusion.

"Never run away from home again," Charles replied, holding my wrist tightly.

I was stunned. It felt like he had tricked me. "If you don't want me to run away from home, then you'd best behave yourself! If I get stressed out at home, it can affect my daughter's health as well!"

Charles fell silent for a moment. Thereafter, he picked up the bowl and fed me some soup. "Say 'ah'!"

"You don't have to feed me. I'm perfectly capable of eating by myself." I leaned back and tried to take the bowl away from him, but he withdrew his hand.

"Open your mouth," he said.

I was starting to get annoyed but there was nothing I could do. Thus, I just opened my mouth and let him feed me.

He was always so domineering. He even prohibited me from taking time away from home now.

I heaved an exasperated sigh. Silently, I pondered on where I could hide if he and I had a quarrel again in the future.

I needed to find a place that he would never find.

Charles' POV:

During the evening, Spencer and David asked me to go to Mint Bar with them. I didn't expect that Nevaeh would be joining us.

The moment I saw her, I was pissed. I made sure to sit far away from her.

"I have no idea why she's here, but you guys are friends for years, so driving her away wouldn't be appropriate." Spencer walked over to my side and gave me a pat on the shoulder in an attempt to comfort me.

"Since you knew she was here, why did you ask me to come over? When she and I were involved in a rumor, Caroline refused to speak to me for several days straight!" I shot him a cold glance.

Spencer ignored me, put on a smile, and turned to Nevaeh. "Nevaeh, now that you've resigned, are you going back to New York sometime in the future?"

"Who said I had plans to leave this place? I'm going to settle down in Los Angeles and never leave again."

I was uncertain if she did it on purpose, but I noticed Nevaeh glance at me when she spoke.

"You don't have any relatives or friends around here. Won't you feel lonely? If you go back to New York, you can at least work for your father's company. But if you stay and work here, you're going to have a hard time," Spencer said jokingly.

"I'm going to be fine. I'm an architect! Finding a job will be a piece of cake."

Spencer and David exchanged glances. They both facepalmed and chuckled helplessly.

Thereafter, David raised his glass and said, "Alright, that's enough. Let's drink!"

Spencer also raised his glass and decided to change the topic.

Meanwhile, Nevaeh looked at me and asked, "Charles, if one day you get divorced, do I still have a chance to be with you?"

My head throbbed because of her question, and I shot her an indifferent glance. "No. Caroline and I will never get divorced; ever."

"But what if...?" Nevaeh asked again.

"There is no 'if'. No matter what happens between me and Caroline, she's always going to be the only woman I'll ever love for the rest of my life."

"What are you trying to say?" Nevaeh asked. This time, she was frowning.

"He's saying that you don't have a chance. Not now. Not ever. Whether Charles and Caroline get divorced or not, he will never choose you." Spencer couldn't stand to listen to her anymore. His face turned grim, and he spoke so bluntly.

The smile on Nevaeh's face disappeared, and she tightened her grip on the glass she was holding.

"Charles, I really like you. Can't you find it in your heart to give me at least one chance?"

"I already said no. Nevaeh, the only reason I'm able to sit here with you is because we used to be close when we were little. But if you insist on ruining this friendship, then be ready to hear me speak harshly to you."

When I saw her eyes well up with tears and turn red, I got pissed off. Even the idea of staying for one minute longer infuriated me, so I told them I had to leave.

On my way back, I received a call from David.

"Charles, Nevaeh was involved in a car accident. She's currently in a critical condition. She's been calling your name. Come to the hospital at once!"

I had a little too much to drink tonight, so I was a bit tipsy. I rubbed my aching temples and told Richard to turn the car around and take me to the hospital.

Upon my arrival at the door of the emergency room, I wanted to call Caroline to tell her that I would be home a little late today.

But when I reached into my pocket, I realized that my phone wasn't there.

After a moment of contemplating, I figured that I had left my phone in the car.

David walked up to me and explained that Nevaeh had gotten into a car accident not long after I left. "Nevaeh said that she wanted to see you before she dies. I know that you don't like her, but she still grew up with us. If something ever happens to her, I'd be haunted by guilt for the rest of my life."