

Warning 551

[Chapter 551 I Want A Divorce](#)

Caroline's POV:

During the middle of the night, my aching belly woke me up.

I opened my eyes, reaching my hands out to nudge Charles away. But then, I found that he wasn't in bed with me.

He still hadn't come home yet.

My lower abdomen was aching worse with every passing second. I gritted my teeth, struggled to sit up from the bed, and reached for my phone on the bedside table with difficulty.

My hands trembled as I held the phone and opened my contact list to dial Charles' number.

"Beep... Beep..."

The phone rang for a long time, but no one answered it.

My heart sank as I put the phone down and lay back on the bed. I grasped the sheet beneath my body tightly. And pretty soon, beads of sweat formed on my forehead and on my back.

The dark room was awfully quiet. The next thirty seconds felt like an eternity to me.

I wanted to call Janet and Tracy in, but I was far too weak to do anything. It felt like there was a lump in my throat, and my voice was so faint that even I had a hard time hearing it.

"Charles! Charles..."

I kept on whispering his name, hoping and praying that he'd come back soon.

Suddenly, my eyes went blank and I completely lost consciousness.

By the time I woke up, I heard someone crying. The cries were deafening, and yet it was filled with vitality.

"Caroline, I'm glad to see that you're finally awake. Look! You have a lovely daughter now." Alice held the baby in her arms. Her voice was filled with joy, and excitement was written all over her face.

I turned my gaze towards her and saw the newborn baby in her arms. The little angel was so small, and she was leaning against Alice's chest.

Upon taking a closer look at the baby's face, I couldn't help but frown a little. Her face was wrinkled, and she didn't look cute at all.

"Caroline, are you okay? Are you still in pain?" Charles approached me. Based on his bloodshot eyes, I could tell that he hadn't had a wink of sleep.

When he touched my hand, I moved it away, trembling all over. "Where were you last night?"

"I'm so sorry for being away, Caroline. Nevaeh was involved in a car accident. David called me, saying that she might die, so I..."

As I listened to his explanation, tears welled up in my eyes and they soon fell one after another.

I wiped the tears from the corner of my eyes and averted my gaze from him. I kept telling myself not to cry.

He didn't deserve a single tear from me.

What if I weren't in the Moore mansion last night? I could hardly imagine what hellish things I would've gone through.

I thought that I had already prepared myself for the worst.

However, something even worse than I had imagined would always happen, and the situations would break my self-esteem.

I was fed up with feeling disappointed. My longing for love and hoping that Charles would do better were ruined by him, over and over.

When I needed him the most, I called him. But sadly for me, he was preoccupied with something else at the time. He was actually waiting outside another woman's room.

"Charles, is Nevaeh that important to you? Is she so important that you're willing to neglect your wife who's about to give birth to a baby for you?" My voice had grown hoarse and feeble, but I tried to speak as calmly as possible.

"Caroline, I am so sorry." Charles sat on the chair by the bedside and held my hand.

His hands felt cold as ice.

I stared at his hand and thought, 'Did he stay by Nevaeh's bedside last night and held her hands to comfort her just like this?'

When the thought crossed my mind, my stomach churned and I felt nauseous. I shook off his hand and

shouted, "Get away! Don't touch me!"

Later at noon, Icey and David came to see me.

Icey asked everyone else to leave the room so that the two of us could be alone. She held my hand, gently rubbing it as she muttered, "Why does your hand feel so cold? Are you unwell?"

I turned my gaze outside the window and shook my head with a bitter smile. "I'm fine."

"Caroline, I swear to you, it wasn't Charles' fault. Last night, they were at Spencer's bar for a drink, and Nevaeh happened to also be there. On her way back, she got into a car accident. Right now, she's still unconscious in the ICU. When she was brought to the hospital, she kept calling Charles' name. The doctor said that she might not survive the night, so David had to call Charles. This is all David's fault. He knew that you were heavily pregnant and you needed Charles by your side, and yet he still called Charles. He shouldn't have done that," Icey explained, sounding really guilty.

"Listen, I'm really okay. It doesn't matter anymore." I forced a smile, feeling powerless.

"Caroline, please don't be like that. You just gave birth to a baby. You're at your weakest right now. If you're too stressed out, it could affect your health."

I slowly closed my eyes, for I didn't want to continue with this conversation anymore.

Truthfully, I didn't want to be sad, but it was hard to control myself.

It felt like my heart had been gouged open and torn in two. The pain was so intense that I could hardly breathe.

In the afternoon, Nina came to the hospital to see me.

I looked at her intently and said, "Nina, I want a divorce."

As her eyes turned red, she nodded affirmatively. "I understand. I'll help you."

Charles' POV:

When Nina came out of the ward, she was staring daggers at me. "You probably heard what Caroline said in there, right? Didn't I tell you to stop hurting her? Do you have any fucking clue just how much she's suffered ever since she married you? I'm not sure if you feel even a little bit sorry for her, but I do. Immensely."

I peered into the ward and saw Caroline's face. She had a blank stare, and her expression was listless.

Seeing her in this state made my heart ache.

"Whatever she wants you to do, just say that you'll do it," I said, trying to stay calm.

Only I knew that every word that came out of my mouth felt like a sharp knife, jabbing into my heart.

Nina broke into a sardonic laughter. "And you think it's just going to be another empty promise, huh? Do you honestly think it's going to be like the past? Charles, you've lost her. You lost her heart and there's nothing that you can do. Get that into your thick head!"

"This is only temporary," I muttered, lowering my head.

"Temporary? Alright. Let's wait and see if it is temporary. Caroline isn't in good health right now. To make sure that she's happy and stress-free, I'll go through with my promise to her. You'd best be prepared to accept the letter of prosecution!" Nina sneered and left.

Meanwhile, I kicked the trash can beside me.

The bodyguards lowered their heads, too scared to utter a word.

Two days later, Nina came to the hospital to hand me the divorce papers.

"Mr. Moore, if you refuse to sign that document, we're taking you to court."

The mere sight of the divorce papers made the veins in my temples pop out. I turned my gaze towards Caroline.

She looked apathetic now, but she seemed determined to go through with it.

Only now did I realize I had truly broken her heart this time.

"Alright. I accept. Just like I promised before, you can have custody of all four kids."

Caroline's eyelids trembled, but she still didn't say a word to me.

"Help me find a nurse. I'm unable to take care of both myself and my baby now," Caroline said to Nina.

Judging by the sound of her voice, she really was having difficulties.

"I'm willing to get divorced with you, and you can keep custody of the kids. But while we're still married, allow me to take care of you," I said.

I was still her husband.

Even if we were going to get divorced, I still wanted to...

As I stared at the divorce papers, I clenched my fists.

Even if we had to separate, I still couldn't bear the idea that someone else would take care of her.

Caroline stared at me for a few seconds before looking away. Still, she refused to say even a single word to me.

She hadn't spoken to me ever since she was hospitalized.

Just then, the door of the ward was pushed open. Nevaeh's mother came in, carrying a gift basket and flowers. "I heard that Caroline just gave birth, so I came in here to visit her."

Caroline just glanced at her indifferently.

"Well, there she is. You've seen her now, so leave," I said impatiently.

Mrs. Greem put the gift basket on the table and smiled at Caroline. "I see. I'll take my leave, then. Nevaeh is also hospitalized here. I'll come by to see you when you're feeling a little better."

"Wait! Take your stuff with you. Caroline needs to rest. She doesn't want to be disturbed. I hope this will be the last time you come into this room," I said, stopping her.

Mrs. Greem turned around, looking at me intently. "That gift is for Caroline. Charles, I'm just looking after her."

"We don't need you to care. Just give it to your daughter. She is badly injured, after all," Nina chimed in.

"Fine. I'll take it away. You don't have to be so hostile. I meant no harm." Feeling wronged, Mrs. Greem left along with the gift basket that she brought.

[Chapter 552 Divorce Agreemen](#)

Alice's POV:

When I arrived at the hospital, I saw Monica Greem come out of Caroline's ward. A frown appeared on my face at the sight of her. "Why are you here?" I asked crossly.

Monica raised the gift basket in her hand and said in an aggrieved tone, "I heard that your daughter-in-law has just given birth, so I came to visit her. But it seems that she doesn't want to accept my gift."

"How can she accept it? Ever since your daughter returned last year, she has been pestering my son and provoking my daughter-in-law. Aren't you aware of that? As her mother, it's your job to teach her some manners. It doesn't take a genius to know that it's wrong to steal someone else's husband!"

"How could my daughter do something like that? Besides, if Charles and Caroline really love each other, how could my daughter split them up? Clearly, there's something wrong with their relationship. Don't just put all the blame on my daughter!"

The more Monica spoke, the angrier she became.

Her entitlement and shamelessness made my blood boil. In a fit of anger, I rolled up my sleeve and retorted, "My son has a good relationship with his wife. Stop talking nonsense! Leave. You're not welcome here!"

Monica's face turned red in anger. With a huff, she took the gift and left.

I pushed the door open, and my heart jolted when I saw Caroline talking to Nina with a serious expression.

My eyes shifted to the envelope in her hand. And knowing that Nina was a lawyer, a sinking feeling emerged at the pit of my stomach.

It had been days since Caroline woke up. However, she still had not talked to Charles since. Day after day, I was worried that she would get a divorce and end things for the two of them.

And now, it seemed what I had been dreading had finally come.

Hearing the sound of the door, Nina looked at me and greeted, "Mrs. Moore, you're here."

"Hey, Nina. I'm happy to see you here. You must be busy, but you still came to visit Caroline." I walked over with a smile and put my bag on the bedside table. Then, I glanced at Caroline, who seemed down in the dumps, and asked with concern, "Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes. So much better," Caroline replied, though her face said otherwise.

"Did Monica Greem make things difficult for you again?" I sighed, feeling pity as Caroline had to go through that, and tucked her hair behind her ear.

Caroline forced a smile. "No, I just ignored her."

After chatting for a while, Nina finally bade farewell.

I also stood up. "I have to go now too. Do you mind if we leave together?"

Without waiting for Nina's response, I pulled her out of the ward and talked to her. "Nina, I know you have a good relationship with Caroline. But there are some things I have to tell you..."

I advised her not to persuade Caroline to divorce Charles. But it would be better if she did not bring up the idea of divorce ultimately.

Nina frowned and asked, "Mrs. Moore, have you ever thought about how Caroline would feel? If she stays with Charles, it means that he'll have her by the palm of his hand, and she'll have to endure the provocation of the women around him. If that's the case, why would she still want this marriage?"

"But they love each other!" I answered affirmatively.

"Love? Then why did Caroline have to suffer? Do you have any idea how much injustice and grievance she had to endure after she married Charles? Yes, she loves Charles, but that doesn't mean she has to stay and continue to suffer."

"Charles may have done something wrong, but he's not entirely at fault. Nevaeh is the one to blame in this matter. She's been pestering Charles nonstop!" I defended Charles.

"Mrs. Moore, even without Nevaeh, there'll be other women. Charles doesn't give Caroline enough sense of security. And right now, she's devastated. Caroline was the one who contacted me about the divorce. She's completely disappointed in Charles. She couldn't take it anymore." Nina crossed her arms in front of her chest, her eyes full of pity for Caroline.

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

A moment later, an idea occurred to me.

"Nina, Charles loves Caroline very much. Can you help him persuade Caroline not to continue filing the divorce? You're her best friend. She'll listen to you," I pleaded.

Nina heaved a sigh and smiled at me helplessly. "Mrs. Moore, as her best friend, I hope that she's happy more than anyone else. But, if you insist... If Charles manages to change Caroline's mind, then I'll put the divorce on hold temporarily. If he can't, I have no choice but to go through the procedure."

I agreed to Nina's compromise without a second thought. As long as there was a room for maneuver, I would not give up.

Nevaeh's POV:

I slowly opened my eyes and found that I was in a hospital ward. I looked at my side and saw my mother sitting next to me.

"Mom."

"Nevaeh, you're finally awake!" Mom exclaimed in glee. She then hugged me tightly with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks.

"Mom, did anyone come to see me?" I asked with my heart full of hope. My eyes fell on the gift box on the table, and Charles's handsome face flashed through my mind.

My mother wiped the tears from the corner of my eyes and said, "The night of your accident, Charles rushed here to the hospital and waited outside the operating room the whole night. And roughly the same time, Caroline fainted at her house and then gave birth to her child the next day."

My heart softened when I heard that Charles had chosen me over Caroline.

When I heard what my mother had said, hope filled my heart.

"Wait. Did you just say that Caroline had just given birth?"

"She's also in the ward on this floor." I went to see her a while ago, but she was rude and ungrateful."

I blinked my eyes and tried to prop myself up. But then, I found that there was no strength left in me.

In all honesty, I did not have any romantic feelings toward Charles before. But compared with my ex-boyfriend, I could say that Charles was indeed an excellent man.

Caroline was nothing but a pretty face. A powerful man in the business circle like Charles was way out of her league. She did not deserve him.

Charles was so into her, though. I wonder why.

"Mom, I want to see Caroline."

I sat in a wheelchair, and my mother wheeled me to the door of Caroline's ward. But for some reason, her bodyguards stopped us.

"Mrs. Moore doesn't want to see you. Please go back." Tracy and Janet stood in front of the door, glaring at us.

"You're nobody but Caroline's bodyguards. Your job is to protect her, not bar her guests."

"How can you even call yourself a guest? Mrs. Moore doesn't even know you," Janet fired back with an apparent disgust.

The bodyguard's attitude made my hackles rise. However, I could not lose my temper, so I just gritted my teeth and forced a smile. "Please tell Caroline that I really appreciate Charles leaving her behind that night to see me."

"Our boss thought you were going to die, so he went there to mourn you," Janet retorted with a sneer.

My mother could not stand it anymore. She stood in front of me and shouted, "Why are you so rude and mean? How dare you curse my daughter? Who do you think you are?!"

"There's nothing wrong with what I just said. That night, the hospital issued a notice that Miss Greem was critically ill. So, out of politeness, our boss came to the hospital to see your daughter for the last time. I hope you don't think too highly of yourself, Miss Greem."

My body trembled, and I clenched my fists in anger.

Just as I was about to lose my temper, Charles walked out of the ward.

He closed the door gently. But when he looked at me, his eyes were as cold as a glacier.

"Charles, I heard that you came to the hospital to visit me. I haven't had the chance to thank you," I said with a fawning smile.

"If you really want to thank me, then move out of this floor as soon as possible," Charles coldly replied.

I froze and looked up at him in disbelief. "What-what did you say?"

Charles frowned and explained impatiently, "You're so noisy that you disturbed my wife's rest."

His words were like a knife stabbing into my heart—cold and painful.

But before I could say anything, he turned his back on me and entered the ward again.

I could only look at the closed door. Although I was still unwilling to give up, there was nothing I could do about it.

When I returned to the ward, someone suddenly came in and informed me that I have to leave my room.

"Mr. Moore has booked the entire floor."

Although the man's tone was casual, his attitude was resolute. It turned out that Charles was serious. Unfortunately for me, I had no choice but to do as he said.

[Chapter 553 Discharged From Hospital](#)

Caroline's POV:

Seven days later, I recovered well. I packed up my things and was ready to leave the hospital.

I was about to get out of bed when Charles suddenly walked up to me and said, "Don't move. Let me

help you."

When I saw his outstretched hands, I leaned away and glared at him. "No, thank you. I can get out of bed by myself."

Ignoring my refusal, Charles bent over and carried me out.

En route, Charles slightly loosened his grip on me. Afraid that I would fall, I surged forward and wrapped my arms around his neck.

Charles looked down at me and I hid my face in his chest because I didn't want him or anyone to see that I was blushing.

However, the staff of the hospital came to bid me farewell. As soon as we stepped out of the ward, we were surrounded by the doctors and nurses of the hospital.

They held out flowers to me and called out their best wishes for us. "Congratulations, Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore. May you two live together till you're old and grey."

"Make sure you rest and don't stress yourself at all, either physically or emotionally. That means that you shouldn't do anything that will make you tired or upset. And if anything happens, contact me as soon as you possibly can," the doctor who carried out the C-section on me explained kindly.

"I will adhere to all your instructions, doctor. Thank you all so much for taking great care of me," I replied politely.

Charles nodded to everyone and left with me in his arms.

When we walked out of the elevator, I saw Nevaeh.

Some days ago, Nevaeh had tried to enter my ward but was stopped by my bodyguards. But I knew for a fact that she was not going to stop trying until she found a way to see me.

Bandages covered most of her body, at least the parts of her I could see since she was in a wheelchair.

The last thing I wanted to do was be nice to a woman that seduced my husband, so I turned my face away from her.

The only acknowledgement Charles gave her was an indifferent glance over his shoulder as he began to walk out with me in his arms.

"Charles, I'm here to thank you for leaving Caroline behind that night to see me," Nevaeh shouted.

Inhaling sharply, I tightened my grip on Charles' neck.

For a second, Charles stopped walking as he froze, his hands on my body tightening.

Neither of them spoke another word.

It was over. I had lost.

It wasn't that I was lost to Nevaeh. I was actually defeated by the fact that there would always be countless women around Charles.

With the sting of defeat fresh in my mind, my determination grew. As soon as possible, I was going to get a divorce from Charles and put an end to this marriage.

In the future, it wouldn't matter what he did with other women because it would have nothing to do with me.

However, hot tears still streamed down my cheeks and wetted Charles' shirt.

After leaving the hospital, Charles put me in the car, fastened the seat belt for me and closed the door gently.

He didn't say a word from the moment the car pulled away from the hospital gates till the car stopped at the Moore mansion.

I also stayed mute the entire drive. But when we finally reached the Moore mansion, I couldn't help but voice an important question, "When shall we go through the formalities?"

"A month from now," Charles muttered in a bland tone, his gaze trailed outside the window.

It was a little longer than I expected, but it didn't matter. I would just hold on for another month.

A month from now, I would be able to leave here and get rid of my current life.

Charles unfastened his seat belt and got out of the car. He opened the door on my side and bent over to carry me.

"No, I can walk." I dodged his hand and tried to walk on my own.

"It's windy outside. You can take a walk after you go back to your room." Then Charles carried me out of the car.

The elders were waiting at the door. When they saw us approaching, they immediately came up and greeted me.

Charles carried me to the bedroom upstairs.

The boys leaned against the bed, their awestruck gazes focused on their baby sister. They had been looking forward to meeting her for a long time and were reluctant to leave after finally meeting her.

A laugh escaped me when I saw the four of them. The three boys were gazing down at their sister wide eyed, and she, blinking her eyes up at them.

The phone rang and Charles stepped away to answer his call. When his call was over, he returned to the bedside and turned his attention to the boys. "You need to be careful. Don't hurt your sister accidentally, okay?"

Even though they nodded vigorously to show they understood their father's words, their unblinking eyes were on their sister the entire time.

James suddenly turned his head and asked, "Daddy, do you like my sister?"

"Yes," Charles replied with a gentle smile.

"So, who do you love more, my sister or Mommy?"

"That's a different kind of love," Charles looked up at me and replied patiently.

"Different? Why is it different?" James asked curiously.

"I'm tired and want to have a rest." Before Charles could answer, I chimed in and lay down with my back to them.

Charles lowered his voice and said, "You should go out first. Your Mommy needs to rest."

Grumbling, the boys left. Charles walked back to the bed and picked our daughter up. "I'll take her out for a while so you can rest. I'll bring her back to you when you wake up."

Instead of replying, I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep.

Charles then left the room quietly with our daughter in his arms.

After some deliberation, I decided to name her Jessica.

When she was one-month old, we held a grand party for Jessica and introduced her to all our relatives and friends.

The table in the banquet hall was full of gifts.

Tracy and Janet came in with a small box in their hands. They walked into the room excitedly and said, "Mrs. Moore, this gift is so exquisite and beautiful. It must look very beautiful on Jessica."

There was a delicate and beautiful necklace in the box.

There was also a note at the bottom. On the note was Nevaeh's signature.

A cold fury swept through me, but still I maintained my calm facade. "Send it to Charles. It's not for me and Jessica," I ordered brusquely as I dumped the necklace back into the box.

"What?" The two bodyguards were stunned.

Janet saw the note and reacted quickly as she immediately said, "Mrs. Moore, you are right. Let our boss deal with it!"

I picked my daughter up and said, "Let's go."

"Where are we going?" the shocked bodyguards asked in unison.

"Home."

"Won't we wait for Mr. Moore?" Janet asked in confusion.

"He is a grown man with two perfectly healthy feet of his own. He will return home when he's ready." I walked out with my daughter in my arms.

The two bodyguards chucked the gift in their hands aside and immediately caught up with me.

But I didn't expect to bump into Nevaeh as soon as I arrived at the parking lot.

She had recovered from the worst of her injuries and looked almost the same, except for the fact that she was thinner than before.

After taking a cursory look at her, I tried to bypass her on my way to the car, but she stopped me.

"Caroline, long time no see."

"I don't want to see you. If you really have any sense of self worth, then you wouldn't dare to approach me."

Nevaeh smiled and looked at Jessica. "I'm here to congratulate you. I heard that you gave birth to a daughter. She is very cute and looks very much like you."

"Were you lurking around, waiting for me to show up only so you could tell me this?" I held Jessica

tighter, icy disdain dripping from my voice.

"I'm waiting for Charles. My company has been negotiating the cooperation with the Moore Group. I'm the main designer of one of the projects. I just called him and wanted to talk about the details. By the way..."

"You know what? One of the last two women who pestered Charles is in a psychiatric hospital, and the other one is in prison."

The expression on Nevaeh's face froze and the smile at the corners of her mouth disappeared without a trace.

I sneered and got in the car with my daughter in my arms.

Janet said loudly to Nevaeh, "Maybe you don't know our boss very well. With Mrs. Moore's mere words, I'm afraid that you will be replaced by someone else in this project."

Then she got into the car.

I turned my head to look out of the window and found Nevaeh standing there angrily, stamping her feet.

Somehow, I felt better. I lowered my head and played with Jessica.

[Chapter 554 Persuade His Wife](#)

Caroline's POV:

Tiredness gradually crept into my body as soon as I got home. I thought a hot shower would wash away all my drowsiness, but it didn't, so I immediately nestled in bed afterward.

I had been so busy today that I even struggled to keep my eyes open as they became heavy from exhaustion.

Still, my mind remained active for a moment. Charles and I agreed to work on the divorce procedures a month after I gave birth. Fortunately, days went by quickly, and baby Jessica was now one-month old. So, perhaps, I could bring that topic up to him first thing in the morning.

I was enjoying the comfort of my bed the next day when I felt something heavy on my belly, which jolted me awake. When I looked down, I saw a muscular arm wrapped tightly around my waist.

Of course, this scent, grip, and arm only pointed to one man. It was Charles.

Annoyed, I pushed his arm away and tried to break free from his embrace. However, Charles' strength and mine differ significantly. He only tightened his grip, locked me in, and muttered, "Let's sleep some

more."

"Charles," I firmly called and used all my strength to escape from his arms.

Traces of displeasure filled Charles' face as my struggle forcefully woke him up. Nevertheless, his expression instantly softened upon meeting my gaze.

He quickly sat up and looked at me with apologetic eyes as he said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know I fell asleep beside you because I was too tired when I got home last night."

"I'm warning you, Charles. Don't do that ever again. It isn't right," I replied, giving him a firm and warning look.

"Why can't I do that, though?" he asked, confused and displeased.

"Come on, Charles! You know precisely where my reluctance is coming from. Why? Did you bump your head somewhere that you forgot about your promise? Charles, a month has already passed!" I snapped in frustration.

Charles' expression instantly changed upon hearing what I said. "I've actually forgotten about something. Yes, I have an important meeting today, so I'll talk to you later, okay?" he replied, completely dodging the situation. He swiftly buttoned up his top and prepared to get out of bed.

I wasn't born yesterday, so I could tell he was only making an excuse. Infuriated, I glared at him and reminded him, "Charles, you promised me we'd continue the divorce proceedings in a month! I'm not sure when you have lost track of the date, but one month has already passed."

I was mad, and I bet I was as red as a tomato right now. Still, Charles only replied, "I don't feel like settling the divorce today. I mean, look! Even the weather doesn't seem right. Why don't we chill for now and deal with it some other day?"

"Charles!" I yelled as my last strand of patience had finally snapped. I sat on the bed and looked at him angrily, saying, "Charles, can you stop making these lame excuses? What's so hard to understand about my desire to divorce?!"

I had intended to resolve our issues amicably, and I was beyond willing to cooperate with him as long as he did the same.

But then I forgot what kind of person he was. I forgot that he never knew how to give in and cooperate.

Perhaps, I expected too much from him, which was my fault.

Still, my thirst for divorce remained the same. I knew my worth, so I knew what I deserved. Staying in this marriage would only give Charles a chance to hurt me more, and I refuse to let that happen.

"We'll deal with it, okay? Just, not today," Charles casually replied before getting out of the bed and walking toward the bathroom.

I quickly followed him out of bed, causing me to lose my balance. Fortunately, my reflexes were fast, so I was able to hold onto the mattress to support myself.

Charles, on the other hand, strode back from the bathroom after hearing the noise I accidentally made. He walked straight toward me and helped me sit on the bed.

I then grabbed his clothes and looked up at him, saying, "Charles, I'm begging you. Sign the divorce papers, and let me start a new life."

"Processing a divorce isn't a joke, Caroline. It's not as simple as you think it is. Our marriage doesn't revolve around us alone. It involves a lot of other things," Charles muttered in a soft, helpless voice.

What other things was he talking about?! I only wanted one thing, and that was a divorce! Why should I care about anything else that didn't even concern me?

Was he talking about his reputation? Properties? Or was it the company shares?

I couldn't even care any less about those!

"If you're worried about your reputation, let's go through the divorce procedure privately. You could just notify the public when you think the time is right," I said, almost begging.

"No, we have to wait until the time is right," Charles opposed, shaking his head. He looked at me with a pair of concerned yet helpless eyes and added, "You've just given birth, so you must recuperate for at least six months to get better."

"What?!" I shouted in disbelief. My scalp tingled as anger traveled across my body, unable to believe what I had just heard.

How could Charles do this to me?

He clearly promised to divorce me in a month, and now he just went back on his word!

"Anyway, I have to go to work now. See you tonight," Charles said.

After that, he strode away.

With that, I could only look at his disappearing figure, heavy-hearted.

Charles' POV:

After leaving the house, I went to the garage and hopped in my car. However, I only sat in the driver's seat in a daze for a long time, not even bothering to start the engine.

My hands were still shaking and my palms were wet; and I felt like my heart had been crushed into a million pieces.

It was pretty clear to me that Caroline was dying to divorce me.

The past month had been utterly suffocating for me. Caroline had been strangely quiet, not making any scene. In fact, I would only get to see her smile whenever she was in front of the kids.

Then, she would only sit quietly on the bed for the rest of the day with dull eyes, looking gloomy and preoccupied.

Whenever I faced her, she would immediately look elsewhere as if I was a stranger or the last person she wanted to see.

Of course, I would be lying if I said I didn't understand the look she was giving me. Her eyes alone were so expressive, and it had always given me the idea that I would lose her in no time.

Frustrated, I leaned against the driver's seat and covered my face with my hands. Anxiousness filled my heart, and it was torturous.

I wasn't blind, so I could see her gradually slipping through my grasp.

And this time, she would leave me for good.

Unable to handle it, I simply ran away.

All I could do now was pray and hope that Caroline was only angry and didn't mean what she said. Then, I would keep escaping whenever she was about to bring the same topic up.

Through this, she wouldn't be able to go on with the divorce and cut ties with me.

Unable to overthink some more, I took a deep breath and drove to the company. When I arrived, I ran into Nevaeh.

She was dressed in a business suit, looking unmistakably sophisticated. "Charles, I didn't expect to bump into you here," she said, sounding a bit surprised.

Hearing that, I glanced at her coldly and continued walking forward, not wanting to talk to her.

However, Nevaeh chased after me and asked, "Charles, can we talk?"

"Nevaeh, we have nothing to talk about!" I snapped in annoyance. "Stop pestering me, or you wouldn't like what I would do to you."

Caroline's cold stares and continuous attempts to initiate a divorce flashed before my eyes as I looked at Nevaeh longer.

Because of that, I glared at her for the last time and went straight into my exclusive elevator.

Many things had happened this morning, so I was already in a bad mood when I arrived at my office. I didn't even feel like working right now.

So, I opened my laptop and searched the Internet for ways to persuade my wife to stay with me.

A few minutes after, Amy came in with a cup of coffee.

I then closed my laptop in a hurry, not wanting her to see what I was doing.

"Boss, I came to inform you that your new assistant will start working today. Her name is Angelina," Amy said in a low voice as she placed the coffee on my table.

"Angelina? Why does it have to be a woman again?" I asked, unable to conceal my displeasure. Caroline and I almost broke up when Nevaeh became my assistant, so I wanted to avoid having female employees close as much as possible.

"Don't worry, boss. You may be attractive, but not every woman is interested in you," Amy joked, probably sensing my concern.

Hearing that, I rubbed my temples and instructed, "Well, tour her around the company and brief her about the scope of her job first."

"Boss, are you feeling unwell?" Amy cautiously asked.

"Yes, a little," I truthfully answered. Then, I picked up the coffee, wanting to take a sip, but my stomach churned at the smell, so I put it back.

"Did you and Mrs. Moore fight again?" Amy helplessly asked. After that, she fidgeted with her fingers and cautiously said, "I have an idea, but I am not sure if it'll work."

"Tell me," I ordered, feeling a little curious.

When Caroline and I had a misunderstanding last time, Amy called her for me. She asked my wife to come to see me, and it worked.

And now, she was suggesting repeating the same trick.

Well, how could I object when I couldn't even think of a better way?

Sure enough, Amy called Caroline, saying, "Good day, Mrs. Moore! I'm sorry to bother you this early, but Mr. Moore looked unwell when he arrived. Even though he managed to attend his meeting, he still looked dull and preoccupied. I called to ask you what we should do."

"I don't know. Why are you asking me?" I heard Caroline answer in a flat tone as Amy put the phone on speaker. It saddened me, of course.

Amy, on the contrary, was stunned. She bit her lips, looking uneasy, and stammered as she asked, "M-Mrs. Moore, can't you come to see Mr. Moore? He looks so ill, so I'm afraid he would pass out or something."

"Is that so?" Caroline asked back and added, "Then pay closer attention to him. If anything happens, take him to the hospital."

"Alright. If anything wrong happens, I will report it to you immediately," Amy politely said.

"No, you don't need to report it to me," Caroline impatiently replied.

She didn't even wait for Amy to respond and instantly dropped the call.

Amy parted her lips slightly as if she wanted to say something.

I could sense her uneasiness, so I took the initiative to smile at her faintly. "It's fine. You can leave and go on with your work," I ordered.

Still, I smiled bitterly at myself.

"Why do you have to be so cruel, Caroline?" I murmured in distress.

[Chapter 555 Sweet Talk](#)

Charles' POV:

Caroline and I's room was the first place I went to when I arrived home after a long exhausting day at work. I was dying to see her, but there were no traces of her inside when I entered.

Still, I reminded myself not to overreact just yet.

My family knew me well, so they would undoubtedly inform me immediately if Caroline suddenly left.

After placing my leather bag on the side table, I headed straight to Jessica's room. Caroline, of course,

was there. She was leaning against the bed's headboard, looking at her phone with Jessica sleeping comfortably in her arms.

Not wanting to disturb my daughter's sleep, I walked toward the bedside silently and softly asked, "Are you going to sleep here tonight, Caroline?"

I waited for Caroline to look at me, but she didn't. Sadly, her eyes remained focused on her phone screen as she replied, "Yes. Jessica might cry or get hungry in the middle of the night, so it would be better if I would stay by her side to breastfeed her."

Did she say breastfeeding? God, I wasn't naive! I knew that she only said that as an excuse to avoid me.

I tried not to look upset, but I would be lying if I said I didn't get hurt. Still, I composed myself, cleared my throat, and said, "How about we return to our room and bring Jessica with us? Our bed is more spacious, so she could sleep comfortably there."

"Charles, sleeping in the same bed is no longer appropriate since we will divorce soon. Or are you telling me to sleep there with Jessica while you stay here in her room?" Caroline replied with hints of unwillingness and disgust painted all over her face.

Defenseless, I looked at her, utterly lost for words. Her stare had nothing but bold resistance, which scared me a bit.

I had no idea how long Caroline and I had been staring at each other, but she only retracted her gaze when Jessica moved and cried. She gently patted her frail body and coaxed her back to sleep.

"I don't mind sleeping on the sofa," I suggested, left with no choice.

However, Caroline remained reluctant. She only diverted her gaze elsewhere and said, "You don't have to do that, Charles. Besides, aren't you feeling unwell? You better go to the other room and take a proper rest."

"Are you concerned about me, Caroline?" I asked, looking at her expectantly. Something in her tone and words gave me the impression that she still cared about me. Because of that, the hope in my heart grew stronger, giving me the courage to walk toward her closer.

"I'm sorry to break it to you, but that's not the case at all. My children are still young, so I didn't want them to lose their father if you get sick," Caroline reasoned.

She shook her head openly, putting out the burning bits of hope in my heart.

All I could do, of course, was to stare at her shortly and leave eventually.

Dejected, I returned to our bedroom alone. I nestled in bed and continued to search for ways to keep

my wife with me.

I browsed various websites and scrolled endlessly, but I couldn't find any helpful information. Upset, I threw my phone aside, put my hands behind my head, and stared at the ceiling in a daze.

The more I thought about Caroline leaving me, the more frustrated I became. Helpless, I covered my face with a blanket and let my worries tuck me to sleep.

Just when I thought I could have a restful bedtime, I unexpectedly dreamt about Caroline and me settling the divorce.

I didn't want to sign the divorce papers, but she cried in front of me. Caroline had always been my weakness, so seeing her like that because I refused to let her go pricked my heart excruciatingly.

In the end, I had no choice but to sign the agreement.

Anxious, I was jolted awake.

I was sweating profusely, so I changed my clothes and left the room. Coincidentally, I saw Caroline walking out of the room next door with Jessica in her arms.

"Hey, why are you already awake? And you're dressed! Where are you going?" I asked in confusion upon seeing her in a business suit.

"I'll go to the company, so take care of Jessica," Caroline replied. She didn't even wait for me to agree and directly transferred our daughter in my arms and dashed downstairs in her high heels.

Worried, I chased after her, holding Jessica in my arms, and said, "Caroline, you've just given birth. Are you sure you can work already? Don't tire yourself too much, okay?!"

Caroline stopped in her tracks, turned to me, and impatiently replied, "I'm fine now, Charles. I need to get back to work as soon as possible. Do you have any problem with that?"

And just like that, we parted in discord again.

I was absent-minded the whole day.

There was a pile of documents on my desk waiting for me to take care of, but I couldn't focus at all. All I could think of right now was my wife, Caroline.

Was she currently seeing another man?

If not, was she looking forward to meeting one? She was dying to start a new life, so that was probably her plan!

Damn!

Was she interested in that man named Diego who was working in her company and was younger than me?!

With that in mind, I picked up my coat and stormed out.

I drove toward the Wilson Group and parked in front of the building half an hour. There I waited for Caroline to get off work.

However, time ticked forward, and Caroline still hadn't come out.

Worried, I took my phone and dialed Janet's number.

"Boss?" she greeted from the other end of the line.

"Is Caroline working overtime? Why can't you at least remind her not to overwork herself? She has just given birth, and her body is still recuperating," I replied in frustration.

Janet didn't speak for a second, probably scared of my sudden outburst. After a while, I heard her softly cough before saying, "Boss, Mrs. Moore has already gone back to the Moore mansion."

Hearing that, I bit my lip in embarrassment. Fetching Caroline from work was not a hard thing to do, yet I failed to do it, so I felt utterly useless. When I was about to leave, I suddenly saw Diego walking out of the hall on the first floor.

He came over unhesitatingly and asked, "Are you looking for Caroline? Didn't you call her in advance? She got off work early today."

"I wasn't asking you anything. Besides, what does it have to do with you if I came here looking for my wife unannounced?" I replied in annoyance. The more I looked at his face, the more irritated I became. Because of that, I hissed and looked elsewhere.

"I have no idea what happened between you and Caroline, Mr. Moore. However, let me give you a piece of advice. Women could sometimes be emotional, but they only need to be sweet talked," Diego advised.

Hearing that, I glanced at him coldly.

Who did he think he was?

When did I ask for his opinion regarding what to do with my relationship with Caroline?

I turned the car engine on and drove straight home. When I arrived, the maid immediately opened the door for me and greeted me respectfully.

I handed her my coat and asked as we walked, "Where's my wife?"

"Mrs. Moore is already resting upstairs, Mr. Moore," she replied.

I nodded in response, planning to go upstairs to see Caroline, but my mom suddenly stopped me.

"Charles, come here for a second, please," she said.

Not wanting to be rude, I stopped in my tracks, turned around, sat on the sofa, and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Is it true that Nevaeh is working with your company again?" mom casually asked.

"She is," I truthfully replied.

Besides, I couldn't see why I should feel uncomfortable and lie. Nevaeh was working in the same building with me again, but her office and mine weren't on the same floor. Thus, our paths would rarely cross.

"If there's nothing you feel guilty about, I suggest you tell your wife about it," mom reminded in a low voice, raising her gaze upstairs.

I knew where her concern was rooting from, so I only lowered my head and smiled.

Unfortunately, it didn't really matter whether I said something to Caroline about it or not. I was confident that she wouldn't care less about it.

"Charles, are you listening? You heard me, right?" mom successively asked as she patted me on the arm, causing me to snap back to my senses.

Not knowing what else to say, I nodded perfunctorily and headed upstairs.

I was about to enter the room when I heard Caroline and James talking inside, so I stopped beside the door.

"Mommy, when will my sister learn how to speak? Can't we teach her now? I really want to hear her call me brother!" James excitedly pleaded.

"Can you wait a little longer, sweetie? I guarantee she'll be able to talk in a year!" Caroline replied.

"What?! Do I have to wait that long?"

My lips automatically curved upward upon hearing my wife and son's conversation. As much as I wanted to enter the room and see them, I didn't want to disturb their moment.

I turned around, planning to leave, but the maid suddenly came out of the room next door and asked, "Why are you standing there, Mr. Moore?"

With that, James and Caroline's conversation stopped. Silence enveloped the hallway for a few seconds until I heard my son exclaim, "Daddy's back!"

I didn't want to spoil my son's excitement, so I pushed the door open, walked to the bed, and checked my daughter, Jessica.

I wasn't sure if she heard or felt that I had arrived, but she fascinatingly opened her eyes wide.

"Hey, pretty. Were you being a good girl today?" I asked as I bent down and reached for Jessica's tiny, soft hand.

I was busy checking her out when she suddenly gripped my finger tightly, which made my heart melt into a puddle.

Moved, I squatted down and gently stroked her hair with my other hand.

"Daddy, don't! Grandma told me not to touch Jessica's head yet because even the slightest touch could hurt her," James scolded me as he whispered.

"Do you think you know how to take care of your sister better than me, young man?" I teased, amused by his protectiveness over Jessica.

"It's true, Daddy! Wait here, and I'll find Grandma!" James said before running out of the room in a flash.

When he left, Caroline and I fell into a deafening silence.

Uncomfortable, I lowered my head, and played with my daughter's hand. Still, I could see Caroline from the corner of my eyes.

"You can go now, Charles. There's no need to do that. James has left," Caroline started, utterly breaking the silence. I was glad when she took the initiative to talk first, but I didn't like that she was driving me away.

Reluctant to leave, I sat on the bed and hugged Jessica tightly, saying, "I haven't spent time with my daughter yet. Why are you driving me away already?"

Hearing that, Caroline nodded, got out of the bed, and said, "Then I'll leave first so you can bond with her."

"Caroline, wait! Jessica may not be able to speak for now, but she could clearly feel what was happening around her. Shouldn't we refrain from arguing in front of her? She might think that we are not on good terms! What if this leaves a scar in her heart?" I reasoned.

"Charles, I don't want to stay in the same room with you," Caroline complained as she sat back on the edge of the bed. She looked at me with frustrated eyes and added, "Or do you want us to talk about the divorce procedure in front of our daughter?"

My heart pricked upon hearing that. I waited outside her company for so long, and I hurried back home to see her. Still, she was treating me with nothing but coldness.

Was she still mad at me because of Nevaeh?

Thinking about that, I looked at her helplessly and explained, "Nevaeh is working with my company again, but don't worry. We are not on the same floor."

"Why are you telling me that?" Caroline asked, knitting her brows.

"I just don't want to have any more misunderstanding with you about her," I replied.

"Charles, we won't have further misunderstandings if we get divorced," she answered back.

I took a deep breath and held on to my last strand of patience. "Divorce is a complicated thing, Caroline. It will bring us a lot of unnecessary trouble. Besides, we should be careful in making big decisions like this. Look at you! You're too emotional to make rational decisions now," I explained.

Caroline gritted her teeth, glared at me, and snapped, saying, "Who are you to tell me that, Charles? Didn't you sign the divorce papers last time without any delay? You did it before, so why can't you do it again?!"

I held my daughter tighter and explained, "That's a different case, Caroline. I've lost my memory that time, so I couldn't think straight."

"Then can you lose your memory again?" Caroline angrily asked before taking our daughter out of my arms.

"Even if I lose my memory again, I'll try my hardest not to forget you, Caroline," I stated in all seriousness.

However, Caroline only ignored my words and turned her back against me, asking, "You have received the notice of divorce from the court, right?"

"I did," I replied.

She then nodded and answered, "If you want, we can settle the divorce by ourselves, Charles. We could both go on with our lives without complicating things."

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"Let's go to the law office tomorrow and negotiate the terms," Caroline firmly replied.

[Chapter 556 You Belong To Me](#)

Caroline's POV:

Around nine in the morning, Charles and I sat in the mediation room of the law office.

The lawyer explained all of the terms in the divorce agreement for about half an hour. Charles was wearing a black suit, sitting there with a fearsome expression.

He wasn't saying anything, so it was hard to tell what was on his mind.

The lawyer, on the other hand, was visibly feeling awkward. He stood there, staring at me like he needed some help.

Thus, I had to speak up. "Charles, it's time to sign the agreement."

Charles stared at me for a long time before he finally broke his silence. "We've decided to make things work," he said listlessly.

Stunned by his statement, I looked at him with my mouth left agape. "What the hell are you talking about?"

How could he do this to me?

Things had already reached this point, and yet he still had the audacity to be so shameless!

What the hell was he thinking? Did he believe that our relationship was still the same as it used to be? Did he really think that I'd still be easily fooled by him and choose to stand by him as long as he came up with some more excuses?

Charles looked into my eyes and replied, "I've seen our previous agreement before. If I ask for a divorce, I'll have to concede all of my properties to you. Which is why I can't afford to divorce you."

Having said that, he stood up and walked out of the room.

I apologized to the lawyer and quickly followed after Charles.

When I got out of the room, I saw him standing at the foot of the stairs from a distance. I ran after him and asked, "What is the matter with you, Charles?"

Charles turned around and sternly replied, "There's nothing wrong with me. I'm serious. I won't divorce you."

His sudden change of mind almost drove me crazy. "I already told you that I don't want any of your properties. Everything you have will remain yours. All I want is a divorce!"

"But you belong to me as well, Caroline." Charles walked up to me, staring intently at my face. His eyes were affectionate, and it somehow made me feel like we weren't even fighting in the first place.

It was as if we weren't here to get divorced.

I stared back at him, at a loss for words.

Charles tucked a loose strand of my hair behind my ear and said, "You also belong to me, Caroline. Have you forgotten that?" He sounded really serious.

I stared at him blankly. And for some reason, I felt dizzy and it was as if there was a lump in my throat.

We stood there for a long time before I averted my gaze from him and tried to regain my rationality. "Charles, if you don't want to sign it, you'll have to wait for the court's decision."

That evening, I went to Nina's place and told her what had happened this morning.

She handed me a file; her face was laden with worry. "Charles rejected the divorce agreement, and he has provided evidence to support his decision. He's using the fact that you're nursing your child right now, and that you used to love each other deeply as evidence."

"What kind of evidence has he provided?"

"There are photos, articles, and posts on the Internet. You two were a well-known couple, and Charles has never betrayed you once," Nina answered.

I shook my head, chuckling bitterly. All the love he gave me were just illusions. Even when we were quarreling and not speaking to each other, he could still act like a gentle, loving husband on the surface.

But I must admit that his pretense managed to deceive everyone.

Our relationship had been shattered to pieces once. Even if we tried to make up, all the broken parts and cracks of our relationship would still remain.

Nina pulled out a chair, sat in front of me, and held my hand. "Are you sure that you want to get divorced, Caroline?"

"I'm certain," I said.

After a moment of contemplation, Nina nodded in response. "You may be nursing your child, but if you continue pleading for a divorce, we can make another appeal after six months."

"Do we really have to wait that long?" I clenched my fists because I felt upset.

"Unfortunately, it's part of the procedure. Unless you can provide evidence of mistreatment such as domestic violence, we can't make any moves right now. But before you say anything, I have to let you know that whatever happens in your marital bed doesn't count," Nina explained.

I blushed and stood up to avoid her. I was annoyed by what she said. "Be more serious! How could you still joke at a time like this?"

"I am being serious. For the next six months, we'll have to gather as much evidence as we can find. If your problem persists and becomes worse over this period of time, we can get a divorce on your second appeal," she countered.

"Okay. I understand."

"Hey, girls! Come and have dinner first," Abner said as he walked out of the kitchen with the food he cooked.

"Let's go wash our hands before having some dinner, shall we?" said Nina.

I stared at Abner's back in a daze. Somehow, he reminded me of how Charles used to cook at home for me.

Pretty soon, I gathered my composure. It was hard not to despise myself because of the thoughts I was having.

We were about to get divorced, and yet I still longed for him.

After dinner, Abner escorted me downstairs. We chatted as we walked on.

Upon reaching the door, I noticed a familiar black Maybach pulled over by the road.

There was a tall man in a suit and leather shoes, walking over with an umbrella in hand.

Raindrops fell on the umbrella. With every passing second, the sound of his footsteps drew closer and

closer, and it made my heart tremble.

"Someone's here to pick you up, I see. Anyway, I'm heading upstairs. Take care, Caroline." Abner nodded at Charles before leaving.

"Is this a bad time? Am I disturbing you?" Charles' face was visible beneath the umbrella, and his voice was even colder than the rain.

"You're right. You're bothering me." I glared at him, visibly annoyed.

"Come with me. Or would you like to stay here instead?" Charles stood by the door, showing no intention to go inside. He spoke in an estranged manner.

I felt like my heart had been sunk into an ice cave.

Feeling choked up, I walked over with my head down.

Along the way, neither Charles nor I could speak.

And when we got home, Tracy brought me some water for me to soak my feet into. The warm water helped to ease the cold numbness of my feet.

Once I was done washing my feet, I played with Jessica for a while. Later on, I lulled her to sleep and soon fell asleep on the bed.

Later that night, I was awakened by nightmare. I was sweating all over.

Suddenly, a warm palm covered my forehead. "Were you having a nightmare?" The sound of Charles' husky, sleepy voice made me realize that he had just been awakened as well.

My ears buzzed when I heard his voice. I stared at him, visibly astonished. "What are you doing here? And where is our daughter?"

"She is sleeping in her own room." Charles didn't remove his hand on my forehead, and soon his face turned grim. "You're burning up."

I indeed felt dizzy, but I couldn't imagine catching a cold that easily.

I refused to believe him. I wanted to touch my own forehead, but he stopped me. He held my face and drew closer. I could see in his eyes that he was really worried. "Don't move. You really do have a fever."

We were so close to each other that we could feel each other's breath. I wanted to distance myself from him, but I didn't have any strength left in me.

Charles soon let go of me, got out of bed, and grabbed a thermometer somewhere. "Raise your hand."

I stared at him in a daze and let him lift my arm up. Then, he placed the thermometer under my armpit. I suddenly felt weak all over.

The next day, I heard a phone buzzing and it woke me up.

I opened my eyes to see that someone was calling Charles, but he didn't seem to be here.

There was no caller ID, but the number seemed familiar.

After pondering for a moment, I decided to press the answer key. "Hello?"

"Caroline?" The person on the other end of the line fell silent for a moment before speaking in a surprised tone.

"Nevaeh," I said. When she guessed who I was, I recognized her voice as well.

"It is me. Where's Charles? I need to talk to him."

Just then, the bathroom door opened. Charles walked out and asked, "Who are you talking to?"

"Nevaeh." I returned the phone to him and lay back on the bed.

"Peter is in full charge of the project now, so don't contact me again," Charles said to Nevaeh as he sat down on the edge of the bed and touched my forehead.

With that, he ended the phone call.

"Caroline, I swear, there's nothing happening between me and Nevaeh. It's just about work. I honestly thought that she was going to die that night, so I went to see her for one last time."

"You don't have to explain to me." I turned my back to him because I didn't want to talk about it anymore.

However, Charles refused to let it go. "Caroline, if anything happens to any of your friends, you'll surely go see them, won't you?"

I turned around and asked, "So, she's your friend?"

"I grew up together with her, didn't I?" Charles asked rhetorically.

I smiled as my tears blurred my vision. "There are lots of people whom we grew up together with, but not all of them remain our friends."

"How is that the same as my case?" Charles frowned. "If you don't like it, I'd like you to know that she means nothing to me."

As I looked into his eyes, I couldn't help but feel sad. It took me some time before I found my voice again. "Charles, even if we can't get divorced right now, I'll make an appeal in six months' time. Don't think that we can't get divorced just because I'm nursing our child. As long as I continue my plea, the court will eventually accept it."

Charles' hand slid down from my shoulder. "I know that." He sounded really disappointed.

[Chapter 557 Pestering Him](#)

Charles' POV:

After my week long business trip, Spencer and David invited me to Mint Bar on my return.

We exchanged a few pleasantries and I was just about to sit when Spencer suddenly asked, "Does Caroline still insist on a divorce?"

"Yes, she's still insisting we get a divorce." Feeling quite morose, I plopped onto the sofa and picked up a glass of whiskey.

The liquor burned the back of my throat as I drank it all at once. The bitter taste of the alcohol spread in my mouth, but my mind was becoming sluggish and the problems that plagued me became an afterthought, so I kept drinking.

Probably realizing that my intent was to blot reality by getting drunk, David quickly snatched the glass from me. "I've apologized to Caroline, but she ignored me. She must still be angry."

"It's not your fault. She's just angry with me. It has nothing to do with you." Expelling a heavy breath, I leaned against the sofa and tried to relax.

"Hi!"

A chirpy voice announced as the door was pushed open. I turned in the direction of the sound and found Neveah strutting towards us, a warm smile on her face.

The atmosphere turned pensive as we all watched her walk in silently.

"Neveah, why are you here?" Spencer asked in a cold voice.

"This is a bar and I came here to drink. Of course I didn't know that I would meet you all here. I feel so lucky," Neveah replied as she made her way towards me.

When she noticed that I was reaching for the bottle, she quickly picked it up before I could and muttered with a sultry smile, "Charles, let's have a drink together."

"I'm going home," I declared succinctly after casting a disgusted glance at the glass and bottle that she had touched.

"It's not you who should leave. The one who should leave is the shameless person who keeps pestering a married man. If only she would take a look in the mirror and see why she is not qualified." Icey's and Vivian's mocking voices rang out as they came in.

Nevaeh looked at them coldly and sneered, "Pestering? Are you talking about me? I don't think I'm inferior to Caroline in any way. Woman like her can get Charles's love. Why can't I?"

"You've already lost when you're trying to seduce a married man. Charles loves Caroline. You can't compare with her for the rest of your life," Vivian retorted.

Since Nevaeh was on her own, she was soon at a disadvantage when she squared off against two women who spoke ill of her.

Her bravado quickly turned into embarrassment. "It seems that I'm not welcome here. I won't bother you here anymore," she muttered before turning around and leaving.

I heaved a sigh of relief when the door closed behind her, but the sound of her raised voice had me freezing to the spot. "So, Mrs. Moore is also here."

At the sound of Nevaeh's smug words, I rushed out of the room. As expected, Caroline stood outside the door, glaring at Nevaeh. When I walked out, Caroline swung her head in my direction. She glared at me, turned around and left.

I caught up with her at once, grabbed her wrist and pulled her into my arms.

"Caroline, please listen to me."

"Let me go." She struggled, anger and disappointment warring for dominance on her face.

I was flustered, so I did the only thing I could do to get her attention. I cupped her face and kissed her.

She raised her hand and tried to hit me, but I caught her wrist.

Behind my wildly beating heart, I felt her stretched fingers on my chest.

The sound of hurried footsteps and excited whispers alerted me to the presence of many people around us. I raised my head, took one glance at the onlookers and carried Caroline into the car.

In the car, I hovered over and tried once more to get closer to her, but she pushed at my chest, angry tears rolling down her cheeks. "What on earth do you want?" she yelled.

Grimacing, I tried to explain, "I was there with Spencer and David, not Nevaeh."

"I don't care. It doesn't matter to me who you choose to see or spend time with." Caroline turned her face away angrily.

"Of course it matters. You are my wife."

"Not for long. We are going to get a divorce."

"But we haven't gotten a divorce yet. As long as we are still together, you are my wife. I don't want any misunderstandings between us anymore."

I couldn't help but touch her swollen lips. My heart was beating crazily.

In the afternoon, I decided to go to the company. I had just parked my car at the gate when I saw a young woman pointing angrily at Nevaeh and swearing.

"It's her who seduced my husband!" the woman yelled at the top of her voice.

"Everybody, come here and see what kind of person she really is. You all have to be careful and watch your husbands. Don't let such a horny woman get so close to your husbands and seduce them."

Her incensed yell garnered a lot of attention, and soon, a lot of people were surrounding them and pointing accusing fingers at Nevaeh.

Curious, I looked in their direction and found that angry woman looked familiar.

She was Peter's wife, Anna.

Recently, I had a lot of contact with Peter due to our meetings, and on a few occasions, his wife had brought him lunch.

Standing a few steps away from Anna, Nevaeh looked embarrassed and angry. "What are you talking about? Peter and I are just friends."

"Friends? Will anyone ask their friends to drink with them in the middle of the night? Don't you know that he is married?" Crossing her arms, Anna sneered and glared at Nevaeh.

"So we can't be friends anymore just because he has gotten married? Why does he have to be with you

all the time? Can't you live without a man?" Nevaeh asked confidently.

"Isn't it you who can't live without a man? You just love seducing married men. All you want to do is flirt with men, isn't that right? You can't get a man of your own, so you have decided to become the other woman and ruin other people's marriage. Shameless tramp! Nevaeh, you are just a piece of trash! Girls, beat her up!"

Tired of scolding her, Anna waved her hand, motioning behind her angrily.

Several women of her age ran out of the crowd and started kicking and hitting Nevaeh.

The order and subsequent attack caught Nevaeh off guard. Before she realized what was happening, her hair was pulled and she fell on the floor.

The women gave her no time to recover and pounced on her. Seconds later, I heard Nevaeh's anguished scream.

Peter walked out anxiously and stopped them. "Stop! Stop! What are you doing?"

The security guards quickly rushed out and pulled the women away from Nevaeh.

Anna turned around and saw Peter. She roared with grievance and sadness, "If you dare to help her, I will die in front of you!"

Shocked at the threat, Peter stood still and stared at Anna and then Nevaeh, unable to do a thing.

Tilting my chin up, I got out of my car and ignored the drama happening in front of me as I walked away.

In the evening, I was done for the day and was about to leave when Nevaeh suddenly ran up to me. Scowling, she asked in a breathless tone, "Charles, why did you do that?"

"Do what?" I asked in confusion.

"You asked the security guards to drive those women away for me, but now you don't want to talk to me." Nevaeh pouted unhappily. "If you care about me, you should be upfront about it."

Silently, I stared at Nevaeh while twirling the car key. After a minute of silence, I couldn't help but burst into laughter.

What made her so confident about herself that she was so certain I cared about her?

"You must be mistaken. I had nothing to do with the presence of the security guards."

Nevaeh looked devastated. Face awash in disbelief, she took half a step back from me. "What? Don't lie

to me. It's not shameful to care about me."

"Why should I care about you? Who are you to me? Nevaeh, I have a wife. I don't care about any other woman apart from her. I hope you can come to understand this," I warned her with a sneer.

"So this is about Caroline? Are you denying because you're afraid that she would misunderstand us? Can't you have female friends after your marriage? Are you going to gouge out your eyes to prove your innocence if she doesn't allow you to look at other women?" Blocking my way with her body, Nevaeh asked aggressively.

I harrumphed impatiently and went around her to get to my car.

"If she asks me to do that, I will do it. But Caroline won't ask me to do it, because she is not as aggressive as you think," I replied over my shoulder.

"Ha... You always regard Caroline as a simple, innocent woman! She is not as simple as she looks. She consolidated her position in the Moore family by giving birth to your children, and she also used your sympathy to make you stay by her side! She is a scheming bitch!" Nevaeh caught up with me and reached out to block the door.

"Nevaeh, please watch what you say about my wife. I don't have a problem suing you to defend her reputation,"

I declared in a cold fury. Before Nevaeh could form a reply, I got into my car, slammed the door and started the car.

[Chapter 558 Let's Make Up](#)

Caroline's POV:

We were sitting at the dining table when Alice raised her gaze at me and asked, "Where's Charles, Caroline? It's already late. Why isn't he home yet? Does he have an appointment or something?"

"He hasn't mentioned anything to me," I replied, shaking my head. Then, I looked at the empty seat next to me, wondering if he had said something I had forgotten. I tried to remember but failed. So I had no choice but to mutter, "Let me call him and check."

"Charles, where are you?" I abruptly asked when he picked up the call.

"I should be asking you that. Where are you?" Charles asked in return.

"I'm at home waiting for you to return. Dinner's ready, and your mom is asking me if you have other appointments tonight," I stated, emphasizing his mom's question.

A deafening silence commenced on the other end of the line for a second until Charles seriously said, "Caroline, I have been waiting for you at the gate of the Wilson Group."

With that, I was rendered speechless. Only then did I remember that Charles had offered to come and fetch me in the company this morning.

"I'm sorry, I forgot. I went home directly after work. You can come back now," I apologetically said as a profound sense of guilt lingered in my heart.

"Well, I can't go back now," Charles replied, sounding unwell.

"Why? What's wrong?" I asked in concern.

However, all he replied was, "Nothing." Then, he hung up the phone.

Something in Charles' voice kept bugging me. I wasn't sure what exactly it was, but it gave me the impression that something was wrong. Unable to relax, I looked at the sky outside, wore my coat, went to the garage, and got in my car.

Then, I unhesitatingly drove straight to the gate of the Wilson Group. There weren't many people around, considering it was already late at night. Because of that, I quickly saw Charles' car parked in the most conspicuous spot outside the company.

I knew his car so well, so I could easily distinguish it at a glance whenever I came out of the company.

Charles' car windows weren't heavily tinted, so I could freely see him leaning on the steering wheel when I came over.

"Charles?" I asked while knocking on the window. However, Charles didn't move an inch.

Because of that, I wasted no time and hurriedly opened the door. Then, I reached for his neck.

"Caroline, you're here!" Charles exclaimed as he turned to me, looking pleased.

Still, I could hear drowsiness in his voice. His eyes were weary, and his face looked utterly pale. At this moment, he looked like a dog who hadn't been taken care of.

My brows automatically knitted in worry upon seeing what he looked like. Concerned, I placed the back of my hand on his forehead to check his temperature and later on said, "You have a fever, Charles. Can you still drive?"

Charles coughed and nodded, saying, "Yes, of course."

Still, the tone of his voice gave me the impression that he couldn't. After thinking for a while, I leveled

my face at him and said, "No, wait for me here. I'll drive my car over here and send you home."

I was planning to assist him, but he had already come out of the car when I drove over. It was windy outside, so his clothes and hair were now messy.

Charles and I might've had a lot of misunderstandings, but I still couldn't help but feel sorry upon seeing him in such a state. Thus, I kindly opened the door and said, "Sit in the passenger seat. I'll drive."

Charles got into the car obediently and fastened his seat belt. Then, I heard him hoarsely say, "Thank you."

Hearing that, I looked at him in disbelief. Why was he so polite today?

Not knowing what to say, I only nodded in response. Then, I started the car and drove. Charles, on the other hand, leaned on the window and scanned the surroundings. Then, he turned to me, saying, "This is not the way to the Moore mansion."

"No, we're not heading there. I'll drive you to Garden Street and ask Richard to bring a family doctor to check on you," I replied as I remained focused on the road.

I knew Charles well, so I knew he would use his sickness as an excuse to ask me to stay with him if I drove him back to the Moore mansion.

"Then, what about you?" he asked, his eyes glued on me.

"I'll go back to the mansion because I need to look after our daughter," I casually replied.

Hearing that, Charles' expression dimmed. He turned his face away from me, looking slightly angry.

Not long after, we arrived at Garden Street. However, Charles didn't go out and only turned to me, saying, "I'm too weak to walk. Help me inside."

"Fine," I helplessly replied upon seeing the look on his face.

I unfastened his seat belt, held his arm, and assisted him upstairs.

Charles put most of his weight on me, with one hand wrapped around my neck and the other falling aside feebly.

I guided him to the bedroom and even helped him get into bed.

I was helping him settle into a comfortable position when he suddenly tightened his grip around my neck and pulled me toward him. Then, within a split second, I was lying on top of him.

I tried to break free from his arms, but he held me even tighter.

He then looked at me suggestively before swiftly getting on top of me.

Now, he was pinning me under his body on the soft bed.

"Caroline, let's not go on with the divorce, please? I don't want to part with you. I apologize for my mistakes, and I am more than willing to change myself if that's what you want. I have always been faithful to you, and you know that, right?" Charles regretfully muttered as he buried his face in my shoulder.

I could feel his breath brushing against my skin, sending ripples to my heart.

Uncomfortable, I tried to push him away, saying, "Charles, you're just sick. Your temperature is so high, so you don't know what you are saying."

"No, Caroline. I'm still in the proper state of mind," Charles replied as he retracted his face from my shoulder. Then, he swiftly cupped my face and pressed his lips to mine.

He kissed me hungrily, exploring every corner of my mouth.

I gasped for breath as our kiss went deeper. My mind was in chaos, but I couldn't stop myself from getting dragged into a whirlpool of his deep-expressive eyes.

I was both swayed and mad. Aggrieved, I clenched my fist and pounded Charles' back. And to my surprise, he didn't stop me. He just let me hurt him until I could unleash all my anger. Tears soon streamed down my cheeks as a jumble of emotions flooded my heart. Then, in a heartbeat, all the grievances, pain, and suffering I had felt these past few days swept over me, almost drowning me.

I wanted to escape, but he hugged me even tighter.

"Charles, please, don't be like that," I softly pleaded.

"Why? Don't you like it? But your body seems to be yearning for it," he whispered as he lowered his head and planted kisses all over my body. His hand wandered down my leg, and in a blink of an eye, my dress was already pulled up to my waist.

I was so immersed in his touch that I didn't even notice when he took off my underwear.

Charles hadn't touched my core for a long time, so I instantly trembled when I felt his hand on it.

"Baby, you are dripping wet," Charles seductively whispered as he chuckled. He even showed me his finger covered by my wetness.

With that, my cheeks instantly flushed red. I wanted to hide in embarrassment!

Like men, I had my needs as a woman too. Thus, I would be lying if I said that I hadn't been longing for him the entire time. Since he seemed so eager, I also couldn't help but crave more.

Even so, I tried my best to toughen up. However, Charles suddenly cupped my breast and bit my nipple, taking away the remaining ounce of sanity I had.

And with that, an overwhelming pleasure traveled across my body. It felt so good that I curled in satisfaction, moaning, "Charles..."

"I love you, baby," Charles muttered while staring directly at me. His eyes were filled with hints of lust and love as he held my waist and kissed every inch of my body.

After exploring my entirety, he leaned in and kissed me. He bit my lower lip, prompting me to pry them apart. Not wasting any time, Charles slipped his tongue into my mouth, hungrily sucking mine.

He kissed me so passionately that I lost all self-control. Unable to take it any longer, I let my guard down and allowed my hungry desires to becloud my senses. I looked at him, saying, "Charles, give it to me."

With that, Charles gradually let go of my lips and said, "You asked for it."

After saying that, he parted my legs, one of which was hanging from his arm, before thrusting his mad manhood inside me.

I hadn't been sexually active in a long time, so I got overwhelmed by the sensation when his penis swelled up inside me. The pain was too much for me, so I held his neck tighter with my right hand and left a few scratches on his back with my left hand. "Charles, be gentle," I moaned.

"Baby, don't tighten up. Try and relax a little," Charles demanded as he separated my legs even wider. Then, he forced his manhood inside me way deeper.

Pleasure swept over me as he hit my G spot. What he said, however, replayed in my mind, so I replied, "I wasn't doing anything! I didn't tighten up."

To prove myself, I took a deep breath and purposely tightened the muscles in my vagina.

When I did that, he hastily slapped my butt and said, "Baby, are you really that hungry down there? Well then, I'll satisfy you now."

After that, he suddenly started to thrust. His monstrous manhood went in and out of my core, gradually getting faster and faster. The night deepened, and all I could hear was the thumping sounds of our bodies crashing against one another. It felt so good that moans continuously escaped my lips.

After some time, I felt a warm burst of fluid inside me. It gave me indescribable pleasure, causing my body to tremble automatically.

Just when I thought I could finally take a rest, Charles started moving again like a tireless monster. He didn't even give me a chance to refuse as he directly thrust inside me as if he wanted to make up for all chances he had missed.

Charles went on until I found my energy utterly sucked empty.

After resting for a while, Charles kissed me on the lips and took me to the bathroom to wash me clean. The bathtub wasn't big, and it even looked crowded when the two of us shared it.

Charles then hugged me tightly from behind and buried his chin on my shoulder as he said, "Baby, let's make up."

Hearing that, an indescribable warmth instantly enveloped my heart. "Alright," I softly replied.

Then, Charles held me tighter and kissed me on the cheek. It was light, but it felt so sincere.

[Chapter 559 Dancing](#)

Charles's POV:

When I woke up in the morning, I saw Caroline peacefully lying in my arms, and my heart was instantly filled with satisfaction and warmth.

I sat up very slowly, careful not to awaken her. But as soon as I propped myself up in bed, her eyelids flew open.

"Are you awake?" I leaned over, gripped her jaw, lowered my head, and planted a soft kiss on her gorgeous lips. "Good morning, honey."

"You... You... Go away." Caroline pressed her hand against my chest as her cheeks bloomed with color. She looked adorable when she was embarrassed.

I chuckled, grabbed her hand, and gently kissed it.

"You didn't say things like that last night. Have you forgotten, or do you need me to help you remember?"

Caroline blushed some more, pulled up the quilt, and buried her face in it. "Aren't you going to work? Hurry up and leave!"

I pulled the quilt away from her head and asked with a smile, "There's a party tonight. Will you come with me?"

"But I can't drink." Caroline let go of the quilt and flashed me a dull look.

I held her in my arms together with the quilt and kissed her aggressively. "Everyone knows that my wife has just given birth. No one would dare force you to drink."

When I arrived at the office, I ran into Nevaeh who was leading her team out of the building.

She swaggered over and said, "Hey, Charles. I'm taking the team to the construction site. Why don't you come with us?"

Seeing her coming over, I suddenly felt a little irritable. Why was this woman always pestering me?

"Nevaeh, ask your company to find someone else to take over this project. Otherwise, it will be terminated," I said in a cold tone and flashed her an equally cold look.

Stunned for a moment, Nevaeh snapped, "Are you insane, Charles? I'm one of the country's top and most sought-after architects. No one else can do this project better than I can."

"I think any person who can devote himself or herself to the job can be suitable for the project." My patience was wearing thin, and my tone was harsh. "You're not the only architect in the country. As long as I have money, I can find another one. You are not irreplaceable, Nevaeh."

Nevaeh's eyes turned red in an instant and were filled with disbelief. "Charles... Why are you talking to me like this? What did I do wrong? Is it because you're married? When you were with Rita, she couldn't stop you from meeting your friends. Why did you become so cruel after marrying Caroline? Have you forgotten how much you hated her when you were younger? Have you forgotten that you sent her abroad back then? Well, I suppose your behavior now makes sense. You abandoned even Rita for her. Why am I so surprised that you're choosing her over your old friends? She is just more important to you."

"Of course she is more important to me. Besides, we're not old friends. We're just childhood acquaintances."

Nevaeh's face darkened. After a long while, she sneered, "Fine. You want me to leave? Then I'll leave. Good luck with your project."

Then, she walked away without looking back.

When I arrived at the office, Angelina, my new assistant, came in with a cup of coffee in her hand.

She was tall and slender, with a head of loose, golden curls that tumbled down her shoulders. With a faint smile on her face, she looked confident but not arrogant.

Looking at her, I couldn't help being reminded of Caroline. Her former appearance suddenly appeared in my mind. In the past, she liked to smile so much that the light in her eyes couldn't be concealed. But now...

The smile on Caroline's face very rarely reached her eyes, which made me feel a little depressed. It was after she was with me that her smiles became duller and duller.

I lowered my head as my heart ached as if an invisible hand was cutting it with a knife.

"There is a party tonight, boss. Do you need me to come with you?" Angelina asked, setting the cup of coffee on my desk.

Thinking of my conversation with Caroline this morning, I replied, "My wife will come with me."

"Okay. I'll make arrangements right away."

After Angelina left, I suddenly received a call from David.

David asked curiously, "Charles, Nevaeh called me just now. She said you refused to cooperate with her."

"What? Do you want to plead for her?"

"Why would I do something like that? I'm not crazy. She has been approaching you because she thinks you're childhood sweethearts. Anyone with eyes that work can see that. And you've had many conflicts with Caroline because of her. You know that," David reminded me.

"I know. And I won't fight with Caroline because of Nevaeh ever again," I promised in a low voice, holding the phone tighter.

In the evening, I waited for Caroline at the entrance of the hotel.

Although she agreed to come to the party with me this morning, I was still worried that she would change her mind.

Soon, a familiar car stopped at the hotel's entrance. Caroline opened the door and got out of the car.

She was clad in a black dress that clung to her body, and she was wearing a pearl brooch on her chest. She got out of the car in a pair of shiny stilettos, attracting the attention of many passers-by around.

When she slightly lifted her dress and walked toward me, I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

She was like a noble and elegant princess. I couldn't help wanting to succumb to her charm.

Seeing that one of the hotel staff reached out to assist Caroline, I immediately rushed over and pulled her into my arms.

The design of her dress was very simple and elegant, but she also looked very sexy. Her smooth shoulders were exposed, making her look more dazzling in the light. She didn't look like a woman who had given birth to four children at all.

There was a slit up the side of her dress. When she moved, her long, slender legs partly showed, which made people, especially men, unable to move their eyes away and want to explore deeper.

I couldn't blame them. I knew firsthand how enchanting Caroline's legs were, especially when they were wrapped around my waist.

Noticing the gazes around her, I was a little unhappy. I immediately stood in front of her and asked, "Why are you wearing such a revealing dress?"

"Well, this is how women dress in parties like this, isn't it?" Caroline replied.

I looked at her legs, ankles, and insteps again. The more I looked, the more annoyed I became. I wished I could wrap her up tightly and not let anyone see her.

I took off my coat and put it on Caroline. I put my arm around her shoulder and walked her into the hotel. "Let's go inside. It's cold out here."

Caroline's POV:

When the party was halfway through, we heard pleasant music.

The host was the first to take his date to the dance floor, and then everyone followed suit one after another and began to dance.

Charles held my hand, looked down at me, and took me to the dance floor.

The music was so intoxicating that all my bad emotions went flying out the window.

"You look gorgeous tonight, Caroline," Charles remarked, lowered his head, and attempted to kiss me.

I put my hand on his chest reflexively. I wanted to stop him, but I ended up responding to his kiss.

His thin lips were slightly cold. He gently licked and sucked on my lips.

He put one hand on the small of my back and pressed my body against his. He clasped the back of my head with the other as we kissed and danced to the music.

All of a sudden, there were cheers and applause from the crowd. I felt dizzy because of his kiss and was blissfully disoriented for a few moments.

Charles let go and pressed his forehead against mine. He asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you like me, Caroline?"

"Yes, I do."

I felt as if my heart was being peeled off one layer at a time, revealing its soft center. At the moment, my hard outer shell had collapsed and crumbled away.

Suddenly, the lights came on, and the music stopped.

Many people around us dispersed, and only Charles and I were left standing there, looking and beaming at each other.

When it was almost twelve o'clock, we went to one of the private rooms on the hotel's top floor.

When I opened the door, I heard Charles muttering, "I think I've had too much to drink."

I helped him to the bedside, and he plopped down on the bed.

"Charles? Are you really drunk?"

"Yes."

"Do you still want to drink some more?"

"Maybe I will if you give me a kiss," Charles grinned, opening his eyes a little. I could tell from his deep-set eyes that he was already tipsy.

He had always known how to handle his liquor. I rarely saw him wasted, which was why I felt strange seeing him a bit out of it.

I leaned over, kissed his Adam's apple, and traced it with the tip of my tongue. "Really? How do you like it? Like this?"

All of a sudden, Charles rolled over and pressed me under his body. He sucked my lips and said, "I'm so obsessed with you, Caroline."

"Are you?" I said, touching his face with one hand and running the other through his hair. I kissed him.

At this time, someone knocked on the door.

"Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore, your wine is here."

Charles kissed me on the neck. I pushed him away a little and called to the door, "Come on in."

Charles turned off the lights in the room. Hearing the waiter's footsteps, Charles kissed me harder.

I grabbed his collar tightly and patted him on the back to remind him not to go too far. My heart leapt to my throat. I was afraid that the waiter would see what we were doing.

Fortunately, the waiter just dropped off the wine and left immediately afterward. I pushed Charles, turned on the lights, and got out of bed. I poured us two glasses of wine.

I took a sip and then gave him a quick smack on the lips. "Do you like it? Taste it."

"Yes, I like it." Charles looked as if he was trying to get his eyes to focus on me. He pinched my chin and kissed my lips. Then, he wrapped his arms around my waist and pressed his chin against my shoulder.

"Talk to me, Caroline, will you?"

While leaning against him, I suddenly thought of our past.

All kinds of memories flooded my mind. When we were happy, I thought that we would be like that all our lives. When I was in pain, I kept thinking about escaping and wanting everything to end as soon as possible.

After going through a lot of ups and downs, I thought I had been disheartened, but Charles came back to me again and again.

"Let me think about where to start," I murmured and thought carefully. "When I was little, I always liked being around you. I thought you were handsome."

"Really? So you've been drooling over me ever since you were a little girl?" Charles teased in a hoarse voice.

"I guess so." I nodded and said softly, "When I found out that you promised to marry me, I was so excited that I couldn't even fall asleep. I was full of hope for the future. Then I realized that our marriage was a deal. I got to know that you actually liked Rita. You married me simply because your family objected to your relationship with her."

Charles held me tighter and said in a voice that resonated with guilt, "I'm so sorry, Caroline. I didn't know my feelings at that time, but I do now. You're the only woman I love and want, now and forever."

"I know. If we didn't love each other, how could we have so many children?" I looked at him. He was a man of his word and wouldn't lie to me. Since he said that I was the only woman for him, I believed him.

He rubbed his temple against mine and said, "I love you, Caroline."

"I love you, too, Charles." I turned my head and kissed him on the lips again.

Charles picked up his glass of wine and took a sip. Before I could react, his mouth was on mine again, spilling red wine on my lips.

After I swallowed some of the wine from his mouth, Charles sucked the rest that dribbled down my chin.

"Don't kiss me without my permission," I said, pushing him away a little. Blood rushed to my cheeks.

"No, I want to."

He had always been very stubborn and domineering about certain things. Next thing I knew, he was pressing me down on the bed. He took off his clothes, revealing his strong and well-defined figure and even the scratches that I left on his back last night. I immediately felt shy at the sight of it.

[Chapter 560 Unwelcomed Visitor](#)

Caroline's POV:

On the weekend, Charles and I went to the island with our children. As we rode on the ship, the gentle sea breeze swept through us, ruffling our hair.

The children were ecstatic. They talked and laughed all the way, and the smiles on their faces could not be wiped off.

Just as the ship went ashore, I saw familiar people on the island, waving their arms and shouting excitedly at us.

"Charles, Caroline!"

"It's Spencer and David." Charles looked into the distance with his sunglasses still on, turned back to look at me and asked, "Did you invite them?"

"Yeah. The more, the merrier," I replied with a smile. As the sun was shining behind Charles, I squinted my eyes to look at him. However, I could only see his outline, so I could not make out his expression.

Charles nodded indifferently. "I see. Well, it's fine as long as you're happy."

The moment we disembarked the ship, the kids ran to the beach to build castles out of sand. Meanwhile, Iacey, Vivian and I busied ourselves by playing cards the whole afternoon.

A few moments later, the men came over, pulled a chair each, and sat next to their wives. At this moment, Charles tilted his head and asked, "Who won?"

"Icey won three rounds in a row," I answered dejectedly.

"How much did you lose?" He raised his eyebrows at me. And as he spoke, he put one hand on the table and the other on the back of my chair. It was as if he was embracing me from behind.

I lowered my head as I recalled how much of a loser I was. "I won only one round."

"Do you want me to win your money back?" Charles whispered in my ear.

I looked at him and asked with doubt, "Are you sure you can do that?"

Suddenly, Charles pinched the back of my neck and retorted with feigned grievances, "Don't you believe in your husband? Have you forgotten how capable I was last night?"

The memory of last night suddenly crossed my mind. Just thinking about it made my waist hurt. With that, I put the cards into his hand and said, "Here you are."

A few moments later, everyone groaned in dejection after losing miserably to Charles.

Icey leaned against the table and complained, "Charles, you're unbelievable! I've lost all my bets. It's like I played just to lose!"

Vivian pointed at Spencer and jokingly said, "Look at my friend's husband. And then there's you."

Spencer held her hand and smiled fawningly. "How could you blame me? Didn't you see how strong your opponent was? Whenever Charles plays cards with us, we never win. In fact, we've never won a single penny from him."

Meanwhile, Charles gave all the money to me. "Take it. Your husband won it for you."

We did not go to bed until it was past midnight. We had planned on going for a walk on the beach in the morning. However, when I woke up, I suddenly sneezed.

I had caught a cold.

James looked at me from a distance and advised in a serious tone, "Mommy, I just talked to Grandma on the phone. She said that you should keep a distance from my sister because you caught a cold."

"You told Grandma already?" I asked, impressed.

"Yes. She called early in the morning," James answered.

I smiled helplessly. But the next second, I sneezed again.

Later that day, Charles ordered six bodyguards to send the children home, leaving the adults on the island.

We had a barbecue on the beach in the evening. Vivian, Icey, and I sat together and waited for our husbands to bring us the cooked barbecue.

Charles walked over with a tray and handed it to me. "I'm glad you're enjoying yourself. But aren't you hungry?"

I took the tray from him and happened to touch his warm fingers. My cheeks turned a little hot, and I felt as if I was overheating.

I lifted my gaze and observed his expression quietly. He was calm as usual. I, however, was burning with embarrassment.

Charles did not seem to have noticed my gaze as he went back to grill more barbecue. As he walked away, I stared at his broad back in a daze. It was not until Vivian patted me on the shoulder that I came to my senses.

She leaned on my shoulder and curiously asked, "Caroline, did you have sex with Charles after your divorce?"

Icey also leaned over, curious about the answer. "Oh my God. Did you?"

The hand in which I was holding the barbecue stick trembled slightly. Unable to stand their curious gazes, I looked away. "Stop making fun of me."

"We're serious. It's normal for adults to have physical needs, you know? You two must have done it. Otherwise, how did you have Jessica?"

I looked in the direction of the barbecue grill and saw Charles. My eyes fell on his torso, and my heart skipped a beat. When I caught myself staring at him again, I quickly averted my gaze.

Charles's POV:

Late in the evening, I stood outside the house by the sea, enjoying the breeze and huffing a cigarette. David walked over to me and patted me on the shoulder. "Have you made up with Caroline?"

"Yes. Well, sort of."

Gazing at the calm sea, I took a deep breath and smiled.

David touched his forehead helplessly upon hearing my reply. "That's good, I guess. You two might have

been in conflict these days, but I suffered just as much. Thanks to you, Icey has been making me sleep in the study. I can't bear it anymore. If you don't make up with Caroline soon, I'll have to kneel down in front of her and apologize on your behalf."

I nodded in agreement. Knowing Icey, she was indeed capable of doing that to David.

At this moment, Richard strode toward me with panic written all over his face. "Boss, we found a yacht on the beach."

"Someone else is on the island?" David asked incredulously.

"Yes," Richard replied, "We're checking the security footage and I've also sent people to search the island, but we haven't found anyone yet."

Richard and David looked at me.

I threw the cigarette on the ground and stubbed it out. "Why are you looking at me? Go and don't stop searching!"

"Yes, sir." Richard nodded affirmatively and turned around to leave.

But before he could take a step, I reminded him, "Be discreet and don't alert the enemy."

Shortly after, all of my men on the island went around to search the area. We only brought roughly about a dozen people with us this time, and six of them had left in the morning to escort the children back home. If someone were to hide on this big island, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to find them immediately.

Wearing a nightgown, Caroline walked over and asked in confusion. "What happened?"

"I'm going to inform Spencer and Vivian about this." David bade farewell to Caroline and left at once.

I could not take my eyes off Caroline. Her nightgown was accentuating her curvaceous figure.

"Let's go in first." I led her back inside the house to our room. Caroline closed the door and raised her eyebrows at me. "Well?"

"Richard said he found a yacht. They're searching for intruders right now."

"What? There's a yacht?" Caroline frowned. She must be alarmed and worried about everyone's safety. "Could they be Adam's people?"

I held her in my arms and stroked her back reassuringly. "It's hugely unlikely. I've dealt with Adam's people. Even if someone had escape, they wouldn't be so bold to come here."

Caroline nodded, but she was still worried. "If that's the case, who could it be?"

I stroked her hair and pulled her to the bed. "Don't worry about it. What you should do is go to bed and take a rest. I'll handle the rest."

Just as I took a step, Caroline grabbed my hand. I turned around and saw her anxiously looking at me. "The others must be in their rooms right now. Tell them not to go out tonight."

"Don't worry. David will inform them." I patted the back of her hand comfortingly and turned around to leave.

All of a sudden, someone knocked on the door. It was David.

"Vivian said that it might be Justin," he grimly said.

"Who?" I frowned, no idea who that might be.

"He's the bodyguard of Vivan's mother. He happened to be a killer as well."

Caroline's face changed. Before I could say a word, she held my hand and pulled me out of the room. "Let's go!"