

Warning 561

[Chapter 561 Vivian Is Dead](#)

Vivian's POV:

On the beach, a tall figure of a man was slowly approaching me. When he got close enough, I was able to see who he was.

My stomach was in knots when I saw him, but I pretended to be calm. "It's you, Justin," I uttered as calmly as I could.

At this moment, Justin was standing only two steps away from me. "Your mother ordered me to take your life," he said in a cold tone that sent shivers down my back.

I just smiled in response. In all honesty, I had anticipated that this day would come. How could that woman let me go?

However, I did not expect that it would be this soon.

"Her days are numbered, and yet she wants me to die with her," I scoffed in disdain.

"Oh, she won't die."

Justin's eyes were cold and emotionless. It was as if he was looking at a corpse.

Without a hint of fear on my face, I raised my head and looked into his eyes. "You know she doesn't love you even though she sleeps with you, and she is only using you. Why do you risk your life working for her?"

I must admit, Justin's loyalty was impressive. He never said no to my mother, no matter what she had asked him to do.

"You and your mother are just the same. You're dying, and yet you're still stubborn. But unlike you, she has me. What about you? Spencer can't protect you now." Justin slowly made his way to me as he spoke.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him reach furtively for something.

The item glinted under the moonlight. It was a dagger.

Although I was scared shitless, I forced myself to be calm and composed. I slowly took a step back, trying to buy time. "You're right. We're indeed the same. Like mother, like daughter, don't you think? She wanted my life, and I wanted hers. I admit I didn't expect she'd take action first."

Had I known this would happen, I would not have been so indecisive. Not only that, but I would also make sure not to get caught in this predicament.

Sadly, it was too late for regrets.

"Hmm. It's kind of her to keep you alive this long." Justin tightened his grip on the dagger, and malice flashed across his face.

"Oh, really? Are you saying I should thank her?" I crossed my arms over my chest and glanced over his shoulder. At last, my tense nerves gradually relaxed.

"Long time no see, Justin."

Justin's face froze. Without a word, he turned around and looked behind him.

Richard had brought his men to rescue me.

"How... how did you find me?" Justin stared at Richard and his men warily and took a step back. He was outnumbered with no escape.

Seeing that he was distracted, I seized the opportunity to run towards Richard.

But after a few steps, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my back.

I lowered my head and found that the dagger had pierced through my body. Blood oozed out from my wound and dripped onto the sand.

It was excruciating that even breathing was painful and difficult. I could also taste and smell blood in my mouth.

The sea breeze blew past me, and its sound became farther by the second. Suddenly, my knees buckled, and I fell to the ground with a thud. I saw Spencer with a crutch, rushing toward me and calling my name. Although my strength was leaving me, I tried my best to keep my eyes open, wanting to see him for the last time.

My mind began to be hazy that I was not sure if I was still alive.

If I lived another day, I vowed to find a doctor to cure Spencer's leg, throw his crutch away, and watch him run like before.

Spencer's POV:

"Vivian!"

I jolted awake, beads of sweat trickling down my face. I sat up on the bed and grabbed the wrist of the person sitting beside me.

"It's me, your mother," my mother complained discontentedly. Her face was dark and gloomy, most probably because of being mistaken for someone she did not like.

When I got ahold of myself, I loosed my grip and anxiously asked, "Where's Vivian?"

"She's dead." My mother threw the handkerchief aside and glared at me. "You only care about your wife. What about me, your mother?"

All of a sudden, my chest tightened, and I could not breathe. I did not hear what my mother was grumbling about as the word "dead" kept echoing in my mind.

She was dead?

How come?

My heart felt as if someone stabbed it with a knife and rubbed salt into the wound.

I curled up on the bed in despair.

My mother suddenly stood up, held both of my shoulders, and said, "Snap out of it. She's fine."

I seemed to have woken in a trance. I pulled her hand and held it tightly. "Where is she now? If she's fine, why are you with me, not her?"

"I'm your mother. What's wrong with me taking care of you? She... she's taking care of your son," my mother assured me. For some reason, she sounded a little nervous.

I did not believe her, so I shook her hand off and looked around the room for my crutch.

My mother screamed and forcefully made me lie back down on the bed. "I told you she's fine. Lie down. I'll go out and find her for you right away."

Without waiting for my response, she left the ward.

I lay on the bed, agitated and anxious.

I saw with my own eyes how Vivian fell in front of me. And at the time, I was unable to catch her because of my damn legs.

Would she be okay? Of course, she would be. The doctors would save her.

While I was lost in thought, two nurses came into my room to change my dressing.

"Have you heard that the patient who was rushed here last night is dying?" one of the nurses asked her colleague.

"Poor girl. She's still so young. She's dying, but nobody's there for her," the other remarked.

"I also heard that she's an orphan."

"An orphan? Now she's even more pitiful."

The nurses were whispering to each other, but their voices were loud enough for me to hear.

Suddenly, I felt my blood rush to my head. I felt dizzy and was on the verge of losing consciousness. I did not even notice when the two nurses had left.

With trembling hands, I pulled out the needle that the nurse had inserted, lifted the quilt, and struggled to get out of bed.

But because I was weak, my body hit the cold floor. I felt a sharp, stabbing pain in my shank, making me gasp and wince.

However, the pain in my leg meant nothing compared to the pain in my heart. Right now, I only had one thought in my mind and that was to find Vivian.

Where was she?

I wanted to see her.

Vivian was not an orphan. How could she be? She was my wife!

As the crutch was nowhere to be found, I could only drag my body with extreme difficulty.

A few moments later, I heard quick and heavy footsteps from outside.

"The patient in the ICU is coding. Hurry up!"

I stopped, lay on the floor, and thumped the floor with clenched fists. Tears also welled up in my eyes in grief.

"Vivian..."

The nurses exiting the opposite ward happened to see me, so they rushed to my aid and helped me up.

"Why were you on the floor? Don't you have any family who's taking care of you?" one of the nurses asked.

I grabbed her arm and asked in a trembling voice, "Did-did someone die just now?"

I was weak and in pain. And when I spoke, my voice cracked.

"Yes. It was so sad. The doctor couldn't save her." The two nurses shook their heads with regret and helped me walk to the bed.

My head was buzzing, and I could not think straight. It was not until I heard one of the nurses' voice that I came to my senses.

"Hey! You can stand by yourself now?"

I realized that the nurse had loosened her grip, but I was standing on my own. Although my legs were numb, I could feel them a little.

But what was the point? Vivian was dead.

If she could see this scene, she would be overjoyed. After all, she said that it was her greatest wish to see me recover and stand up unaided.

"Spencer, you..."

At the same time, David and Charles walked into my ward, too excited to speak.

The moment I saw their familiar faces, I broke into sobs. "Did... did something happen to Vivian?"

With a smile, David walked over to me and informed me, "Her operation was successful, but she's still in the ICU. Caroline just texted Charles that Vivian has woken up and will be transferred to the general ward once she passes the critical period."

"What? Can you repeat that?"

My mind went blank for a moment. And when I returned to my senses, I looked at the two nurses incredulously.

The face of one of the nurses lit up, and she hurriedly explained, "Oh! The person who died was not your wife but a little girl. She was rushed here last night as well."

[Chapter 562 Go To Hell](#)

Peter's POV:

Nevaeh called me out of the blue and asked me to come to the bar she was in and keep her company.

During her drunken speech, she broke into sobs several times.

When I hung up the phone, I was hesitant for a while, but eventually decided to drive to the bar. Judging by her near incoherent speech, Nevaeh was very drunk. Not only that, she was a drunk woman in a bar alone. The number of things that could happen to her were too high for me to even contemplate.

When I got there, I saw many empty bottles on her table. She was in the process of pouring more wine when I walked up to her and confiscated the bottle. "You've had enough to drink."

With tears streaming down her face, Nevaeh turned to look at me in disappointment. "Why are you here?"

"Who else could it be if it wasn't me?" I asked in confusion.

"I don't want you! I want Charles!" All of a sudden, Nevaeh grabbed my shirt and looked up at me with hatred and determination.

Her reaction pissed me off and I took out my phone from my pocket. When I found Charles' number, I threw the phone on the table.

"Call him now."

Nevaeh looked at the name on the screen and sneered, "Do you think I won't dare?"

"Of course you have the balls. It's not that you haven't called him before." I grabbed her wrist and took her hand off my clothes.

"Peter, don't push me."

"Okay, I won't force you. But you don't come to me again." I put away my phone, turned around and was about to leave.

But the sudden pressure on the hem of my shirt stopped me. I turned and found Nevaeh behind me, her body plush against me as she hugged me tightly from behind. "Peter, don't go. Don't leave me alone."

She grabbed my arm and turned me around to face her. Then she grabbed my collar and stood on tiptoe to kiss me.

Her arms wrapped around my neck and clung to me with all of her strength.

Frowning, I grabbed her wrists and tried to make her let go of me but her grip only tightened.

Still clinging to me like an octopus, Nevaeh bit my lips and I gasped in pain.

My gasp of pain gave Nevaeh the opportunity to stick the tip of her tongue in my mouth to deepen the unwanted kiss.

Vaguely, I saw a figure rushing towards us. Before I could make anything out, I heard the loud bang of something being smashed right before a voice yelled, "Bitch, go to hell!"

The loud clang of a bottle falling to the floor rent the air a second before Nevaeh's pained scream.

"Ah!" Nevaeh clutched at her back as she fell to the ground after screaming in anguish.

The sudden change caught me off guard. I didn't even have time to react as I watched Nevaeh fall to the ground after a bottle was smashed into her back. Dazed, I turned around and stared at the culprit.

It was Anna.

Standing only two feet away, Anna glared unrepentantly at me, anger and disappointment shining in her gaze. She sneered coldly, turned around and left without saying a word.

I wanted to chase after her, but Nevaeh groaned in pain and fainted in my arms.

Her back was bleeding heavily and within seconds, her white dress was stained with blood. Without a doubt, Nevaeh was seriously injured. Gritting my teeth, I looked in the direction of Anna's receding figure. Anna and I needed to talk, but Nevaeh's life was more urgent, so I took her to the hospital.

At dawn, I was finally able to leave the hospital and headed home.

At the house, I found Anna's slippers in the trash can and Anna's key on the shoe cabinet.

Had she left?

In a fit of panic, I rushed into the bedroom and found that the wardrobe was bereft of all her clothes and she was nowhere to be found in the house.

I took out my phone and dialed a number. "Is she with you?"

"Peter, I'm sorry. I can't give her back to you," the person on the other end of the line said in a cold and apathetic tone and hung up the phone immediately.

I was rooted to the spot in a daze, and the image of Anna groaning under that man suddenly appeared in my mind. I had a bad feeling in my guts and immediately called him again.

As soon as the phone was connected, I hardened my voice and threatened, "If you dare to mess with

her, I will make sure you die a horrible death."

"Do you think you have the right to say that?" the man sneered and hung up the phone again.

Holding the phone, I slowly crouched down and held my aching head. When I stared around me and saw the empty house, my heart inexplicably ached.

Anna's POV:

Tears blinded my vision as I ran out of the bar in a daze. Even when my crazed run slowed into a walk, I kept looking back, hoping that Peter would catch up with me and tell me that what happened in the bar just now was a misunderstanding.

But he didn't show up at all.

Anxious, I returned to the bar. I was just a few distance away from the bar door when I saw Peter come out.

His face was wreathed in anxiety as he rushed towards his car with Nevaeh in his arms. Seconds later, the car drove away and disappeared into the night.

As the car got farther and farther away, I couldn't help but laugh at myself.

I didn't have a doubt that I was the last thing on Peter's mind right now, but still, I had harboured unrealistic fantasies about him even though I knew we couldn't be together.

When I finally accepted the fact that the car wouldn't turn around and Peter wasn't going to come rushing out, searching for me, I left the bar and went to Caroline's house. I was already at the doorstep of her house before it hit me how wrong my action was. Caroline and I were mere acquaintances who have met a few times. We weren't friends or particularly familiar with each other.

But I really didn't know where else to go. I didn't even have someone to talk to.

For a long time, I stood frozen to the spot with my hand hovering above the door. Eventually, I dropped my hand with a sigh.

I found a corner by the porch and curled up in it to cry my eyes out.

After a long time, Caroline came back. She was surprised to see me at the door. "Anna?"

I stared up at her, my cheeks red with embarrassment. It was indeed abrupt and inappropriate for me to come here, but I had nowhere else to go.

"Caroline, can you take me in for one night?" I wiped the tears on my face and asked brazenly.

She gaped at me for a few seconds before walking up to me. She held her hand out and I took it. "Come in," she said.

Caroline asked the maid to cook some soup and brought it to me. Seeing the steaming hot soup in front of me, I felt the warmth and acceptance of a family, which was also something I yearned for most.

I picked up the bowl and felt a lump in my throat.

Caroline's three kids sat opposite and looked at me curiously. I was sad at first, but when I saw the confused eyes of the three kids, I couldn't help laughing. "Why are you three staring at me?"

"Your eyes are wet. Who bullied you and made you cry? I'll ask Richard to teach the bad guy a lesson for you," James said sincerely.

"Really? Will you really ask someone to beat that bully for me?" His words touched my heart and I couldn't help crying again.

Even a child could say such heart-warming words, but that person had never said something like that to me.

I suddenly felt a little confused. I didn't know why I should be persistent and relentless for so long.

I smiled again and said to the children, "Good kid, you don't have to beat him. I'm leaving and I will never see him again."

James asked curiously, "Where are you going? Can you go to the summer camp with me?"

"The summer camp?"

"Yes, he will be in a summer camp for four weeks. He will set off early the day after tomorrow," Caroline explained with a smile.

[Chapter 563 No Way!](#)

Caroline's POV:

Once Anna had left, I asked the bodyguards to bathe the kids and put them to bed, while I went back to my room to get some much-needed sleep. These next few days, I was still feeling dizzy. I hadn't recovered from my cold yet, and I was really frightened from what happened on the island that day.

I lay on the bed one night, unable to fall asleep. It was so quiet in the room that even the sound of my breathing could be heard clearly.

After a moment of hesitation, I finally decided to call Charles.

I kind of missed him. Whenever I wasn't feeling well, I would become weak-willed, hoping that he could keep me company.

The call was connected right away, but it was really noisy on the other end of the line.

I didn't hear Charles' voice, but I did hear another woman speak over the phone. "Charles, here's a toast to you! I wish you a rich and full life, and I hope you have many beautiful women around you!"

"Charles doesn't need any other woman. He's a faithful and loyal man. There's only one woman he loves, and it's Rita." It was Nevaeh's voice.

The crowd applauded her and cheered. "Charles is so in love with her. I don't think we stand a chance!"

As I lay on the bed, pressing the phone against my ear, and hoping to hear Charles' voice, to hear him tell other people off.

With every passing second, my head was aching worse, and I was starting to lose my rationality. All the negative emotions I felt were magnified.

Fearing that I might get overwhelmed, I hung up the phone and fell asleep.

By the time I opened my eyes again, I found myself lying in a hospital bed with a sore throat and a throbbing head.

When I moved my hand, I realized that someone was holding my hand. I looked sideways and found Charles sitting on a chair by the bed. "Are you awake?"

"Yeah... What am I doing here?" I asked, rubbing my temples.

Charles placed his hand on my forehead to feel my temperature. "The doctor said that you're too exhausted lately. You need to take better care of yourself and ensure that you have enough rest."

Pretty soon, the nurse came in and gave me an injection.

The nurse was so nervous that she was unable to stick the needle into my blood vessel accurately.

The sharp pain shot through me, causing me to gasp in pain.

Charles stood up and shouted at the nurse, "Can't you see her blood vessel? It's right there! How did you even get your job? You're an idiot!"

"I'm so sorry, sir. I..." The nurse was agitated and practically stammering. Her eyes turned red, and she

kept on apologizing to Charles with her head down.

I sat up from the bed, tugged on the hem of his clothes and whispered, "I think it's kind of your fault that the nurse was too nervous to perform properly. You were sitting there and staring at her while she does her job."

"Wait... it's my fault?" The anger on Charles' face disappeared, and the arrogance in his voice was diminished.

I glanced at the nurse and saw her wiping away her tears. After Charles had calmed down, I told him, "Why don't you go back to work?"

"Are you driving me away again?" Charles looked down, visibly annoyed.

Just then, a doctor came in. "Sorry for being late. Something unexpected just came up earlier. Good morning, Mrs. Moore. I'm your attending doctor."

The doctor was young and handsome. But in comparison, Charles was better-looking than him.

As I stared at Charles' face, I realized that very few people looked more handsome than he was. I just glanced at the doctor for a moment and then I looked away.

Charles turned his gaze towards the doctor. "I want someone else as her attending doctor."

The doctor rubbed his nose awkwardly. "Mr. Moore, do you think I'm too young and inexperienced to take good care of Mrs. Moore? But, sir, I'm..."

"I don't give a damn who you are. Give us another doctor, will you?" Charles replied in a firm tone and a sullen face.

Because of how he reacted, the doctor felt tense and was now uncertain what to do.

I facepalmed and said to the doctor, "Honestly, I'm feeling alright already. I'm sure I'll get better after taking the antipyretic injection. Thank you, doctor."

The doctor nodded with a smile and left the room.

Once he was gone, Charles sat back in his chair and directed his attention back to me. "You really can't take your eyes off a handsome man when you see one, can you?"

"What are you talking about? I wasn't staring at him!"

He was so angry that he was practically snarling at me. "Are you not attracted to me anymore, Caroline?"

The look of jealousy and frustration on his face was amusing.

He looked so childish!

Once my infusion was done, Charles led me out of the hospital while holding my wrist. By the time we reached the gate, our fingers were already interlocked.

My heart felt a sense of comfort and warmth as I held hands with him.

After we got in the car, Charles fastened his seatbelt and asked, "Where are we going?"

I leaned against the back of the passenger seat and thought for a moment. "Let's go get something to eat. I'm a little hungry."

Charles glanced at his watch before driving towards Starlight Restaurant.

There, he led me in and brought me to a quiet part of the restaurant to sit down. All the dishes we ordered were light; perfect for recovering patients.

When the dishes were finally served, Charles ladled a bowl of soup and put it in front of me.

During the middle of our meal, Nevaeh and Peter appeared. "Charles, Caroline, what a coincidence! Is it okay if we join you?"

The moment I saw Peter, I was reminded of how Anna sat at my porch, crying her eyes out. My once good impression of him had instantly diminished.

I put down my spoon and didn't even bother to smile at them. "No. It's not."

The smile on Nevaeh's face disappeared. She turned to Charles and asked, "Charles, isn't Caroline being too rude? We're just going to share a meal with you. Is she worried that I'll get close to you and try to steal you away from her?"

Charles looked her dead in the eye and replied, "There's absolutely no way for you to steal me away from her."

I must admit that I was annoyed when they arrived. But after I heard him say that, my anger disappeared. "If you want to sit at this table, fine. We're almost done here, anyway."

Nevaeh chuckled awkwardly and sat next to Charles. Peter glanced at her first before sitting down.

"Caroline, have you seen Anna these past few days?" Peter appeared to be tired. He didn't seem as laidback as he appeared to be.

I swallowed the food in my mouth first before nodding in response. "Yes, I have."

"Are you hiding her?" Nevaeh rested her chin on her hand, staring at me tentatively.

"What reason would I have to hide her?" I asked angrily as I put down my fork.

Nevaeh shrugged, turned to Charles again and said in a sarcastic tone, "Well, who knows? Maybe you just wanna ruin Anna and Peter's relationship?"

I was so angry that I lost my appetite.

Charles unhurriedly serve some more food on my plate and said to Nevaeh, "I think you're the one who's trying to jeopardize their relationship. Peter, I think it's best that you take Nevaeh to another table. Her presence is starting to upset us."

Because Charles was driving her away, Nevaeh got flustered.

"What's so wrong about what I said?" she exclaimed in a shrill voice. "Peter cares about Anna a lot. If Caroline knows where she is but isn't willing to tell him, it could destroy their relationship!"

I glanced at Nevaeh and Peter and said, "If he's really worried about Anna, he shouldn't be fooling around with you."

"What are you implying? Caroline, we're friends! How could you say something about me like that?" Nevaeh became angry from embarrassment.

"You're openly trying to seduce my husband at every chance you get. I don't have a friend like you." Truthfully, I preferred not to argue with someone as pathetic as Nevaeh, but I wasn't going to let her push me around.

She sprang to her feet and shouted, "If Charles really loves you, do you honestly think I can steal him away from you?"

I shot her an indifferent look. Feeling that she was confused about the situation, I retorted, "That's why you failed."

Nevaeh's face and eyes turned red. I could tell that she was furious and unwilling to back down.

Suddenly, Charles stood up and stood beside me. He put his arm around my shoulder and smiled. "Honey, don't let the words of unimportant people sway you. I'll tell them to go. Shall we finish our meal?"

As I looked into his deep-set eyes, I was stunned for a moment. I glared at him and said with a pout,

"Hurry up and tell them to go then!"

Peter stood up at once, while Nevaeh asked, "Us meeting you here is purely a coincidence. Are you saying that it's my fault as well?"

"Perhaps not. But it's your fault for saying so much nonsense that it's ruining our appetite." Charles walked to my side and sat down. He held my hand, placed it on his knee, and looked Nevaeh dead in the eye.

Because of how he reacted, Nevaeh stood up and said, "Fine. I won't bother you anymore. I'll see you around."

Before leaving, Peter turned to me and said, "I still owe Anna a formal wedding. If you see her again, tell her that I'm going to wait for her to return and hold the wedding."

"You're still planning to marry Anna? Then what the hell are you doing spending time with Nevaeh all day long?" In that moment, I realized that this matter was hurting Anna more than I thought. It fueled me with rage.

Peter pointed at Nevaeh with his thumb and explained, "Anna injured Nevaeh with a wine bottle. I'm just trying to look after her while she recovers."

His explanation sounded like hogwash to me. I hardened my voice and told him, "I think Anna needs you to take care of her more than anyone else right now."

[Chapter 564 Having No Strength](#)

Caroline's POV:

After the meal, Charles touched my forehead to check my temperature again and pulled me out of Starlight Restaurant. "Come with me to my office."

"But I wanna go home and rest," I complained.

"Well, you can sleep inside my office, too. Come on!" Charles put his hand on my shoulders and gently pushed me to his car.

When I got in the car, I was about to fasten my seatbelt. But then, he leaned in to fasten it for me.

The tenderness in his eyes made me blush.

He then cupped my cheek, smiled at me, and leaned closer to my face. "Kiss me," he said.

"Huh?" Just before I could gather my composure, he lifted my chin and kissed my lips.

I held my breath nervously, too anxious to make any noise.

It was already lunchtime, so there were many people coming and going outside. The place our car was parked was visible to many people. Passersby could easily spot us if they looked at the car.

I didn't want other people watching us make out.

Charles, on the other hand, didn't seem to care. He wrapped his arms around me and began kissing me without hesitation.

He had one hand on the back of the chair, and the other was on the back of my head. He was holding me too tightly that I couldn't back away.

After kissing me, he didn't forget to wipe my mouth. His eyes were filled with satisfaction. "Yummy," he remarked.

I was rendered speechless. What sort of taste would my lips even have?

Did it taste like the juice I drank before leaving the restaurant?

When he was fastening his own seat belt, I pursed my lips and tried to taste the tip of my tongue. It indeed tasted like the juice I had.

The thought of my tongue intertwining with his made me blush.

When the car arrived at the company, Charles unfastened the seat belt, got out of the car and took me in.

Once we were in his office, I saw his new assistant, Angelina. She was beautiful, young, and very charming. I was certain that most men would fall for a girl like her.

"Hello, Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore," Angelina greeted with a smile.

"Hello," I greeted her back with a nod.

"Make two cups of coffee," Charles ordered in a calm voice.

"Yes, sir." Angelina nodded and made coffee right away. Minutes later, she came back and gave us the cups of coffee.

Once she was gone, I took a sip of my coffee, and watched the working man in front of me. "Your new assistant is beautiful."

Charles stopped flipping through the documents. He smirked at me and replied, "Aside from her hair, everything else is ordinary."

"Her hair?" I asked in confusion.

He nodded in response, staring at me with nostalgia in his eyes. "Yup. Her hair style is quite similar to your previous one."

I was stumped on what to say for a moment. I put down the cup of coffee on the table and said, "Rita used to have that same hairstyle."

Charles stood up and walked over to me. He leaned closer, clasping the back of my head and forcibly kissing me.

"Hmpf!" His sudden kiss caught me off-guard.

I pushed him away in displeasure. Then, I glanced at the door as my heart raced. "We're in your office!"

"You think I won't dare to do anything to you just because we're in an office?" Charles refused to let me go. He held me by the waist and sat on the sofa. By the time I gathered my senses, I had already sat on his lap and put my hands on his shoulders.

He kissed me so passionately that my body began to feel weak. Left with no other choice, I endured the kiss.

Just then, we heard a knock on the door. "Boss, everyone's in the conference room already."

Charles picked me up and placed me on the sofa. He then stood up and straightened up his wrinkled suit. Within the blink of an eye, he had become stoic and straitlaced again. It was hard to imagine that he was the same man hugging and kissing me earlier like he wanted to eat me up.

"Stay here, okay?" He stroked my hair and smiled at me before leaving the office.

I leaned against the sofa. My face was burning for a long time. Moments later, I began to feel sleepy and soon drifted into sleep.

By the time I woke up, it was already evening.

Thereafter, I went back to the Moore mansion with Charles. There, we found Chloe playing with Jessica.

"You're back?" Chloe came over, carrying the little girl. "Look, little one! Your mommy is back! Are you happy?"

The little girl waved at me as her eyes twinkled.

Just seeing my daughter warmed my heart. I spread out my arms, intending to hold her. But then, Chloe moved away and held Jessica even tighter. "Caroline, you're still sick. Children have weak immune systems. Just let her sleep with me for tonight."

Because I didn't have a choice, I decided to withdraw my hands.

When I went to bed that night, I felt weirded out without Jessica by my side.

Later on, Charles finished taking a shower. He got out of the bathroom, took off his bathrobe, and tucked himself in.

"Why don't you put on some clothes?" I asked. Seeing his muscular pecs and six-pack abs made me feel like my face was burning. I immediately looked away, but I knew that I was blushing.

Charles moved closer to me and cheekily replied, "It's too troublesome to put on clothes. You know, honey... it's rare for us to be the only ones in a room."

"I have a fever. I don't have any energy to do that." I tucked myself beneath the duvet to cover myself.

Charles pulled me along with the duvet into his arms. His hands traveled under the duvet, gently running his hands along my body. "It's fine. Just stay in bed and enjoy."

He took off my nightgown and rubbed my body with his palm. I felt like my body was being set ablaze with desire. He was so skillful in caressing my body that I soon conceded to him.

I glared at him in frustration and said, "Don't I still need strength to have sex in bed?"

"But, I can't stand it anymore, baby. Just let me fuck you, okay?" Charles lifted my chin with his fingers and began sucking on the tip of my tongue. Everything he did felt so good that I eventually gave in.

He began caressing my tits, rubbing my nipples and pulling them. Soon, he loosened his grip on them. My breasts jiggled and bounced after he let them go.

"Ugh!"

A moan escaped my mouth, completely arousing Charles.

He pressed his body against mine. Thereafter, I felt his huge cock rubbing against my pussy. As he kept moving, my desire grew, and I could no longer think of anything else.

"Caroline, can I?" Charles pressed his cock against me, making me wetter by the second.

"Charles, I want it. Give it to me!" I had no strength to hold his neck. I want to grab something, but all I

could do was randomly wave my hands in the air.

"What do you want me to give you, baby? Tell me." Charles began sucking on my tits. He nibbled on my nipples, and gently stroked them with his tongue.

"Fuck me, Charles. I want you to fuck me!" Lust devoured me and it clouded my rationality little by little. My body clung to Charles' chest, and I was growing more and more impatient.

He stroked my hair, held his cock, and squeezed it into my tight pussy inch by inch. "I'm going to fuck your brains out, honey."

"Eek! It's too big!" A white light flashed before my eyes and my mind went blank. I lost control of my senses, and I screamed at the top of my lungs. My entire upper body rose from the bed. A few minutes later, I fell down to the bed in exhaustion. I could feel myself trembling uncontrollably.

Charles leaned closer to my ear, sucked on my earlobe and gently licked it. He put his hands where our bodies intertwined, gently fingering my vulva. "Relax, love. You're squeezing me too tightly that I can't move."

It seemed that he was stuck and couldn't go in further.

Because of the way he kissed me, my body gradually relaxed and felt insatiable. I held his face and kissed him harder. "Hurry up and do me, Charles!"

"Fuck yes. I'm going to fuck you even harder!"

He pulled out his cock from inside me, straightened his back, and inserted it back inside. Thereafter, he thrust his thick, hard cock over and over into me.

My lower abdomen moved upwards subconsciously because of how hard he was fucking me. I could feel my vagina was really wet. Gradually, he fucked me harder and faster. His tireless thrusting eventually made me dizzy from pleasure. All the strength in my body left me, and I was moaning over and over.

But his monster cock remained hard. Even as he pulled it out, it was still very erect.

"Ugh. Stop!" I was so weak that I couldn't get up from the bed. Every bone in my body was aching, and every muscle felt like mush.

Charles leaned on my shoulder, wiping the tears from the corner of my eyes. "Caroline, who's more important to you? Me or the kids?"

I was so taken by pleasure and exhaustion that I couldn't think straight. "Of course, I'll choose the kids!" I blurted out.

"Say it again. Who's more important to you?" Charles nibbled on my earlobe, sending electric currents into my nerves.

I moaned in pleasure, feeling numb on the bed.

"The kids are more important to me." I giggled while looking into his eyes.

Charles fell silent for a few seconds before he got out of the bed, visibly frustrated.

As I watched him walk away, I felt amused. How is he still so childish?

[Chapter 565 A Birthday Surprise](#)

Chloe's POV:

Nevaeh asked me out all of a sudden. I was hesitant to accept her invitation, but eventually I decided to meet up with her.

Back when we were kids, we used to be playmates. It was just that I had a better relationship with Rita.

Once I arrived at the meeting place, I found Nevaeh right away. She looked haggard and seemingly ill. I sat across her and asked, "Are you okay? Why do you look so pale?"

"Nothing. This is just a cold." Nevaeh shook her head with a bitter smile.

"Why did you ask me out if you're sick? Don't you know that our family has a newborn baby? She's the apple of everyone's eye now. If I bring a virus back home and make her ill, they'll kill me for it!"

I put down my bag and distanced myself from her. "Why did you ask me out and what do you want from me?"

Nevaeh frowned, seemingly struggling from an inner dilemma. After a while, she asked, "How are Caroline and your brother doing?"

"They're doing pretty well, I think. It was really noisy last night."

Just the thought of all the noises coming from the bedroom next to mine last night made me blush.

It was no wonder that so many women fawned over Charles. Clearly, there was a good reason.

Nevaeh was stunned. "Noisy? Were they fighting?"

I immediately explained, "What? No, they weren't. I'm talking about noises they made on the bed!"

Nevaeh clenched her fists, her eyes became sullen, and anger was apparent in her voice. "Caroline really

needs to have men around her all day long, doesn't she?"

"Not really. Caroline said she had a fever and wanted to sleep in the study last night. It was my brother who disagreed." I held my chin, almost breaking into laughter.

Normally, Charles was aloof and stoic. But whenever he was with Caroline, he would become a completely different person. He was obsessed with his wife; always being clingy and childish around her.

Even I, his own sister, wouldn't hold a candle to Caroline.

Nevaeh fell silent and bit her lower lip. Suddenly, she grabbed my hand and pleaded, "Chloe, can you do me a favor?"

Startled by what she did, I asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"In two days, it'll be my birthday. I want you to invite Charles to my birthday party. I've already booked a room in Starlight Restaurant two months ago," she replied.

"I can attend your party, but I can't promise the same for Charles."

I looked at Nevaeh with suspicion. I could tell that she had a scheme in mind.

"Please, Chloe. I really need your help. We've known each other for so many years. In all those years, have you ever seen me humble myself like this?"

Tears welled up in Nevaeh's eyes. She looked so pitiful that nobody would be able to refuse her.

"Fine. I'll try. But don't expect anything. Besides, even if Charles does attend, he's probably going to bring Caroline with him. He..."

"It's fine. Vivian and I share a birthday. Caroline is good friends with her, so I'm sure she'd be willing to celebrate her birthday," Nevaeh said firmly.

At that moment, I was crept out by Nevaeh.

How is she so well-informed? And she's so adamant on getting her hands on Charles.

The more I thought about it, the more I sensed that something was amiss. As soon as I got home, I told Caroline everything that Nevaeh asked me to do.

Caroline pondered for a moment and said, "You should ask him directly. He can make decisions of his own."

"Aren't you worried that rumors will circulate if he attends Nevaeh's birthday party?"

"He probably won't go," Caroline replied after some consideration.

I nodded in agreement. The next morning, I asked Charles for his opinion.

He just looked at me and asked, "What did Caroline say?"

"She said that it's up to you," I answered.

"Up to me?" Charles frowned in confusion.

"Yes, but she also said that you probably won't go," I added, fearing that he'd make the wrong decision.

Charles raised an eyebrow. "Is that so? I'll go then."

"Huh?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"When is her birthday?" Charles asked, ignoring how I reacted.

I looked into his eyes and blurted out, "It's the same day as Vivian's birthday."

"Got it." Charles nodded and left.

As I watched him walk away, I felt really nervous. Why did I feel like something had gone wrong?

Had I said or done something wrong?

Caroline's POV:

Today was Vivian's birthday. The party was held on the huge balcony of Starlight Restaurant's top floor. All the people invited were her best friends.

Vivian was sitting on the sofa, staring anxiously at the door. "What's going on with Spencer? Where is he? I can't get through to him. What time is it now?"

David and Icey exchanged glances and smiled. "He's probably preparing a surprise for you! Don't worry. Just wait. He'll come," they said.

"A surprise? I'll be okay with it as long as he doesn't do anything that will scare me." Vivian stood up from the sofa, intending to search for Spencer. But then, Icey urged her to sit back down.

"Just stay here and wait. I'll go send someone to keep a lookout for him," she said.

Vivian looked at Icey and decided to stop insisting.

Thereafter, Icey strutted away in her high heels. Soon, the music stopped and the lights dimmed.

"What's going on?" Vivian sprang to her feet, looking around anxiously.

Ever since the incident in the island last time, she had become more sensitive, fearing that her mother would send someone to kill her again.

Thus, I stood beside her, and patted her shoulder to comfort her. "Vivian, it'll be okay. I'm sure everything will be fine."

Pretty soon, the sound of the melodious violin began. The song being played was particularly sentimental.

A servant pushed a giant cake in. Sadly, Spencer still hadn't shown up.

Vivian made a phone call again. When she heard a ringtone, she realized that it was coming from under the cake.

Everyone followed the ringtone and saw Spencer under the trolley.

"Spencer, how did you get in there?" Vivian asked in disbelief as she hurried over to his side.

"Aww, damn it! You caught me. I forgot to mute my phone. So, are you surprised?" Spencer ended the phone call. He appeared to be annoyed that he got caught, but the smile on his face became brighter. "Happy birthday, Vivian."

Vivian squatted down to kiss him on the lips.

The room quieted down. Many people gathered around them to watch them kiss.

Once they were done, the crowd applauded and cheered for them.

Vivian blushed, took a step back, crossed her arms, and glared at Spencer as he hid himself sunk inside the trolley. "Nobody helps him! Let's see how he'll get himself out of there!"

Spencer broke into a helpless laughter as he got out of the trolley bit by bit.

Everyone was staring in awe at the scene in front of them. Even Vivian gradually put her arms down.

Soon, Spencer got out of the trolley. He was dressed in a dashing black suit, standing tall amidst the crowd.

"How's this for a surprise, my love? Come over here and give your dear husband a hug!" Spencer

shrugged and smiled again.

Vivian covered her mouth in disbelief as tears fell from her eyes.

She then threw herself into his arms and began crying like a child. "What on earth is going on? Since when did your leg recover?"

"I was practically healed already when I was in the hospital last time. I've been pretending to need a crutch since I was discharged from the hospital, and I've been waiting for this day to give you a surprise. So, do you like my surprise?" Spencer embraced Vivian tightly.

With tearful eyes, she looked up at him and said, "You asshole! I've been worried about you for so long."

Icey leaned against David's shoulder and sighed. "This is the most touching birthday gift I've ever seen."

After seeing them all sweet and embracing each other, I glanced at the door.

Sadly, the person I'd been expecting still hadn't arrived.

He was probably attending Nevaeh's birthday party at the moment.

I snuck into the empty stairwell, wiping my tears away. Seeing how close and great Vivian's relationship with Spencer moved me, but it also made me sad.

I knew I shouldn't cry at this touching moment, but it was hard to control myself. I didn't want to kill the vibe on Vivian's special day, so I ran out.

Annoyed, I took out a cigarette and lit it. Thereafter, I took a deep drag. The very next second, I choked on the smoke and began coughing.

I had never smoked before, but today, I felt the impulse to give it a try.

Perhaps it could somehow dispel my sorrow.

Thus, I took another drag.

Smoking wasn't as good as I thought.

But it wasn't that hard to adapt.

I suddenly heard the sound of the door opening from downstairs, followed by a bang.

"Charles, I love you! I love you just as much as Caroline does. If she can gain your favor, why can't I?"

The sound of the voice was so familiar. I stood up and looked downstairs.

There were two people there; Charles and Nevaeh.

She was crying her eyes out. Little by little, she got closer to him, grabbed his collar, stood on tiptoe, and attempted to kiss him.

The mere sight of the scene halted my breath for a moment. It felt like my heart was being stabbed by a knife. It was so painful that I could hardly breathe.

Just then, my phone rang, interrupting the scene in front of me.

Charles and Nevaeh looked up at the same time and saw me.

Having seen his face, I couldn't deceive myself anymore. Pretty soon, tears welled up in my eyes.

I grabbed my bag and ran upstairs.

[Chapter 566 Leave Me Alone](#)

Peter's POV:

I was right behind the door when I heard Nevaeh badgering Charles.

I watched as he pushed her away and ran after Caroline. Nevaeh fell to the ground, but she got up, held onto Charles' leg and continued begging regardless of how humiliating her act was.

"Charles, where are you going? Don't go! Please!"

"Let me go," Charles growled.

In an act of desperation, Nevaeh shook her head, held onto him and refused to let go. She was no longer the proud woman she once was. "Charles, I'm begging you. Just give me a chance to be with you."

Finally losing his patience, Charles pushed her away from him and stopped her before she could latch onto him again. "Nevaeh, you have no idea why I'm still letting you show your face to me. It's not because you're my friend, nor is it because I want to keep some sort of connection to you."

"Then why?"

Nevaeh asked with tears in her eyes.

I didn't hear what Charles said in the end. All I saw was how despair consumed Nevaeh and it showed on her face.

She fell to her knees, watched Charles walk away, and burst into tears.

I walked up to her, shocked at the woman before me. She wasn't the proud Nevaeh I once knew.

"Peter, let's get married!" she said, looking up at me and smiling.

But, her smile was clearly fake and there was no love in her eyes.

I knew that she didn't want to marry me. And I was certain that she just wanted to use me to get revenge on Charles.

Unfortunately for her, she seemed to have forgotten that this method would only work on those who cared about her.

From the very beginning up until now, all Charles cared about was Caroline, and he never had any feelings for Nevaeh.

I let out a sigh and shook my head. "Perhaps if you had asked me three months ago, I would've agreed to it."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I've fallen in love with Anna," I told her.

Caroline's POV:

I moved back to the villa that my father left for me and drove the bodyguards away.

I didn't go home to visit my kids in the Moore mansion for several days in a row, and Charles didn't come to see me either. Slowly but surely, my life was returning to normal. Charles and I didn't interfere with each other's lives.

Almost every day, I curled up on the sofa, smoking amidst the villa as empty as my mind.

The white smoke pervaded before me, causing my eyes to feel a little sore.

I looked down at the half-smoke cigarette, chuckling bitterly to myself.

Even smoking couldn't help me alleviate my pain temporarily. My heart was still aching, and tears continued to well up in my eyes.

Nina asked me to go shopping this weekend.

It was cloudy outside. The two of us went out of the mall once we were done shopping, and felt tired.

Just as we were about to go to a cafe on the roadside, a motorcycle suddenly passed by.

The man riding the motorcycle reached his hand out to us. Nina and I didn't have the time to dodge. The bag on her shoulder was forcibly pulled away by the man.

"Eek!" Nina screamed in panic. Grabbing her bag tightly, she tried to pull it back but stumbled.

I immediately grabbed her wrist and was dragged away along with her for several meters until the motorcycle finally crashed.

The man wearing a helmet quickly got up and tried to run away. But then, Nina grabbed her purse and threw it at the man's neck, shouting, "Help! There's a thief here! Help!"

She pounced on the guy and pressed him to the ground.

Several men appeared to subdue the thief moments later. They then escorted the poor bastard to the police station.

After coming out of the police station, Nina stared at her wounded arm and winced in pain. "Fuck!"

I grabbed her wrist and examined her wound. I frowned when I saw that her elbow was scraped in bleeding. "Your wounds look bad. Let's go to the hospital, so you can receive treatment."

"You're bleeding, too!" Nina exclaimed as she grabbed my arm.

It was then that I noticed my arm was bleeding, too. Some parts were grazed and the wounds looked really serious.

I didn't feel any pain until she told me about it.

Nina blamed herself for what happened. "I already managed to stop him. Why did you have to help me?" she then added.

"You risked your own life to stop the guy! As your friend, I can't just stand by and watch." I smiled awkwardly as we looked into each other's eyes.

"Come on! Let's go to the hospital together."

Nina held my arm, and then we went to the hospital to get our wounds treated.

Charles' POV:

When I went to work this morning, Angelina was waiting by the elevator for me. "Good morning, boss! Is

Mrs. Moore alright?"

"Huh?" I stopped in my tracks, confused by the question.

"What she did yesterday was so brave! She bravely fought against a robber, but she seemed injured during the altercation. Did I misread the article or something?" Angelina seemed to be doubting her memory.

"What are you talking about? What article?"

How did I not know that Caroline had gotten injured?

Angelina took out her phone from her pocket and handed it to me. "I saw this video online, along with some articles covering the incident. Don't you know about it, sir?"

I stared at the phone screen, stunned by what I watched.

In the video, two women were pulling a bag and were being dragged away by the man on the motorcycle for several meters. The motorcycle almost hit Caroline when it fell to the ground.

The moment I saw her being dragged along the ground, my heart stopped for a moment.

Why the hell would she fight against a robber like that? Who did she think she was? Superwoman? What if that bastard had a weapon? She had four kids already! Why was she still so reckless?

My hands clenched into fists. I pursed my lips, staring at the screen with a livid expression until the video ended.

"Cancel my meeting later." I returned Angelina's phone to her, and left at once.

Once I was in the car, I sped all the way up to the Wilson Group's building.

Caroline was currently conducting a meeting in their conference room.

I pushed the door open and approached her.

"Everyone, please leave us for a moment." I glanced at the others before darting my eyes back to Caroline.

"We're having a meeting," she said, frowning at me.

I clenched my fists while staring at her arm. Her wounds were still bandaged, and I could see that there was blood oozing from them.

My heart ached so much when I saw her wounds.

Gritting my teeth, I suppressed my anger and grabbed her wrist. "Caroline, what is the matter with you?"

She withdrew her hand and replied, "Thanks for your concern, but please leave me alone."

I looked at her and suddenly started feeling impatient.

Did she seriously just ask me to leave her alone?

Over the past few days, she hadn't been answering my phone calls, nor had she gone back to the Moore mansion. She even refused to see me. And now, she was asking me to leave her alone.

I took my hand back, furious at her. "Fine. I'm going to stay out of this matter, then!"

[Chapter 567 Pretend To Fain](#)

Caroline's POV:

Today was Peter and Anna's wedding day. Charles came to the villa early in the morning to pick me up.

I didn't want to show up with him in the same place.

"Caroline, if you don't want to see news about us breaking up tomorrow morning, then you'd better come with me."

Even if our relationship was on the verge of breaking right now, the truth remained that the public still saw us as a loving couple. Though I was uncomfortable about the idea, I had no choice but to go to the party with Charles.

When we entered the banquet hall, he wrapped his arm around my waist and pressed his body against mine.

The fabric of my dress was thin, so when his palm landed on my waist, my body temperature rose and I felt my blood coursing through my veins.

All the other guests at the wedding looked at us with envy. Teasing us and sighing at how sweet we were. I was so embarrassed that I turned to him and said, "Let me go, will you?"

"If I let you go now, they'll think we're fighting. I don't want any rumors to spread about us and become the laughingstock of the whole town!"

I scoffed and said, "You've already been the subject of many rumors. Besides, nobody behaves like this!"

Charles pointed at David and Icey. "Take a look at that! Even a strong woman like Icey is holding her husband's arm."

Personally, I wanted to push him away. But when I caught a glimpse of Nevaeh staring at us, I decided to concede.

The wedding was held in a beautiful church by the lake. Peter looked dashing in his white tuxedo.

Nina walked over and asked me, "Do you remember when you and Charles held your wedding ceremony?"

Images of my wedding with Charles flashed through my mind.

Years ago, it would've been hard to imagine that I'd have four kids with him now.

At this time, the wedding march resonated in the hall.

Anna and her father were walking down the aisle while she held her father's arm. At first, she looked nervous. She turned her head and saw Nevaeh in the crowd. Anna scoffed at the bitch with disdain, and then she looked straight ahead, walking confidently towards Peter.

He held Anna's hand and put the ring on her finger.

She looked into his eyes with undisguised affection. While they smiled at each other, Peter drew closer towards Anna and kissed her.

After the ceremony, I went to the bathroom. While I was washing my hands, I saw Nevaeh behind me from the mirror.

"I'm surprised you and Charles aren't divorced yet." Nevaeh walked in, stopping one pace away from me. Her eyes were filled with disdain.

I shot her an indifferent glance as I continued to wash my hands. "That's none of your business."

She crossed her arms, eyeing me up and down while giggling arrogantly. "If Rita had been sensible enough to make the right choice, you wouldn't have had the chance to be with Charles."

I smirked at her, took out a tissue and used it to wipe my hands. "If you weren't too self-righteous, you might've had a shot at being Mrs. Moore."

Because of anger, Nevaeh burst into a maniacal laughter. Her face was distorted by anger and unwillingness to back down.

She scoffed and asked, "Are you saying that I'm not as good as Rita and you? You have no right to tell

me that! You and Rita just happened to have the fortune of making a move before I could. If I hadn't gone away back then, you would've never won against me."

I shot her a glance while throwing the used tissue into the trash can. "Nevaeh, if you still can't be true to yourself at your age, then you just wasted thirty years of your life."

By now, I had lost my interest in arguing with a woman like Nevaeh. She deserved no more of my time, so I decided to walk away.

But then, she blocked my path and reached her hand out to stop me. "Stop being so arrogant, Caroline. Do you honestly believe that Charles loves you?"

"Listen here, you! It doesn't matter if he loves me or not. At the very least, I am his legal wife. What about you? What did you get from him?" I looked her dead in the eye, chuckling sardonically.

Nevaeh's eyes turned red with anger. She grunted, "You've finally revealed your true colors, huh? You pretend to be such a goody-two-shoes in front of Charles and his family, but really, you're a conniving little bitch. You're the worst! You don't deserve Charles and you never will!"

"Nevaeh!"

A deep, angry voice came through when Peter walked in.

"What are you doing here?" asked Nevaeh.

"I should ask you the same question. What the fuck are you doing in here? Get the hell out!" Peter took a step forward, grabbed her wrist, and was ready to take her away. "Mrs. Moore, please excuse Nevaeh's rudeness. She's drunk. Don't take her words to heart."

I couldn't believe what he just did. It was his wedding day today! How did he have the time to care about what Nevaeh was up to right now?

"Let me go. I'm talking to her! What are you doing here? Get off me! Go back to your newly wedded wife!" Nevaeh struggled to break free from his grasp.

"You're drunk, and you have no idea what the fuck you're talking about," said Peter.

"If you really care about me, then cancel your wedding with Anna and run away with me!" Nevaeh paused to look at Peter dead in the eye.

"You're still planning on taking her with you? Then, why did you even propose to me?" Anna happened to see what was happening. She stared at Peter with all the disappointment a woman could muster, turned around, and walked away.

"Anna, it's not what you think..." Peter let go of Nevaeh and ran after Anna.

Nevaeh rubbed her wrist and said, "See? Peter doesn't love Anna at all, just like how Charles doesn't love you."

While looking at her stupid face, I burst into laughter. I had no idea why this woman was always showing up in places to stick her nose into other people's affairs.

She was the Greem family's pampered daughter. She was also a conniving woman, hell-bent on jeopardizing other people's marriages and having affairs with married men.

"It's none of your business whether Charles loves me or not. You don't have the right to judge us," I said.

Nevaeh scoffed at me and said, "All I want is for you to embrace reality. No matter how hard you try to badger Charles, you won't be able to win his heart. You should just give up on him now."

"Do you really think that I'm the one who can't embrace reality, Nevaeh? Preposterous! I'll show you what reality is right now!" I chuckled at her just to get on her nerves.

"What do you mean?" Nevaeh asked.

I glanced at the door and asked back, "What do you think Charles will do to you if I pass out in this moment?"

"Huh?" Nevaeh was perplexed.

I didn't explain any more. Instead, I retreated to the wall, leaned against it, slowly dropped to the floor and pretended to faint.

Just then, Charles came in and growled, "What did you do to her, Nevaeh?"

Agitated, Nevaeh approached him, visibly panicking. "... I didn't touch her! She fell down all on her own."

Charles walked towards me, squatted down, and carried me from the floor gently.

Then, he shouted at Nevaeh, "I've told you before that I will let you go despite all those ridiculous 'coincidences' you created, but I also warned you that if you ever hurt Caroline again, I will not show you a shred of mercy!"

"I didn't do anything! Charles, you've always been a level-headed and logical individual. Why can't you trust me this time? Caroline is just pretending!" Nevaeh explained with pleading eyes.

She broke into tears and cried her eyes out.

Unfortunately for her, Charles ignored her and carried me away.

Nevaeh's POV:

As I watched Charles walk away, panic enveloped my heart.

I ran after him and tried to grab his clothes.

There were so many people outside, but I didn't care about the fact that they were staring daggers at me.

"Charles, please believe me! Caroline is just pretending! Did I not tell you that she's a conniving fox? She uses your pity against you to keep you by her side!"

With a sullen expression, Charles took a step back to avoid my hand and shouted at me, "Get the fuck out of my way! Don't touch me! Nevaeh, your design is completely different from what I want. Go back and tell your director to assign another designer for me!"

I stumbled and almost fell to the ground.

I couldn't believe what I just heard. I watched as he held Caroline in his arms and walked away without looking back.

How could Charles be so heartless?

Spencer and Vivian came over, arm in arm. He heaved a sigh and said, "Have I not told you to stop messing with Caroline?"

"You all know that she's just pretending to be unconscious, right?" I looked at them, hoping to hear an affirmative answer.

As long as there was one person willing to believe me, there was still a chance for me to clarify this matter to Charles.

Vivian shook her head. "Don't you get it? It doesn't matter if you're telling the truth or not. What matters is who Charles loves and chooses to side with."

Spencer glanced at Vivian and smiled. "It's true that even if Caroline is just pretending, Charles will be happy to keep up the pretense with her. Nevaeh, you can keep thinking that you're better than Caroline, but the truth is, Charles only has eyes for her. Why do you keep deceiving yourself like this?"

As I looked into their eyes, I suddenly felt powerless. I began to feel dizzy, and tears were rolling down my cheeks.

How could this be? How could I lose to a woman like that?

Caroline was way beneath me! This just couldn't be possible!

The moment I saw my mother, I threw myself into her arms and broke into tears. "Mom, I want to go home."

Nervously, she looked at me, wiped the tears from my eyes, and then held me tight in her arms. "Okay, honey. Let's take you home."

As I leaned against her shoulder, my cold heart gradually felt warm.

"Sorry to have made you worried, Mom," I told her.

"You're my daughter. I know you all too well, dear. Charles is already married. Why are you still obsessed with him? I mean, look at you! You can get any man you want. Why him?" My mother was lecturing me, but I could see the look of pity in her eyes.

I embraced her and said, "I promise you, I'll never do something stupid like that again."

I was really exhausted. If I had known that I was doomed to lose this gamble, I shouldn't have hurt myself and others like that.

[Chapter 568 Hold Another Wedding](#)

Caroline's POV:

Charles carried me to the suite upstairs of the hotel near the church where the reception was held. Inside, he placed me on the bed, while he sat on the edge and said, "When are you planning to open your eyes?"

I kept my eyes closed and held my breath nervously, not daring to open my eyes.

"Well, it's a good thing that you don't want to wake up."

Before I could even begin to understand what he meant, I felt his warm breath seep into the skin on my face.

I opened my eyes and met Charles' deep-set smiling gaze.

His face was inches away from mine, and he was about to kiss me. Fortunately, he stopped the second I opened my eyes.

Seeing his smile made me feel excited. "You knew that I was just pretending?"

Charles didn't answer the question. "Were you aware that I was outside at the time?"

I couldn't respond to his query, so I just stared at him blankly.

I had won the bet.

At first, I was just hoping that Nevaeh could accept the reality that Charles cared about me more and stop badgering him. However, he knew that I was just pretending, and yet he was willing to cooperate with me.

Charles tucked my hair behind my ear, lowered his head and said, "Honey, for keeping up with your act earlier, do you mind if I get a kiss as a reward?"

"What?" Before I could react, he had already kissed me lightly.

His lips felt cold, and they tasted like wine.

I stared at him blankly and dared not move for a while. I made sure that my hands rested on the bed and remained motionless.

The sunshine peered through the window and illuminated his face, eyelashes, and lips.

Time seemed to have stopped. The room fell into silence, and everything began to feel like a dream.

After a few more moments, I raised my hand to tug on his sleeve.

"Don't sit on the ground next time. It's cold down there." Charles moved his lips away from mine, and gently wiped them. "You're not in good health. If you're planning to do something like that again, choose somewhere more comfortable and make sure to notify me about it in advance. I'm more than willing to keep up the act with my wife."

"Okay."

The ground indeed felt cold. As a matter of fact, I regretted the second I was on the ground.

But in order to make sure that Nevaeh would be defeated, I stuck to my plan and went through with my pretense.

I thought that I successfully managed to deceive Charles. But to my surprise, he actually saw through my act the minute he saw me.

Charles propped himself up on the bed and looked at me. There was a grin on his face. "That kiss just now was my reward for acting with you. But never do that again."

I was left speechless. He had indeed said something as pleasant as a dream. I even forgot where I was for a moment.

However, the last part of his speech jolted me back to reality.

Thinking of what I saw on the staircase that day filled me with indignation. "Why can't I do it again? You're the one who can't even deal with the women trying to go after you! Are you seriously going to let them push me around?"

Sadness began to overwhelm me, and it brought tears to my eyes.

I turned my face away, for I didn't want to look into Charles' eyes.

He fell silent for a moment. Then, he held my face and made me face him. "Caroline, she didn't kiss me that day."

Feeling exasperated by his statement, I blurted out, "So, you're disappointed about it? Do you want to tell Nevaeh to come here and let you kiss her as much as you want?"

Charles' face turned grim. "What are you talking about?"

As tears fell down my cheeks, it became harder for me to speak. I looked into his eyes and stammered, "Am I wrong? I think you enjoyed it when she tried to kiss you! You didn't even dodge her approach."

The moment I finished speaking, Charles lifted my chin and began kissing me passionately.

He was so aggressive that he didn't even leave me a second to breathe or react.

He held me tightly, pulling me closer towards him. He sucked and nibbled on my lips as much as he wanted.

His tongue drove into my mouth, interlocking with my own.

Because of his kiss, I began to lose my mind. I couldn't think of anything else. I instinctively wrapped my arms around his neck and let him kiss me.

It wasn't until my lips grew numb that Charles finally let me go.

As he gasped for air, the veins on his neck popped out because he was clearly emotional. "Caroline, believe me, I only went to see her to make things clear to her. I told her that she shouldn't bother me ever again."

I covered my lips and glared at him. "Then why did you let her get close to you?"

"I was planning to back away, but you saw us before I could do it." Charles buried his face on my neck, gently nuzzling against it. Then, he planted a kiss on my neck. "You're the only woman I want to kiss, Caroline."

After listening to his explanation, I gradually felt better, and all the sadness in my heart began to disappear.

When I heard his last sentence, I blushed.

"Caroline, let's hold another wedding." Charles lay on his side as he rested his head on his arm.

"Huh?" I was stunned for a moment.

"I want you to put on your wedding dress for me again." I could feel the warmth of his palm as he cupped my cheek and locked eyes with me.

When I looked into his eyes, my heart began to race. I could still remember the day we held our wedding many years ago, and somehow, it compelled me to nod in response.

A month later, Charles and I held a grand wedding again. We invited our relatives, friends, and even business partners to attend the ceremony.

Truth be told, I didn't want to hold a grand wedding. I wanted to limit the invitations to our friends and family to have a simple feast. However, Charles had other plans in mind.

He said he wanted a lot more people to witness our declaration of love, and he wanted the whole world to know that I was his wife and his alone.

He even sent someone to France to pick up my father.

Even though my dad hadn't fully recovered all his motor functions yet and needed a wheelchair to get around, he had regained his consciousness.

When he was wheeled in front of me, I saw the tears welling up in his eyes. "Oh, my dear sweet daughter! You look so beautiful. I hope you live a long and happy life, Caroline."

I lifted the hemline of my dress and bent over to hug him. Tears began to blur my vision. "Thank you, Dad. I know I will."

He was able to move his hands from his knees a little, but then he dropped them shortly afterwards. "Caroline, I will always protect you and be your strongest support system."

"Don't worry, Edward. I'll take good care of Caroline for you," Charles said as he came over and put his

arm around my shoulder.

With the bouquet of flowers in hand, I stepped onto the red carpet and walked down the aisle towards Charles. Once I was standing in front of him, I looked into his eyes.

The sun was shining on his face, making him even more charming than usual.

While staring into each other's eyes, we spoke our vows. He took my hand and put a ring on it. And once he was done, he planted a gentle kiss on the ring around my finger. Then, he lifted my veil, cupped my cheek, and kissed me.

The guests burst into applause and cheered for us.

When I nestled in his embrace, happiness filled me. It was as if I was living in a dream, and everything around me felt surreal.

I wrapped my hands around his neck and kissed him back.

For a singular moment, all the sounds around me had been drowned out, and only he and I remained in the world. We embraced each other tightly, and we kissed to declare our love for each other.

From now on, nobody would be able to separate us.

After the wedding ceremony, many of our friends came to give us their blessings.

Helen approached with a glass of wine in hand. "Caroline, congrats on your marriage. I wish you and Charles a happy life."

"Thank you, and I wish you find your Mr. Right someday." I clinked my glass with hers.

"Caroline, I received an offer from the Hesmor Law Firm in New York. I'm actually here to bid you farewell," she replied.

I looked at her, visibly surprised. "Congratulations! I gotta be honest, Helen. I'm surprised that you decided to leave so suddenly."

Helen pursed her lips, seemingly feeling guilty. "Actually, Caroline, I've been lying to you. My dad didn't die in a car accident two years ago. Many years ago he... committed suicide. And my mother didn't remarry anyone. Something's wrong with her brain. I found a private hospital in New York that would take her in, and I'm going back there to take care of her."

Stunned by this revelation, I glanced at my father sitting nearby us, and asked Helen, "Does my dad know about this?"

She shook her head and let out a sigh. "My mother said that she doesn't want him to know about her current situation. I'm hoping you can keep it a secret for me."

Judging from her tone, I inferred that she and her mother had suffered so much through these past years. But since she didn't seem to want to share more, I figured that it would be inappropriate to ask any more details. "I understand. Call me if you need anything."

Helen nodded in response. "I will. Thank you so much, Caroline."

[Chapter 569 Sleeping With A Handsome Man](#)

Helen's POV:

It was merely an accident that I had slept with George Affleck. To be perfectly honest, that was the first time I had sex with someone.

I could not remember how I ended up on the same bed as him. The only thing I could remember was that I did not resist when he hugged me in his strong arms.

His chest was scorching hot, the exact opposite of his personality.

I had only seen him from a distance. Although he was always polite and curt to people, he was actually indifferent to everything. It was as if there was nothing in the world that could make him lose his cool.

Until...

His breathing was deep and heavy as he pressed me under his body. He sounded as though he was suppressing his emotions and restraining himself.

He was like a beast hiding in the depths of the forest, which would then jump out when you least expected and capture the prey he had been eyeing for a long time.

For a moment, I thought he would eat me alive.

But he did not. Even though lust was apparent in his deep-set eyes, he was doing a great job restraining himself. He even asked me from time to time if it hurt and if I wanted him to pause for a moment before continuing.

He was a gentleman from beginning to end. He did not forget to acknowledge my feelings and even ensured that I was okay.

And when we climaxed, he did not get up and leave right away. Instead, he wrapped me in his arms. We cuddled as if we were an intimate couple. In all honesty, it made me feel respected and loved.

As we were both naked on the bed and he was hugging me from behind, I could feel his toned chest

against my back. Not only that, but his hot breath sprayed in my ear, sending shivers down my spine.

My body was all tense that I could not help but hold my breath. It did not help that my heart was pounding wildly in my chest. It was as if it was going to jump out of my throat any time.

With his chin rubbing against my head, George chuckled and assured me, "Don't worry. I'll let your body rest for tonight."

All of a sudden, my face turned beet red in embarrassment.

What... what did he mean by that?

Was he implying that we would do this again in the future?

My thoughts surprised me. My imagination had never been this wild. But, of course, I knew better than to keep these thoughts lingering in my head.

At this moment, George stood up and turned on the floor lamp by the bed.

The light was not that bright, but it accentuated his muscly torso. I must admit, he was tantalizing that I could not take my eyes off him.

I swallowed hard. For some reason, looking at him made me feel thirsty. But for fear that he would catch me staring at his body, I looked away and made up an excuse.

"I'm going to take a shower."

I was drenched in sweat, so I felt sticky and uncomfortable.

Before he could turn around, I ran into the bathroom with the bed sheet wrapped around my body. It was not until the mist filled the bathroom that I calmed down.

Ironically, the calmer I was, the clearer our sex appeared in my mind.

My face was burning with embarrassment. Even I, myself, was frightened by the heat on my face.

George was popular in our high school. As he was tall and handsome, all the girls admired him.

After graduating from high school, he was admitted to a famous college and went abroad. Sometime later when he graduated and returned home, he founded Zhester Technology. So, not only was he admirable for his looks, he was also excellent in other aspects.

Who would have thought that an ordinary girl like me would sleep with our high school Prince Charming who all the girls drooled over?

Nobody would believe it.

What had happened was unimaginable. Had it not happened to me, I would have thought it only existed in TV dramas.

When I was on a business trip in New York, my high school classmate Cece happened to be there as well. Because of this, she organized a get-together with a few old friends of ours. I could not refuse her invitation, so I agreed to come. And that was where I met George.

Since everyone was drunk, George offered to send me back to the hotel.

When we arrived at the hotel room, he suddenly kissed me. Just as I was about to push him away, my best friend Lucy's words crossed my mind. "You're lucky if you can sleep with a man like him!"

Everything happened so fast.

At this moment, I stood under the shower head and let the water run down my face.

The heat on my face dissipated after a while.

Suddenly, a knock sounded at the door.

I hurriedly turned the shower off and asked, "What is it?"

"Sorry, but I have to go. Something came up in the company," George explained outside the door.

I fell stunned. But once I returned to my senses, I cleared my throat and replied, "Uh, okay! Just please close the door when you leave."

I did not know what to feel as I listened to the receding sound of his footsteps.

Of course, I was not stupid. I knew that that was only an excuse to leave. I could not blame him. It was normal for adults to feel embarrassed after sleeping with someone they barely knew. Even though we went to the same high school, we were still practically strangers to each other.

The next day, I returned to Los Angeles.

I thought I would not see George again, so I stopped thinking about that night. However, I received an offer from Hesmor Law Firm in New York one day. Not only that, but I also found an amazing private hospital there for my mother.

So, I moved from Los Angeles to New York and became an assistant lawyer at Hesmor Law Firm.

On Monday, we held a weekly meeting. My boss was discussing the project's progress with other lawyers.

As an assistant lawyer, it was part of my job to help all the project teams as much as I could. But since nobody was willing to teach me, I did not really participate and was always stuck with the chores. Right now, I was asked to record the minutes of the meeting.

"Okay. Let's discuss the latest project next. The word on the street is that Zhester Technology is planning to acquire Smart Technology Company..." my boss announced while opening her PowerPoint Presentation.

Zhester Technology?

At the mention of that name, my mind buzzed and was in a mess.

Thankfully, everyone else in the meeting room was listening attentively, so nobody noticed the change in my expression.

As Zhester Technology was mentioned, everyone figured that the project must involve a whopping amount of money. Thus, they listened to every word that was said.

Meanwhile, I quickly adjusted my expression, listened carefully to the report, and jotted down the minutes in my notebook.

"Our main problem is how to get in touch with Zhester Technology," my boss concluded at the end of the presentation.

The lawyers present had no business contact with Zhester Technology, nor did they personally know the boss, George Affleck.

What was more, our law firm did not receive an invitation to the bidding. So, even if we wanted to take part in the event, we had no idea to whom we should send the bidding proposal.

"Based on the interviews from the media, George Affleck is a cold and arrogant man. He talks about technology and products all the time but is reticent when it comes to other things. In fact, I've never heard that he has had a friend in the industry," my boss stated.

One of the lawyers nodded in agreement. "The legal department of Zhester Technology is also cautious. They have not contacted any law firms as of the moment."

My boss nodded in understanding. Then, she looked at us one by one and asked, "Does any of you want to take over this project?"

My heart pounded in my chest, and I could not stop thinking of George's face when my boss mentioned

his name again and again.

I acted quickly before I could think it over. While everyone was at a loss about what to do next, I raised my hand and confidently said, "Boss, I'd like to give it a shot."

[Chapter 570 Clear Estimation Of Yourself](#)

Helen's POV:

The entire conference room quieted down after they heard what I said, and everyone was staring at me with suspicion.

My boss, Anya Pierce, was staring at me with shock as well.

Their intense gazes made me feel so nervous that my palms began to sweat. "George Affleck and I went to the same high school. Perhaps I can give it a try," I explained.

Anya eyed me up and down and nodded. "Sure."

Her answer sounded perfunctory. The lawyers and all my other colleagues were just as unimpressed by what I said, and none of them took me seriously.

Truthfully, I already regret what I said the moment I said it.

Only a few days ago, George and I slept together, and today I was about to talk business with him. This whole situation even made it look like our impassioned night together was just a part of my plan to leverage it for business.

But in all honesty, I couldn't care less. I wanted to achieve lots of things within the law firm and improve my ability in project management.

Besides, I really needed lots of money urgently. I had transferred my mother to a private hospital in New York, and I had to have enough cash to pay for her daily expenses.

When I got home from work, I held my phone and stared at the number on the screen. After moments of hesitation, I finally gathered enough courage to dial George's number.

Pretty soon, the call was picked up. However, it wasn't George's voice.

"Mr. Affleck is in a meeting right now. May I ask who's calling?" said a pleasant female voice. It must be his secretary.

It turned out that he just gave me his work number instead of his private one.

Somehow, it made me feel disappointed. After a moment of silence, I answered, "My name is Helen

Dewar. Can you tell Mr. Affleck that I need to speak with him?"

"Okay, ma'am. I'll let him know once he's done with his meeting," the secretary answered before hanging up.

I placed my phone on the bedside, and didn't even expect anything.

We should've severed our ties after that night of passion. After all, nobody would want to be pestered after a one-night stand; especially an excellent man like him.

But to my surprise, at ten in the evening, just as I was about to drift into sleep, George video called me. Flustered, I accepted the call in a hurry.

"You were looking for me?" he said. His deep magnetic voice made my heart skip a beat.

"Yes, I was."

My mind went blank as I stared at his face on my phone screen.

He appeared to be preoccupied and was typing something on his computer. His handsome face showed signs of exhaustion.

"What can I help you with?" George paused his work for a moment to look at the screen.

The moment our eyes met across the screen, I felt like there was a current surging through my heart. All the nerves in my body felt numb for a few seconds.

Thereafter, I remembered why I was calling him. "You see, I heard that Zhester Technology is planning to acquire Smart Technology Company. However, you haven't decided yet which law firm to represent you. My boss from the law firm I work for, Anya Pierce, has a wealth of experience in this field. Is it possible for you to—"

"Is that why called me?" George cut me off midsentence. He closed the computer on the desk and stared at me intently.

I had no idea why he suddenly got upset, so I hurriedly explained, "Look, Miss Pierce has done similar cases in the past. I'm sure she—"

George got even more annoyed and he interrupted me again. "If my memory serves me right, you're still an assistant lawyer at present, right?"

"That's right."

I wasn't sure why he was asking the question, yet I answered it anyway.

"So, you're saying your boss sent an assistant lawyer to speak with me? Is this her show of sincerity in working with me?"

George spoke in an unhurried tone of voice, but I could tell he was sarcastic. Every word that escaped his lips felt like a sharp thorn, jabbing into my heart.

I began to feel ashamed; so much so that I wanted to find a hole to hide myself in.

What the hell was I thinking?

How could I let myself believe that I was different from the other girls he had slept with?

I should've had a clear estimation of myself!

"Sorry to bother you," I said, hanging up at once. My face was burning with shame, and my palms were sweating profusely. I felt so humiliated.

On the night we were together, he was so gentle and considerate of my feelings. Before he left, he even straightened up the wrinkled bed sheet for me, folded my messy clothes, took away the trash, and cleaned up my room.

I was so moved by his gesture, and I was impressed at how much of a gentleman he was!

It was at this moment that I realized that he was only doing those things out of caution. He probably didn't want to leave a single trace that he was ever in my room.

He was a revered man, after all. If any woman he'd had a one-night stand with were to use the fact that they slept together as a leverage to blackmail him, it could be bad for his reputation.

That night, I tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep. His cold, calculating eyes lingered in my mind.

I was almost certain that he probably thought that I was the kind of woman who'd sleep with a man just for business.

As I lay on the bed, feeling horrible about myself, I almost burst into tears.

The next day, when I went to work, Mattie Davidson, a fellow assistant lawyer who began working for the law firm during the same time as me, asked me, "I heard that you knew George Affleck from high school. So, have you managed to contact him yet?"

Right after she asked the question, everyone's eyes fell on me, including my boss.

I smiled stiffly and answered, "I'm sorry, Miss Pierce. George and I were in the same grade at the time, but we were in different classes. I've asked several of my high school friends regarding him yesterday, but they all said that they haven't spoken to him since graduation."

"I see." Anya nodded, unsurprised by my answer. She then continued the meeting.

"For the time being, let's put a pin on this case. I heard that Zhester Technology's new product which was supposed to be released this weekend has been released ahead of time by their peers. Currently, George Affleck is abroad, so he probably has no time to deal with the acquisition."

Phil Mason, another lawyer, seemed to have remembered something. "I saw him in the parking lot of the airport last month during the 20th. He was talking over the phone back then, so I didn't greet him and missed the opportunity to get to know him. I'm guessing he went abroad for the product conceptualization that day."

His words left me stunned. 20th last month? Wasn't that the day I had sex with George? Did that mean he really had something to do that night?

During that time, he sounded so calm and collected, and he didn't seem to be panicking. Which was why I thought he just came up with an excuse to leave.

But now, I realized that I just misunderstood him.

Sadly, I no longer had the chance to apologize to him. After last night's phone call, George might not want to see me ever again.

I smiled bitterly as my thoughts began to wander.

Just as the meeting was about to adjourn, Anya turned to me and asked, "Helen, you studied in Philadelphia during your high school years, right?"

Pulled back to my senses, I nodded in response. "Yes, ma'am."

"Prepare yourself. Tomorrow, you and Mattie will go on a business trip with me to Philadelphia. There's a case that needs our attention. I'll e-mail you the details of the case later."

With that, Anya stood from her chair, and walked out of the meeting room.

Both Mattie and I were newcomers, and this was the first time that our boss took us to a major case.

Mattie gleefully agreed and followed Anya out.

I was also delighted to have finally been given a case to work on. This was my very first case in this law firm. I didn't want to screw it up.

