

Chapter 39 The Wedding

Caroline rubbed her eyes, worried that she was still in her dream!

When she opened her eyes, she saw the name "Richard Preston" on it.

"You big devil! You received the invitation long ago, and you didn't say anything!"

Caroline kissed the invitation and thought, "Finally, I could start my final revenge."

She got up quickly, brushed her teeth, and washed her face!

From the closet, she casually took a pair of jeans and a T-shirt, put them on, and went out the door.

John stood respectfully at the door, and Caroline was startled when she saw him, "John?"

"Miss. Fowler, you must have received the invitation. Merry quietly placed it on your nightstand last night," he said.

"Ah, yes!" Caroline nodded.

John smiled faintly, "It was Mr. Preston who told me not to give you the invitation until the day of the wedding, and the master left another surprise for you."

"Another surprise?" Caroline asked.

"Please come with me, Miss. Fowler," John said and led Caroline to the study.

"What is that?" she asked again.

Hearing Caroline's voice, the maid moved aside and a gorgeous gown was placed in front of her.

It was a light pink dress with a classic one-shoulder design. The pink sarong was embellished with small flowers; each flower had a small piece of jewelry in the center. The belt in the middle, inlaid with gems, was so eye-catching.

What a gorgeous gown! What a beautiful gown!

Caroline walked over and touched it. The gauze was soft, and then she touched those gems.

"Are these real jewelry?" Caroline asked and thought, "Who would use real gems on the dress?"

"No. The master never uses fake stuff," the maid replied.

"This...you mean, all the diamonds and gems on the dress are true?" Caroline was surprised.

"Of course. This is from a world-famous designer, and the master used his treasured gems for your dress."

"Jesus," Caroline's mouth opened. She couldn't believe her eyes.

"I heard that Coco's in-laws also sent some gems to her, and these were set on Coco's wedding dress, said to be worth three million," Caroline said.

John pursed his lips and smiled, "Merely three million. It is not even worth one piece of jewelry on your dress. If Miss. Fowler's sister saw you wearing this dress, she would certainly be angry."

Caroline finally understood John's meaning, "John, are you saying Richard specifically ordered this dress for me to wear to the wedding and provoke Coco?"

John nodded.

Caroline was even more astonished. It seemed that Richard had been prepared for a long time ago! He even got the dress for her.

"Miss. Fowler, you can try it on," said John.

"No..." Caroline hurriedly shook her head, "I can't wear it."

"Why?" John didn't understand. To steal the bride's thunder at the wedding wasn't the best revenge for the bride?

"I have other plans today and I can't wear a dress," she said.

"This..."

"But," Caroline fixed her gaze on the belt, "how about I wear this belt on the dress?"

John smiled awkwardly, "Of course, you can do anything you want."

"Well then, take off the belt and send me to the wedding site," Caroline ordered.

John had to do as he was told.

What surprised Caroline once again was that Richard not only prepared her the dress but also had bodyguards and assistants all ready for her. He even left her the Rolls Royce Phantom.

In order to match this, Caroline went back to her bedroom and sought a formal dress, and by the way, she took oversized sunglasses as well as a hat.

Sitting in the car, Caroline didn't understand why Richard helped her to this point.

"What does he want to do?" Caroline thought.

The South Hotel

The South company's hotel was one of the most luxurious hotels in the city, so naturally, Coco and Wendell's wedding was held in the hotel.

Three hours before the wedding, the media and some fans surrounded the venue, but no one was allowed to enter without an invitation, so they could only huddle outside with bated breath.

All eyes gathered when an ultra-luxurious Rolls-Royce Phantom stopped at the entrance.

A bodyguard got out of the car first and pulled open the door.

All eyes looked toward the car to see who was in it.

Caroline then stepped down from the car.

A woman? It's a woman?

This immediately aroused the curiosity of the media. They rushed over only to see the woman wearing a pair of oversized sunglasses and a hat. Apparently, this mysterious woman didn't want to reveal her identity, which made the curiosity of the media even stronger!

Cameras were aimed at Caroline. The bodyguards rushed forward to block them and Caroline hurriedly ran to the door.

The man at the door stopped her, "This lady, please show me your invitation."

Caroline took out the invitation from her bag and handed it to the man at the door.

The man at the door hurriedly moved out of the way for her.

Caroline rushed into the hotel followed by her bodyguards. A waiter took them to the wedding.

"You guys sit here and wait for me. I'm going to go to the bathroom." Caroline waved her hand and slipped away directly.

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Richard stood in front of the window of his hotel room, overlooking the small harbor. This place was surrounded by the sea, and the scenery was so beautiful.

Tom came over, "Mr. Preston, there is still no way to contact the people of the Double H."

Richard heard this, but as if he did not hear. Three days later, he had no progress.

"Today is Coco Fowler's wedding, right?" Richard asked.

Tom was shocked. It had been three days without any progress but his boss was not angry!

"Yes," Tom replied.

"How are things going over there?" Richard asked.

"This morning, as you instructed, I made a phone call to your housekeeper, John, who said that the invitation had been given to Miss. Fowler, and the car, bodyguards, and assistants are all equipped, so there shouldn't be any problems."

"That's not necessarily true," Richard said.

If this happened to someone else, it might not really be a problem, but if it was Caroline, there was no telling what would happen.

"Are you worried about Miss. Fowler? There are bodyguards protecting her, so there shouldn't be any problems."

"The important issue is the harbor!" Tom thought.

"Go back to Chicago immediately," said Richard.

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