

Chapter 555 Sweet Talk

Charles' POV:

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

Still, I reminded myself not to overreact just yet.

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

After placing my leather bag on the side table, I headed straight to Jessica's room. Caroline, of course, was there. She was leaning against the bed's headboard, looking at her phone with Jessica sleeping comfortably in her arms.

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

I waited for Caroline to look at me, but she didn't. Sadly, her eyes remained focused on her phone

screen as she replied, "Yes. Jessica might cry or get hungry in the middle of the night, so it would be better if I would stay by her side to breastfeed her."

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

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

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

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

I had no idea how long Caroline and I had been staring at each other, but she only retracted her

gaze when Jessica moved and cried. She gently patted her frail body and coaxed her back to sleep.

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

However, Caroline remained reluctant. She only diverted her gaze elsewhere and said, "You don't have to do that, Charles. Besides, aren't you feeling unwell? You better go to the other room and take a proper rest." 1

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

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

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

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

Dejected, I returned to our bedroom alone. 1

nestled in bed and continued to search for ways to keep my wife with me. ⑧

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

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

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

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

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

Anxious, I was jolted awake.

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

her arms.

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

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

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

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

And just like that, we parted in discord again.

I was absent-minded the whole day.

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

Was she currently seeing another man?

If not, was she looking forward to meeting one?

She was dying to start a new life, so that was probably her plan! 🤔

Damn!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I replied in frustration.

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

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

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

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

"I have no idea what happened between you and Caroline, Mr. Moore. However, let me give you a piece of advice. Women could sometimes be emotional, but they only need to be sweet talked," Diego advised. ③

Hearing that, I glanced at him coldly.

Who did he think he was?

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

I turned the car engine on and drove straight

home. When I arrived, the maid immediately opened the door for me and greeted me respectfully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"She is," I truthfully replied. ②

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

"If there's nothing you feel guilty about, I suggest you tell your wife about it," mom reminded in a low

voice, raising her gaze upstairs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Caroline, wait! Jessica may not be able to speak

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

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

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

Was she still mad at me because of Nevaeh?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I did," I replied.

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

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

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

Chapter 556 You Belong To Me

Caroline's POV:

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

The lawyer explained all of the terms in the divorce agreement for about half an hour. Charles was wearing a black suit, sitting there with a fearsome expression. 2

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

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

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

Charles stared at me for a long time before he finally broke his silence. "We've decided to make things work," he said listlessly. 4

Stunned by his statement, I looked at him with my

mouth left agape. "What the hell are you talking about?"

How could he do this to me?

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

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

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

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

I apologized to the lawyer and quickly followed after Charles.

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

Charles turned around and sternly replied, "There's

nothing wrong with me. I'm serious. I won't divorce you."

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

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

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

Charles tucked a loose strand of my hair behind my ear and said, "You also belong to me, Caroline. Have you forgotten that?" He sounded really serious. 2

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

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

