

Chapter 558 Let's Make Up

Caroline's POV:

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

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

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

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

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

tonight," I stated, emphasizing his mom's question.

A deafening silence commenced on the other end of the line for a second until Charles seriously said, "Caroline, I have been waiting for you at the gate of the Wilson Group." ①

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

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

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

"Why? What's wrong?" I asked in concern. However, all he replied was, "Nothing." Then, he hung up the phone.

Something in Charles' voice kept bugging me. I wasn't sure what exactly it was, but it gave me the impression that something was wrong. Unable to relax, I looked at the

sky outside, wore my coat, went to the garage, and got in my car.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still, I could hear drowsiness in his voice.

His eyes were weary, and his face looked utterly pale. At this moment, he looked like a dog who hadn't been taken care of.

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

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

Still, the tone of his voice gave me the impression that he couldn't. After thinking for a while, I leveled my face at him and said, "No, wait for me here. I'll drive my car over here and send you home."

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

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

said, "Sit in the passenger seat. I'll drive."

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

Hearing that, I looked at him in disbelief. Why was he so polite today? 3

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

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

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

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

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

replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uncomfortable, I tried to push him away, saying, "Charles, you're just sick. Your temperature is so high, so you don't know what you are saying." ①

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

He kissed me hungrily, exploring every

corner of my mouth.

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

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

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

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

"Why? Don't you like it? But your body seems to be yearning for it," he whispered as he lowered his head and planted kisses all over my body. His hand wandered

down my leg, and in a blink of an eye, my dress was already pulled up to my waist.

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

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

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

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

Like men, I had my needs as a woman too. Thus, I would be lying if I said that I hadn't been longing for him the entire time. Since he seemed so eager, I also couldn't help but crave more. 4

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

And with that, an overwhelming pleasure

traveled across my body. It felt so good that I curled in satisfaction, moaning, "Charles..."

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

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

He kissed me so passionately that I lost all self-control. Unable to take it any longer, I let my guard down and allowed my hungry desires to becloud my senses. I looked at him, saying, "Charles, give it to me." ①

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

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

me.

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

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

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

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

When I did that, he hastily slapped my butt and said, "Baby, are you really that hungry down there? Well then, I'll satisfy you now." ①

After that, he suddenly started to thrust.

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

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

Just when I thought I could finally take a rest, Charles started moving again like a tireless monster. He didn't even give me a chance to refuse as he directly thrust inside me as if he wanted to make up for all chances he had missed. ³

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

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

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

Hearing that, an indescribable warmth instantly enveloped my heart. "Alright," I softly replied. ④

Then, Charles held me tighter and kissed me on the cheek. It was light, but it felt so sincere. ⑤