

Bye

Chapter 559 Dancing

Charles's POV:

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

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

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

"You... You... Go away." Caroline pressed her hand against my chest as her cheeks bloomed with color. She looked adorable when she was embarrassed. 5

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

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

help you remember?" ①

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nevaeh's eyes turned red in an instant and were filled with disbelief. "Charles... Why are you talking to me like this? What did I do wrong? Is it because you're married? When you were with Rita, she couldn't stop you from meeting your friends. Why did you become so cruel after marrying

Caroline? Have you forgotten how much you hated her when you were younger? Have you forgotten that you sent her abroad back then? Well, I suppose your behavior now makes sense. You abandoned even Rita for her. Why am I so surprised that you're choosing her over your old friends? She is just more important to you." 4

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

Nevaeh's face darkened. After a long while, she sneered, "Fine. You want me to leave? Then I'll leave. Good luck with your project." 2

Then, she walked away without looking back.

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

She was tall and slender, with a head of loose, golden curls that tumbled down her shoulders. With a faint smile on her face,

she looked confident but not arrogant.

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

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

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

"There is a party tonight, boss. Do you need me to come with you?" Angelina asked, setting the cup of coffee on my desk. ②

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

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

After Angelina left, I suddenly received a

call from David.

David asked curiously, "Charles, Nevaeh called me just now. She said you refused to cooperate with her." 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

She was clad in a black dress that clung to

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Caroline's POV:

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

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

to dance.

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

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

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

I put my hand on his chest reflexively. I wanted to stop him, but I ended up responding to his kiss. 2

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

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

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

Charles let go and pressed his forehead against mine. He asked in a hoarse voice,

"Do you like me, Caroline?"

"Yes, I do."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Charles? Are you really drunk?"

"Yes."

"Do you still want to drink some more?"

"Maybe I will if you give me a kiss,"

Charles grinned, opening his eyes a little. I could tell from his deep-set eyes that he was already tipsy.

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

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

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

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

At this time, someone knocked on the door.

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

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

Charles turned off the lights in the room.

Hearing the waiter's footsteps, Charles kissed me harder.

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

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

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

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

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

All kinds of memories flooded my mind. When we were happy, I thought that we

would be like that all our lives. When I was in pain, I kept thinking about escaping and wanting everything to end as soon as possible.

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

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

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

"I guess so." I nodded and said softly, "When I found out that you promised to marry me, I was so excited that I couldn't even fall asleep. I was full of hope for the future. Then I realized that our marriage was a deal. I got to know that you actually liked Rita. You married me simply because your family objected to your relationship with her." ③

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

"I know. If we didn't love each other, how could we have so many children?" I looked at him. He was a man of his word and wouldn't lie to me. Since he said that I was the only woman for him, I believed him. 10

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

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

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

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

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

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rushed to my cheeks.

"No, I want to."

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