

## Chapter 557 Pestering Him

Charles' POV:

After my week long business trip, Spencer and David invited me to Mint Bar on my return.

We exchanged a few pleasantries and I was just about to sit when Spencer suddenly asked, "Does Caroline still insist on a divorce?"

"Yes, she's still insisting we get a divorce." Feeling quite morose, I plopped onto the sofa and picked up a glass of whiskey.

The liquor burned the back of my throat as I drank it all at once. The bitter taste of the alcohol spread in my mouth, but my mind was becoming sluggish and the problems that plagued me became an afterthought, so I kept drinking.

Probably realizing that my intent was to blot reality by getting drunk, David quickly snatched the glass from me. "I've apologized to Caroline, but she ignored me. She must still be angry."

"It's not your fault. She's just angry with me. It has nothing to do with you." Expelling a heavy breath,

Chapter 10: Hearing Him 430 words at most  
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"It's not your fault. She's just angry with me. It has nothing to do with you." Expelling a heavy breath, I leaned against the sofa and tried to relax.

"Hi!"

A chirpy voice announced as the door was pushed open. I turned in the direction of the sound and found Neveah strutting towards us, a warm smile on her face.

The atmosphere turned pensive as we all watched her walk in silently.

"Neveah, why are you here?" Spencer asked in a cold voice. 3

"This is a bar and I came here to drink. Of course I didn't know that I would meet you all here. I feel so lucky," Neveah replied as she made her way towards me. 3

When she noticed that I was reaching for the

bottle, she quickly picked it up before I could and muttered with a sultry smile, "Charles, let's have a drink together."

"I'm going home," I declared succinctly after casting a disgusted glance at the glass and bottle that she had touched.

"It's not you who should leave. The one who should leave is the shameless person who keeps pestering a married man. If only she would take a look in the mirror and see why she is not qualified." Isey's and Vivian's mocking voices rang out as they came in. ③

Nevaeh looked at them coldly and sneered, "Pestering? Are you talking about me? I don't think I'm inferior to Caroline in any way. Woman like her can get Charles's love. Why can't I?" ②

"You've already lost when you're trying to seduce a married man. Charles loves Caroline. You can't compare with her for the rest of your life," Vivian retorted.

Since Nevaeh was on her own, she was soon at a disadvantage when she squared off against two women who spoke ill of her.

Her bravado quickly turned into embarrassment.

"It seems that I'm not welcome here. I won't bother you here anymore," she muttered before turning around and leaving.

I heaved a sigh of relief when the door closed behind her, but the sound of her raised voice had me freezing to the spot. "So, Mrs. Moore is also here."

At the sound of Nevaeh's smug words, I rushed out of the room. As expected, Caroline stood outside the door, glaring at Nevaeh. When I walked out, Caroline swung her head in my direction. She glared at me, turned around and left.

I caught up with her at once, grabbed her wrist and pulled her into my arms.

"Caroline, please listen to me."

"Let me go." She struggled, anger and disappointment warring for dominance on her face.

I was flustered, so I did the only thing I could do to get her attention. I cupped her face and kissed her.

She raised her hand and tried to hit me, but I caught her wrist.

Behind my wildly beating heart, I felt her stretched fingers on my chest.

The sound of hurried footsteps and excited whispers alerted me to the presence of many people around us. I raised my head, took one glance at the onlookers and carried Caroline into the car.

In the car, I hovered over and tried once more to get closer to her, but she pushed at my chest, angry tears rolling down her cheeks. "What on earth do you want?" she yelled.

Grimacing, I tried to explain, "I was there with Spencer and David, not Nevaeh."

"I don't care. It doesn't matter to me who you choose to see or spend time with." Caroline turned her face away angrily. 4

"Of course it matters. You are my wife."

"Not for long. We are going to get a divorce."

"But we haven't gotten a divorce yet. As long as we are still together, you are my wife. I don't want any misunderstandings between us anymore."

I couldn't help but touch her swollen lips. My heart was beating crazily.

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In the afternoon, I decided to go to the company. I had just parked my car at the gate when I saw a young woman pointing angrily at Nevaeh and swearing.

"It's her who seduced my husband!" the woman yelled at the top of her voice.

"Everybody, come here and see what kind of person she really is. You all have to be careful and watch your husbands. Don't let such a horny woman get so close to your husbands and seduce them."

Her incensed yell garnered a lot of attention, and soon, a lot of people were surrounding them and pointing accusing fingers at Nevaeh.

Curious, I looked in their direction and found that angry woman looked familiar.

She was Peter's wife, Anna.

Recently, I had a lot of contact with Peter due to our meetings, and on a few occasions, his wife had brought him lunch.

Standing a few steps away from Anna, Nevaeh looked embarrassed and angry. "What are you talking about? Peter and I are just friends."

"Friends? Will anyone ask their friends to drink

with them in the middle of the night? Don't you know that he is married?" Crossing her arms, Anna sneered and glared at Nevaeh.

"So we can't be friends anymore just because he has gotten married? Why does he have to be with you all the time? Can't you live without a man?" Nevaeh asked confidently.

"Isn't it you who can't live without a man? You just love seducing married men. All you want to do is flirt with men, isn't that right? You can't get a man of your own, so you have decided to become the other woman and ruin other people's marriage. Shameless tramp! Nevaeh, you are just a piece of trash! Girls, beat her up!" 2

Tired of scolding her, Anna waved her hand, motioning behind her angrily.

Several women of her age ran out of the crowd and started kicking and hitting Nevaeh. 2

The order and subsequent attack caught Nevaeh off guard. Before she realized what was happening, her hair was pulled and she fell on the floor.

The women gave her no time to recover and pounced on her. Seconds later, I heard Nevaeh's

anguished scream.

Peter walked out anxiously and stopped them.

"Stop! Stop! What are you doing?"

The security guards quickly rushed out and pulled the women away from Nevaeh.

Anna turned around and saw Peter. She roared with grievance and sadness, "If you dare to help her, I will die in front of you!"

Shocked at the threat, Peter stood still and stared at Anna and then Nevaeah, unable to do a thing.

Tilting my chin up, I got out of my car and ignored the drama happening in front of me as I walked away. 5

In the evening, I was done for the day and was about to leave when Nevaeh suddenly ran up to me. Scowling, she asked in a breathless tone, "Charles, why did you do that?"

"Do what?" I asked in confusion.

"You asked the security guards to drive those women away for me, but now you don't want to talk to me." Nevaeh pouted unhappily. "If you care about me, you should be upfront about it." 6

Silently, I stared at Nevaeh while twirling the car key. After a minute of silence, I couldn't help but



burst into laughter.

What made her so confident about herself that she was so certain I cared about her?

"You must be mistaken. I had nothing to do with the presence of the security guards."

Nevaeh looked devastated. Face awash in disbelief, she took half a step back from me. "What? Don't lie to me. It's not shameful to care about me."

"Why should I care about you? Who are you to me? Nevaeh, I have a wife. I don't care about any other woman apart from her. I hope you can come to understand this," I warned her with a sneer. 2

"So this is about Caroline? Are you denying because you're afraid that she would misunderstand us? Can't you have female friends after your marriage? Are you going to gouge out your eyes to prove your innocence if she doesn't allow you to look at other women?" Blocking my way with her body, Nevaeh asked aggressively.

I harrumphed impatiently and went around her to get to my car.

"If she asks me to do that, I will do it. But Caroline won't ask me to do it, because she is not as

aggressive as you think," I replied over my shoulder.

"Ha... You always regard Caroline as a simple, innocent woman! She is not as simple as she looks. She consolidated her position in the Moore family by giving birth to your children, and she also used your sympathy to make you stay by her side! She is a scheming bitch!" Nevaeh caught up with me and reached out to block the door. 3

"Nevaeh, please watch what you say about my wife. I don't have a problem suing you to defend her reputation,"

I declared in a cold fury. Before Nevaeh could form a reply, I got into my car, slammed the door and started the car.