

Bye

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Chapter 567 Pretend To Faint

Caroline's POV:

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I didn't want to show up with him in the same place.

"Caroline, if you don't want to see news about us breaking up tomorrow morning, then you'd better come with me."

Even if our relationship was on the verge of breaking right now, the truth remained that the public still saw us as a loving couple. Though I was uncomfortable about the idea, I had no choice but to go to the party with Charles.

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When we entered the banquet hall, he wrapped his arm around my waist and pressed his body against mine.

The fabric of my dress was thin, so when his palm landed on my waist, my body temperature rose and I felt my blood coursing through my veins.

All the other guests at the wedding looked at us with envy. Teasing us and sighing at how sweet we were. I was so embarrassed that I turned to him and said, "Let me go, will you?"

"If I let you go now, they'll think we're fighting. I don't want any rumors to spread about us and become the laughingstock of the whole town!" ³

I scoffed and said, "You've already been the subject of many rumors. Besides, nobody behaves like this!"

Charles pointed at David and Icey. "Take a look at that! Even a strong woman like Icey is holding her husband's arm."

Personally, I wanted to push him away. But when I caught a glimpse of Nevaeh staring at us, I decided to concede. ⁶

The wedding was held in a beautiful church by the lake. Peter looked dashing in his white tuxedo.

Nina walked over and asked me, "Do you

remember when you and Charles held your wedding ceremony?"

Images of my wedding with Charles flashed through my mind.

Years ago, it would've been hard to imagine that I'd have four kids with him now.

At this time, the wedding march resonated in the hall.

Anna and her father were walking down the aisle while she held her father's arm. At first, she looked nervous. She turned her head and saw Nevaeh in the crowd. Anna scoffed at the bitch with disdain, and then she looked straight ahead, walking confidently towards Peter.

He held Anna's hand and put the ring on her finger.

She looked into his eyes with undisguised affection. While they smiled at each other, Peter drew closer towards Anna and kissed her.

After the ceremony, I went to the bathroom. While I was washing my hands, I saw Nevaeh behind me from the mirror.

"I'm surprised you and Charles aren't divorced yet." Nevaeh walked in, stopping one pace away from me. Her eyes were filled with disdain.

I shot her an indifferent glance as I continued to wash my hands. "That's none of your business."

She crossed her arms, eyeing me up and down while giggling arrogantly. "If Rita had been sensible enough to make the right choice, you wouldn't have had the chance to be with Charles." 3

I smirked at her, took out a tissue and used it to wipe my hands. "If you weren't too self-righteous, you might've had a shot at being Mrs. Moore."

Because of anger, Nevaeh burst into a maniacal laughter. Her face was distorted by anger and unwillingness to back down.

She scoffed and asked, "Are you saying that I'm not as good as Rita and you? You have no right to tell me that! You and Rita just happened to have the fortune of making a move before I could. If I hadn't gone away back then, you would've never won against me."

I shot her a glance while throwing the used tissue into the trash can. "Nevaeh, if you still can't be true to yourself at your age, then you just wasted thirty years of your life."

By now, I had lost my interest in arguing with a woman like Nevaeh. She deserved no more of my time, so I decided to walk away.

But then, she blocked my path and reached her hand out to stop me. "Stop being so arrogant, Caroline. Do you honestly believe that Charles loves you?"

"Listen here, you! It doesn't matter if he loves me or not. At the very least, I am his

legal wife. What about you? What did you get from him?" I looked her dead in the eye, chuckling sardonically.

Nevaeh's eyes turned red with anger. She grunted, "You've finally revealed your true colors, huh? You pretend to be such a goody-two-shoes in front of Charles and his family, but really, you're a conniving little bitch. You're the worst! You don't deserve Charles and you never will!"

"Nevaeh!"

A deep, angry voice came through when Peter walked in.

"What are you doing here?" asked Nevaeh.

"I should ask you the same question. What the fuck are you doing in here? Get the hell out!" Peter took a step forward, grabbed her wrist, and was ready to take her away. "Mrs. Moore, please excuse Nevaeh's rudeness. She's drunk. Don't take her words to heart."

I couldn't believe what he just did. It was

his wedding day today! How did he have the time to care about what Nevaeh was up to right now?

"Let me go. I'm talking to her! What are you doing here? Get off me! Go back to your newly wedded wife!" Nevaeh struggled to break free from his grasp.

"You're drunk, and you have no idea what the fuck you're talking about," said Peter.

"If you really care about me, then cancel your wedding with Anna and run away with me!" Nevaeh paused to look at Peter dead in the eye. ①

"You're still planning on taking her with you? Then, why did you even propose to me?" Anna happened to see what was happening. She stared at Peter with all the disappointment a woman could muster, turned around, and walked away.

"Anna, it's not what you think..." Peter let go of Nevaeh and ran after Anna.

Nevaeh rubbed her wrist and said, "See?"

Peter doesn't love Anna at all, just like how Charles doesn't love you."

While looking at her stupid face, I burst into laughter. I had no idea why this woman was always showing up in places to stick her nose into other people's affairs.

She was the Greem family's pampered daughter. She was also a conniving woman, hell-bent on jeopardizing other people's marriages and having affairs with married men.

"It's none of your business whether Charles loves me or not. You don't have the right to judge us," I said.

Nevaeh scoffed at me and said, "All I want is for you to embrace reality. No matter how hard you try to badger Charles, you won't be able to win his heart. You should just give up on him now."

"Do you really think that I'm the one who can't embrace reality, Nevaeh? Preposterous! I'll show you what reality is

right now!" I chuckled at her just to get on her nerves.

"What do you mean?" Nevaeh asked.

I glanced at the door and asked back, "What do you think Charles will do to you if I pass out in this moment?"

"Huh?" Nevaeh was perplexed.

I didn't explain any more. Instead, I retreated to the wall, leaned against it, slowly dropped to the floor and pretended to faint.

Just then, Charles came in and growled, "What did you do to her, Nevaeh?"

Agitated, Nevaeh approached him, visibly panicking. "I... I didn't touch her! She fell down all on her own."

Charles walked towards me, squatted down, and carried me from the floor gently.

Then, he shouted at Nevaeh, "I've told you before that I will let you go despite all

those ridiculous 'coincidences' you created, but I also warned you that if you ever hurt Caroline again, I will not show you a shred of mercy!"

"I didn't do anything! Charles, you've always been a level-headed and logical individual. Why can't you trust me this time? Caroline is just pretending!" Nevaeh explained with pleading eyes.

She broke into tears and cried her eyes out.

Unfortunately for her, Charles ignored her and carried me away.

Nevaeh's POV:

As I watched Charles walk away, panic enveloped my heart.

I ran after him and tried to grab his clothes.

There were so many people outside, but I didn't care about the fact that they were staring daggers at me.

"Charles, please believe me! Caroline is just pretending! Did I not tell you that she's a conniving fox? She uses your pity against you to keep you by her side!"

With a sullen expression, Charles took a step back to avoid my hand and shouted at me, "Get the fuck out of my way! Don't touch me! Nevaeh, your design is completely different from what I want. Go back and tell your director to assign another designer for me!"

I stumbled and almost fell to the ground.

I couldn't believe what I just heard. I watched as he held Caroline in his arms and walked away without looking back.

How could Charles be so heartless?

Spencer and Vivian came over, arm in arm. He heaved a sigh and said, "Have I not told you to stop messing with Caroline?"

"You all know that she's just pretending to be unconscious, right?" I looked at them, hoping to hear an affirmative answer.

As long as there was one person willing to believe me, there was still a chance for me to clarify this matter to Charles.

Vivian shook her head. "Don't you get it? It doesn't matter if you're telling the truth or not. What matters is who Charles loves and chooses to side with."

Spencer glanced at Vivian and smiled. "It's true that even if Caroline is just pretending, Charles will be happy to keep up the pretense with her. Nevaeh, you can keep thinking that you're better than Caroline, but the truth is, Charles only has eyes for her. Why do you keep deceiving yourself like this?"

As I looked into their eyes, I suddenly felt powerless. I began to feel dizzy, and tears were rolling down my cheeks.

How could this be? How could I lose to a woman like that?

Caroline was way beneath me! This just couldn't be possible!

The moment I saw my mother, I threw myself into her arms and broke into tears.

"Mom, I want to go home."

Nervously, she looked at me, wiped the tears from my eyes, and then held me tight in her arms. "Okay, honey. Let's take you home."

As I leaned against her shoulder, my cold heart gradually felt warm.


"Sorry to have made you worried, Mom," I told her.

"You're my daughter. I know you all too well, dear. Charles is already married. Why are you still obsessed with him? I mean, look at you! You can get any man you want. Why him?" My mother was lecturing me, but I could see the look of pity in her eyes.


I embraced her and said, "I promise you, I'll never do something stupid like that again." ³

I was really exhausted. If I had known

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that I was doomed to lose this gamble, I shouldn't have hurt myself and others like that. 11

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