

Chapter 568 Hold Another Wedding

Caroline's POV:

Charles carried me to the suite upstairs of the hotel near the church where the reception was held. Inside, he placed me on the bed, while he sat on the edge and said, "When are you planning to open your eyes?" 2

I kept my eyes closed and held my breath nervously, not daring to open my eyes.

"Well, it's a good thing that you don't want to wake up."

Before I could even begin to understand what he meant, I felt his warm breath seep into the skin on my face.

I opened my eyes and met Charles' deep-set smiling gaze.

His face was inches away from mine, and

he was about to kiss me. Fortunately, he stopped the second I opened my eyes.

Seeing his smile made me feel excited. "You knew that I was just pretending?"

Charles didn't answer the question. "Were you aware that I was outside at the time?"

I couldn't respond to his query, so I just stared at him blankly.

I had won the bet.

At first, I was just hoping that Nevaeh could accept the reality that Charles cared about me more and stop badgering him. However, he knew that I was just pretending, and yet he was willing to cooperate with me.

Charles tucked my hair behind my ear, lowered his head and said, "Honey, for keeping up with your act earlier, do you mind if I get a kiss as a reward?"

"What?" Before I could react, he had already kissed me lightly.

His lips felt cold, and they tasted like wine.

I stared at him blankly and dared not move for a while. I made sure that my hands rested on the bed and remained motionless.

The sunshine peered through the window and illuminated his face, eyelashes, and lips.

Time seemed to have stopped. The room fell into silence, and everything began to feel like a dream. ①

After a few more moments, I raised my hand to tug on his sleeve.

"Don't sit on the ground next time. It's cold down there." Charles moved his lips away from mine, and gently wiped them.

"You're not in good health. If you're planning to do something like that again, choose somewhere more comfortable and make sure to notify me about it in advance. I'm more than willing to keep up the act with my wife." ①

"Okay."

The ground indeed felt cold. As a matter of fact, I regretted the second I was on the ground.

But in order to make sure that Nevaeh would be defeated, I stuck to my plan and went through with my pretense.

I thought that I successfully managed to deceive Charles. But to my surprise, he actually saw through my act the minute he saw me.

Charles propped himself up on the bed and looked at me. There was a grin on his face. "That kiss just now was my reward for acting with you. But never do that again."

I was left speechless. He had indeed said something as pleasant as a dream. I even forgot where I was for a moment.

However, the last part of his speech jolted me back to reality.

Thinking of what I saw on the staircase

that day filled me with indignation. "Why can't I do it again? You're the one who can't even deal with the women trying to go after you! Are you seriously going to let them push me around?"

Sadness began to overwhelm me, and it brought tears to my eyes.

I turned my face away, for I didn't want to look into Charles' eyes.

He fell silent for a moment. Then, he held my face and made me face him. "Caroline, she didn't kiss me that day."

Feeling exasperated by his statement, I blurted out, "So, you're disappointed about it? Do you want to tell Nevaeh to come here and let you kiss her as much as you want?"

Charles' face turned grim. "What are you talking about?"

As tears fell down my cheeks, it became harder for me to speak. I looked into his eyes and stammered, "Am I wrong? I think

you enjoyed it when she tried to kiss you! You didn't even dodge her approach."

The moment I finished speaking, Charles lifted my chin and began kissing me passionately.

He was so aggressive that he didn't even leave me a second to breathe or react.

He held me tightly, pulling me closer towards him. He sucked and nibbled on my lips as much as he wanted.

His tongue drove into my mouth, interlocking with my own.

Because of his kiss, I began to lose my mind. I couldn't think of anything else. I instinctively wrapped my arms around his neck and let him kiss me.

It wasn't until my lips grew numb that Charles finally let me go.

As he gasped for air, the veins on his neck popped out because he was clearly emotional. "Caroline, believe me, I only went to see her to make things clear to

her. I told her that she shouldn't bother me ever again."

I covered my lips and glared at him. "Then why did you let her get close to you?"

"I was planning to back away, but you saw us before I could do it." Charles buried his face on my neck, gently nuzzling against it. Then, he planted a kiss on my neck. "You're the only woman I want to kiss, Caroline."

After listening to his explanation, I gradually felt better, and all the sadness in my heart began to disappear.

When I heard his last sentence, I blushed.

"Caroline, let's hold another wedding." Charles lay on his side as he rested his head on his arm.

"Huh?" I was stunned for a moment.

"I want you to put on your wedding dress for me again." I could feel the warmth of his palm as he cupped my cheek and locked eyes with me.

When I looked into his eyes, my heart began to race. I could still remember the day we held our wedding many years ago, and somehow, it compelled me to nod in response.

A month later, Charles and I held a grand wedding again. We invited our relatives, friends, and even business partners to attend the ceremony. 5

Truth be told, I didn't want to hold a grand wedding. I wanted to limit the invitations to our friends and family to have a simple feast. However, Charles had other plans in mind.

He said he wanted a lot more people to witness our declaration of love, and he wanted the whole world to know that I was his wife and his alone.

He even sent someone to France to pick up my father. 3

Even though my dad hadn't fully recovered all his motor functions yet and needed a

wheelchair to get around, he had regained his consciousness.

When he was wheeled in front of me, I saw the tears welling up in his eyes. "Oh, my dear sweet daughter! You look so beautiful. I hope you live a long and happy life, Caroline."

I lifted the hemline of my dress and bent over to hug him. Tears began to blur my vision. "Thank you, Dad. I know I will."

He was able to move his hands from his knees a little, but then he dropped them shortly afterwards. "Caroline, I will always protect you and be your strongest support system." ³

"Don't worry, Edward. I'll take good care of Caroline for you," Charles said as he came over and put his arm around my shoulder.

With the bouquet of flowers in hand, I stepped onto the red carpet and walked down the aisle towards Charles. Once I

was standing in front of him, I looked into his eyes.

The sun was shining on his face, making him even more charming than usual.

While staring into each other's eyes, we spoke our vows. He took my hand and put a ring on it. And once he was done, he planted a gentle kiss on the ring around my finger. Then, he lifted my veil, cupped my cheek, and kissed me.

The guests burst into applause and cheered for us.

When I nestled in his embrace, happiness filled me. It was as if I was living in a dream, and everything around me felt surreal.

I wrapped my hands around his neck and kissed him back.

For a singular moment, all the sounds around me had been drowned out, and only he and I remained in the world. We embraced each other tightly, and we

kissed to declare our love for each other.

From now on, nobody would be able to separate us. ①

After the wedding ceremony, many of our friends came to give us their blessings.

Helen approached with a glass of wine in hand. "Caroline, congrats on your marriage. I wish you and Charles a happy life."

"Thank you, and I wish you find your Mr. Right someday." I clinked my glass with hers.

"Caroline, I received an offer from the Hesmor Law Firm in New York. I'm actually here to bid you farewell," she replied.

I looked at her, visibly surprised. "Congratulations! I gotta be honest, Helen. I'm surprised that you decided to leave so suddenly."

Helen pursed her lips, seemingly feeling guilty. "Actually, Caroline, I've been lying

to you. My dad didn't die in a car accident two years ago. Many years ago he... committed suicide. And my mother didn't remarry anyone. Something's wrong with her brain. I found a private hospital in New York that would take her in, and I'm going back there to take care of her."

Stunned by this revelation, I glanced at my father sitting nearby us, and asked Helen, "Does my dad know about this?"

She shook her head and let out a sigh. "My mother said that she doesn't want him to know about her current situation. I'm hoping you can keep it a secret for me."

Judging from her tone, I inferred that she and her mother had suffered so much through these past years. But since she didn't seem to want to share more, I figured that it would be inappropriate to ask any more details. "I understand. Call me if you need anything."

Helen nodded in response. "I will. Thank


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you so much, Caroline." 11



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