

Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera (Caroline Evans)

Chapter 251

Posted by **Hamaaa**, 75 Views, Released on October 17, 2023

Chapter 251

Standing up, Kirk walked and stopped in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows. He glanced down to look at the people milling about

To him, supporting another company was a piece of cake. He could help Caroline out, no matter what she wanted to do.

It finally dawned on Charles why Kirk had wanted Evans Group's information back then.

"If you help her, Evans Group will surely come back to life," he said.

Kirk's back faced Charles, and he raised and shook a finger in the air. "Well I think my wife can bring Evans Group back to life on her own."

Kirk's judgment and premonition in business had always been error-free, but Charles didn't agree with him this time.

It wasn't that he looked down on Caroline, but the problem that Evans Group faced was simply too big. Even for him, it was much too severe to handle.

It would be easier to start a new business instead of taking it over.

"You don't believe me?" Kirk glanced sideways at Charles, which almost made the latter jump in fright.

Charles fell silent. He thought that Kirk was now completely blinded by love and that he'd be mad at him if he said that he didn't believe what he **said**.

Kirk read his mind but didn't point it out. He simply changed the topic and said, "Find a way to send her the information you gathered. Remember not to let her find out that we're behind this."

"Okay."

Just as Caroline got off work, she received a call from Adrian. "I'm downstairs," he said.

She checked the time and asked, astonished, "Already?"

Adrian chuckled. "It wouldn't be very courteous of me to make you wait."

"Gimme a moment. I'll go down in a few," said Caroline as she packed her things hurriedly.

"Okay." Adrian then hung up and waited patiently for her.

The car he was driving today was a luxury car, and it caught the attention of many around him.

"Huh? Isn't that the head of the food department?"

"Yeah! Holy cow! Is he really so rich? That's a Maserati!"

"Really?"

"Yes! It has Maserati's logo on it!"

Caroline came downstairs to see a crowd gathered at the entrance.

She instantly assumed that something had happened to the company again and that the journalists would come after the gossip too.

When she arrived at the door, she realized that the people were commenting about a luxury car.

"Why hasn't it left? Who is he waiting for?"

"Oh my gosh! I knew he was handsome all along! Back then, I thought that there would be no future for him since he's just a chef, but I

was so wrong!*

"I regret it now. If only I'd known that he was so rich, I'd have gone after him."

Confused, Caroline followed their gazes to look at the luxury car. The car door opened, and out stepped Adrian in his chef's whites.

It occurred to her that this was why she found him so familiar back then.

Wasn't he the one who had told her that he wouldn't lie to her when she had been making pizza that day?

Good gracious! If recognizing people's faces was a test, she would have failed a long time ago.

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All of them were shocked at this revelation. They hadn't expected the person he was waiting to to his fans

After the car sped away, one of the people in the crowd said, "Can't tell me this he's funding shorthand Olhares de ind of person who's rich enough to afford a Maserati would come to Thorne Corp just to be a shelf

"That's not possible. Caroline mentioned before that her husband is an ordinary person. How could a person will staserati renta ordinary?"

He was both handsome and wealthy, and he was a head chef, so his culinary skills must be top if someone like him was so plain and ordinary, everyone else was probably at the bottom of the social ladder.

"Maybe he's considered ordinary when compared to Eddy Morrison, someone suggested weakly, and the crowd speechless,

In the car, an apologetic Caroline told Adrian, "Sorry for not recognizing you at the cafeteria last time.

"Apparently, my looks are pretty ordinary," Adrian replied leasngly.

"So, it's only natural that you forget my face."

Caroline smiled, embarrassed. "Why are you working at Thorne Corp?"

After all, the Sorkin family's **business** was huge, so there was no way Adrian couldn't get a job for himself there,

"I'm a spy." Adrian said half-jokingly, Caroline stared at him, puzzled.

"You know that Thorne Corp belongs to Eddy Morrison's second uncle, right?"

Caroline nodded.

“But the man is simply too mysterious. My family only learned that he’s back in Easton after the merger of those major brands.”

Caroline remembered the time Jude had told her to keep her mouth sealed about the fact that Eddy’s second uncle had returned.

“But what information can you get by working in the cafeteria?”

“That’s the point!” Adrian’s voice was laced with enthusiasm as he started explaining.

“The job of a spy isn’t as exhilarating or entertaining as what the movies show us. It’s a matter of being vigilant and observant enough to pick out the details and analyze them to reach a conclusion.

He

added, “Besides, I like cooking. I’m not thinking of taking over my family’s business either. So, here I am, volunteering to cook at Thome Corp.”

“Our company’s group chat should be blown up by now,” Caroline joked. She imagined her colleagues’ faces after finding out that the food they ate every day was personally prepared by the second son of the Sorkin family. Everyone would be envious if word of this spread.

Adrian smiled and seemed like he couldn’t care less about that. “But the main reason I came here to work is that I like the company’s name.”

Caroline didn’t understand the implied message behind his words. She simply smiled and said, “I like it too.”

Adrian could tell that she hadn’t put too much thought into it, so he didn’t continue talking about it. “Great minds think alike.”

Soon, they arrived at the restaurant. They had already made a reservation earlier on.

Adrian was a regular here, and the restaurant’s manager came to greet them both warmly. When he saw Caroline behind him, he froze for a moment.

“Is he here?” Adrian asked the manager.

The manager snapped out of his daze and answered, “Yes, He’s waiting in the private room.”

Adrian nodded and brought Caroline into the room.

“It seems like you’re rather familiar with this place,” she said.

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Adrian opened the door, smiling at Caroline’s reaction.

The person in the private room raised his head to see Adrian and Caroline entering the room. Is Eversloot

Caroline nodded at him.

The man was rather friendly and started introducing himself. “Quentin Yach, private detective, I’ve been worden in tootedly *be par* No one can surpass my abilities.”

His brief introduction amused her. “Pleased to meet you. Just call *me* Caroline.”

Adrian watched the two of them from behind.

He joked, “Don’t be so full of yourself. As the one introducing you two, I’d suffer from second-hand smartp.SZEGE manage to embarrass yourself later.”

Quentin laughed out loud. “Worry not, Mr. Sorkin. If even I can’t get a clue about something, then no huma

Caroline felt very relieved to hear him say that. “I want you to investigate my driver.”

“Oh? What do you want to know?”

“What happened was” Caroline briefed Quentin about the incident and told him, “So, I want to know why he led to me, sang hat was the company’s arrangement. Why did he approach me, and what was his intention?”

Adrian knitted his brows together. The smile was no longer on his face. "Why don't you just fire him?"

Caroline blinked, confused. "Why?"

"First of all, he lied to you. Secondly, his background remains unknown to us, so keeping him by *your* side is like pocketing a toxing some.

Caroline smiled. "Perhaps it's because he's very kind to me. I want to be sure of everything before drawing conclusions"

Adrian pursed his lips, deep in thought. A moment later, he said, "Let me send you to work and fetch you home then

"That's not necessary." Caroline politely declined.

Quentin watched their interaction quietly. After Caroline left for the restroom, he seized the chance to ask Adrian. "Are you going after

"Eat your food," Adrian said without even glancing up at him.

Quentin chuckled. "Just go after her if you feel like it. There's no need to be shy," he said.

"Although this would be the first time I'm seeing you go after a woman."

Adrian's head snapped up to stare at him. "She's married."

Immediately, the smile on Quentin's face faltered. He placed his hand on the back of Adrian's chair

"So what? The rate of divorce is so high these days. Who knows if she'll get divorced someday."

"Besides," he added with a hint of humor. "Where there's a will, there's a way. A third wheel can only stay a th

an effort for it."

Adrian sent a kick in Quentin's direction, albeit without much force behind it. Quentin grinned and dusted the leg of his trousers.

“It’s not every day you meet someone you like. What’s more, with your status, it’s uncertain if you’ll get to meet someone your heart race if you miss the one before you now.”

An unfathomable expression flashed across Adrian’s eyes at his words.

Just then, Caroline entered the room. “This restaurant’s so huge that I almost got lost just now.”

Quentin glanced at Adrian and asked her, “Ms. Evans, do **you** like this restaurant?”

+15 BONOS

I do the interior design suits my taste.

“Oh—” Quentin dragged the word out before turning to look at Adrian.

“What do you think of Mr. Sorkin here, then?” He asked and was immediately awarded a kick under the table by Adrian.

Caroline was unaware of the meaning behind Quentin’s words. **She** simply looked sideways at Adrian and gave him her compliments.

“Naturally, Mr. Sorkin is at the peak of the chain. He’s good-looking, wealthy, and he’s good at cooking too.”

As she spoke, her mind suddenly drifted off to Kirk, and she added, “A man who cooks is quite striking to me.”

Hearing that Quentin started winking to get Adrian’s attention, but Adrian’s eyes already betrayed him, for there was a hint of a smite in them. He stopped kicking Quentin under the table after this.

After chatting for quite a while, Adrian stood up and told Caroline, “Let me send you home.”

“No, thanks.” Shaking her head, Caroline declined his offer.

“Jack’s here already.”

Adrian hesitated for a moment before replying, “Okay.”

After seeing her off, Quentin clicked his tongue. “What a good wife she is! She doesn’t give other men a chance at all, it seems to me that your journey to win her over would be a tough one indeed, Mr. Sorkin.”

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The company’s intranet had never bustled with so much activity before the first piece of news that caused Adrian in his car. The second one was a picture of Caroline getting into his car

Before this, someone had already found out that the person in the Maserati was indeed Adrian, the second son of the Sorkins.

Everyone was shocked to their cores to learn that he was the one they had always seen in the cafeteria

“This **was** a colossal mistake! Why didn’t I realize sooner that he was the Sorkins’ second son?

“I’m crying my lungs out. There’s something wrong with my eyes. Why did I think he was just an ordinary person before this?”

“Ladies, please stop your weeping. Adrian Sorkin’s married Caroline already, so it doesn’t matter if you met him sooner. He was married ages ago.”

“So that was why Caroline went to the kitchen back then! Just look at the way he looks at Caroline! Who knew that they had been together since the beginning?”

“It’s funny how some people claimed that Caroline married a driver. Even if the one she’s married to isn’t Adrian, her husband surely isn’t just an ordinary guy. You can’t take the words of the filthy rich seriously. Someone even said that a million dollars wasn’t worth mentioning!

Although Thome Corp was a cosmetics company, it had its fair **share** of computer whizzes. It wasn’t long before someone discovered that Caroline and Adrian had known each other since they were young.

What's more, he had left the country soon after she was sent *away* when she was eight years old. The thing was that they went to the same **country** abroad, not to mention the same state. The schools they studied at were only a street apart.

Despite the tiny bits of information they had received, **many** people started shipping Adrian and Caroline.

"Childhood sweethearts are the best sort of couples to ship!"

"The thing is that he dealed another childhood friend of hers!"

"Lmao! I'd like to see Eddy Morrison's reaction to this!"

Caroline had just arrived home. She was about to turn on her computer to search for some information about Evans Group when Cheryl

messed her.

"Caroline! I **never** knew you and Adrian were in a relationship! You've kept it hidden so well that I had no clue about it at all! -Cheryl"

Allached to her message were two links to the company's Intranet. Only after clicking them **open** did Caroline realize that the incident this afternoon had spread like wildfire.

She knew that the topic was **going** to heat up, but she had never expected her colleagues to mistake her and Adrian for a couple.

There were some who commented that Adrian had **had** a crush on her for years and that he followed her abroad and returned to the

country with her.

They even said that he had always protected her in secret when she fell in love with Eddy and was hurt.

If the **person** they were talking about wasn't her, Caroline would have believed everything they said. In truth, she and Adrian had little chance of interacting with each other.

She didn't **remember** much of her life before she turned eight years old. So she tried to understand how she and Adrian became childhood sweethearts out of the blue.

After she'd left the country, she had spent all her time buried in her books, studying, and training herself to become a "qualified" daughter-in-law for the **Morrison**s. The name Adrian was unfamiliar to her at the time.

It was only after she spent time with Eddy that she met Adrian. Still, their encounters were brief and left no chance for interaction.

She really couldn't comprehend how her colleagues managed to make up a whole heap of stories with their imaginations.

"What are you looking at?" Kirk asked as he stepped out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist.

+15 BONOS

Fog spilled out of the bathroom as he approached Caroline and hugged her from behind. He leaned against her with his warm chest pressed against her back.

Caroline pushed him away absentmindedly, her eyes glued to her phone. "My colleagues are making up a story about me and a colleague."

Kirk's gaze sharpened. "Oh? What kind of story is it?"

"It's a love story that tugs at one's heartstrings," she said, putting down her phone and glancing up at him.

Teasingly, she told him, "You've made my clothes wet."

Kirk's eyes held a touch of a smile. "You haven't showered yet, anyway."

He tilted her chin upward and asked, "Can I take a look at it?"

"Sure." Caroline handed him her phone **and** added, "I truly admire them **for** their Imagination. They managed to call two people who have nothing to do with each other childhood sweethearts."

Kirk's gaze zeroed in on the words "Adrian Sorkin" while Caroline got up to grab herself a fresh set of clothes.

After scrolling through her phone for a moment, he raised his head and asked, "Darling, who did you go out to get lunch with today?"

"Adrain, the Sorkin family's second son. You've heard of him, right?" Caroline grabbed her pajamas and entered the bathroom.

Kirk's face darkened as he listened to the sound of running water. After a while, he grabbed his phone and walked out to the balcony to

call Charles.

"I want every bit of information you can get about Adrain Sorkin!"

Charles had sleep in his eyes when he answered the call. But he became wide awake the moment he heard Kirk's hoarse voice. "Okay," he

said.

Kirk fell silent for a moment after hanging up. He then picked up his phone once again to call Jack.

At the same time, Jack was busy packing his luggage. Tomorrow would be the last day he sent the madam to work.

After that, he'd go overseas and go back to where he came from. It wasn't like he didn't want to carry on with this job of his.

But he found it rather devastating that a long-term UFC champion like him was asked to drive someone to work every day.

He wanted to fight back! He wanted to punch someone so very badly!

That was the reason his eyes lit up in excitement the moment he saw the caller on his phone's screen. "Mr. Kirk."

"You're staying here for now."

Confused, Jack fell silent. A moment later, he sensed that Kirk was going to end the call, so he asked, "Why?"

He regretted asking right after that.

As a subordinate, he should be carrying out his superior's orders, not questioning them,

On the other end of the line, though, Kirk didn't get mad at him. He simply told Jack, "Keep an eye on Caroline. Stop her from getting in touch with Adrian."

Jack was flabbergasted. Kirk was simply too possessive of Caroline.

Caroline walked out of the bathroom soon after Kirk ended the call. She had changed into her pajamas. She wore a pair of long pants and a long-sleeved shirt.

Despite that, the sight of her made Kirk's eyes burn with desire. He beckoned to call her over and said, "Darling, I feel hot."

"You're feeling hot? Let me take a look." Caroline approached him cautiously.

Just then, Kirk hooked an arm around her waist, which made her frown and say, "Did you just lie to me?"

"Nope." Kirk was already kissing her by her earlobe. "I'm on fire."

He was totally different from usual tonight, and Caroline was mad at him for this. She kicked him once, pulled the blanket over, and turned

+15 BONOS

Now completely rolled up in the blanket except for **her** eyes, she told him, "I'm going to sleep now. If you do it again, I'll make you sleep on

the couch tonight."

Kirk smirked and enveloped Caroline in his arms with the blanket still around her. He trapped her with his legs, cutting off any means of escape for her.

Caroline was so exhausted that she couldn't care less about what he was **trying** to do. Somehow, she found this position strangely comfortable, so she didn't resist and drifted into sleep soon.

As Kirk watched her sleep, the smile in his eyes eventually disappeared. Caroline was much too popular these days. Perhaps he should step up and tell the world who she rightfully belonged to.

Posted by **Hamaaa**, ? Views, Released on October 17, 2023

Chapter 255

On the filming set, a night shoot was in progress.

Filming at night was the number-one headache for act body.

cause staying up late could severely affect collagen production in the

To Daphne, though, this was nothing to be concerned about. The filming crew had emptied out one of the best dressing rooms and even

thoughtfully laid out a bed for her.

It was all because she was one of the Morisons now.

“I really loathe that self-concerted look of hers? After staying in the ribey wind for so long, one of the crewmembers couldn’t help but

voice her dissatisfaction while shifting her feet in the cold.

“Her face is full of plastic, and her acting skits aren’t good ether. It’s awful enough that she makes things tough for us all the time, but can’t she just play her part property and professionally ? She should just go home and be a full-time housewife since she’s married already.

Someone shushed her. “Do you have a death wish? Some of our colleagues were fired just because they didn’t hear her complain about

the water being too cold for her to drink”

“She’s like a deity now. We’ll just have to bear with t

Just then, a commotion erupted at the entrance of the set. Both crew members glanced over and stiffened when they saw the person who

arrived.

The director noticed her too, and he tossed the gadget in his hand and rushed forth to greet her. "Mrs. Collins, to what do we owe the pleasure?"

Jane Dawson. Howard Collins's wife, was a woman who led a pampered and extravagant restyle. Most of the time, she would stay at home, following a strict skincare regimen and playing poker with her tents at casinos.

Rather than answering the director, Jane refused to acknowledge him and simply hollered, "Where's Ms. Dawson? Here to see her."

The director then ordered the crew members to look for Daphne. When one of them arrived at the dressing room, she was stopped from entering the place.

Daphne's agent looked her up and down before telling him in a lowered voice. "Don't you know that Ms. Daphne's taking a nap? Can you afford to disturb her?"

Distressed, the crew member explained. "Mrs. Collins is here."

The agent's expression shifted instantly. "What here. I so in and wake up. Caonne un."

With that said, she pushed the curtains apart and entered the dressing room.

Daphne wasn't asleep, instead, she was busy strolling on her phone. When she saw her agent entering the room, she scowled and asks

"Why did you come in?"

The agent smiled politely at her. "Mrs. Dawson is here. She probably came to give you a massage."

Daphne shot up from the bed but sat down the next moment, which acted the agent act, what's wrong?"

Daphne hesitated before telling her, "Go out and help me assess the site."

1. on. Come back and call me again when she's pissed."

The agent instantly knew what she meant and went out of the dressing room.

In truth, Daphne wanted to take advantage of Jane's coming here to show everyone the amount of power and influence she had.

After all she wasn't truly Kirk's wife, so she'd better grasp the chance to do what

leave the dressing room.

See please. She would take her own sweet time to

About half an hour later, Jane started

Chapter 255

+15 BONUS

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Filming at night was the number-one headache for actresses because staying up late could severely affect collagen production in the body.

To Daphne, though, this was nothing to be concerned about. The filming crew had emptied out one of the best dressing rooms and even thoughtfully **laid** out a bed for her.

It was all because she was one of the Morrises now.

"I really loathe that self-conceted look of hers!" After staying in the nippy wind for so long, one of the crewmembers couldn't help but voice her dissatisfaction while shifting her feet in the cold.

"Her face is full of plastic, and her acting skills aren't good either. It's awful enough that she makes things tough for us all the time, but **can't** she just play her part properly and professionally? She should just go home and be a full-time housewife since she's married already.

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Jane Dawson, Howard Collins’s wife, was a woman who led a pampered and extravagant lifestyle. Most of the time, she would stay at home, following a strict skincare regimen and playing poker with her friends all day.

Rather than answering the director, Jane refused to acknowledge him and simply hollered, “Where’s Ms. Dawson? I’m here to see her!”

The director then ordered the crew members to look for Daphne. When one of them arrived at the dressing room, she was stopped from

entering the place.

Daphne’s agent looked her up and down before telling him in a lowered voice, “Don’t you know that Ms. Daphne’s taking a nap? Can you

afford to disturb her?”

Distressed, the crew member explained, “Mrs. Collins is here.”

The agent’s expression shifted instantly. “Wait here. I’ll go in and wake Ms. Daphne up.”

With that said, she pushed the curtains apart and entered the dressing room.

Daphne wasn’t asleep. Instead, she was busy scrolling on her phone. When she saw her agent entering the room, she scowled and asked.

“Why did you come in?”

The agent smiled politely at her. "Mrs. Dawson is here. She probably came to give you a handbag."

Daphne shot up from the bed but sat down the next moment, which puzzled the agent. "Daph, what's wrong?"

Daphne hesitated before telling her, "Go out and help me assess the situation. Come back and call me again when she's pissed."

The agent instantly knew what she meant and went out of the dressing room.

In truth, Daphne wanted to take advantage of Jane's coming here to show everyone the amount of power and influence she had.

After all, she wasn't truly Kirk's wife, so she'd better grasp the chance to do whatever she pleased. She would take her own sweet time to

leave the dressing room.

About half an hour later, Jane started looking peeved. Only then did Daphne's agent message her, and she left the dressing room, cursing and swearing.

+15 BONOS

"You idiots! Why didn't you wake me up and tell me that Mrs. Lollins was here I'm so triggering pissed!

Her voice punctured the air all the way from the dressing room to the set. She then apologized to Jane when she finally stopped before her. "Mrs. Collins, I'm so sorry to keep you waiting."

Jane didn't put much thought into it. Instead, she took Daphne's hands in hers with much enthusiasm and said, "Never mind. It's my fault for coming here to disturb you at this hour. I saw several handbags not long ago, and I thought they were pretty. So I came here to give them to you."

As Jane spoke, her bodyguards presented Daphne with the handbags. There were twenty of them, and all of their designs were classic.

Just when everyone thought that the display of handbags was coming to an end, Jane had her men bring in another twelve handbags. These twelve were the latest models on the market that couldn't be found in the country yet.

All eyes glanced at Daphne in envy. Luckily, Daphne was an actress and could reign in her emotions. Otherwise, she'd be jumping for joy at these presents already.

Today's Bonus Offer

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Chapter 256

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Collins. You're too kind to me."

"It's my pleasure. We're family, after all."

After chatting for a bit, Jane yawned and said, "I won't take your time anymore since you still have a film to shoot."

After she left, a horde of people crowded around Daphne and started pestering her with their comments of admiration.

"Ms. Dawson!

You're so lucky! I always thought that a famous actress like you would lead an extravagant lifestyle, I didn't know that the filthy rich would be such spendthrifts! She gave you 24 handbags like it was nothing!"

"Does your husband treat you like this too? You should get yourself a mansion to store all your bags!"

"I'm turning green with **envy**! Ms. Dawson, give me some of your luck!"

This was exactly what Daphne wanted. Kirk couldn't care less about her, but as long as the Collins family tried to get on her good side, nobody would doubt that she was Kirk's wife.

A soft smile formed on her lips, and she told them, "It's nothing, really. All of you are exaggerating. We just own a bit more luxury cars, properties, clothes, and jewelry compared to others."

“A bit more? Or do you mean a million more?” Someone teased.

“Ms. Dawson, bring your husband here to us! Rumor has it that he’s a genius among the business elite. Is he good-looking? Let us meet him!”

Daphne’s expression turned ugly for a moment when she heard that, but she covered it up quickly and **said**, “Sure. But he’s busy handling

his business overseas. I don’t think he has much time to spare.”

“It’s fine. We’re free whenever he comes for a visit.”

Daphne was at a loss for words and didn’t reply.

The next day, Caroline received a call from a private detective while she was working. It wasn’t from Quentin but from a detective she

found through an advertisement.

She hung up without a second thought.

The caller was relentless and called her a second time. This time, Caroline answered the call.

Trying her best to be patient, she said, “Haven’t I told you before that I’ve found another private detective who’s more reliable?”

The person on the other end of the line answered. “Miss, I have some information on Evans Group’s internal affairs. Are you interested in

this?”

Caroline froze. She had almost ended the call. “Evans Group? Are you talking about the one that was part of the big four families in the

past?”

“Yes.” The caller sounded enthusiastic, as if he could tell that she was tempted by his offer.

“If you’re interested, I can sell it to you at a cheaper price.”

Caroline fell silent for a moment before telling him, "Let me check a part of the Information first. I need to know if what you're giving me is genuine."

"No problem," he said, asking for her email address.

Five minutes later, the email came, and Caroline clicked it open to scan through the document.

Indeed, its content was all about Evans Group. The thing was that the longer she read through the document, the more unsettled she became.

Morrison Corp's investment in Evans Group increased over the years. Logically speaking, Evans Group shouldn't have suffered such a great loss every year, even if the company didn't perform well.

+15 BONOS

At the very least, its deficit shouldn't have increased year after year.

Caroline continued scrolling, and soon she discovered that there was something off with the company's accounts.

When she had made a bet with Eddy a few months ago, she had once transferred 500 thousand dollars to Evans Group's account. However, there was no record of this in the company's ledger at all.

Just then, her phone rang again, and the caller asked, "What do you think? Do you want it?"

Caroline inhaled deeply and said, "Yes. How much is it?"

"One thousand dollars," he replied.

Caroline blinked, finding it dubious. She thought that perhaps he had missed the word "million." What she just read should cost more than the price he requested.

She subconsciously tapped a finger on her table as the thought of this being a fraud flashed through her mind.

Chapter 257

415 BONOS

Caroline didn't give the private detective

Is she suspecting 24h

swer, which made him het Turning to look at Charles, who

him, he mouthed,

Charles

composed as ever. But deep down, he was more anxious than the private detective,

A moment later, Caroline spoke. "Are you sure that you're asking for one thousand doll

"Yes," the detective replied nasty

Worried that she would regret her decision, he added, "One thousand dollars is enough. Do you want H

"Yes," Caroline told him. "But you have to send it to another email address of mine."

Later, she gave the detective an email address that she rarely used. Once everything was done, he hung up and humed to Charles, "You

clearly had no faith in me."

Charles tossed him a sideways glance and said. "Stop babbling and send her the information."

"Okay, fine. Where's my thousand dollars then?"

He barely finished his sentence when he received a notification on his phone, Glancing at the screen, he carefully counted the zeios.

There were five zeros, which was just the right amount.

He beamed and said, "Thanks a bunch, boss. Don't hesitate to call me when there's a task like this in the future."

Charles didn't reply. If anything, the private detective should be thanking Kirk instead.

Charles returned to Morrison Corp and knocked on the door to Kirk's office. After entering the room, he reported his progress. "Sir, we've successfully sent the information to the madam"

To be frank, Charles was rather pleased with himself, so he added, "The madam will never know that you're the one behind this."

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Today's Bonus Offer

Posted by **Hamaaa**, ? Views, Released on October 17, 2023

Chapter 257

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Is she suspecting 24h

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"Yes," the detective replied nastily.

Worried that she would regret her decision, he added, "One thousand dollars is fine. Do you want it?"

"Yes," Caroline told him. "But you have to send it to another email address of mine."

Later, she gave the detective an email address that she rarely used. Once everything was done, he hung up and humed to Charles, "You clearly had no faith in me."

Charles tossed him a sideways glance and said. "Stop babbling and send her the information."

"Okay, fine. Where's my thousand dollars then?"

He barely finished his sentence when he received a notification on his phone, Glancing at the screen, he carefully counted the zeios.

There were five zeros, which was just the right amount.

He beamed and said, "Thanks a bunch, boss. Don't hesitate to call me when there's a task like this in the future."

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Chapter 258

Is this Sean?

haaraal. Anken as he heard carpine's vole, the only thing that came to his mind was Fil's unfortunate plight

He could barely hold his laughter as he answered, 'It's

Remember what you all before you went ahead? That you would help me investigate Layla"

Sean took a moment to think before he reuttered Layla's name 'Oh, yeah'

She went to jail for a bit, but as soon as she was released her illness seemed to have been cured I seriously doubt whether she was

even sick in the first place or if it was all just an act

Sean's smile vanished from his face. "What did you just say? She's okay now?"

"Yeah In fact I looks like she has recovered completely, free of any aftereffects. Could there really be a miracle doctor who cured her

Sean firmly denied it. That's impossible. I read Layla's medical records. At that stage, her only option was a kidney transplant. After that, she would have had a long road to recovery too."

Caroline's heart thumped furiously in her chest. She was even more convinced that Layla had been taking her illness.

Last time around, you said that a check-up would reveal the truth. But now that she's self-proclaimed healthy again, running tests on her

won't do us any good, will it?"

Sean pondered for a moment. "That's true. But if she were truly faking it all, there's no way she could have fooled everyone. You know what? Leave this matter to me. I'll find out more for you."

The knot in Caroline's brows eased up. "Thanks a million, then."

Sean smiled and replied, "It's no problem at all. But if you really want to make it up to me, you could slip in a good word to Gwen for me."

Caroline chuckled. "Sure thing. On that note, how are things between you guys?"

"Not bad."

After a short pause, he added, "But I feel like there's this wall between us. It seems impossible to open up our hearts to each other."

Caroline could more or less guess what may have made him say that. However, since Gwen hadn't mentioned anything, she couldn't possibly be the bearer of such news as her best friend.

She could only say, "Maybe spending more time together will help."

Meanwhile, on the basketball court, Adrian scored a shot into the hoop and walked out without looking back.

Quentin passed him some water and a towel.

"Say, you should get yourself a girlfriend ASAP. You're making a big man like me do this girly stuff. What's more, would you just look at all the attention we're getting? Those who don't know you probably think I'm your partner."

Adrian tipped his head backward and took a large gulp from the bottle.

The alluring movement of his Adam's apple as he swallowed was downright sensuous.

After quenching his thirst, he tossed the bottle back at Quentin.

Quentin caught it before it hit him, his reluctance on full display. "What's wrong? Are you mad?"

He had already noticed how fiercely Adrian had been playing. He was so intimidating, even to the few men who were taller and more buff than he was.

Adrian sighed gloomily. "**That** article that went viral got taken down."

+15 BONOS

"What article?"

Quentin was confused for a good moment before he understood what he meant. "You mean the one about you and Ms. Evans?"

Adrian remained silent, neither admitting nor denying it.

Quentin let out a hearty laugh. "Seriously? You're not actually upset about this, are you? Hey, were you the one who created that article? Goddamn, Mr. Sor

kin, you really are one scheming man. I take back what I said yesterday—you're quite the underminer."

Adrian furrowed his brows. "I don't have that much time on my hands."

The paparazzi had just captured their picture by chance.

Coincidentally, the news agency that they reported to happened to belong to his family. The chief editor had asked if he could publish it.

He couldn't have replied with less concern.

However, he hadn't expected things to blow up so quickly.

What came even more unexpectedly was the fact that everything related to their relationship was wiped off the internet as quickly as it spread. Even everything on Thome Corp's intranet was thoroughly obliterated.

It was as though it had never existed.

Quentin dragged Adrian into a chair. He had never seen him in such a state of distress.

"So what if it's been taken down? Regardless of people's speculations, it's still someone else's wife we're talking about here."

Posted by **Hamaaa**, ? Views, Released on October 17, 2023

Chapter 259

At the very least, its deficit shouldn't have increased year after year.

Caroline continued scrolling, and soon she discovered that there was something off with the company's accounts.

When she had made a bet with Eddy a few months ago, she had once transferred 500 thousand dollars to Evans Group's account. However, there was no record of this in the company's ledger at all

Just then, her phone rang again, and the caller asked, "What do you think? Do you want it?"

Caroline inhaled deeply and said, "Yes. How much is it?"

"One thousand dollars," he replied.

Caroline blinked, finding it dubious. She thought that perhaps he had missed the word "million." What she just read should cost more than the price he requested.

She subconsciously tapped a finger on her table as the thought of this being a fraud flashed through her mind.

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Adrian stared into the far distance and said, “I just find it mind-blowing that someone has so much power to wipe out everything about it in the blink of an eye.”

Quentin propped his chin up on a hand. “Well who else could it be? Of course it’s the Morrison family.” 1

Adrian turned to look at him.

“I heard that Mr. Morrison Senior is still hoping that Ms. Evans will marry into the family. That’s why he’s been urging his grandson to pursue her.

“You could say that the old man’s wired rather peculiarly. Usually, the rich shun divorcees like nothing else, but Mr. Morrison Senior doesn’t seem to care at all.

“All he wants is to make Ms. Evans...”

Quentin paused. He knew the rest of his statement couldn’t be more insinuating. Hence, he just swallowed the words.

Nevertheless, Adrian didn’t think much of it. “But aren’t Eddy and Layla getting along particularly well lately?”

“Yeah, I heard he’s helping her acquire Evans Group.” Quentin took a cigarette from its pack and slipped it between his lips.

“I guess he’s hoping that the old man would view her in a different light if she becomes the CEO. Who knows, it might even pave the way for their marriage.”

Adrian laced his fingers and rested them on the table. Upon giving it more thought, he agreed that only the Morrisons would do something as absurd as this.

After a pause, he asked again, “How are things going with the investigation for Caroline?”

“No one’s that quick, dude. It hasn’t even been a day yet.”

Adrian pursed his lips and spoke no further.

Right as Caroline got off work, she received a call from Kirk. He told her that he wouldn’t be able to discuss the shooting that night as he

had other matters to tend to.

Kirk’s tone on the phone sounded normal. Caroline didn’t put much thought into it before she hung up and headed straight home.

Meanwhile, in a private room, Kirk tugged at his tie and downed a glass of alcohol in frustration.

Sitting beside him, Sean looked at him with contempt. “Is this even necessary? What Caroline and that man have between them is just a rumor, isn’t it? Wait, no, does it even count? The two of them are innocent through and through. They didn’t even hold hands.”

Kirk guzzled another bottle and let out an exasperated sigh. “If you want to get lost, you don’t have to hold back.”

Sean didn’t respond.

He quietly kept Kirk company as he downed more than a few drinks. As time went by, he realized that something seemed amiss.

Kirk was wobbling left and right, and his eyes were glossed over in a daze. It was as if ... he were drunk!

The corners of Sean’s lips twitched. He knew exactly how high Kirk’s alcohol tolerance was. There was no way he would get drunk so

quickly.

Initially, he thought that Kirk was playing tricks **again** so that he would have an excuse for Caroline to come by and pick him up.

A couple of minutes later, though, he saw Kirk staggering to his feet. It was then that he knew for sure—Kirk was truly intoxicated.

In fact, he was completely wasted.

“Kirk?” Sean nudged him gently.

1.2

Kirk impatiently lunged off, “Don’t touch me. Only my wate can touch me.”

Sean was utterly dumbstruck.

Fine, then.

Still the same old model student from the School of Chivalry after all.

“I’ll call Caroline and let her know to come pick you up, then.”

“Don’t.” Now that he was drunk, his usual calmness was nowhere to be found. Instead, there was a touch of cuteness as he slurred, “Don’t call my wife.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t want to argue with her over Jealousy. I don’t want to receive the cold shoulder from her...”

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“Repeat what you just said.”

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