

Chapter 556 You Belong To Me

Caroline's POV:

Around nine in the morning, Charles and I sat in the mediation room of the law office.

The lawyer explained all of the terms in the divorce agreement for about half an hour. Charles was wearing a black suit, sitting there with a fearsome expression. 2

He wasn't saying anything, so it was hard to tell what was on his mind.

The lawyer, on the other hand, was visibly feeling awkward. He stood there, staring at me like he needed some help.

Thus, I had to speak up. "Charles, it's time to sign the agreement."

Charles stared at me for a long time before he finally broke his silence. "We've decided to make things work," he said listlessly. 4

Stunned by his statement, I looked at him with my

mouth left agape. "What the hell are you talking about?"

How could he do this to me?

Things had already reached this point, and yet he still had the audacity to be so shameless!

What the hell was he thinking? Did he believe that our relationship was still the same as it used to be? Did he really think that I'd still be easily fooled by him and choose to stand by him as long as he came up with some more excuses?

Charles looked into my eyes and replied, "I've seen our previous agreement before. If I ask for a divorce, I'll have to concede all of my properties to you. Which is why I can't afford to divorce you."

Having said that, he stood up and walked out of the room.

I apologized to the lawyer and quickly followed after Charles.

When I got out of the room, I saw him standing at the foot of the stairs from a distance. I ran after him and asked, "What is the matter with you, Charles?"

Charles turned around and sternly replied, "There's

nothing wrong with me. I'm serious. I won't divorce you."

His sudden change of mind almost drove me crazy. "I already told you that I don't want any of your properties. Everything you have will remain yours. All I want is a divorce!"

"But you belong to me as well, Caroline." Charles walked up to me, staring intently at my face. His eyes were affectionate, and it somehow made me feel like we weren't even fighting in the first place. It was as if we weren't here to get divorced.

I stared back at him, at a loss for words.

Charles tucked a loose strand of my hair behind my ear and said, "You also belong to me, Caroline. Have you forgotten that?" He sounded really serious. 2

I stared at him blankly. And for some reason, I felt dizzy and it was as if there was a lump in my throat.

We stood there for a long time before I averted my gaze from him and tried to regain my rationality. "Charles, if you don't want to sign it, you'll have to wait for the court's decision."

That evening, I went to Nina's place and told her what had happened this morning.

She handed me a file; her face was laden with worry. "Charles rejected the divorce agreement, and he has provided evidence to support his decision. He's using the fact that you're nursing your child right now, and that you used to love each other deeply as evidence."

"What kind of evidence has he provided?"

"There are photos, articles, and posts on the Internet. You two were a well-known couple, and Charles has never betrayed you once," Nina answered. ②

I shook my head, chuckling bitterly. All the love he gave me were just illusions. Even when we were quarreling and not speaking to each other, he could still act like a gentle, loving husband on the surface.

But I must admit that his pretense managed to deceive everyone. ①

Our relationship had been shattered to pieces once. Even if we tried to make up, all the broken parts and cracks of our relationship would still

remain. ①

Nina pulled out a chair, sat in front of me, and held my hand. "Are you sure that you want to get divorced, Caroline?"

"I'm certain," I said.

After a moment of contemplation, Nina nodded in response. "You may be nursing your child, but if you continue pleading for a divorce, we can make another appeal after six months."

"Do we really have to wait that long?" I clenched my fists because I felt upset.

"Unfortunately, it's part of the procedure. Unless you can provide evidence of mistreatment such as domestic violence, we can't make any moves right now. But before you say anything, I have to let you know that whatever happens in your marital bed doesn't count," Nina explained.

I blushed and stood up to avoid her. I was annoyed by what she said. "Be more serious! How could you still joke at a time like this?"

"I am being serious. For the next six months, we'll have to gather as much evidence as we can find. If your problem persists and becomes worse over

this period of time, we can get a divorce on your second appeal," she countered.

"Okay. I understand."

"Hey, girls! Come and have dinner first," Abner said as he walked out of the kitchen with the food he cooked.

"Let's go wash our hands before having some dinner, shall we?" said Nina.

I stared at Abner's back in a daze. Somehow, he reminded me of how Charles used to cook at home for me.

Pretty soon, I gathered my composure. It was hard not to despise myself because of the thoughts I was having. 5

We were about to get divorced, and yet I still longed for him. 7

After dinner, Abner escorted me downstairs. We chatted as we walked on.

Upon reaching the door, I noticed a familiar black Maybach pulled over by the road.

There was a tall man in a suit and leather shoes, walking over with an umbrella in hand. 4

Raindrops fell on the umbrella. With every passing second, the sound of his footsteps drew closer and closer, and it made my heart tremble.

"Someone's here to pick you up, I see. Anyway, I'm heading upstairs. Take care, Caroline." Abner nodded at Charles before leaving.

"Is this a bad time? Am I disturbing you?" Charles' face was visible beneath the umbrella, and his voice was even colder than the rain.

"You're right. You're bothering me." I glared at him, visibly annoyed.

"Come with me. Or would you like to stay here instead?" Charles stood by the door, showing no intention to go inside. He spoke in an estranged manner.

I felt like my heart had been sunk into an ice cave. Feeling choked up, I walked over with my head down.

Along the way, neither Charles nor I could speak. And when we got home, Tracy brought me some water for me to soak my feet into. The warm water helped to ease the cold numbness of my feet.

Once I was done washing my feet, I played with Jessica for a while. Later on, I lulled her to sleep and soon fell asleep on the bed.

Later that night, I was awakened by nightmare. I was sweating all over.

Suddenly, a warm palm covered my forehead. "Were you having a nightmare?" The sound of Charles' husky, sleepy voice made me realize that he had just been awakened as well.

My ears buzzed when I heard his voice. I stared at him, visibly astonished. "What are you doing here? And where is our daughter?"

"She is sleeping in her own room." Charles didn't remove his hand on my forehead, and soon his face turned grim. "You're burning up."

I indeed felt dizzy, but I couldn't imagine catching a cold that easily.

I refused to believe him. I wanted to touch my own forehead, but he stopped me. He held my face and drew closer. I could see in his eyes that he was really worried. "Don't move. You really do have a fever."

We were so close to each other that we could

feel each other's breath. I wanted to distance myself from him, but I didn't have any strength left in me.

Charles soon let go of me, got out of bed, and grabbed a thermometer somewhere. "Raise your hand."

I stared at him in a daze and let him lift my arm up. Then, he placed the thermometer under my armpit. I suddenly felt weak all over.

The next day, I heard a phone buzzing and it woke me up.

I opened my eyes to see that someone was calling Charles, but he didn't seem to be here.

There was no caller ID, but the number seemed familiar.

After pondering for a moment, I decided to press the answer key. "Hello?"

"Caroline?" The person on the other end of the line fell silent for a moment before speaking in a surprised tone.

"Nevaeh," I said. When she guessed who I was, I recognized her voice as well.

"It is me. Where's Charles? I need to talk to him."

Just then, the bathroom door opened. Charles walked out and asked, "Who are you talking to?"

"Nevaeh." I returned the phone to him and lay back on the bed.

"Peter is in full charge of the project now, so don't contact me again," Charles said to Nevaeh as he sat down on the edge of the bed and touched my forehead. 3

With that, he ended the phone call.

"Caroline, I swear, there's nothing happening between me and Nevaeh. It's just about work. I honestly thought that she was going to die that night, so I went to see her for one last time." 2

"You don't have to explain to me." I turned my back to him because I didn't want to talk about it anymore.

However, Charles refused to let it go. "Caroline, if anything happens to any of your friends, you'll surely go see them, won't you?"

I turned around and asked, "So, she's your friend?"

"I grew up together with her, didn't I?" Charles asked rhetorically.

I smiled as my tears blurred my vision. "There are

lots of people whom we grew up together with, but not all of them remain our friends."

"How is that the same as my case?" Charles frowned. "If you don't like it, I'd like you to know that she means nothing to me." 4

As I looked into his eyes, I couldn't help but feel sad. It took me some time before I found my voice again. "Charles, even if we can't get divorced right now, I'll make an appeal in six months' time. Don't think that we can't get divorced just because I'm nursing our child. As long as I continue my plea, the court will eventually accept it."

Charles' hand slid down from my shoulder. "I know that." He sounded really disappointed. 7