

Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera (Caroline Evans)

Chapter 171

Posted by **Hamaaa**, 142 Views, Released on October 9, 2023

Chapter 171

After more than half an hour, Caroline finally arrived at the bar Sean had told her to come to. When she saw the flowing traffic surrounding the place, she started feeling deeply suspicious.

Wasn't this a busy main road? **Why** couldn't they get an Uber?

Caroline didn't think more about it. She quickly found Sean waving at her. "Over here!"

She walked rapidly over. Not far off, Kirk was leaning against a pole.

In the dim light of the night, Caroline couldn't see his features clearly.

Only when she got closer did she see that Kirk's eyes were slightly closed. His forehead was scrunched up, and he looked as if he were in pain. The smell of alcohol surrounded him.

It seemed that Kirk must have drunk a lot.

"Kirk, Caroline patted Kirk's cheeks.

Kirk opened his eyes, his red eyes meeting Caroline's gaze all of a sudden.

Caroline shuddered violently. It was as if she were looking at a hurt kitten. Her movements

became gentler. "Let's go home."

Kirk stood without moving.

Caroline went to pull him along, but it seemed as though his body was boneless. He slumped against her shoulder.

Holding Kirk up by his chest, Caroline tried to shove him away. But Kirk was built like a wall.

There was no way to push him off.

Caroline could only hold his waist and drag him into the car.

Sean watched the way Kirk swayed and stumbled. He mocked Kirk mentally, thinking, “What a

great actor.”

His gaze shifted to Caroline’s car and the space in front and behind it. However, he couldn’t find a

second car that had come with Caroline’s.

His heart chilled. He took a few steps toward her car. Sounding casual, he asked, “Did you come

alone?”

Caroline had finally shoved Kirk into the car. She straightened, a bead of sweat hanging from **the** tip of her nose. “No. The person who’s picking you up is almost here.”

A newfound **hope** flared in Sean’s heart. He said with a warm smile, “Sorry for troubling you.”

“**It’s** no trouble. The moment she said this, **a car** drove over. She **smiled** “Here we go”

+15 BONUS

Sean followed Caroline’s line **of** sight. When he saw **the car** slowly coming over, he felt excited.

However, when the car stopped and Sean **saw** a man sitting inside, he was instantly disappointed

“Not Gwen?” **he** blurted **out**. He regretted saying that immediately.

Luckily, Caroline didn’t think too much about it.

She explained, "Oh, the company arranged a new driver for me. This is **Mr. Jack**. Gwen said she's not free, so I could only ask him to help. What's up? Is there a problem?"

Sean's scholarly features twisted up for a second "No, thank you.

Caroline frowned Why did Sean sound like he was gritting his teeth?

"Then I'm going home now."

Caroline got into the car and started it. She left the bar.

During the whole trip, Kirk behaved perfectly. When she drove into the garage, Caroline felt her

tensed nerves finally relax.

She opened the back door and patted Kirk's cheek. "We're here. Get out of the car."

Kirk had curled into a ball. He seemed just like a cat. When he heard Caroline, he slowly opened

his eyes. They were still red, and when Caroline saw them again, her heart ached.

Just as she turned away, Kirk suddenly hugged her tightly around the waist.

She could only look back at Kirk. "We're home."

Kirk rubbed his cheek against Caroline. His drunken voice was deep. "I don't ... go home..."

Kirk was built like a mountain. He didn't budge even though Caroline pushed him. She could only

bend down to look into Kirk's in his eyes.

Using a tone as though she were coaxing a child, she said softly, "Why don't you want to go home?"

"My wife won't talk to me."

Caroline asked, "Why won't she talk to you?"

"Because I made a mistake."

Caroline silently straightened.

Seemingly afraid that she would leave, Kirk wound an arm around her waist. He rubbed his head

against Caroline's stomach. He really was acting like an affectionate cat.

+15 BONUS

Caroline put a hand on Kirk's shoulder Her heart melted.

Caroline **bit** her lip and said softly, "**Go home She'll** talk to you now."

Really? Kirk looked up. The hard lines of his **face** were a sharp contrast to **the hurt** in his eyes

Caroline nodded silently. **She** reached **out a** hand. Come on, let's go home."

Kirk took Caroline's **fair** hand and pulled her into his embrace

He brazenly inhaled her womanly scent.

Caroline got a shock. She said in warning, "Kirk..."

Kirk flipped them both over and pressed Caroline below him.

After some time, Caroline slept deeply. She could sense someone carrying her to bed and softly

wiping down her body.

The next morning, Caroline opened her eyes to find herself lying in the bed of the master

bedroom. Kirk was beside her. His clothes were a mess, and his body was littered with numerous

scratch marks.

Caroline remembered what happened last night in an instant. Heat filled her face, spreading all

the way to her toes.

She quickly shot up from bed and clumsily grabbed her clothes. She ran back to the guest room.

In the mirror, she found hickeys all over herself. She really regretted going to pick up Kirk last

night.

Luckily, Kirk would forget what happened when he was drunk. Otherwise, she really didn't know

how she would face him.

With her heart in a mess, Caroline took a hot shower. She went downstairs after changing.

Kirk had already set the table with the breakfast he had bought. Who knew when he'd even

woken up?

"It's time for breakfast," Kirk called out to Caroline.

Caroline assented, her neck turning red.

Kirk seemed to have forgotten everything.

She picked up her cutlery and dug into the breakfast elegantly.

Caroline finally relaxed.

Suddenly, Kirk looked over at her and asked seriously, "Did I get drunk last night?"

+15 BONUS

Mmmmm, Caronne said before quickly ducking her head **even** more.

Did I do anything **then?**”

“No

Kirk quickly smiled.

“What about **you?**”

Caroline raised her head to look at Kirk. Her breathing was ragged. “What could I have done when **you** were drunk?”

Kirk was smiling brightly. He rolled up his sleeves, showing his wrist. There was a clear bite mark there. “Then why do I have this on me?”

He sounded innocent and pitiful.

It was as **if** Caroline was the scumbag here.

Caroline felt her mind racing. Her face was thoroughly red. “How should I know?”

“This one... You don’t know either?” His voice was filled with confusion.

The red scratch mark on his abdomen was a clear and annoying sight.

Caroline’s face was burning. “I—I’m going to work!”

After saying that, Caroline ran off.

Watching her go, Kirk put his hands behind his head. He was in such a great mood.

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Caroline was distracted all morning. Her mind **was** filled **with** the image of Kirk’s scratched-up

abdomen

She had reason **to** believe that Kirk had been seducing her. He was probably trying to dumb her

down by tempting her and making her forget why they were fighting.

She had **to admit** that his plan was quite successful

She really couldn't hold off much longer.

Just as she was

about to let her mind run wild, she saw Cheryl walking past the door, seemingly

in a daze.

In the beginning, Caroline didn't find anything weird about it. But after Cheryl walked past, she

sensed something amiss. "Cheryl."

A few seconds later, Cheryl appeared at her door, looking distracted.

Her eyes were red-rimmed, and her hair stuck to her face wetly. She looked to be in a ghastly

state.

"What happened?"

Cheryl lowered her head and thinned her lips. She dared not say a word.

Caroline stood up, her hands supported on the table. "Answer me!"

Caroline had a commanding air about her, and it scared Cheryl.

She stuttered out, "I-I was just getting water in the lounge. I heard them discussing you. I said something, and Susan immediately splashed coffee on my face. She said y-**you**..."

"What were they saying?"

“They say there’s no way you can produce something Mr. French likes with your little bit of skill. They say you’ll definitely lose this competition and embarrass yourself.”

As she finished speaking, Cheryl burst into tears.

Caroline’s expression darkened. She said blandly, “Don’t cry! Come with me!”

Cheryl followed Caroline in confusion to Vivian’s office.

In the office, Susan was telling Vivian about splashing coffee on Cheryl.

“Her boss is useless, so she can only suffer the consequences...”

As she said this, the door was pushed open with a bang.

1/2

+19 BONUS

beach brand hem she saw a war and a civing

Carl’s expression was shilly as the walked in and sat down

Susen glanced at Vivian been expands three anything you have to tell us, Ms.

Celine looked up and send to Cheryl do get a bot cup of coffee

Cheryl rushed out to prepare the coffee

The commotion had attracted the attention of the others working outside Every one of them tried

to sneak a look

Soon, Cheryl returned with some piping hot coffee

Caroline said, “Splash Susan back

The second she said this, everyone gasped

Cheryl’s face turned white ‘M–Ms Evans Th–that wouldn’t be too nice!”

The coffee was steaming hot. If she splashed it on Susan, Susan's face would be ruined.

Caroline looked over, abnormally icy "What's so not nice about it? Didn't she splash you the same way? What we're concerned about is giving as good as we get. Splash her back!"

This was the first time Susan had seen Caroline so vicious. She was terrified.

She looked at Vivian in fear

Vivian folded her arms She said, "Ms. Evans, you don't have to be so ruthless, do you? It's just some roughhousing between colleagues. The victim doesn't even care about it. Let's not make **mountains out** of molehills and turn the company upside down."

"Sure" Caroline got up and walked to Vivian's side She smiled as she picked up Vivian's cup of water and splashed it on her face. "I hope you won't make mountains out of molehills either, Ms.

Patterson!"

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Vivian hadn't been prepared for this at all. **After** a long time, she closed her eyes and **wiped the**

water away.

A second **later**, she raised her hand to give Caroline a slap.

Caroline caught her wrist and mocked coldly, "Didn't you say not to make mountains out of

molehills, **Ms. Patterson?**"

Vivian's rage was stuck in her throat. She could neither suppress nor express it. It was so frustrating that Vivian wanted to explode. She gnashed her teeth. "Caroline Evans!"

Caroline grinned. She turned and addressed the crowd.

"As long as I'm still in the design department, I won't allow any bullying. If something like this

happens again, you better resign on your own. Otherwise, I will write a detailed explanation about

it on your dismissal report!"

Once she said that, she shot Cheryl a look. "Let's go."

Cheryl looked at Caroline in admiration. It wasn't until Caroline had walked away that she

snapped out of her trance and followed.

In the office, Cheryl said, "You were so cool just now, Ms. Evans!"

Caroline smiled. "Cheryl, when you encounter issues like this in the future, you must learn **to**

fight back. Being kind will only mean that people will bully you. It's the law of the jungle, and you

must be more ruthless than others to survive, got it?"

Cheryl felt like Caroline was glowing. She nodded gratefully. "Alright, Ms. Evans. I'll remember

what you said."

"Okay, go outside then."

Back in Vivian's office, a long time had passed since Caroline had left. Susan finally gathered her

wits. Closing the door, she went up to Vivian, who was still in shock. "Viv, are you alright?"

Vivian wiped the cold water off her face. “Caroline! Once this competition is over, I’ll definitely

chase her out of Thorne Corporation!”

Susan quickly pulled out several pieces of tissue paper and handed them to Vivian. Still fearful,

she said, “That’s right, Viv. Caroline’s too much. She’s bullying you!”

Vivian’s gaze was stormy. She grabbed the tissues and carelessly dried the water on her face. Her

head was filled with thoughts of using the current project to chase Caroline out of Thorne

Corporation.

An ultimatum?

+15 BONUS

Jules looked at the document Vivian handed **him** and hurriedly waved his hands. “No, no! I can’t

sanction this

“Why not?” Vivian continued insistently, “If her designs win Mr. French’s interest, I will obey her

without complaint and help her in her **work**. Conversely, if I win, she’ll have to give me the

position of Design Director

“Mr. Hawkins, didn’t you ask me to work with her peacefully? Isn’t this the perfect chance for it? Once Caroline agrees to this arrangement, we’ll both be satisfied with the results when they come

out. Neither of us will make another fuss. This solves a problem for you.

Discord in the design department meant a huge headache for Jules. He was quite moved by

Vivian's suggestion.

But Caroline had Kirk's support.

He was afraid...

"Don't even think about it. Unless. Unless Caroline herself agrees.

"Then you can just ask her about it."

Jules frowned. "Vivian..."

"Mr. Hawkins, I've worked under you for many years. I've contributed a lot of effort, if not achievements. It's just a phone call. Can't you agree to that?"

Jules sighed helplessly. "Alright."

He picked up the phone and called Caroline. After a long conversation, he finally brought up Vivian's ultimatum. He had never expected Caroline to agree to it so swiftly.

Jules was a bit dazed as he held onto the phone.

"What did she say? Did she agree to it?" Vivian asked.

"She did," Jules mumbled.

Vivian's expression shifted. She scoffed.

She'd changed the information Caroline had on Corvin French. Thus, there was no way Caroline could produce a design he liked.

No matter what, Caroline was going to lose this competition.

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Even though Caroline agreed to Jules ultimatum, it **wasn't** a **rash** decision. Caroline was simply

confident **in** herself.

She cleaned up her half-finished design and looked at the time. It was time to get off work again.

Caroline didn't dally. She went downstairs and clocked out right on time.

At the door, she noticed many people's eyes on her

She frowned slightly. The way they looked at her was different from yesterday.

Their gazes burned, and it seemed like they were excited for some sort of show.

The next second, Caroline spotted the Ferrari at the entrance.

It was a fiery red, drawing the attention of everyone who saw it.

Something else drew their attention even more. Leaning against the car was a handsome Eddy. He had a chilling air about him.

When he saw Caroline, he took large steps forward. His expression never changed.

"I'm here to pick you up from work."

Caroline didn't seem to hear his words. She walked past him and went straight toward Jack.

Eddy pulled Caroline to a stop. "Get in the car."

Caroline lowered her head and looked at the fingers around her wrist. Her eyes turned frosty.

"Mr. Eddy, do take care of your conduct. I'm already married. It's not good for either of our reputations to act like this in public. My husband would be mad, too."

"Mad?" Eddy smirked. There was a hint of playfulness in his gaze. "I'm afraid he doesn't even know the relationship we have, am I right?"

When Caroline heard this, she raised her hand and slapped Eddy.

Eddy had never expected this. Plus, Caroline had put all her might into that slap, too. He was hit so hard that his head turned.

His mind went blank for three whole seconds. When he finally turned back, he glowered at

Caroline.

Caroline's heart skipped a beat. She only remembered that Eddy was the heir to the Morrison family after she'd slapped him.

Yet she didn't regret it one bit.

+15 BONUS

Please be more respectful. My husband isn't what **you** think!"

Eddy gritted his teeth and clamped a hand on Caroline's throat. His fingers flexed slightly.

Caroline felt suffocated, but her gaze didn't waver. She kept glaring at Eddy.

Eddy was enraged by the way she glared at him. He gritted his teeth and snarled, "You're still

protecting him!"

When Jack saw this, he rapidly opened the door and got out of the car.

"Ms. Evans!"

Right then, **Eddy** finally noticed that there was someone else there.

He looked at the strong-built Jack and then at Caroline, who frantically waved for Jack not to approach. A thought flashed in his mind.

He gripped tighter, unknowingly pressing the artery in Caroline's neck.

Could this man be Caroline's husband?

His looks were uncultured and rough. If he wasn't a cook, then he had to be a driver. How could

Caroline marry such a man?

And Caroline defended him like he was such a treasure, too!

Feeling defeated sent a rush of anger surging through Eddy.

Meanwhile, Caroline was coughing nonstop.

Her breathless coughs finally pulled Eddy out of his thoughts.

He looked at Caroline, her face red and pained. He loosened his hold on Caroline, his hands

shaking as if he had been electrocuted.

Finally getting some fresh air, Caroline supported herself with her hands on her knees. She took

in huge breaths.

When Jack saw this, he hurriedly went up to support Caroline and help her to the car.

He opened the door for her and settled her in the seat. Then, he looked at Eddy, searing his face

into his memory.

After that, Jack drove **off**.

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Yet, Jack's final action seemed undoubtedly like a challenge to Eddy.

Eddy clenched his fists. He felt enraged, as though something precious had been stolen from him. It made him open the car door with a slam. He floored the gas pedal.

With a **loud** vroom, the Ferrari shot off like an arrow.

Only after the car sped away did the crowd return to themselves.

None of them could believe their eyes.

They hadn't been dreaming... had they?

"Somebody pinch me! Pinch me quick! Did I see that wrong? Did Caroline Evans actually reject Mr.

Eddy and get into another man's car?"

Amidst the packed throng, Vivian sneered disdainfully.

When Susan saw this, she started mocking. "That ruffian just now had to be Caroline's husband, right, Viv? He doesn't look like someone with money or power. It's no wonder she's been hiding

him and doesn't even say what her husband does. It's because he's a disgrace."

Someone was confused. "From the looks of it, Mr. Eddy was here to pursue Caroline. Why doesn't Caroline accept the offer and get back with Mr. Eddy?"

"You don't know about this, do you?" Susan was ecstatic.

"For one, Caroline already married the man. If she wanted to get back together with Eddy, she would have to get divorced first. Otherwise, she'd have people talking shit about her."

She continued, "Besides, do you really think Mr. Eddy is honestly here to win Caroline back? If he liked her, they would have gotten married by now.

Someone asked, "Then why did Mr. Eddy come? He's the Morrisons' heir. Who could ever make him do something he doesn't want to?"

For a second, Susan couldn't answer. She looked at Vivian for help,

-Vivian looked up in the direction where the car had gone.

"It's not that simple. You don't understand a man's possessiveness. Caroline's life used to revolve around Mr. Eddy. Now that she's suddenly acting differently, Mr. Eddy's probably just not used to

1. it. Once some time passes, I bet Eddy will stop looking for Caroline.”

When the others heard **this**, they all thought Vivian was right.

“Viv, you sure have it all figured out.

+15 BONUS

Vivian smurd in the beginning, **she** had been worried about Caroline agreeing so easily **to** the

ultimatum

She wondered if Caroline was so confident because she still had Eddy as a trump card Now it

seemed that she wouldn't have to worry about it at all

Silting in the car, Caroline touched **her** neck where Eddy had strangled her. Her expression was

dark

There were clear finger marks on her neck.

Right then, her phone rang Gwen was calling her

“Carol, are you free tonight? Let's have morning tea

Caroline got back into her usual mood and asked with a laugh, “Having morning tea at night?”

“Just come,” Gwen coaxed.

Caroline could tell from Gwen's voice that she wasn't feeling well. “Alright, where are you? Send **me** the address”

Gwen quickly sent her address.

Caroline asked Jack to change directions and head to where Gwen was.

The shop was in the city center. When Caroline got there, the table before Gwen was littered with beer bottles.

When the shop owner saw someone coming, he quickly said, "Sorry, we're closed."

Caroline looked toward Gwen. "I'm here for my friend."

When the owner heard that, his expression changed to one of relief. "That's your friend?"

He meant Gwen, of course.

Caroline nodded.

The owner looked like he'd just had a weight taken off his shoulders.

"You're finally here, miss. Please take your friend away. She's been here all day. We closed ages

ago, but we didn't feel too good about chasing off a customer. Look at the state she's in..."

Caroline was stunned.

Didn't Gwen go to work?

She glanced at Gwen again.

Gwen was currently pouring herself another drink. **Her** expression seemed normal.

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Caroline sat **opposite** Gwen.

The shop owner said, "Um.."

Caroline took out several hundred dollar bills from her bag. "I'm really sorry about bothering **you**,

sir,

The owner accepted the money and didn't feel like he could say anything more.

Besides, no other customers were in the shop, and their presence didn't disturb his rest. Thus, he went behind the cashier's counter and played with his phone.

"You're drunk?" Caroline nudged Gwen.

Gwen looked up, acting as if she'd only just spotted Caroline. "Carol, you're here."

She looked as she normally did, but Caroline could tell that Gwen was putting on an act.

"What happened?" Caroline asked in concern.

Gwen's eyes stung. She pouted slightly. "~~N~~-nothing."

She'd seen Sean and some other woman walk into a jewelry store this morning when she'd been

buying breakfast.

Caroline didn't question her further when she saw that Gwen didn't want to answer.

She walked past the fridge and took out a few bottles of beer. "Do you want to drink some more?"

"I'll drink with you."

"You're wonderful, Carol."

Caroline opened the bottle. It was so cold that wisps of vapor rose from it, shrouding her face.

Caroline poured herself a glass, then poured one for Gwen.

After a few drinks, Gwen finally opened up.

"Carol, what do you think love is?" She held up her glass and looked at Caroline through the amber

-liquid

“I have a friend. She and a man ... did some things after getting drunk. She thought it was nothing.

After all, they're both adults. But when she saw him with another woman, she felt bad. Do you

think there's something wrong with...”

Gwen let out a burp. She said, “This friend—she's really a friend, not me.”

Caroline smiled and patiently waited for Gwen to finish.

+15 BONUS

Then, berbime dad tien you your trend—does she like this man?

“No, I think?

“If she doesn't like him, why was she jealous when she saw him with another woman?”

“Jealous “Gwen waves a hand “No, no You're mistaken. This friend of mine is very open-minded

when it comes to relationships. There's no way she's jealous”

Caroline smiled and took a sip of beer. “Even if someone's open-minded, they will still get jealous when it comes to someone they like If they don't, that means they don't care.”

Gwen couldn't help but feel stunned at her words She stopped Caroline from drinking further.

Caroline thought about the gift Avery had given her. Even though she knew it was something Avery had done intentionally, she still couldn't get over it.

All of this was because she cared

Her glass swayed, and icy liquid splashed on her fingertips. Caroline snapped out of her thoughts and looked at the quiet Gwen.

“Gwen?”

Gwen answered incoherently. Right then, she finally came back to her senses and looked at Caroline.

Caroline said, “Gwen, if you— your friend really likes this man, there’s no harm in trying.”

Gwen’s heart was racing wildly. After a moment, she took a sip of beer.

“Alright, let’s not talk about my friend anymore. Let’s talk about you and Kirk. How are things? Have you guys made up?”

Caroline drank a mouthful of beer and answered frankly, “No.”

“And it’s all because of that bitch’s photos? **If** you really feel bad, you should dump it!”

Caroline shook her head. “It has to do with the photos, but also not. I’m only a raid

“Afraid? Afraid of what?”

Caroline pressed her lips together. After a long while, she said bitterly, “Have you seen the kind of news where the husband is a murderer and the wife only finds out when the police come knocking?”

Gwen sobered in an instant. “Kirk...”

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+15 BONUS

Caroline shook her head. “What are you thinking? I’m only giving an example. It’s been a few months since I married Kirk, I think. I’ve met his family too. But **for** some reason, I feel like the person I know **isn’t** the **real** him. It’s just **a** persona he’s showing me.”

Gwen replied, “Maybe **you’ll** get to know him more **if** you spend more time to gether.”

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“Maybe.” Caroline half-heartedly put her hair up.

“Enough, let’s not talk about this anymore. Let’s drink!”

Gwen raised her glass and was about to clink it with Caroline’s. But then her gaze fell on Caroline’s neck. “Carol, what happened to your neck?”

It didn’t look like a hickey. On the contrary, **it** looked like someone had throttled her.

Caroline remembered the marks and put her hair back down.

“It’s nothing.”

“Is Kirk abusing you?” Gwen sprung up as she said this. “I’ll kill him!”

“Calm down.” Caroline pulled at Gwen.

“It has nothing to do with Kirk. It was Eddy.”

“Then I’ll go look for him!” Gwen grabbed a beer bottle and headed for the door.

Caroline hurriedly stopped her. “Gwen, I’m fine. You’re drunk. Calm down first.”

Gwen was truly somewhat drunk. Her body swayed. Feeling awful, she slumped in a corner and puked into a trash can.

When Caroline saw this, she waited until Gwen finished before handing her some tissues and water.

As a cool breeze blew past. Gwen finally felt a bit more alert.

She looked up at Caroline in pain. “Why did that asshole go to see you?”

“I’m not sure.” Caroline pulled Gwen up. “I’ll take you home.”

Gwen slumped against Caroline’s shoulder and sobbed. “Carol, my poor Carol. If Kirk dares do anything bad to **you**, I’ll castrate him!”

As she said this, a pair of long legs appeared before her.

Gwen thought she was hallucinating until a low voice sounded in her ear. It was then that she realized she was sure of what she was seeing.

+15 BONUS

“You **won’t** get that **chance**.”

Kirk walked up in **large** strides and pushed Gwen over to Sean behind him. Then, he pulled Caroline **over** and looked her up and down. His gaze settled on the bright red marks on her fair

neck,

“**Eddy** did this?”

Surprised by Kirk’s sudden appearance, Caroline froze. Then, she turned to look at Gwen.

Sean had already helped Gwen to his car. By the looks of it, Gwen was obediently leaning against Sean. They seemed perfectly fine together.

Caroline stopped worrying and looked back at Kirk.

“Why are you here?”

“Answer me.”

Caroline felt a bit pressured. “What’s the point of talking about it?”

Kirk’s gaze darkened. He pushed Caroline up against the wall.

Caroline felt frantic. They were by a busy road, and there were quite a lot of people about.

“Kirk...”

Kirk wasn’t moved. He held onto Caroline’s wrists and pulled her into a dark alley.

Darkness enveloped Caroline, while Kirk’s masculine scent sent her heart into a frenzy.

Kirk held her arms over her head. His warm breath brushed against her face, scorching her.

He kissed her fair neck. It was soft like a feather.

“Does it hurt?”

Caroline’s heart skipped a beat.

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A long while later, Caroline finally came back to herself and pushed Kirk away. Her voice was

softer **as** she said, “**My** legs are numb.”

Kirk stepped back and bent **to** pick Caroline up. “Then let’s go home.”

Caroline looked at Kirk through the warm yellow streetlights.

Kirk’s gaze was deep and determined. His eyes were perfect.

If she had met Kirk before Eddy, she would have surely fallen for him.

She would have sacrificed everything for him without regret, just as she had eight years ago.

But she wasn’t that person anymore.

She wasn’t the same brave girl as eight years ago.

She leaned her head gently into Kirk’s embrace, silently listening to his strong heartbeat. She didn’t want to think about the future.

At least this moment was real.

Since Caroline had **a** few drinks, she fell asleep as soon as she got home.

Kirk carried her to the master bedroom on the second floor.

By the time he covered her with a blanket, the red marks on her neck had faded. Still, Kirk's heart tightened because of it.

He took out his phone and called Charles.

"Get someone to teach Eddy a lesson."

Charles was confused by this. "Sir, do you mean your nephew?"

"Yes."

Charles paused for a moment before saying, "Alright, sir."

Although he really wanted to know why, Charles knew better than to ask questions he shouldn't.

"**Did** you find the person I asked you about?"

Kirk stood on the balcony. Bathed in moonlight, the shadows made his straight figure seem to sway.

Charles quickly reacted. He said, "We found her. We're training her now."

+15 BONUS

Kirk nodded slightly. Then **he** said, "How are **the** discussions going for the purchase of those entertainment **companies?**"

"**They're** in progress. We can make an announcement next month at the latest."

"**Good.**"

Kirk hung up and walked back into the bedroom.

In the moonlight, Caroline's sleeping face was peaceful. Her tensed forehead was relaxed now. She **didn't** look as disdainful as she had before.

Kirk smiled and bent down to kiss her red lips.

Meanwhile, Sean had taken Gwen home. She was currently supporting herself against the toilet bowl and puking her guts out.

After she finished, she seemed to be more sober.

When she thought of Sean outside, her face turned red.

Right then, there was a knock on the door.

“Gwen, are you okay?” Sean felt very worried. (1

When he’d found out that Caroline and Gwen were together, Sean had dragged Kirk over to the restaurant.

As soon as he’d spotted Gwen, Sean had felt something he couldn’t describe.

It was as if he had undergone an arduous journey and found the delicacy that he had always wanted.

When Gwen didn’t respond inside the toilet, Sean started panicking. He turned the door handle. ” Gwen ...”

The next second, Gwen pulled the door open. She said listlessly, “I’m not dead yet.”

Sean let out a breath. “I brought you some medicine. You’ll feel better after taking them.” Gwen looked up and glanced at Sean. After that, she followed him to the living room. There was a glass of water and some pills on the coffee table.

“I **bought** some candy a few days ago. If the medicine is bitter, you can take it first.”

Sean handed a jar of candy to Gwen. The seal hadn’t even been broken yet.

Gwen stared at Sean.

Realizing it belatedly, Sean hurriedly tore off the seal and handed the jar to Gwen.

Posted by **Hamaaa**, ? Views, Released on October 10, 2023

Chapter 179

Gwen looked at **Sean** and saw how he seemed to be carefully trying **to get** on her good side. She felt displeased. “I’m **not that** difficult.”

As she said this, Gwen tossed **the** pills into **her** mouth. Then, she picked up the glass of water and drank **it all**.

Sean watched this silently. Once Gwen was done, she smiled.

“I laid out the bed for **you...**”

“Hold it!”

Gwen got up and said casually, “Sean, about what happened last time. It was a unique **occurrence**. You’re Kirk’s friend, and I’m Caroline’s friend. There’s no avoiding some interaction between us. Let’s use this opportunity to work this out.”

Sean was taken aback. “How do you want to settle it?”

“Let’s pretend it never happened.”

Seeing Sean pause, Gwen patted his shoulder in a chummy manner. “You’re not looking for me to take responsibility, are you?”

When she said this, their eyes met. It seemed as though a spark of electricity had traveled between them.

Gwen quickly looked away. Her voice was small as she said, “Please, it’s the 21st century. It’s not the Middle Ages anymore. It’s just a romp in the sheets. What’s the big deal about it?”

“So, to **you**, this is something simple and common?” Sean asked softly.

Gwen could hear some sadness in his voice.

She blinked rapidly. “What else? Don’t men and women get together just because of that? It’s not because of romance.”

There was some slight amusement in Sean’s expression. “So that’s how it is. Alright, I understand what you mean.”

“Then... Then I’m leaving now..

After Gwen said this, she quickly ran off.

It was only when she got downstairs that she realized she was still annoyed.

It was such a pain.

Hadn't she **already** made things clear with Sean?

+15 BONUS

The next morning, Caroline saw some medicine by her bed when she woke up.

“You're awake?”

Kirk's shadow fell on the bed. Caroline looked up and saw his toned abdomen

She let out a squeak.

“Eat the medicine. There's a good girl.”

Caroline got up and obediently ate the pills.

Kirk smiled brilliantly. “I bought breakfast. Come downstairs for it?”

Caroline nodded.

She kept her gaze lowered the whole time, fearful of looking at Kirk.

She was afraid that her heart would soften into a puddle if she did.

Kirk sat opposite her and looked at her. Seeing how meek she was, he smiled and said nonchalantly, “I heard you agreed to the company's ultimatum?”

Jules had already called Kirk and told him about it the second Caroline agreed to it.

He was scared that Kirk would be mad.

Caroline raised her head. “How did you find out?”

Kirk didn't answer. Instead, he asked, "Do you know Corvin French? He's very picky with designs. Once, when he was collaborating with some other company, he found that their designs didn't fit his sense of aesthetics."

He added, "He was willing to pay ten million dollars to break the contract rather than continue. Designing something that Corvin will be satisfied with isn't easy."

This was the first time Caroline had heard about it

Still, she said, "Although I'm not completely confident, this is very important to me. I'm a newbie without any experience. If I get Corvin's approval, it will help my position in the company."

Kirk narrowed his eyes and assessed Caroline. The smile lines around his eyes became deeper.

It seemed that Caroline had grown up.

"Do you need help?"

Caroline looked up into Kirk's eyes. "You're going to help me with the design?"

+15 BONUS

Kirk extended his long legs. Under the sun, his bright smile was particularly dazzling.

"I **don't** know anything about design. But I can tell you that Corvin has been spending the last few

days frantically looking for some authentic Vithalian pizza."

"Really?" Caroline was stunned for a moment. "You. How do you know this? Do you ...

Corvin?"

know

That couldn't be, right?

Corvin was a huge name in the skincare industry.

How could Kirk possibly... know him?

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Chapter 180

+15 BONUS

Kirk didn't answer Caroline's question. Instead, he gestured with his chin. "The car's here."

It was then that Caroline noticed it was past 9 am.

She hurriedly **shoved** a slice of bread into her mouth. "I'm leaving."

Even after Caroline got into the car, her mind was still filled with what Kirk had said. Corvin had

spent the past few days frantically looking for Vithalian pizza.

Caroline pursed her **lips**.

When she arrived at the design department, she felt like everyone was looking at her strangely.

They looked as though they were taking pleasure in her misfortune. **It** was as if something big

had happened.

After Caroline walked into her office, she called Cheryl over.

The second Cheryl came in, she quickly said, "Caroline, we're in trouble."

"What is it?"

"Just now I heard them say that Corvin French is here."

"Oh?" Caroline raised an eyebrow. "Then where is he now?"

“He just left. Apparently, Vivian got him to come here. Plus, he’s already looked at her design and

praised it. He’s really pleased...”

The more Cheryl spoke, the quieter she became. “Caroline ... you...

Caroline was silent for a moment before smiling. “Then has Mr. French decided to use Vivian’s

design?”

Cheryl answered, “Not yet. But from the way they’re talking about it, it seems like it.”

Caroline was still smiling. “That means he hasn’t decided yet.”

“It seems you won’t give up until the very end, Ms. Evans.”

Vivian had just walked Corvin out. She’d overheard Caroline as she’d been passing by. Confident

about winning, Vivian couldn’t help but mock Caroline.

Caroline **looked** up and smiled at Vivian. “I don’t have many strengths, but I’m very patient. I won’t give up easily before the results are out.”

Vivian stood straighter and said sarcastically, “I didn’t expect you to be so energetic. But after what happened yesterday, I doubt **you** can get Eddy to help you anymore, right?”

+15 BONUS

Her words made **people** burst **out** in laughter.

Vivian walked a few steps **closer**. **She** laughed without inhibition.

“The man who came **to** drive **you** home must be your husband, right? Your taste is really **questionable**. **It’s** no wonder that your family broke off their relationship with you considering you gave up a Morrison for a poor chauffeur.”

Caroline wasn’t bothered to retort She looked up and said blandly, “Ms. Patterson, it’s office hours right no

w. If you'd like to chat about my private life, I'll have countless hours to accompany you in doing that after work."

The smile froze on Vivian's face. But she grinned again and went close to Caroline's ear. She

gritted her teeth and said, "Caroline, you better enjoy your last day. Tomorrow, your position will be mine.

Once she said that, she flounced back to her office in her high heels, looking like she'd already

won.

Cheryl was close to bursting with anger.

"Caroline..."

Caroline waved a hand. "Cheryl, help me buy some things."

Caroline gave Cheryl a list filled with food items.

"Caroline, what is this?"

"Just buy what's on the list. Go on."

Holding the list, Cheryl looked at Caroline worriedly. "Caroline, you weren't driven mad by Vivian, right? You're not trying to stuff yourself in response, are you? You don't have to listen to her..."

Caroline cut Cheryl off and said, "Go quickly."

After sending Cheryl off, Carolien called Jules.

When Jules found out Caroline wanted to use the company's kitchen, he was stunned. "Of course

you can. You can use whatever else the company has."

But then, he seemed to think of something. He comforted her. "Ms. Evans, on the failure actually proves nothing. If **you** regret it, I can talk to Vivian. The ultimatum doesn't have to be enforced

tomorrow.”

Caroline laughed. “Mr. Hawkins, even if it’s a verbal agreement, it’s still binding. Besides, there was a witness present, so it’s effective. Since I’ve already agreed to it, going against my word

would be bad, right?”

Jules’ mouth twitched.