

Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera (Caroline Evans)

Chapter 351-360

Chapter 351

Caroline **didn't doubt** that Kirk **would** be able **to convince** her to forgive him **if** he had been

standing **before her** now.

He had **a mysterious** power about him that made others take his side. Even Gwen, who had thought that such a renowned person as Eddy didn't deserve her, was on **Kirk's** side.

Caroline had **to keep** her head straight!

She massaged her temples until the shooting pain subsided and her breathing stabilized.

Taking out her phone, Caroline once again clicked on Marina's contact. She wanted **to** ask Marina to be quick in her search, but changed her mind on second thought.

After so many years of not talking, rushing Marina this way was impolite. Caroline would have to

calm her anxious heart.

She clicked on her phone and quickly found the notification from the bank. Kirk had truly **sent** her two million dollars. Looking at all the zeros, Caroline's heart started beating erratically again.

Thinking about it, she knew that Kirk really treated her well. It didn't make sense that he might be scamming her, whether for financial gain or for sex.

When it came to money, Kirk had a lot more of it than she did. When it came to looks, Caroline was pretty, but there were many who were prettier. What was the point of targeting her?

Could it be... for the thrill?

The more she thought about it, the more messed up she got. In the end, she shoved the matter to

the back of her mind. She told herself not to think about it anymore and to just wait for Marina's

response.

If Kirk had really tricked her and had another wife over in Macdo, she would divorce him

immediately. She would never see him again!

At that thought, Caroline calmed down a lot. Looking at the two million dollars in her account, she

gave it some thought before calling Gwen.

"Gwen, are you free this afternoon?"

The sound of the keyboard clacking came from Gwen's end of the phone. "What is it, Carol? **If** you

have a problem, I can take the day off."

"There's no need for that," Caroline said. "It's nothing. You do you."

Gwen paused in her work and walked over to the lounge with her phone. "Are you really okay?"

1/2

+15 BONUS

Really Caroline chuckled.

I'm done with work, so **I'm just** waiting for the **staff to finish with the plan.**"

"Wow, is this the leisurely life of **a big boss?"** Gwen teased, admiring Caroline.

Caroline replied, "I guess so."

“**Stop** showing off.” **Gwen put a hand to** her chest in indignity.

“**You’re hurting** a poor working–
class girl like **me**. You should be more considerate.”

Caroline **laughed at Gwen’s joke**. After a bit more conversation, Caroline ended the call.

Her gaze fell on the two million dollars again.

In the
past, Caroline **wouldn’t** be bothered by the money in her account. But now it became something that annoyed her. Besides, Kirk wouldn’t accept the money back even if she returned it

to him.

Sighing, Caroline got up. She decided to think that she was picking out a car for Kirk. When the time came to buy **it**, she would put it under his name. That way, even if they divorced, he wouldn’t

lose out.

Clicking open a map, Caroline found a Porsche car dealership nearby Evans Group.

Rather than sit at the office and let her imagination run wild, Caroline informed Cheryl that she was leaving and went off to the car dealership.

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+15 BONUS

At **the car** dealership, one of the salespeople immediately came forward enthusiastically.

When he **heard** that Caroline was planning to buy a car worth one or two million dollars, she

warmly recommended, “The latest model on the market is an electric car. It happens **to** be in that **price range**. **If you like it, you** can do **a** test drive.”

Caroline nodded shallowly and followed the salesperson to the model she had spoken of.

After only a few **steps**, Caroline **saw** Daphne Dawson.

Caroline actually hadn’t been paying too much attention. It was just that Daphne’s presence was

too conspicuous. She had about **a dozen** bodyguards with her, surrounding her and someone else.

There was no one else **around** them.

Caroline was surprised there weren’t any fans crowding around her instead.

The salesperson followed Caroline’s gaze and said awkwardly, “Ah, that’s the aunt-in-law of our

Mr. Eddy.”

This car dealership was owned by the Morrison family. As a worker here, the salesperson felt that

it was shameful that their boss had such an aunt-in-law.

This salesperson hadn’t seen Daphne before. She had thought the kind of woman who could

marry Eddy’s second uncle would be elegant and refined. At the very least, she would have to have

some class.

After seeing her, though, the salesperson realized how much class Daphne lacked.

Caroline raised an eyebrow. She didn’t have to ask about it because something happened that

made her understand.

Nearby, Daphne said in a stern tone, “Who cares if you made a reservation first? I’m Mr. Eddy’s aunt.

-in-law. That means I’m his relative. So this car should be mine.”

Caroline looked at the car beside Daphne. At first glance, she recognized it as a Porsche 911. It was

a classic model of car, and there were apparently only a few hundred vehicles in the world.

It was truly difficult to get one’s hands on it. It was definitely a symbol of one’s class, elevating the

status of its owner.

It was understandable that Daphne would want that car. After all, it was a Porsche 911. Anyone

who had one would be seen as being of the upper class.

Evidently, the woman standing opposite Daphne also wanted this car very badly.

“Don’t you know what first come, first served means? Even if you’re Mr. Eddy’s aunt-in-law, that

1/3

+16 BONUS

getting it, you **expect** me to give **it** up?”

Daphne folded her arms before her in clear relish. “Then I guess you’re just unlucky. You’d have

been better **off** as a Morrison.”

Caroline frowned slightly. In the past, she wouldn’t have stepped in to say a word. But the mention

of being a Morrison agitated her.

In the past **few** years, she had had a lot of interactions with members of the **Morrison** family

because **of** Eddy. **From** that, she had learned that the Morrisons loved using their name to bully

others.

Others, of course, including Caroline herself. That was another reason why she didn't like the Morrison family.

If it hadn't been for Jude, she would have cut things off with the family and seen them as enemies

long ago!

Dawson, what a coincidence," Caroline said to Daphne smilingly from beyond the circle of

bodyguards.

Daphne turned to look over disdainfully. When she realized Caroline was there, her expression

changed. She said enthusiastically, "Ms. Evans, what a surprise!"

Caroline eyed the bodyguards.

Daphne immediately said, "Don't you people have eyes? Ms. Evans is my friend. Let her in right

now!"

Right then, the bodyguards standing next to Caroline moved aside and made a path for her.

Caroline walked into the circle of people and moved to stand next to the car. She intentionally said

with an amazed tone, "Isn't this the Porsche 911? My goodness, when did we get one in the

country?”

Daphne said in delight, “Just a few days ago. I only got news of it today. That’s why I rushed over

immediately. How does it look? Cool, right? Once I buy it, you can borrow it whenever you want,

Ms. Evans.”

Although the incident at the bridal boutique had been very upsetting for Daphne, Caroline was

still Sean Yates’s wife. From Daphne’s standpoint, she knew that she had to get on Caroline’s good

side, even if only on the surface.

After all, she was only Kirk Morrison’s fake wife.

“That’s great.” Caroline touched the aerodynamic body of the car, looking like she loved it very

much.

2/3

why luxury are considered luxury

At this point, Caroline had taken a seat in the earth response, the other woman became more

Caroline turned her head toward the woman That was when she found the woman quite familiar,

as if she had seen her somewhere before

3/3

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After a moment, **Caroline remembered who the woman was.** It was Adrian's older sister, Andrea

Sorkin.

Caroline recognized her because Andrea had helped her a lot.

Back when Caroline had still been with Eddy, everyone knew that Eddy didn't like her. Sometimes, when Caroline attended events alone, some of these people were bold enough to cause trouble for her.

On many **occasions**, if Andrea was there, she had helped her get out of tricky situations.

Andrea was a kind and warm woman. And since she had helped Caroline before, the latter couldn't just let this matter stand now.

Caroline intentionally blinked at Daphne with an innocent look. "Ms. Dawson, what's going on?"

she asked.

Daphne suppressed her anger and glared at Andrea. "Ms. Evans, don't listen to her. This car is

mine."

"Yours?" This was the first time Andrea had ever encountered someone so shameless.

"I've already paid the deposit!"

On the second floor, the manager of the car dealership was watching the two women arguing downstairs, feeling troubled. Now, seeing another woman join the fray, he shivered in fear.

He felt that things were going to get even more out of hand now. He was done for. They wouldn't really start going at it here, right?

The manager looked at Eddy beside him, his expression troubled. Eddy also looked downstairs.

Two Porsche 911's had arrived at the car dealership that day. He had come to drive one of them

home.

When the staff went to get the car, Eddy had gone to the second floor for some coffee. In the

middle

of enjoying his drink, he had heard the sounds of a disagreement coming from downstairs.

The manager had been with him at the time, while no one else dared to intervene in this matter.

That was why the argument had persisted until now.

Eddy narrowed his eyes as his gaze moved past Daphne and Andrea. Then, he froze as he stared

fixedly at Caroline, who was getting out of the car.

After some time without seeing her, he noticed that Caroline had changed again.

1/2

+15 BONUS

Her **expression** gave her **some** flavor, especially the indelible sadness in her **eyes**. Seeing her

made Eddy's heart **beat out of** control.

He had never **imagined** that Caroline would ever look so fragile, so...

Caroline made Eddy want **to** take her **in** his arms and love her passionately.

His emotions became chaotic.

Downstairs, Caroline was about **to** speak. She **looked at** Daphne with a smile. "What's **going** on,

exactly? Ms. Dawson, you're **a famous** person. **I don't** believe **you** would ever **take** what isn't **yours**."

Daphne's expression shifted as she took a deep breath. She said, "So what if she paid the deposit?

I'll refund her twice the **amount!**"

"I don't **care** about this little **bit** of money." **At** Caroline's hint, Andrea immediately became more

stubborn.

"Daphne Dawson, aren't **you** afraid that I might tell everyone about this and turn **you** into a joke?"

Daphne's expression turned darker.

Caroline blinked. She put on a faked look of concern and said, "Ms. Dawson, if news of this matter

gets out, your reputation might be damaged. It's not worth it to risk that for a car."

Daphne frowned. She didn't recognize Andrea for who she was, but from the way Caroline spoke,

Daphne felt that Caroline was standing by Andrea's side.

Daphne smiled and said, "It's fine. She's just a nobody. Even if she puts this incident online, I'll have the news suppressed."

Caroline's lips twitched as she looked over at Andrea. She said something in a low voice into

Daphne's ear, and Daphne's expression changed.

"Sh-she's really ... a Sor-"

Caroline nodded. Then, she said in a voice only the two of them could hear, "If she makes noise about this, you might not be able to cover the matter up even if Eddy's second uncle helps you. After all, this is Easton."

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Daphne's face became deathly pale. She smiled at Andrea sheepishly and said, "I didn't expect

you to be the beloved daughter of the Sorkin family. My apologies."

Faced with Daphne's extreme change in attitude, Andrea could only laugh. "Didn't you want this

car? You can have it."

"No, no." Daphne hurriedly waved her hands.

"Since you reserved it, of course it's yours. I think I'll go to another dealership for a look." As she

said this, Daphne quickly called her bodyguards and left.

Before she left, though, she paused to thank Caroline. "Thank you so much, Ms. Evans. If it hadn't

been for you, I would have offended the Sorkin family today."

She handed Caroline an invitation. "I'm throwing a banquet in a few days. You have to come.

Consider it a thank-you. Oh, right, my husband might be there too, so you have to come."

After saying this in a rush, Daphne hurriedly left the car dealership.

Seeing the way Daphne escaped, Caroline and Andrea exchanged a glance and laughed.

"Thank you so much. If you had helped me, I wouldn't have known how to deal with that

shameless woman," Andrea said politely.

Caroline replied, "It's nothing. I should be thanking you instead."

Although Caroline didn't explain, Andrea understood what she meant by this.

"Do you have some free time? I'll buy you a coffee."

"There's no need," Caroline said.

"I still need to look at some cars. I'll treat you to coffee one day."

"Alright." Andrea found Caroline more likable the more she looked at her. Especially this version

of Caroline, who had left Eddy.

She suddenly thought of her younger brother, who was still in Macovo. She smiled **and** handed

Caroline her business card. "You have to remember, okay?"

"Okay." Caroline accepted the card.

Without saying anything more, Andrea went off to the cashier's counter to settle the rest of the

payment.

The salesperson following behind Caroline said, "Ms. Evans, we're lucky you're here. Otherwise,

1/2

+15 **BONUS**

After all, one **of them** was Mr. **Eddy's aunt-in-law**, **and** the other **was** the **daughter** of the **Sorkin family**. Neither **of them** were **people** they **could afford to** offend

"It was nothing." Caroline smiled and **walked toward the electric car**.

"Could you please tell me about this model of car?"

“Of **course.**” The salesperson started talking about the **car** enthusiastically.

Upstairs, seeing **that** the danger had been diffused so easily, the manager let out a long breath. “I **must really** thank **Ms. Evans for** this.”

After saying that, however, the manager shut up, suddenly realizing that the man beside him was Eddy **Morrison.**

Everyone knew how much Eddy disliked Caroline.

Unexpectedly, Eddy only turned around indifferently and said to the manager, “Give the other Porsche 911 to Caroline.”

The manager wondered if he’d heard it wrong. He quickly followed behind Eddy and asked, “Mr. Eddy?”

“What? Is there a problem?” Eddy looked back at the manager with a cold gaze.

The manager braced himself and said, “No, it’s just that I’m not sure how to explain it to Ms. Evans.

He had to give a reason for gifting her a car worth tens of millions of dollars out of nowhere.

“She helped you defuse a potentially disastrous situation. Shouldn’t she be given a gift in thanks?”

The manager’s mouth twitched as he watched Eddy leave.

Yes, a thank–you gift was necessary, but this one was much too expensive. Yet the boss had spoken, so the manager had no reason to object. He went to get his staff to arrange it.

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Caroline was stunned when she learned that the car dealership was gifting her the other Porsche

“This is a thank–you gift.” The manager seemed a little disbelieving, even though he mentioned it

himself.

Caroline couldn’t believe it either. “This is too big a gift. I can’t accept it.”

“You deserve it,” came a voice from the second floor.

Caroline looked up and saw Eddy looking at her. Her eyebrows immediately furrowed.

Eddy’s tone, which had a feeling of charity to it, made Caroline feel very uncomfortable.

“There’s no need.” Although Caroline quite liked the Porsche 911 herself, she didn’t want it if it

was from Eddy.

Caroline then turned to the salesperson and said, “I’ll be back some other time .” After saying that,

she walked toward the exit.

The salesperson and the manager exchanged a glance. They knew about Caroline’s marriage, but

they still thought of Caroline as the woman who was always hanging around Eddy, while Eddy didn’t care for her at all.

Now, suddenly seeing Caroline upset by Eddy, they became completely silent, not daring to even

let out a breath.

They both quickly looked over at Eddy. They expected Eddy to become furious, but unexpectedly,

he rushed from the second floor.

His expression was one they had never seen before. Eddy was... anxious.

“Caroline!” Eddy finally managed to stop her right before she stepped through the door.

As he looked at her, he saw a sadness in her eyes that made his heart race.

“About what happened before, I was indeed at fault. I want to apologize. You have to take this

Porsche 911. Otherwise... otherwise I’ll never forgive myself.”

Caroline looked at Eddy in amusement. “Never forgive yourself? Can you please not talk about doing something you’ve never seemed to need?”

Eddy looked at Caroline and tried to defend himself. “I really didn’t know that Layla faked it. If I

did, I definitely wouldn’t have let her hurt you!”

Caroline took a step backward, putting some distance between herself and Eddy. “Alright. Since

1/2

+15 **BONUS**

Eddy nodded silently as he looked **into** Caroline’s eyes.

Caroline smiled. “Then why haven’t I seen **Layla get any** sort of punishment? Her behavior is no

different than that of **a** murderer, right? The only difference is whether the attempt was

successful.”

Eddy said, “You can simply tell me what **you** want.”

“I want her kidney removed!” Caroline gave a cold laugh as she looked at Eddy, raising an eyebrow.

Eddy's expression shifted immediately. He shook his head and said, "Caroline, don't you think that's too cruel? She's your cousin."

Caroline wasn't surprised by his answer.

Hadn't he always been like this? No matter how many heartless things Layla had done, Eddy would never think that she had stepped out of line. He always felt that Layla was right.

"If you can't harden your heart and punish Layla, then there's no need to say all these fake words."

Caroline sniffed.

To the manager standing not too far away, she said, "Could you please come over here?"

The manager pointed at himself and looked at Eddy. Once he was sure that Eddy wasn't going to

stop him, he jogged over. He asked smilingly, "Ms. Evans, what can I do for you?"

Caroline smiled to hide the tears in her eyes. "You said the Porsche 911 was a gift to me, right?"

The manager looked at Eddy as he answered, "Yes."

"Go settle the procedures, then. By the way, your dealership has a legal department, right? Have them prepare a gift agreement." As she spoke, Caroline smiled at Eddy.

"I'm worried that someone might change his mind and make trouble for me." She emphasized the word "someone".

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+15 BONUS

The manager **didn't** dare take action without Eddy's confirmation. Once again, he looked over at Eddy.

Eddy's gaze was cold as he said, "Go on then."

Only after getting that answer did the manager run off to get the paperwork done.

Once everything was settled, Caroline walked over to Eddy with the car keys. "Thank you, Mr. Eddy."

Eddy caught hold of Caroline's wrist. He said, "Caroline, I'll give you whatever you want as compensation. Other than ... Layla. Layla means a lot to me, so I can't—"

Caroline cut him off without any concern. "That's your problem."

She flung Eddy's hand aside and opened the door to get into the driver's seat. She started the car and left without a care.

Eddy watched her leave, his eyebrows furrowing tighter. He finally understood why Caroline had such sadness in her eyes. But he really couldn't do that to Layla.

Although he didn't love her the same way as he had before, Layla still meant the world to him. Even if the day came when he didn't love her anymore, he would still shoulder the burden of taking care of her.

"If I want to repair my relationship with Caroline, then I can't care about Layla ever again.

Eddy called Kirk's number and started ranting at him in an upset state. "Uncle, what do you think I should do? I really feel awful, I hold the key to fixing things. As long as I don't bother with Layla

anymore, Caroline will definitely come back to me.

“But I can’t do that to Layla ... Uncle, why are relationship problems even more difficult than

running a business?”

Kirk pinched the bridge of his nose. With a grim expression, he asked, “What did you say?”

“I said if I want to repair my relationship with Caroline, then I can’t-”

“Not that part. Did you say you gave Caroline a Porsche 911?”

“Yes.” At the mention of the car, Eddy’s mood picked up.

“Although Caroline didn’t want to accept it at first, she did in the end. That means she still cares about me. Oh, Uncle, do you have any ideas for me?”

Kirk smiled deviously. “I recommend that you run around Easton naked!”

1/2

+15 BONUS

After **that**, Kirk slammed the phone **onto the** table, creating such a loud noise that it shocked **Charles**,

Charles stole a glance at Kirk, who seemed **very** displeased, his heart still thundering with fear. Ever since coming back to Macldo, Kirk hadn’t smiled at all.

At the beginning, Charles had thought Kirk was only upset because of the problems with the business deals. But now that the deals had been secured once more, Kirk’s expression still hadn’t lightened.

In fact, it had gotten worse. This was a sign that a huge storm was coming.

Bracing himself, Charles said, “Sir, once we take back that partnership deal with the energy department, we will settle all the matters here, and you will be able to head back to Easton. Should I prepare gifts for the madam?”

Kirk's expression immediately turned darker.

Alright. With this, Charles could confirm that Kirk's bad mood had nothing to do with the disrupted deals. Rather, they had to do with Caroline. Indeed, only she could calm Kirk's mood swings.

"Sir," Charles inhaled many deep breaths before saying with a smile.

"Since you had a fight with the madam, perhaps you could ... tell me about it and maybe ... I could help you analyze the situation..."

Kirk glared at Charles, causing him to nearly choke on his spit. He coughed violently.

Looking at Charles' wretched situation, Kirk finally smiled. "Sure. Then please analyze it for me. Who was the one who let the cat out of the bag and let Caroline know about my identity?"

Charles' eyes widened as he blurted out, "It definitely wasn't me!"

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+15 BONUS

Kirk **took out** a cigar **from** the **box** on the table, put it between his lips, and lit it up. Smoke rose in billows, shrouding his face so that his expression was hidden.

Usually, when he was with Caroline, Kirk didn't smoke much. For one thing, he didn't want Caroline **to** inhale the second-hand smoke.

For another, he worried that the expensive cigars would betray his identity to Caroline, and he wasn't used to smoking cheap cigarettes.

Thinking about how he wouldn't have this worry again in the future, the look in Kirk's eyes became grimmer.

The tension that rose from this nearly suffocated Charles. He defended himself in a pitiful manner. "Sir, there's really no way that it was me. Think about it. I follow you around every day and hardly ever interact with the madam. How could I have given away your identity?"

Kirk looked up, his eyes narrowing. "Alright, it's not you. Then who was it?"

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Hearing this, Charles knew that Kirk didn't suspect him. He secretly let out a breath and wiped away the sweat on his forehead.

"About that... I really don't know, but..."

Charles' eyes brightened. "Let me check who the madam has been in contact with lately."

After saying that, Charles rushed out of the office once he saw that Kirk wasn't going to stop him. He went to look for his colleagues in the technical department.

Seeing the door slowly close, Kirk threw himself on the couch with a dark expression. Once again, he returned to his memories of Macovo.

Everything had been great at the start until that day when they got back from the hospital. That night, Caroline had gone back up later than he had. After that, everything had changed.

So something must have happened that night!

Kirk pinched the bridge of his nose.

He had settled nearly everything already. In the past, he would have gone back to Caroline's side long ago.

Now, he wanted very much to return, too, but he knew that he couldn't just do that. First, he needed to investigate what had happened.

He didn't want this marriage to get to the point of no return.

1/2

+15 BONUS

Kirk **picked up** his **phone and** looked **at** Caroline's photo. Doing so dispelled the shadows that **seemed to follow** him.

After looking for a while, he called Jack. "Follow Caroline for the next few days, no matter where she goes. Don't let her come into **contact** with any men!"

With the troubles that had sprung up in Sarcozia, Kirk refused to let Eddy use this chance to try and steal Caroline away.

Caroline drove the car back to Evans Group. When she got to the lobby, she texted Gwen about the good news.

In response, Gwen immediately sent a long string of exclamation points.

Then, she said, "Eddy has really had a personality transplant. That's the only reason he would apologize to you. Don't tell me he's finally seen how great you are and wants you back?"

Recalling what Eddy had said, Caroline replied, "Impossible. I think he was worried I would understand, so he said it to me straight. He can give me material compensation, but I can't ask for Layla to do anything as compensation."

Gwen's temper flared when she saw Caroline's text. "Has Layla put a curse on Eddy or something? She's tricked him so well that he defends her so much. I'm honestly impressed."

Caroline didn't know either. As she started thinking about it, the elevator doors opened.

Caroline put her phone away and walked out. Just as she did, she heard the noisy voices coming from the entrance of Evans Group.

Getting closer, Caroline saw that it was Layla making a fuss. What a coincidence!

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Caroline walked over expressionlessly. "What's going on?" she asked.

Hearing the voice, Cheryl, who had been arguing with Layla, immediately went to Caroline's side. "Caroline, Ms. Layla from upstairs said she wanted to give us some gifts as a nice gesture because it's their opening day. I said it's not necessary, but they insist on going inside."

Cheryl wasn't a fool. She knew that Layla and Caroline were at odds. Layla saying all this about their opening day is just a move to mess up Evans Group's team morale.

Emery was standing behind Layla. Ever since Emery had managed to convince more than a hundred people to quit Evans Group, she had joined Layla's company.

Emery, who had always relied on the clout of others, regained her arrogance when she saw Caroline.

"We're just handing out some gifts. Do you have to treat us like thieves? Could it be that you're afraid our company has better benefits than yours and might steal away all your employees?"

Caroline walked over to the gifts and looked through them. They were all imported snacks. "Ms. Layla, thank you for your consideration," she said.

"It's nothing, just a token gift." Layla smiled. "Caroline, you should try some. I'll have Emery go in and hand them out."

Caroline didn't stop Emery, allowing her to go in haughtily with the snacks.

Seeing this, Cheryl said nervously, "Caroline."

Caroline gave her a look. Once Emery came back out, she asked with a smile, "What did they say?"

Emery was over the moon. "Nothing much. They said our company has great benefits and that even our gifts are top-grade."

"Is that so?" Caroline said, still smiling.

"Then did they ask how the people who left with you are now?"

The smile on Emery's face froze.

Caroline kept going. “If you want to try and steal our staff, that’s fine, but you shouldn’t use such childish tricks. This is business, not kindergarten. We don’t have time to play with you.”

Emery noticed how Layla’s face was mottling when she was told off. Her eyes then fell on the Porsche car keys Caroline had intentionally placed on the counter.

1/2

+15 BONUS

To regain some pride for Layla, Emery threw caution to the wind and said, “Caroline, how could **you** have Porsche **car** keys? And it’s to the Porsche 911 too.”

There couldn’t **be** more than ten of these cars in all of Osbury.

Seeing this, Layla smiled brightly. “You’re amazing, Caroline. You managed to buy a Porsche immediately after taking over Evans Group.”

“It’s fake, obviously.” Emery played along with Layla smoothly.

“From what I know, Osbury—no, Easton—only imported three of these Porsche 911’s this year. One was bought by the wealthiest man from another city, and I heard the other was reserved by Andrea Sorkin.

“Now there’s only one left without an owner. It’s currently parked at the Morrison family’s Porsche car dealership.”

The admiration in Layla’s eyes instantly turned to disgust. “Ah, that means these keys are just an accessory.”

“Definitely!” Emery said disdainfully.

“Caroline, stop acting. Please do your homework. If you take these keys out, people will definitely laugh at you. Do you think people don’t know how it is to buy a Porsche 911?”

Caroline's fingers tapped on the surface of the counter as she looked at Emery. She smiled shallowly. "And what if my keys are real? What then?"

Emery burst into laughter, holding her tummy as she did and swaying in place. "What a joke. If your keys are real, I'll swallow them!"

Did Caroline really think she didn't know her stuff? Emery knew that Caroline's keys couldn't be the real deal.

Caroline chuckled. "Okay."

After she said that, Caroline tilted her chin at Cheryl and said, "Cheryl, go in and get a glass of water."

Cheryl was confused but did as Caroline asked.

When Cheryl came out, Caroline pushed the glass of water before Emery and said, "Swallow it

then!"

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Emery froze for a few moments. Then, she grimaced, **saying**, "Your keys are obviously fake. Why should I eat them?"

"**It** looks like you're not going to give up. Fine. Since I have some time on my hands, let's go and see for ourselves," Caroline said, picking up the car keys and walking to the elevator.

Emery gave Layla a puzzled glance.

Layla wondered if Caroline had gotten out of bed on the wrong side. She looked back at Emery, signaling her to follow Caroline and take a look.

Emery had no choice but to go after Caroline.

As Caroline walked, she noticed Cheryl still standing there and said, “Cheryl, you should come too and be an eyewitness.”

Hearing this, Cheryl hurriedly followed Caroline’s footsteps. She felt her heart almost leap out of her throat when she saw Caroline’s calm expression from the side.

Although she knew little about luxury cars, she knew that the Porsche 911 was a classic model that not everyone could own.

But seeing Caroline’s cool composure, Cheryl had to believe she had a Porsche 911. The contradicting feelings made her look worried.

Emery noticed that Cheryl was about to frown and immediately deduced that Caroline was bluffing. She didn’t feel so nervous anymore and even had a leisurely chat with Layla. She said deliberately, “Layla, do you like the Porsche 911 model?”

Layla smiled.

“Of course I do. This model is the most luxurious in terms of appearance and design. Forget the men—even we women can’t ignore its charm.”

“Then, hurry up and ask Mr. Eddy to give one to you. Since he dotes on you so much, he’ll definitely get one for you without hesitation,” Emery said, nudging Layla’s shoulder while secretly looking at Caroline.

Layla instantly understood Emery’s intentions. She wanted her to show off Eddy’s affection for her in front of Caroline. Of course, she wouldn’t let this opportunity pass by.

When the elevator door opened, she said, “I don’t think it’s a good idea. Eddy and I are boyfriend and girlfriend, but ...”

“Why not? It’s natural for a boyfriend to buy his girlfriend a gift. It’s not like it’s the other way around.” Emery emphasized.

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Chapter 360

Emery glanced at Caroline disdainfully. “**So is this your car? You** must have borrowed it from someone.”

At the same time, on Layla’s call, Eddy pulled off his tie irritably. “What’s **the matter?**”

Layla said, “Ed, I heard you have a Porsche 911 at your car dealership. I heard that it’s difficult **to** get this car. Can **you** gift it **to** me?”

As Layla talked with Eddy on the phone, Emery was sizing Caroline’s Porsche, chatting endlessly, ”

If you didn’t **borrow** it, it must be a knockoff. Caroline, you would really do anything to preserve **your** dignity, wouldn’t you? Look at Layla! She found a good man who’ll give her whatever she wants. Meanwhile, your man-”

A slap landed on her face!

“What?”

Two sharp voices sounded simultaneously in the underground parking lot. Emery angrily covered

her burning cheek. She rushed forward to grab Caroline’s hair, but Caroline pushed her away.

Emery’s body hit the Porsche, and she grimaced in pain. But she still said ruthlessly, “How dare

you hit me, Caroline?”

“Why wouldn’t I hit you for being a bitch?” Caroline retorted, looking at Emery calmly.

She didn't hear Emery finish her sentence. Even so, although she was still at odds with Kirk, as

long as she and Kirk were still husband and wife, she would defend him to the very end.

Emery had no choice but to ask Layla for help. "Layla!"

Emery called for her several times, but she didn't hear a response. So, she hurriedly looked over at Layla but saw her holding her phone in shock.

Layla probably felt someone's eyes on her, and she stared at Caroline with a pale face and red

eyes. Holding her cell phone tightly, she yelled, "Eddy gave you this Porsche!" She wouldn't have

believed it if Eddy hadn't said it himself. He hated Caroline so much. There was no way he would

give her a car.

Caroline found Layla's trembling shock amusing. "That's right. He gave this car to me."

Emery's expression shifted at her words. She couldn't believe her ears.

Layla rushed over and grabbed Caroline's collar. "Spill it. What did you do to Eddy?"

Caroline's smile deepened when she saw Layla's crazed expression.

1/2

+15 BONUS

She **gently squeezed Layla's** wrist. **Then**, feeling Caroline's grip tighten, Layla's **expression** became **even more aggressive**. She shook **Caroline off** in pain.

Caroline

motionlessly **looked at** Layla, **who** had a **meltdown**. “What are you being **so worked** up about? It’s just **a** gift. **You’ve** gotten plenty of gifts from Eddy, even when **I** was still with him!”

“That’s not the same. Ed and I are boyfriend and girlfriend, **but** you’re **not!**” Layla was going insane from **anger**.

Caroline smiled coldly. “**You’re** right. **You** are boyfriend and girlfriend, but he and I were engaged!”

Layla covered

her ears in denial. She yelled, “**No!** That’s different! It’s completely different! You don’t have any feelings for each other!”

As she said that, she angrily looked **up** at Caroline, her red lips quivering. She warned, “**R-** remember, Caroline, you’re already married. If you get between Ed and me, you’re being unfaithful! **If** you cheat on your husband, he won’t let **you** off the hook!”

Caroline lightly smiled as she watched Layla go berserk, turning the car key in her hand.

“I didn’t even have to do anything. Since you’ve caused me harm by pretending to be sick, Eddy will keep satisfying my requests. I don’t need to get between the both of you.”

Layla was thunderstruck by Caroline’s words, and her body swayed. She shuddered

at the thought of how she and Eddy would have to deal with Caroline’s so-called cries for help from now on.

This used to be her trick. When Eddy and Caroline were together, she would say she was sick on purpose.

Ignoring Layla, Caroline smiled and turned to look at Emery, who had fallen to the ground, dumbfounded.

She jingled her car keys and threw them at Emery’s feet. “Go ahead and swallow them.”

