

# Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera ( Caroline Evans )

## Chapter 18

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Once again, Gwen's imagination rendered Caroline speechless. "If he truly is some rich man's son, why would he marry me so quickly?"

Gwen

scratched her head, searching for an answer that never came to her. Caroline smiled, a mused. "Fine. I'll ask him about it when I go back home. Then we'll get our answer."

"Oh, right," Gwen said, beaming.

After the two of them said goodbye, Caroline gave Kirk a call. "Let's have dinner together tonight." Even though they were married, they stayed in their respective homes. Strictly speaking, they had never even had lunch or dinner together. "Sure," Kirk replied, the corner of his lips already tilting upward in a smile.

"Well then, come to my house. What do you want for dinner? I'll go buy **the** ingredients to make **it**."

"Just cook something you like."

Eddy's face suddenly popped into her mind. Whenever she made dinner **for** him over the past eight years, he would always list out **the** dishes **that** he wanted. He never asked her about the food she liked. It was as if she never had **a** favorite food.

"**Alright**," Caroline replied. Although the sun had set, signaling the end **of** the day, her voice was bright and cheery.

Affected by her spirit, Kirk said in a soft voice, "Wait for me

...

to come home.”

His voice lingered, and the words plucked at her heartstrings. Caroline muttered a “Yes,” hung up, and went straight to do the shopping.

After hanging up, Kirk’s expression turned cold and unreadable as usual. He ignored the curious glances of those around him and said, “Recently, Easton’s market has focused on cosmetics. Do any of you have anything to say about the results of this survey?”

Those present shook their heads in unison. They assumed that Kirk’s gentle side was merely a fleeting illusion.

“No comments? We’re done for today.” Kirk rose from his seat, grabbed his phone and documents, and left the meeting room, leaving the company’s executives staring blankly at each other in confusion. These people were all transferred back from overseas and had been

working for Kirk for more than ten years. This was their first time seeing him leave the office early, and it was needless to say that they

were all astonished.

Kirk received a call from Sean just when he reached the parking lot downstairs.

“Mr. Morrison, guess who I met today?” said Sean.

“Stop beating around the bush.”

As if knowing Kirk was about to end the call, Sean cut straight to the point and said, “I met your wife! She was at the jewelry store in the city center. She must’ve gone there to appraise the bracelet you gave her.”

Sean could not hold back his laughter now. When they both attended the auction that day, he

had assumed it was because Kirk wanted to participate in the grandest auction in Easton. In the end, they left right

after Kirk got the bracelet. He had been wondering to whom Kirk would give the bracelet

before he chanced upon the latter driving to the hospital. The eagerness on his face then made Sean suspicious about Kirk and Caroline's relationship. Were they really just partners bound by a contract?

Kirk's eyes narrowed upon hearing Sean's words. He recalled his conversation with Caroline not long ago and could not remember anything strange about it. The drive back to Caroline's place was no longer pleasant because his thoughts were now in turmoil.

The doorbell rang. Caroline rushed to open the door with her apron still on. A smile spread across her face when she saw Kirk at **the** door." You're here." She took a pair of slippers from the cupboard for him and turned to **the** kitchen. "The soup is almost ready."

Kirk looked at Caroline's figure in the kitchen and then glanced **around** the house. It was not huge, but it was cozy. There was no TV in the living room; there was a sofa set and a table. A pot of spider plant stood in one corner of the room. It was simple yet elegant.

"Dinner's ready." Caroline walked out **of the** kitchen, carrying the soup pot **with** her. Kirk's gaze fell on her. She was wearing an apron **with** a teddy bear printed on it. Her face was red, even without makeup, and she looked like a ripe apple ready to be plucked from **the** tree. His heart skipped a beat.

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Kirk raised a hand and brushed a strand of hair off her face. His hand was rough, and both of them shuddered from the spark of static when he touched her. Kirk froze, and after a moment, he let his hand slide slowly down to her soft lips. Now, it was Caroline's turn to freeze. She thought her heart would jump out of her ribcage very soon. Kirk had his eyes locked intently on her glossy lips, and, as if they were inviting him, he leaned over and gently pressed his lips against hers.

Their lips met, and a chill ran up her spine.

Caroline snapped back to reality. Still breathless, she pushed Kirk away. “T— This isn’t in our contract...” She stuttered so much that she accidentally bit her tongue several times.

Kirk felt himself heat up at the sight of the blushing young woman before him. He licked his lips and said, “Yep, it isn’t. But if we were in public and you had pushed me away as you did just now, others would start to doubt our relationship as man and wife.”

Stunned, Caroline took a second to reply. “So you’re saying you were testing my reflexes just now?”

“Yes,” Kirk continued. “We’ll be meeting my family next month. You **don’t** want to blow our cover, right?” After **knowing** that Kirk was married, Jude had started asking him to bring her home to meet her and never ceased urging him to do so. He never expected this day to come.

“M—Meeting your family?” Caroline recalled that Kirk’s family was abroad. This meant that she would have to **go** overseas. Foreigners were usually pretty open-minded, so kissing should be common to them. This would also mean **that** she and Kirk would be ...

“That’s why we need to practice beforehand.” It was as if he knew exactly what was **in** her mind. “If you can’t accept it, I won’t go back then.

Caroline was guilt-stricken. “It’s fine. I—I’ll practice with you.” It was just a kiss, right? Although that kiss was her first kiss just now, she did not find it intolerable.

The corner of Kirk’s lips tilted upward in a smile.

‘Oh, right. Caroline touched her red-**hot** cheeks and sat before him. “I went to a jewelry store this afternoon. The appraiser **told** me that this bracelet-”

\*... Is worth ten million dollars?" Kirk's sounded nonchalant. Caroline raised her eyes to look at him in surprise. "How did you know?"

"And he also told you that it's an antique, right?" he said. Now this made Caroline more bewildered. How did he get that right? It was as if he had witnessed the entire thing.

"Did you buy it? Where did you get so much money?"

Kirk smoothed out a crease on his shirt. "It's a counterfeit," he said.

"A counterfeit?"

"Yes. One of my friends is an expert in that field. I went to his place a few days back and bought it because it looked fine. It was only a few thousand dollars."

Caroline heaved a sigh of relief. "I see." She thought Kirk had embezzled money from the Morrisons. Thank goodness that the bracelet was merely a counterfeit. Not long after, Caroline's brows knitted together once again. "But Mr. York's a professional appraiser. He couldn't have made a mistake." Since stepping into this line of work at the age of **20**, Mr. York had never made a blunder and was known to the world as a legendary jewelry appraiser.

Kirk became silent.