

## **Warning 111**

### [Chapter 111 Jealousy](#)

Rita's POV:

Their move caught me by surprise. I never would have thought that the Moore family would announce Charles and Scarlett's relationship to the public straightforwardly.

The faces of my family turned sour upon hearing what Charles's grandfather had said.

Infuriated, my mother argued, "But the baby in my daughter's womb—"

"Mom, stop it! That's enough?" I interrupted her in a fit of panic.

"You're being stupid! Don't you have any idea what they're doing? Now that Scarlett and Charles's relationship has been made public, you no longer have the chance to win Charles over!" my mother fired back while looking at me in bewilderment.

"I have a plan," I reassured. I looked at Scarlett, who was standing proudly next to Charles and his grandparents and silently challenging me. Although I was fuming in anger, I tried my best to hold back my anger and maintain my composure.

"You have a plan? What is it?" my mother asked, flabbergasted.

I did not answer.

I was aware I had brought shame to my family. What had happened today turned us into a laughingstock. But, I was not at all worried. I swore to myself I would give Scarlett the taste of her medicine.

Once everyone had gotten off the stage, my father walked up to Charles and questioned him, "What did you mean by that?"

"What are you talking about? You were there at our wedding," Charles answered with a straight face. Not a hint of emotion could be seen on his face.

"I won't let you go for what you've done to my daughter. Mark my words," my father warned, his hands clenched into fists.

However, Charles did not even bat an eye. Without a word, he turned to Scarlett and led her away like a good boyfriend.

Enraged, my father went as white as a sheet.

Meanwhile, a sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach. I knew this feeling very well. Every time I see Scarlett and Charles display affection, I would feel a sharp pain in my heart as if it was pricked by a needle. I was burning with anger, and yet I could not vent it out. There was nothing I could do but watch them walk away from me and swallow my humiliation.

All of this was supposed to be mine, but Scarlett stole everything from me.

At that moment, I took a deep breath and tried my best to remain calm and composed. Even though anger was surging in my veins, I could not lose my temper. I knew that bitch Scarlett would only be amused to see me out of control.

Like a majestic queen, I turned around to leave. But before I left, I cast a meaningful glance at the person beside me, who then nodded in understanding.

A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth. 'Charles will be mine tonight!' I thought to myself with a sinister smile.

Scarlett's POV:

I spent the entire night with Charles. His grandparents' announcement made Charles and me the focus of attention. Many guests even walked up to us to propose a toast.

"Charles, you two are a perfect match!" one of the guests remarked.

I blushed when I first heard this. But after hearing it many times, I was starting to get used to it.

"Thank you," Charles replied with a faint smile.

He and I raised our glasses and clinked glasses with the guests.

While I was taking a sip of the wine, a guest suddenly asked something, which almost made me spit out my drink.

"You've been married for three years. When are you going to have a child?"

"I'll try my best. Maybe she'll give birth to our firstborn in two years," Charles replied while gently patting my back.

"You have to work hard then." The guest glanced at me and then burst into laughter.

All of a sudden, I felt my ears get hot, and the feeling spread to my face. Embarrassed, I pinched Charles on the waist.

He grabbed my hand and smirked at me.

When the guest was gone, Charles leaned over and whispered in my ear, "What? Do you think two years is too long?"

I said nothing and just stared daggers at him.

Charles seemed rather amused by my expression. He suddenly pinched my cheek with a doting smile.

He was in a good mood the whole night. This was the first time I had seen him this happy. Was it because today was Michael's birthday? Or perhaps it was because our relationship had been officially made public?

I wanted to ask him, but I was afraid the the answer would only disappoint me.

As the night fell, the guests finally left one after another. The banquet hall, which was crowded with people a few hours ago, had quieted down.

We drank too much tonight. The alcohol must already be kicking in as I was starting to feel dizzy.

Charles held me by the waist and whispered, "Let me take you to the suite upstairs so you can now rest,"

I shook my head and patted my face to get ahold of myself. When my eyesight had become slightly clearer, I looked at him and answered, "I'm good. I can go upstairs on my own. You should stay here and take care of the guests."

"But I'm worried about you." Charles held my hand as he spoke and then led me to the elevator.

I struggled to get out of his grasp. But since I was drunk, there was nothing much I could do, so I just let him hold me.

Just as we were about to leave, I suddenly heard Nina's voice. "Scarlett, are you okay?" she asked with concern.

"Yes." I turned to Charles and said to him, "Charles, you should do what you have to do. Nina can accompany me upstairs. Besides, many guests have not left yet. It's not appropriate for you to leave just like that."

Charles looked into my eyes and queried, "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm okay, Charles. Don't worry."

"Okay then. You may go upstairs now. I'll go to you once I've sent off the last guest." Charles turned to Nina and handed her the room card. "Thank you, Nina," he solemnly said.

"Don't worry. I'll take good care of her," Nina reassured while helping me to the elevator.

Once were inside the elevator, she turned to me and smirked. "Congratulations! Your relationship with Charles has been officially made public!"

However, I was not in the mood to celebrate. My head was spinning around so hard that I did not know what to say. I just smiled at her bitterly in response.

We arrived at our room a few moments later. Nina supported me on the shoulder as I staggers towards the bed. Then, she tucked me in like a mother would to her child.

I was so drunk that my brain was befuddled, and everything seemed to be in a blur.

Although I was disoriented, Nina, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, kept chattering. She complimented Charles for loving me with all his heart and cursed Rita for being in the way of our love story.

Nina's voice was like a lullaby to me. Ever so slowly, I drifted to sleep.

#### [Chapter 112 A Real Couple](#)

Charles' POV:

Worried that Scarlett might feel uncomfortable from the drinking, I wanted to go upstairs to take care of her. I quickly escorted the guests outside the hotel as soon as possible.

"Charles, I think you have the perfect opportunity tonight. Your relationship with Scarlett is public now. Since both of you are drunk, why don't you take this opportunity..." Spencer and David said mysteriously, pulling me aside right before they left.

"You'd better leave. You don't need to worry about me." Feeling helpless, I looked at them.

"Alright, let's go. You take care of yourself. But I really think tonight is a good opportunity for you. It is true that she has refused you before, but you should not just take no for an answer. Just seize the opportunity to take the initiative to do something about it. I am telling you, when a woman says no in bed, it actually means yes." Spencer was still trying to persuade me, unwilling to give up. "All right, all right. I know that you know a lot about women. Now go." Exhausted, I massaged my forehead.

After seeing all the guests off, I quickly walked to the 35th floor.

"Nina, thank you for taking care of Scarlett."

"It's nothing. I leave the rest to you."

With that, Nina left.

I walked into the room. Scarlett was sound asleep on the king sized bed, her breath as light as a feather.

The soft moonlight fell on her delicate face, and the cool breeze from the balcony window refreshed the room.

As I continued to stare at her beautiful face, I felt a fire in my lower body, which caused me to feel hot all over.

I took a cold shower to calm myself down, but I knew that I could not calm down as long as Scarlett was right beside me.

I then lay down next to her. Turning over in her sleep, Scarlett placed her hand on my chest.

She muttered something, but I could not hear it clearly.

"Scarlett, what did you say?" I whispered in her ear lovingly as I tucked in a strand of her messy hair behind her ear.

"Charles, you bastard!" Scarlett cursed in a low voice.

"Why am I a bastard?" I was confused.

She stopped talking and continued to sleep, nestling her head on my chest.

"What's that? Something poked me," she mumbled discontentedly, rubbing her thigh against my lower body before she reached down to grab me.

I let out a gasp as I turned over and pressed her under my body.

"What... What's wrong?" My abrupt action awoke her. Her misty eyes were filled with a sense of confusion.

She could not have known how sexy she was at that moment, with her clothes partly undone.

"Who am I?" I asked her seriously, lowering my voice.

"Charles..." After looking at me seriously for a while, she slowly answered.

Her obedience made it impossible for me to resist. Perhaps, it was the drunkenness that was making her seem more innocent and lovely than before.

Upon hearing her softly calling my name, I could not help but kiss her.

"Open your mouth," I said to her in a hoarse voice.

Subconsciously, she parted her lips, and I inserted my tongue in her mouth, playing with hers.

The room was getting hotter and the air in the room was getting increasingly romantic. I let go of Scarlett to let her catch her breath.

"You... What are you going to do?" Scarlett looked at me in a daze as she lay beneath me.

"Don't you think that two years is too long? Let's put the baby on the agenda today," I said with a smile as I took off my clothes.

Scarlett blushed and turned away to avoid eye contact with me.

I reached out and gently pinched her chin, forcing her to look at me. Our breaths were now one, and the room was filled with romance and passion.

I sniffed her neck and exhaled deeply.

"You smell so good," I praised with a sincere look in my eyes.

She was like a docile kitten in my arms.

I kissed her neck, leaving a hickey.

She let out a low moan, but I could not tell if it was out of pain or pleasure.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked in a low voice, kissing the hickey on her neck devoutly.

"No," she answered softly, seeming to be shy.

I could not help but find her to be adorable. Since she did not resist my advances, I leaned closer and kissed her lips.

Wrapping her arms around my neck, Scarlett responded to my kiss passionately.

I tore off her clothes, and began to enjoy her beautiful body.

The desire in my body intensified as I moved down, and kissed her soft breasts, making her groan with pleasure.

My hands traveled down to her slender and marble-like waist. I was completely in love with every inch

of her body.

Only when I was completely inside of her did I feel that everything that I had felt until now was real.

"Scarlett... Scarlett..." I couldn't stop calling her name.

Once she adapted herself to my movements, I increased my strength, and thrust harder into her.

Scarlett's POV:

That morning, a cold gust of wind that blew from the windows, brushed past my face.

I woke up in a daze and turned over. I felt as though my body was in shreds, especially my waist.

The romantic night kept flashing through my mind as soon as I woke up. Thinking of what happened the night before, my face turned red.

Struggling to sit up, I looked around, and found that I was the only one in the room.

I glanced at my phone and saw that it was already 10 in the morning. I had missed my flight!

Putting aside my worries, I washed myself, and rushed out of the room.

As soon as I opened the door, I found Amy, Charles's assistant, standing outside. She scared the living crap out of me!

"Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore said that I couldn't disturb your sleep. As for your training program, Mr. Moore has arranged a private plane to send you abroad," she said to me in a respectful tone. "And all your luggage has already been taken to the plane. These are clothes that Mr. Moore arranged for you, so please change into them."

Saying that, Amy handed a dress and an overcoat to me.

"Where is Charles?" I asked with a frown.

"He is on a business trip." It looked like she did not dare to discuss anything further with me.

I knew that it was not my place to ask more questions about it, but I still felt a little sad. Why did Charles leave just like that? Shouldn't he take responsibility for me after what happened last night?

Thinking of that, I took the clothes from her, and went inside to change. I was in a daze as I followed Amy out of the hotel.

And to my surprise, it was snowing outside.

I reached out and caught a snowflake. In a flash, it melted away in my hand, disappearing without a trace.

Remembering my departure from three years ago, I could not help but feel a little depressed.

### [Chapter 113 Separation](#)

Rita's POV:

I couldn't control my anger anymore, so I picked up the vase from the table and smashed it next to Richard's feet.

He respectfully stood still and kept silent, as if he was prepared to let me vent my anger.

Noticing his submissiveness, I could not help but get furious, so I ran to him and slapped him.

"You are such a loser. Why are you always groveling before me?"

"Calm down. You should take care of our baby," he said slowly, staring into my eyes.

"Shut up!" I was so enraged that I slapped him again.

"Are you going to keep reminding me of that dirty fact?" I roared with a sense of humiliation in my heart which felt like it was going to eat me from the inside.

"No. I am only telling you that you are the mother of my child, and I can tolerate everything you do," Richard said in a serious tone.

"Shut up! I feel sick whenever you talk to me!" I picked up a cup and threw it at his head.

As the glass broke and cut his forehead, a stream of blood oozed out, running down to his cheek. However, I was not feeling any sympathy towards him because I felt like he was an obsequious coward.

"I asked you to send Charles to my room last night. So why didn't he show up? He must have had sex with Scarlett, and it's all your fault!" I couldn't help but feel jealous at the thought of Scarlett and Charles sleeping with each other.

It was so unfair, because Charles belonged to me, and I am the only one who could be his woman. But now, everyone knew that Scarlett was his wife.

Scarlett had changed her fate by marrying into the Moore family, when she did not even deserve Charles.



"If he could be so easily tricked, then he would not even be the CEO of the Moore Group," Richard reminded me in a patient manner, ignoring his swollen face and bleeding forehead.

"Do I even need you to tell me that? It only proves that you are useless!" I screamed as I kicked his belly.

"Charles asked his people to send Scarlett away this morning," Richard said in a low voice with his hands over his belly.

When I heard those words, my joy knew no bounds. I wondered if it was true. I told myself that Charles would not have sent her away if he really liked her.

"Great! I still have a chance to get him back, then." Feeling happy, I fixed my messy hair.

I knew that I would have a chance with Charles as long as Scarlett was out of the picture. Without that annoying bitch, my relationship with Charles would certainly be restored.

I could not help but imagine my future with him, feeling excited.

"Stop deceiving yourself, okay? Charles doesn't love you anymore. He loves Scarlett. But I'm willing to take care of you for the rest of my life," Richard said in a firm voice, looking into my eyes.

"Who told you that? Does she even deserve him? Charles is mine. I am the only one who deserves him!" I warned him, grabbing him by the collar. "And you don't deserve to take care of me at all. It's like a toad wishing to be kissed by a princess and marry her. You are craving for something that you are not worthy of. Did you really think that your fate would be changed after you slept with me? Perish that thought, because it's not going to help you change the fact that you will only remain an ugly toad forever."

A scornful smile appeared on my lips as I glared at him.

Looking at the cowardly Richard, I regretted having been impulsive at that time. I had not been able to resist my desire and ended up having a one night stand with him. Even a gigolo would be better than him.

"Rita, I really love you. Trust me. I can take good care of you and our child," Richard pleaded, holding me.

"Don't kid yourself! You'd better look at yourself in the mirror before you make such ridiculous promises," I said sarcastically, pushing him away without hesitation.

"I..."

"Get out! And don't ruin my good mood!" I sneered and turned away, because I felt like if I took another look at him, I would feel sick.

Charles' POV:

Sitting in my office, I watched the news on the Internet. Many people were cursing me and Rita, because they pitied Scarlett.

"Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore has left," Amy said respectfully as soon as she entered my office.

"Did she have any message for me?" I asked, unconsciously clenching my fists.

"No," Amy replied with her head down.

My heart ached as a hint of inexplicable sadness enveloped me. I suddenly felt like I had done something ridiculous.

"Thank you, Amy. You may leave now." I was trying my best not to sound indifferent.

"Do you need help with the news on the Internet?" she asked cautiously.

"No, thanks." I was still as cold as usual, pretending like I did not care about what was going on.

After Amy left, I looked out of the window at the falling snow and slapped myself in the face.

I was lost in deep thought about what happened last night.

Since I had been aware of Rita's plan, I had not walked into her trap.

However, I managed to sleep with Scarlett while she was drunk. I could not help but feel quite upset and regretful about what I had done. I was afraid that Scarlett would blame me for taking advantage of her drunken state at that time.

My mind was in a mess that whole morning. I didn't dare to face Scarlett, and that was the reason I had left early in the morning.

I couldn't imagine what she would think of me once she found out what I had done to her.

I was afraid that she might end up resenting me for it, and not want to see me anymore.

I still could not think of a way to handle things even until now, and my mind was in a mess.

I wanted to calm down and sort things out as soon as possible, but whenever Scarlett appeared in my mind, it was impossible for me to calm down.

The news about us had been spreading for almost a week now, and the situation was only getting worse.

I hadn't been home in a week, so Grandma called me back one day.

As soon as I walked into the house, I heard Grandma talking on the phone. With her smile, it was not hard to guess whom she was talking to.

She cast a stern glance at me before she continued over the phone, "Scarlett, my dear, don't force yourself to stay there if you are not used to it. You could always come back. The Moore family will support you."

Once she hung up, things got awkward. She gave me a cold glare and said nothing while I hung my head, feeling guilty, and did not dare to cause trouble.

"What an irresponsible man you are!" Grandma said in an unhappy tone, looking at me coldly.

I was shocked when I heard that. 'Does she know what happened last night? Did Scarlett tell on me?'

"What? You think Scarlett told on you?" Grandma asked coldly, noticing that I was silent.

But instead of answering her, I continued to be silent.

"I might be old, but I'm not stupid. I was also young at one time, so I know what happened between you two," she said sarcastically.

Upon hearing that, I felt a little sad. It was my fault, after all. But I still didn't have the courage to face Scarlett. And I hated myself for being so cowardly.

#### [Chapter 114 Miss](#)

Charles' POV:

"You'd better not handle this matter indifferently, or Scarlett will only distance herself from you," Grandma warned me coldly. "In fact, I can tell that she does care for you, but you just keep disappointing her and you have no sense of propriety. You always make her mad."

With that, she looked at me with disappointment and helplessness in her eyes.

I continued to remain silent.

The only reason I sent Scarlett abroad on my private plane was because I wanted to make her journey a comfortable one. After all, it would be very exhausting to catch a plane early in the morning. Moreover, the ticket that she had bought was for the economy class. More importantly, I didn't want to stop Scarlett from realizing her dream.

"Scarlett seems to be sick, so take the initiative to go and see her," my mother ordered coldly.

I remained silent as I wondered what reason could I use to make it seem like I did not go there to specifically see her.

"Did you even hear what I just said?" Annoyed by my long silence, Grandma glared at me.

"I know. You guys should rest. I will go to see her."

After saying goodbye to my family, I left the house.

As soon as I was outside, I called Amy. "Delay all my schedules. I am going abroad tomorrow."

After that, I asked Spencer and David to meet me.

"Do you know where Scarlett is staying abroad?" I asked.

"I haven't contacted her in a long time. She is your wife. Why are you asking me for her address?" Spencer seemed to be astonished by my words.

"What about you? Did you contact her?" I asked David, ignoring the sarcasm in Spencer's tone.

David also gave me the same response, which made me sigh helplessly.

"If you haven't contacted Scarlett, then you must have contacted Nina, at least, right?" Massaging my temples, I looked at Spencer.

"No," Spencer replied.

I thought he must be lying. Staring at him, I said slowly, "You were intimate with Nina before, and now you're saying that you don't even talk to her? Are you really going to shirk your responsibility after sleeping with her?"

"I can sue you for slandering me like that, you know? Believe it or not, nothing happened between us! Forget it. Since we are friends, I have some news for you. They're both unaccustomed to the climate there, and are sick now," Spencer said, scrolling through his phone. "Here, take a look."

Saying that, he handed his phone to me.

It was Nina's Facebook page.

There was a picture of her and Scarlett, posted recently. They were both clearly unwell in the picture.

I could not help but feel upset when I noticed how pale Scarlett was in the photo.

"If you're that concerned about Scarlett, then why don't you go see her?" Spencer suggested, noticing my horrified expression.

I glanced at him, and did not say a word, but I had already made up my mind.

"I'm telling you, a woman like Scarlett can get many men abroad. If you don't take the initiative now, then she might end up with another man, and when that happens, don't come crying to us." Spencer was clearly annoying.

"Shut up." I gave him a cold glare, but deep down, I was upset.

"I only said it because I am concerned about your marriage, you ungrateful man!" Spencer looked at me with a pout as though he had been wronged.

"Please get him out of my sight." I looked at David, pleading for help.

"Alright, fine! I'll go by myself. Just think about it, though."

After patting me on the shoulder, Spencer and David left.

The noisy world around me instantly fell silent. I looked out of the window at the neon lights, unable to process how Scarlett might react if she saw me.

Perhaps, she would be mad and refuse to see me.

I felt so nervous that entire night.

The next morning, I took an early flight abroad to see Scarlett.

As soon as I landed, Spencer texted me Nina's address.

And I couldn't wait to go to there.

Once I got there, I took a deep breath before I knocked on the door. The thought of seeing Scarlett again made me feel nervous. I was thinking about how I should greet her when I saw her.

Before I was even ready, the door was pushed open.

However, Nina didn't seem surprised to see me at all.

"I'm on a business trip," I blurted out.

"What? Mr. Moore, don't try so hard covering it up, because the more you try, the more you end up

exposing yourself." Nina snickered.

I cleared my throat and coughed, in an attempt to hide my embarrassment.

"Come in, please." Nina turned around and led me into the house.

When I saw that Scarlett was not inside, a hint of disappointment crashed into my heart. 'Where did she go off to so early in the morning?'

"Scarlett has returned home. A celebrity has specifically asked for her to host the interview program," Nina explained.

"I am sorry to bother you."

"You got here right after she left. You guys just..." Nina said with an apologetic glance.

"I have something to do now. I'll see you later." With that, I turned around and left.

I walked alone on the lonely streets. Thinking of what I had done, I felt sad and ironic.

I came there to see her, but she was gone. She didn't tell me when she would come back. It felt like she did not want to see me at all.

Although I hated her in my heart for constantly running around even when she was ill, I could not help but feel sorry for her.

She must still be mad at me about what happened that night. After all, it was all my fault. I felt like I needed to explain it to her in person.

So I took out my phone, wanting to call her. I glanced at her number for a long time, but in the end, I couldn't find the courage to call her.

Scarlett's POV:

After getting off the plane, I turned on my phone, and saw Nina's message.

I clicked on it and saw a picture of Charles' back.

Why was he there? Did he go there on a business trip and stopped by for a visit? Or did he go there just to see me?

"Did he say anything to you?"

I asked Nina over text.

A while later, she called me.

"He said that he was on a business trip."

As soon as I heard her answer, I sighed with relief, but I also felt a little uncomfortable.

Nina continued, "But I don't think that he came here on a business trip at all. He looked worn out. His hair was in a mess and his clothes were wrinkled. Charles is the kind of man who pays a lot of attention to his image, and I don't think that he would really show up looking like a mess if he was really here on a business trip. I think that he is just using the business trip as an excuse to see you."

"That's impossible!" I said firmly.

"Why so?" Nina asked helplessly.

"I don't think he'll come to me. I got to go to the company now, so bye!"

I was not in the mood to talk about him anymore, so I hung up.

However, Nina's call left me feeling restless all day long.

After work, I went straight home, but I was surprised to see Rita and Richard outside my door.

I decided to ignore them after glancing at them for just a second. Passing by them, I opened the door.

Rita followed me closely with a hypocritical smile.

"Scarlett, how are you doing abroad? I haven't seen you in a long time. Are you used to living here? Have you adapted yourself to the new place yet? If you have any difficulties, then please, let me know and I will do my best to help you. And..." After greeting me intimately, she tried to hold my hand.

I dodged and interrupted her.

"Don't beat around the bush, and get to the point, will you?" I said to her coldly with an indifferent look in my eyes.

"I drugged Charles' wine at Michael's birthday party," Rita said casually as she sat down on the couch.

I was shocked at first, but soon I pulled myself together. My relationship with Charles had been made public that day, and Rita was certainly not the type to give up so easily.

"I was trying to get Charles to go to my room, but he went to your room by accident." Rita was fuming with rage as she uttered those words.

"So, are you here to apologize to me now?"

"I want you to know that Charles only slept with you that night because he was drugged, and not because he loves you," Rita said to me earnestly, taking a deep breath.

"Oh..." I gave her an uninterested glance, because I did not care about it at all.

"I don't care about what happened. I still want to be with Charles. I love him more than anything in the world," she confessed with a smile.

"If you are going to confess your love, then don't do it to me. Don't say such disgusting words in front of me. And perhaps, you're the only one who knows if you're speaking the truth or not." My tone was indifferent as I looked at her clenched fists.

I recalled that night. Charles had not seemed to be drugged at all. In fact, he had been more sober than me.

"By the way, Charles was sober that night." Out of the kindness in my heart, I told Rita the truth.

"That's impossible! How could Charles have been sober? He just lost his senses under the effect of the drug. There's no way he'll touch you otherwise. He hates you!" Rita shouted at me in panic.

### [Chapter 115 Anger](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"It has already happened. No matter how angry you feel right now, it can't be undone," I said casually with a shrug of my shoulders. In fact, I didn't care about her reaction at all.

"No! Charles only came to you because he was mad at me for sleeping with Richard. Otherwise, he wouldn't even look at you!" Rita shouted.

I was stunned upon hearing that.

"Is that baby actually Richard's, then?" I couldn't help but ask.

"No." Rita denied it at once as though she was trying to cover up her guilt. She looked at me fiercely and added, "Leave Charles alone. He is mine."

"You have already lost Charles, though." I was completely indifferent and unfazed as I told her the truth.

"Don't think that you have a chance with Charles just because he slept with you. He doesn't love you! He loves me, and he's only doing things to get back at me. Once I apologize to him, he is going to come back



to me, and you will get kicked out, just like what happened three years ago. You will always be just a substitute, a tool he uses to keep his family calm!" Rita shouted, seeming to be out of control.

She then slammed the door and left with Richard.

The noisy room instantly fell quiet. Sitting on the sofa, I could not help but laugh, thinking of Rita's entanglement with Charles over the past few years.

I never thought that she would sleep with Richard, though. Even Charles had once told me that the child she was carrying was not his. 'Was he telling the truth at that time?'

I thought of what had happened that night, and I realized that Charles had indeed been a little clumsy when he had sex with me.

Feeling that I was making an excuse for Charles, I patted my head to stop thinking of him.

The day after the program, Abner sent me to the airport.

"Be careful, and send me a text once you arrive." Abner seemed to be worried as he reminded me.

"Okay, you should go back now."

After saying goodbye to him, I turned around and left. From the corner of my eye, I saw a familiar figure. I stopped and looked at the man, who was standing not too far away from me, and noticed that he was also looking at me. It was Charles.

We didn't walk towards each other, though. We just stood there, looking at each other through the crowd.

All of a sudden, I noticed that he was about to lift his foot and walk towards me, when the boarding announcement was heard.

I withdrew my sight and prepared to board. When I looked back again, Charles wasn't there anymore. I despised myself, but at the same time, I also felt a little pathetic.

I seemed to be expecting too much of him. Actually, there was no need for me to feel lost at all.

After getting on the plane, I could not help but recall the three years I had spent abroad, studying. Thinking of that time, I felt that I had been too humble back then. I was tired, and I did not want to be the weak one in our unfair relationship. I didn't want to continue loving him so humbly.

As soon as I arrived at the residence, Nina asked me excitedly, "Did you meet Charles?"

There was a look of curiosity in her eyes.

"I met him at the airport," I answered honestly. However, whenever I mentioned him, my heart ached.

"If you met him at the airport, why did you come back so soon? I thought you would stay there for a few days." Nina frowned in confusion.

"He didn't speak to me, so I also kept silent. We just glanced at each other, and then I boarded the plane." I sighed, feeling exhausted, physically and mentally.

"He didn't ask you to stay? He didn't even talk to you?" Nina's eyes went wide with surprise.

"No, he said nothing." With a bitter smile on my lips, I glanced out of the window with tears in my eyes.

"He came all the way to see you, so I thought he would have a lot to say. I've never seen Charles being such a mess before." Nina sighed with regret.

"After we divorce, I want to have a real romantic relationship!" The bitter smile did not leave my lips as I tried to wipe away my tears.

"Really? Looks like you've finally figured it out. I'll find you a handsome man, don't worry." Feeling happy again, Nina began to browse her contacts for her male friends.

I could not help but feel helpless when I saw her like that, but deep down, I knew that it was probably the right choice to make. I had to divorce Charles, and I could not let him become the center of my universe again.

I was going to start a new life, so it would be helpful for me to have some new friends.

"Don't frown. I will take you to a bar to help you relax a little, okay?" Nina proposed excitedly.

After thinking for a while, I nodded.

Charles' POV:

"Celebrity hostess is having fun abroad!"

"Mrs. Moore can't seem to stand loneliness. She is partying with a gigolo in the bar!"

Reading click-bait headlines and looking at the pictures of Scarlett and Nina having fun in a bar, I couldn't help but feel angry.

I slammed my phone on the table, forcing myself not to pay attention to any news about Scarlett. However, I could not help myself.

Recalling Scarlett's cold gaze when I met her at the airport the other day, I felt like someone had stabbed my heart with a knife, and I was also furious.

Was I really that unendurable in her eyes that she even didn't have the desire to talk to me?

She had turned around and left as soon as she had seen me that day.

Did she really hate me that much?

The exhaustion of travel, and the anger from being ignored by her was tormenting me, slowly eating my brains away.

I massaged my temples, trying to calm myself down. However, I realized that whenever it was about Scarlett, I was not able to calm down at all.

Leaning against the chair, I tried to rest my eyes for a bit. Not long after, Amy called the intercom line and told me that Spencer had come to see me.

As soon as I straightened myself up, Spencer pushed the door open and entered my office.

"I'm going abroad. Would you like me to bring you something when I come back or would you like me to give Scarlett a message?"

"No!" I said in a cold voice, looking at him.

"You look so depressed. Do you break up with your girlfriend?"

I glared at him.

"Sorry, it was a slip of the tongue. I know that you two are not in love. Oh, no! Did Scarlett abandon you? What a poor guy!"

He was really annoying.

"Fuck off!" I snapped, glaring at him before I ignored him.

"I think you're angry because deep down you're embarrassed, because I'm telling the truth." Spencer was becoming more unscrupulous instead of restraining himself.

"Mr. Moore, your signature is required." Amy walked in with a document in her hand. I took it from her and studied it. However, I could not stop thinking about Scarlett at all, which upset me.

I looked down and noticed that I signed Scarlett's name on the document instead of mine own.

"I must tell Scarlett that someone was absent-minded when working and signed her name on the document," Spencer said with a smile when he noticed her name on the document.

"If you dare to say anything more, then I would not mind letting you rot abroad for a much longer time," I threatened him coldly.

"Fine, I won't tell her. I don't want to leave you. I'm going now. You keep missing Scarlett. I don't want to disturb you." Spencer waved to me with a smile and left my office.

"Print another copy of this for me," I ordered Amy indifferently.

"Okay." She left after giving me a respectful nod.

Looking at Scarlett's name on the document, I traced my fingers over it.

"Scarlett... Scarlett..." I mumbled to myself. Every time I thought of her, my heart ached.

At that moment, my phone rang. It was a call from Richard. I hesitated for a while before I answered it.

"Rita wants to see you." Richard's voice came from the other end of the line.

"I am not going to see her." I was in a bad mood, and I did not want to deal with them.

But just a moment later, I heard Rita crying over the phone.

"Could you please come and see her?" Richard pleaded.

"I already told you that I won't see her. If she still doesn't give up, then I will publicly announce who the real father of her child is," I said bluntly, leaving no room for negotiation.

"I'm going to have an abortion!" Rita roared over the phone as soon as I said those words.

"Rita, don't be impulsive. You are too emotional now, and it is not good for the baby." Richard stopped her, coaxing her in a gentle voice.

However, Rita continued to shout, unlike the person I remembered her to be.

"Keep Rita under control. I will repay her kindness since I owe her, but if she continues to pester me, I won't show mercy to her!" I said coldly and hung up the phone.

#### [Chapter 116 Dazed And Confused](#)

Rita's POV:

"How dare you stop me?!" I bellowed while glaring at Richard. My blood was boiling in anger, but I tried

my best to suppress it.

"That's my child too. If you're going to have an abortion, I have the right to stop you!" Richard argued while looking at me firmly.

"Shut up! Now that Charles knows that the baby is yours, there's no need for me to keep it!" I turned around to leave, but Richard grabbed my arm tightly.

"Let me go!" I struggled to get out of his grasp but to no avail.

"That's my child. You can't abort it without my consent!" Richard insisted while looking at me coldly. It was as if he was giving an order that I could not disobey.

But I remained unfazed. I took a deep breath and, all of a sudden, kicked his crotch while he was distracted. Richard let go of me and stumbled back in pain. But by the time he let go of me, his grip had already left a bruise on my arm.

"What do you think Charles will do if he finds out that you've recovered?" Richard asked, half squatting on the ground. His voice trembled in pain, but the gravity of his words turned me by degrees.

I was just about to smash a vase onto his head, but his words had me frozen in the spot.

It was then that I got ahold of myself. I must admit, what Richard had said scared the shit out of me.

Charles's attitude towards me had completely changed. Had he found out about my condition?

At the thought of this, I grabbed Richard's arm and begged, "Richard, you have to help me."

Instead of getting angry for what I had done, Richard looked at me with a sneer.

Judging from the look on his face, he would not help me. With that, I pushed him away and began to think of a plan.

"I saved Charles's life. Yes, I saved Charles' life." I kept repeating this sentence. Not long after, my flustered heart finally calmed down, and a sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth.

Richard must have sensed what I was thinking as he bellowed, "Shame on you! Scarlett is innocent. She is the one who suffers from this mess you create!"

I was taken aback by this. Richard was supposed to be my ally, not Scarlett's. What he had said infuriated me and made me hate her even more. "How dare you speak for that bitch? Do you like her too?"

She had taken Charles away from me. And now, even Richard thought highly of her. If only she had died

when she was abroad, things would not have turned out this way.

"Don't think everyone is as disgusting as you are." Richard limped away as soon as he finished speaking.

Anger surged in my heart as I watched him walk away.

'Scarlett, since you like stealing what's mine, don't blame me for being rude!'

Scarlett's POV:

I was heading to the restaurant for breakfast. While I was waiting for the traffic light at the intersection to go green, my phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Charles.

I was surprised to see his name on the screen.

It should be midnight at home. Why was he calling me at this time?

Nevertheless, I decided to answer the call. "What's up?" I asked indifferently.

"Are you okay?" Charles asked back, a hint of panic in his voice.

"I'm fine." My voice softened when I felt his concern. But I must admit, I was confused as to why he called out of the blue.

Charles breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good. I just had a nightmare, so I called to check up on you." For some reason, something felt off. I could sense the lingering fear in his tone. He seldom talked to me like this.

"I'm fine. Don't worry," I said lightly.

Charles did not speak anymore. I did not say anything more either. As neither of us spoke for a long time, he finally hung up the call.

My phone screen went off as the call ended. But I just stood there, dazed and confused.

Charles sounded flustered and anxious. Was he worried about me?

My mouth twisted into a bitter smile. Charles did not even want to talk to me in the first place. How could he care about me?

But then, why did he call all of a sudden? I racked my brain to figure out the answer, but I could not. While I was in deep thought, a car sped in my direction. My life flashed before my eyes. Fortunately, I jumped out of the way in time. I would have been seriously injured if I was not quick to my feet. At that moment, the car hit the protective railing at the side of the road and stalled. I fell to the ground and

grazed my palms and knees. My wounds kinda hurt, but it was better than being dead.

I looked at the car, wide-eyed. The driver did not even get off to check on me, much less apologize. He just started the engine and drove away. Just then, Spencer and Nina rushed to me.

"Oh, my God! Scarlett, are you okay?" Nina rushed to my aid and helped me to my feet.

I gave her a reassuring smile, not wanting her to worry about me. Although my hands and knees hurt, my injuries were not that serious. "I'm fine," I said in a low voice.

Nina breathed a sigh of relief. She held my hand and led me to the restaurant opposite the street. The two of us sat at the round table.

Spencer ran after the car that almost hit me and only joined us after a long while.

"There's something fishy about what happened just now," Spencer said to Nina and me in a serious tone.

The truth was, I had a feeling that the car had targeted me. But for what it was worth, there was no point in making my friends worry about me.

"Maybe it's just a coincidence," I reasoned out.

"I remember the plate number and the direction he left. Excuse me. I'll have to make a phone call." Spencer stood up with his phone in his hand.

Nina looked at Spencer, who was about to go out of the restaurant, and then turned to me. "He must be calling Charles."

I sighed. "Let him be."

"Do you really think what happened just now was a coincidence?" Nina queried with a serious look on her face.

"I'm new here. I don't think anyone knows me here in the first place," I joked with a relaxed smile.

"You're right. Maybe I'm just overthinking." It was only then was Nina reassured.

I patted her on the shoulder comfortingly. "Yes, I'm alright. Don't worry."

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The next day, Spencer called me early in the morning.

"I'm ready to go home. Take good care of yourself here. Tell me when you're going back home. I'll pick you up at the airport," Spencer offered earnestly.

I nodded in agreement. "I will. You too. Be careful on your way home."

Three days later, I came back home for work.

Many recognized me at the airport, and my fans even greeted me warmly. I took a group photo and video with them. They asked for my permission if they could upload the video online, to which I agreed without a second thought.

After work, Abner came to my workstation.

"You're Internet's darling now. Your video has gone viral," he said teasingly. But then, he put on a straight face and solemnly asked, "Would you like to have dinner with me tonight? You came and left in a hurry last time. I didn't have the chance to ask you out after that."

"I'm sorry. I promised Grandma I'd have dinner with them tonight. Maybe next time." I refused Abner's invitation politely.

"It's okay. The elders are more important. Go home now. Let's just have dinner next time." Abner waved goodbye at me and then turned around to leave.

As soon as I stepped out of the company, I saw the driver waiting for me at the side of the road.

I got into the car, and the driver sped away at once. With nothing to do, I looked outside the window and gazed at the receding scenery.

"Was everything okay when you were abroad?" the driver asked when he saw that I was bored.

"Everything was fine. By the way, are Grandpa and Grandma all right?" It had been several days since I last called Grandma. I knew them like the back of my hand. They would not call, even if they were not feeling well.

"They're all fine. It's Mr. Moore who doesn't seem to be doing well." The driver looked at me through the rearview mirror. He opened his mouth to say more but stopped on second thought.

"What's wrong with Charles?" I casually asked, but I was a little worried about him.

"Well, Mr. Moore often goes to the bar and gets himself drunk these past few days. He has also lost a lot of weight," the driver answered with a heavy sigh.

"Is he under too much pressure at work?" I asked, bewildered.



I had been with Charles long enough to know that he was not an alcoholic. Why did he suddenly feel an urge to drink?

"It's because you were away from him. He couldn't stand it, so he drowned his sorrows in alcohol," the driver explained with a helpless sigh.

"How could he be like that because of me? It must be because of work," I argued while looking in the distance.

The driver looked as though he wanted to say something more. However, he decided not to when he saw that I did not want to talk about Charles anymore.

We arrived at the destination not long after. Just as I was about to enter the house, a sports car stopped in front of me. I could not help but take a step back at the sight of it.

#### [Chapter 117 Great Grandchild](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Looking at Charles, who was getting off the sports car, I became nervous subconsciously.

Noticing that he was also looking at me, I immediately lowered my head and entered the room without greeting him.

After all, I despised myself for running away.

As soon as I stepped inside, I felt someone grab the bowknot in the back of my coat, and froze.

I knew that it was Charles, which only made me more nervous.

"The knot was loose." Charles' low voice came from behind me.

I raised my hand subconsciously in an attempt to fasten it again, but he stopped me.

"Let me help you!" he said.

I was tense, hearing the faint sound of his slender fingers touching the fabric. When I realized that he was so attentively tying the knot for me, my heart began to race. I was just standing there like a piece of wood that was frozen.

"All right."

Only when I heard his voice again did I come back to my senses.

I was struggling whether I should thank him for a long time. And without saying anything to him in the

end, I walked into the room.

When I saw Christine sitting on the sofa, I went straight to her and said, "I'm back!"

As soon as I sat down next to her, she held my hand, and complained, "Scarlett, my dear, didn't you miss me? Why didn't you come to see me more often?"

"I'm sorry, Grandma. I've been very busy recently. As a token of my apology, I brought you a small gift. So please forgive me." Holding her hand, I acted like a spoiled child as I handed her the box.

"Smart girl, are you bribing me?" Christine rubbed my nose dotingly with a helpless smile.

"Yes, so will you accept my gift?" I snuggled up to her with a smile.

"Of course, I'll accept it." She returned my smile kindly.

I took out the brooch that I had bought for her, and helped her wear it. That moment, Alice entered the room.

"This brooch is so beautiful. Scarlett, you have such a good taste," Alice praised me with a smile.

"Yeah, I think so, too." With a child-like smile, Christine showed off her brooch to Alice.

"Well, you are elegant and graceful, so I knew that the brooch would match your temperament perfectly," I replied with a smile. I then took out another gift box and handed it to Alice. "Mom, this is for you."

Taking the box from me, Alice praised me again.

I took out the gifts that I had bought for Michael and Lawrence, and placed them on the tea table.

"I'm still here. Is it really appropriate for you to ignore me?" Charles complained all of a sudden.

That was the moment I realized that I was indeed ignoring him. And as for his gift, I did not prepare one at all!

Alice glanced at him coldly while intimately holding my hand.

"Scarlett, take off your coat. It's warm in the room. You might end up sweating if you continue to wear it." Her tone was gentle, unlike the way she talked to Charles.

I quickly took off my coat and handed it to the servant.

"The clothes are wrinkled. Would you like me to send them for dry cleaning?" the servant asked, looking

at my wrinkled coat.

"No, thanks!"

"Yes!"

Alice and I blurted out at the same moment, making it awkward.

"Your clothes are wrinkled, and if you wear them like that, people might laugh at you," Alice said in a gentle yet firm voice.

"If you wear such clothes, then people might think that we're mistreating you," Charles chimed in all of a sudden.

Glancing at him, I stayed silent.

"What do you know? Scarlett is frugal." Upon hearing his words, Christine cast a reproachful glance at him.

Charles raised his hands in surrender, indicating that he wouldn't interrupt us anymore.

"You should dry clean it. It's wrinkled." Holding my hand, Alice continued to convince me.

"She's right. Besides, it's not such a big deal," Christine said. I felt like if I continued to resist, then they might think that I am being rude.

Hence, I had no choice but to nod in agreement.

But then, I was worried about what could I wear when I go back if my clothes were sent away for dry cleaning.

"Scarlett, you are so sweet. I just love you so much." Christine's tone was affectionate and loving as she held my hand. "Unlike you, Charles always makes me angry."

She then turned to Charles with a fierce look in her eyes.

Charles sighed helplessly, but did not say anything.

"Scarlett, my dear, could you do me a favor?" Christine asked in an awkward tone.

"Please tell me, and I will do my best to help you, Grandma," I said firmly. The next moment, she escorted me to the couch.

"Scarlett, you have been married to Charles for years now. Since you had your own problems to deal

with, we didn't force you before, but I am growing older with each passing day, and I might die before..." she suddenly seemed to be sentimental. For a moment, I didn't understand what she was going to say.

"What are you talking about, Grandma? You are going to live a long and happy life," I tried to comfort her.

"I don't want to live a long life, Scarlett. I only have one wish. Can you help me realize it?" Christine wiped her tears away, looking at me with eagerness in her eyes.

"Sure," I answered with a firm nod.

"Then I want you give birth to a great-grandchild for me. I have already have one foot in the grave. I want to see my great-grandchildren, but I don't think I can live that long..." She was in tears again when she mentioned that.

I was not expecting her to talk about it, so I was feeling a little awkward.

"Grandma, I might..." Just when I was about to refuse her politely, she interrupted me.

"I know that you are busy with your work, and that you are pursuing your dream. But don't worry, having a baby will not affect that at all. I might be old now, but I can be of help. Besides, Alice can also help to take care of your child." Saying that, Christine and Alice exchanged glances.

"Yes, you can continue pursuing your dreams even after the baby is born. We will take care of the baby. Scarlett, as you know, Grandpa and Grandma are getting old. Their greatest wish is to see your baby come to this world, and if you can help them make that happen, they will be really happy." Alice was also persuading me earnestly.

Michael was about to say something, but he stopped on second thought. I knew that if I opened my mouth now, they would try to persuade me again, so I shut up and looked at Charles, silently asking for help.

He glanced at me before he lowered his head and played with the lighter in his hand. He didn't seem to want to say anything.

"Scarlett... Your grandma is right. Give birth to a great-grandchild for us while we are still alive." Michael also tried to convince me, just as I expected.

Feeling their pressure, I could only give them an awkward smile.

I looked at Charles again, hoping that he would say something to help me.

He also looked up at me, but he only raised his eyebrows at me, and did not help me out at all.

"Scarlett, please listen to us. I really want a great-grandchild."

"Yes, I also want to see who your child is going to look like..."

Michael and Christine were still persuading me, but I didn't have the heart to say no to them. I could only smile at them awkwardly, hoping that they would end the topic as soon as possible.

#### [Chapter 118 Explanation](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After everyone had dinner, the family sat down in the living room to watch my TV show.

Once it was over, everyone left the room one by one, leaving only me with Charles.

That moment, his phone rang, and he answered it immediately.

"Scarlett is back, so I want to be at home with her. Let's meet some other day."

With that, he hung up.

I looked at him subconsciously, only to find him staring at me.

"What's up?" Charles asked indifferently.

"Nothing," I replied, shaking my head. I then lowered my head and twiddled with my hand nervously.

My heart would race and I would feel so nervous whenever I was with him.

I thought that I had moved on, but my heart would always melt into a puddle whenever I looked at him.

Noticing that Charles was staring at my clenched hands, I felt a little nervous.

The moment I got up to leave, he grabbed my hand.

"Why are you sweating?" He rubbed my palm with a faint smile.

Struggling, I tried to withdraw my hand.

He suddenly pulled me so hard that I fell into his arms like a weak kitten.

"What are you doing?" I asked as I struggled to get out of his arms, but I was no match for him.

His cologne was so distracting.

I couldn't help but think of the night we had sex. He had kissed me gently while calling my name over and over that night.

I was so lost in thought that I did not notice that he was getting closer and closer to me until I felt his lips meet mine.

When I came to my senses, I tried to push him away by placing my hands on his chest, but failed.

Charles kissed my lips overbearingly. He quickly pressed me onto the couch in one swift move, gasping for breath. I was able to feel his erection poking my skin.

His hands wandered through my body, and when I realized that he was about to reach inside my clothes, I quickly grabbed his hand.

"Stop it!" I was supposed to be blaming him, but I sounded like a spoiled child, who was playing hard to get.

"The bedroom or the living room? You choose." He continued to press his body on mine as he whispered those words in my ear seductively. Feeling his hot breath against my skin, my heart trembled.

My body tensed instantly and I was so nervous that I could not even bring myself to speak.

"Then... Let's do it here," Charles said with a sly smile, kissing my neck.

His lips continued to travel every inch of my skin, starting a fire with each kiss. I was worried that I might burst into flames if he continued to do it.

"Wait!" I shouted anxiously just when he was about to slide his hand into my dress.

"Have you decided yet?" he asked, kissing my lips lovingly.

"Bedroom, the bedroom..." I had no choice but to choose one of the options, as I was afraid that people might walk in on us. Charles seemed to be determined, so I had no choice but to give him an answer, panicking.

He immediately stopped his movements, picked me up, and carried me into the bedroom.

He then rudely threw me on the bed. Feeling a little scared, I shrank back.

"We were both drunk that night," I said in a serious tone, looking into his eyes.

But without even saying anything, he took off his shirt.

"What's your point?" Charles said, staring at me.

"We are not drunk tonight, so... I don't want to have sex with you, and we shouldn't do it, anyway," I blurted out with a sigh.

Charles grabbed my ankle, pulled me to his side, and pressed himself onto me.

He leaned in, and tried to kiss me, but I dodged him. However, without getting angry, he began kissing my neck.

"Didn't you just choose to do it in the bedroom?" His voice was very gentle, as if he was coaxing me. But he didn't know how seductive his low voice was when it was laced with a hint of lust.

I felt a ball of fire engulfing my heart, and I had nowhere I could escape to. Moreover, the arsonist was only trying to make the fire burn more vigorously.

"But I remember you taking the initiative to kiss me that night. You even held me and acted like a spoiled child, saying that I was a bastard..." He held my hands over my head as our lips locked. His flirting caused me to blush uncontrollably.

Upon listening to his description, memories of our lustful night flashed through my mind.

"You look so cute when you are shy..." Charles complemented me in a sincere tone, stroking my face tenderly before he kissed my lips again.

I was ashamed and angry, but I suddenly felt his hand sliding through the hem of my dress. Feeling his faintly cold fingertips against my skin, my body tensed up.

"I know the reason why you slept with me that night," I said lightly, sensing what he was about to do to me.

Charles stopped and looked at me with calmness in his eyes.

"Last time I came back, I met Rita. And she told me about what happened between her and Richard. So I think that you're only doing all this to get your revenge on her," I said after making a careful analysis, but then I saw Charles glancing at me coldly as he put his clothes back on.

"You are my wife!" Standing by the bed, he gritted his teeth and looked at me.

Looking into his eyes, I was stunned for a moment before I got up from the bed, and said to him with a smile, "I don't deny our relationship."

I straightened up my wrinkled clothes. Taking a look at the shoes on the floor, I bent down, picked them up, and was ready to put them on.

"I have the right to make love to you!" Charles said in a cold voice, suddenly pulling me to him.

Shocked, I gazed deep into his eyes.

"Charles, calm down. You never planned on marrying me in the first place. You have been wanting to marry Rita from the start. But you're suddenly acting like you want me. What other reason could you possibly have if not for taking revenge on her?" I said in a calm voice, analyzing.

Charles' brows furrowed and he kissed me as though he was punishing me. He even bit my lips rudely as if he was going to swallow me whole.

I knew that my lips must be swollen.

He continued to kiss me harder and harder until I was left breathless.

I tried to push him away, but failed again. He did not let go of me until he vented all his anger on me.

"You are so cruel, Scarlett. Can't you feel my love at all?" Charles asked in a depressed tone, resting his head on my shoulder. "How can I make you understand my feelings? Tell me, what should I do..."

His voice was filled with exhaustion.

"Charles, I think you need some time to calm down." With a sigh, I tried to break free, but he was so strong that I couldn't even move an inch.

"I'm very calm now." Although he seemed calm, there were still clear sparks of burning desire in his eyes. "What should I do to make you believe that I love you?"

Asking that, he buried his head in my neck as though he had lost all of his strength.

### [Chapter 119 Confession](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I was shocked by Charles' accusation.

"You never take me seriously..." Lowering my head, I felt his racing heartbeat. However, I could not help but sob when I spoke.

"When did I not take you seriously? Did I really lose your trust because of that one mistake I made?"

"We can't be together anymore..."

Before I could even finish my words, Charles lifted me up, and carried me to the bathroom.



He then pressed me against the wall and turned on the shower head, causing the warm water to rain on the floor. Soon, the bathroom was covered in a thick cloud of steam.

Feeling the cold wall against my back, I could not help but shiver.

Charles seemed to have noticed my discomfort as he quickly embraced me.

"Scarlett, please don't refuse me. I really love you."

While saying those affectionate words, he leaned forward and kissed me.

How could I refuse him? Even thinking of him made my heart ache.

Whenever it came to matters about him, I always ended up feeling helpless and powerless.

I kissed him back. Excited by my kiss, he kissed me harder and more passionately.

While kissing, we walked over to the shower head, letting the warm water flow down from our heads.

"Take off your clothes; they're wet..." Saying that, Charles began undressing me without any hesitation.

Before I could even say anything, he started kissing me again.

I was so immersed in his deep kiss that I could not even tell if it was real or if it was just an illusion. My heart was burning from the flames that he ignited.

"Scarlett... Scarlett... I love you. I love you so much." Charles wrapped his arms around me and continued thrusting himself inside me as he kept telling me that he loved me.

I knew that men often say such sweet words during sex because they were excited in the moment. However, I couldn't help but be infatuated with his tenderness, and whenever he looked at me with his gently loving gaze, I felt so helpless.

It was getting late.

And Charles was right beside me, panting from our passionate sex. I was addicted to his tenderness as it made me feel alive with pleasure.

The next morning, a gust of cold wind blew on my face, and I woke up from my sleep. When I opened my eyes, I saw Charles sleeping next to me with scratches all over his body, as though he had been attacked by a cat.

My face turned red as soon as I recalled what happened last night.

While I was lost in thought, Charles' hoarse voice dragged me back to reality. "You are awake..."

He looked at me in a daze as he reached out to hug me, chuckling.

"Let go of me! I have to get up." I felt his hard, erect penis poking me when I was struggling to get away from him awkwardly.

"Didn't you like it very much last night? I'm sure you will like it today." Charles kissed my earlobe and slipped his hand inside my nightgown.

I could not help but moan as he toyed with my breasts harder and harder.

"Be gentle. It hurts!" I complained with a frown.

However, he kept handling me in a rough way.

"It won't hurt. You'll only feel better later," he said with a smile as he kissed me and started to soften his touch a little.

The pain in my body was suddenly replaced with a stinging yet numbing feeling. I tried my best to stifle my groan.

Charles lifted up my top and sucked my nipples. The cool breeze caused me to have goose-bumps. A strange sensation rose in my heart when he took the softest part of my body into his mouth.

"You are so wet..." He reached down, and touched me while looking up at me with a snicker.

I once again could not do anything but surrender.

After breakfast, he took me to work.

He kept sighing from time to time on our way.

Seeing him like that, I could not help but wonder if I had taken things too far.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You've been looking at me all morning like you're looking at something awful," Charles said dejectedly, scratching his head.

"Yes, I feel very uncomfortable, so I want to get off the car now!" I blurted out.

But just when I was about to get off the car, Charles locked the door.

"Didn't I explain it to you last night?" he asked, looking at me with a frown.

"You don't have to lie to me, and you don't have to sacrifice yourself for me," I said lightly.

"Will you only be obedient in bed?" Glaring at me, Charles started the car irritably.

I immediately understood his threat and stopped talking.

Soon, we arrived at the television station. I was about to unfasten my seat belt and get out of the car. However, Charles suddenly pinned me against the seat.

"You... Hmm..." Before I could finish my words, he kissed me.

He did not let go of me until I was almost out of breath.

In a daze, I got off the car. Seeing Abner, I stood still.

"Honey, after the show, I'll pick you up and take you to the airport!" Charles' smug voice came from behind.

I turned around and noticed him smiling at me.

'Why can't he drop the act already?'

I couldn't help but curse him in my heart as I gave Abner an awkward glance.

"What are you waiting for? Let's go inside," Abner said to me with a smile.

As soon as I entered the office, I sent a text to Charles, asking him not to pick me up. However, I saw a car outside the TV station as soon as the program was over.

"This way, please!" the driver said in a respectful tone as he walked up to me.

I got in the car reluctantly and tried to keep my distance from Charles.

"Sit next to me. Are you scared that I might eat you?" Charles ordered as soon as the door was closed.

I glanced at him and did not move.

He frowned, but he did not continue to persuade me.

My mind was a mess as I looked out of the window with a dull heart.

The driver hit the brake all of a sudden, and Charles pulled me into his arms.

I tried to free myself in vain. I glared at him to show that I was not pleased with him for what he just did.

"I told you to eat more. You really think you can match my strength in your condition?" Charles kissed me on the cheek. It was evident that he just couldn't keep his hands to himself as they began to wander over my body.

I continued to struggle, trying to get his hands off me.

"Don't resist. Or I'll fuck you in the car!" Charles whispered in my ear vulgarly.

I had no choice but to give in because I knew that he was not just making empty threats.

"Don't lie to me anymore and I will also be honest with you, okay?" He kept staring at me and holding me in his arms on our way to the airport.

Upon hearing that, I had no choice but to shut up.

"Try to accept me, okay?" he added.

After looking at him carefully for a moment, I turned away and shook my head.

"I've already explained everything to you, and I won't do it again. But I will prove myself with actions," Charles said firmly. He then sighed helplessly.

He was well-behaved for the rest of the car ride. After we arrived at the airport, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I wanted to get off the car, but he held my hand tightly.

"It's almost time. If I don't go in now, I'll miss the plane." I looked at him with a frown, not knowing what he was trying to do.

He did not even take my words seriously and continued to caress my hand tenderly.

Just when I was about to say something, he gazed deep into my eyes. "You have to cooperate with me."

I was in a daze as I did not know what he wanted me to cooperate for.

"To give Grandpa and Grandma a great-grandchild."

That was impossible!

I refused without hesitation in my heart, but I did not express out at all.

## [Chapter 120 Encounter](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as Charles let go of me, my heart sank and I ran away.

Not long after, I got a call from him.

"If I didn't let you go, you wouldn't be able to run away from me," he said in a voice that wandered between smug and sad. I froze but kept my gaze ahead.

"You're wearing high-heeled shoes. Be careful. I don't want you to hurt yourself, okay?" he sighed helplessly and reminded me with concern.

I knew that he was still looking at me because he had not hung up yet. I resisted the urge to look back and left without a second thought.

I had been busy with the training program every day since landing abroad. Charles sent me messages from time to time about his family's affairs.

Time passed by quickly, and the first wave of training sessions ended soon.

I had a few days off, but I did not want to go home.

"Scarlett, are you really not spending your time off back home?" Nina asked me again while preparing for her trip back home.

"No, and please don't tell Charles that I have some free time. If he asks, tell him I'm still stuck with work here," I answered firmly.

"Fine." Nina sighed and flashed me a worried look. "Are you really going to be okay here alone? I'm worried about you, and to tell you the truth, I think you're just delaying the inevitable."

I did not know how to respond to that.

Just then, my phone vibrated. It was a message from Charles.

"When will you come home?" Looking at the words on the screen, I could picture Charles's expression in my mind.

I took one last glance at the message and decided to ignore it.

"Charles will call you sooner or later," Nina muttered.

As soon as she finished her words, my phone rang. I was so startled that I almost jumped out of my skin.

Just like Nina said, it was Charles, but instead of answering the phone, I hit the mute button.

I looked up at Nina and said, "Are you a psychic or something?"

Nina chuckled, tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, and replied, "You know he's just going to keep calling until you answer. Just talk to him already."

I pouted and did not say anything.

The next moment, I heard someone honking from outside. I walked over to the window and looked. Nina's cab had arrived.

I picked up her luggage and rushed out. "Your ride's here. Hurry up."

"Come home with me, Scarlett. I really don't want to leave you here by yourself," Nina tried to convince me one last time.

"I'll be fine. You don't have to worry about me. Have a safe trip," I refused again.

"Very well. Take care of yourself, okay? Call me if anything happens." Seeing that there was no changing my mind, Nina finally conceded.

After seeing Nina out, I received a series of messages from Charles.

I checked all of them, but I did not reply to any one of them. Instead, I put my phone in flight mode.

The next day, I woke up in a daze and saw a message from Nina.

"You have gotten me into trouble."

"Why? What happened?"

"Your husband was waiting for you at the airport. He stopped me. His depressed face seriously scared the hell out of me. I made a narrow escape in the end. When I got home, my father asked me what happened. I told him that Mr. Moore ambushed me at the airport and tried to kill me. Guess what my father said. He said, 'Well, I couldn't have helped, dear. You should've been more careful.' What father says that to his daughter?"

I sent her a laughing face emoji. "He is indeed your father. Just like you, he likes to make fun of other people."

"Speaking of my father, he asked if you wanted to withdraw the lawsuit. There seems to be no progress. Your husband must have used his connections to slow the process down."

"No, I don't want to withdraw the lawsuit. Let me rethink my strategy."

What a bastard Charles was! He was not above using his influence to stick obstacles in my way.

To be honest, I wanted to go home and see Christine and the others. I just did not want to face Charles.

After lunch, I went out to buy gifts for my family.

To my surprise, I bumped into Abner at the mall.

"Abner? What are you doing here?" I looked at him with wide eyes.

"I'm on a business trip. Fancy seeing you here, Scarlett." Abner also looked shocked to see me, but there was genuine delight in his eyes.

"Are you going shopping?" he asked, pointing at the stores all around us.

"Yes. I want to buy some gifts for my family," I replied with a smile.

"Then let me take the gifts home for you and send them to your family. I'm coming home soon anyway." I did not expect that Abner would offer to help me. I was grateful, but I still felt a little uncomfortable taking advantage of his kindness.

"I appreciate the offer, Abner, but no, thank you. I'll just send the gifts home by post. Besides, I don't want to hassle you by making you carry too many things on your flight home," I said and smoothed my hair awkwardly.

"All right. You don't have to be so polite and formal to me. How about I go shopping with you? At least let me help you carry the shopping bags."

After saying that, Abner turned around and walked toward one of the shops.

I did not really feel completely at ease with the idea of spending an entire day with Abner getting gifts for my family. But feeling too embarrassed to refuse him again, I had no choice but to follow him.

I had already decided the kind of gifts I wanted to buy, so we quickly finished shopping.

Abner insisted on driving me home because of all the shopping bags I had to carry. I truly did not want him to go out of his way for me, but he was just so difficult to turn down.

When we arrived at the place where I was staying, Abner helped me with the bags, said goodbye, and then left.

Once I was alone in the house, a gust of cold wind blew in through the window. I shivered.

"That's strange. I closed all the windows when I left for the mall. Why is it open now?" I murmured, looking at the open window.

When I went to close it, someone rushed toward me and stuck a knife against my throat.

I froze.

"Don't move." The person holding the knife to my neck was a man with a deep, husky voice. He inched the blade closer.

Soon, I felt the cold edge scratching my skin. One tiny move on my part would end with one of my veins cleanly sliced.

I started trembling violently.