

Warning 121

[Chapter 121 Being Attacked](#)

Abner's POV:

After sending Scarlett home safely, I should have left, but I did not want to. Sitting in the car, I kept looking towards her room.

I suddenly sensed that something was wrong. She should have entered the room, so why were the lights not turned on?

Thinking of that, I got off the car and walked towards her home.

Looking at the locked door, I hesitated for a while before I reached out to knock.

Even after a few minutes of waiting, she did not open the door.

Worried, I sensed that something must have happened to her because she did not open the door for a long time.

Taking a look at the door in front of me, I kicked it open without much thought.

Although the light in the room was very dim, I was able to make out what was going on. Scarlett was being kidnapped.

"Calm down. What do you want? Money?" My heart jumped to my throat when I saw the man put a dagger to her throat.

He was wearing a mask and a hat with only his eyes revealed.

I tried to take a step forward, but he glared at me, tightening his grip on Scarlett while moving the dagger closer to her neck.

"I won't move. Don't hurt her." I stepped back at once, not daring to take another step.

Scarlett winked at me, and I continued to speak, trying to distract the gangster.

As soon as he was a little distracted, she stomped on his foot, causing him to bow down in pain. She then took the opportunity to break free and run away from him. At the same time, I threw my briefcase at his face.

Seeing that his attempt had failed, he also escaped.

Scarlett collapsed on the ground, gasping for air.

"Are you okay?" I asked worriedly, holding her in my arms.

"I am fine."

"I'll turn on the light first."

I patted Scarlett to comfort her before I walked to the door, and turned on the light. Light filled the room.

I helped Scarlett sit on the sofa. While nursing the wound on her neck, I suggested, "This house is not safe. You should stay in a hotel tonight."

Scarlett nodded in shock, and it was clear that she was terrified.

I sent her to a hotel after treating her wound.

"You should be safe here. If anything happens, call me, and alert the hotel staff."

"Thank you, Abner." Her lips were a little pale, because she still had not recovered from the shock.

When I saw that she was trying to be strong, I wanted to give her a hug, but after thinking about it, I decided not to.

"Go to bed early, then. I'll come to you tomorrow."

"Thank you. Be careful on your way back. I'll see you tomorrow." Scarlett forced a smile while she bid goodbye to me.

I could not help but sigh as I despised myself for being such a coward. I had the urge to be with her, but I did not dare to.

Scarlett's POV:

Wiping my wet hair with a towel, I kept thinking about what just happened.

I could have died, if Abner had not been there to save me.

'Who on earth would want me dead? Could it be... Rita?

That's not possible, because even though she despises me, she would not be so cruel as to kill me.'

I tossed and turned the whole night, unable to figure out who held a grudge against me.

The next morning, Abner came to pick me up and we had breakfast together.

"Do you want to know who is trying to hurt me?" Seeing him hesitate, I asked before he said anything.

Abner looked at me and nodded with a sigh.

"I suspect that it's Rita." I was being honest about my suspicion.

Abner tightened his grip on the knife and fork with coldness in his eyes. "Once we've had breakfast, let's call the police, and check the local surveillance video."

"Okay..." I accepted his suggestion after a moment's hesitation.

I must investigate the issue. Since they had not succeeded in their attempt, they were certainly bound to try again. I would be at a disadvantage if the enemy continued to stay in the dark.

However, we didn't find anything that entire morning. The situation was worse than we expected.

"It looks like... They are very cautious," I said in a serious tone, massaging my temples.

"Since they chose to attack you, they must have been fully prepared." Abner also seemed to be at a loss. He glanced at me and asked hesitantly, "Scarlett, if I say that Rita's no longer ill, then will you believe it?"

"What... What do you mean?" I couldn't believe that at all. My head was buzzing.

Abner explained, "I don't have conclusive evidence now, so it's just an assumption. Don't take it too seriously."

Thinking about it, I gave him a nod.

I knew that he would not have mentioned it without a reason, so it was possible that he knew something.

Abner looked at his watch and said in a serious tone, "I have to go back now. You be careful. Don't trust anyone easily."

"Don't worry. I'll be careful. Have a good trip." I smiled to reassure him, but that did not seem to work well at all.

Abner looked at me and scratched his head irritably. "If you're in trouble, don't try to handle it by yourself."

"It's okay. I'll be careful. Besides, Nina will be back in a few days, so don't worry about me." I patted him on the shoulder to reassure him.

"Okay, I'm leaving now, but you must remember what I said," Abner said helplessly with a worried look in his eyes.

"Well, have a nice trip." Watching him leave, I stood in the cold wind, thinking about what he had just told me.

Since my previous house did not seem safe anymore because of the attack, I found a new house and moved in.

Just when I was finishing tidying up the room, Nina called me.

"Scarlett, am I not your friend? Why didn't you tell me that you were attacked?" Nina asked as soon as I answered her call.

"Oh, I was scared, and I did not come to my senses until you called me. I was just about to call you, too. Don't we have a telepathic connection?" Since I did not want to worry her, I joked.

"How can you joke so casually? I was almost scared to death when I heard what happened, you know?" Nina only got more anxious instead of feeling relieved.

"I'm not hurt, so don't worry. Besides, Abner helped me when that happened," I said with a smile.

"Why were you attacked all of a sudden? Has that guy been caught yet?" Nina asked with concern in a softened tone.

"Not yet, but the police are still investigating." I said helplessly, taking a sip of water.

"Okay, be careful. Don't go out alone. And remember to close the door and all the windows, even when you're home, okay? Don't forget to call me if anything happens." Nina sounded like a worried mother over the phone.

"I know. Don't worry. I'm fine," I promised to her again.

Although I was touched by her concern for me, I didn't want to burden others.

[Chapter 122 Video Call With Christine](#)

Scarlett's POV:

When the call ended, I continued to clean the house. I had nothing else to do anyway.

While I was busy working, the doorbell unexpectedly rang.

I had no idea who would come at this time. With that, I put down the rag in my hand and answered the

door.

I peeked through the peephole to see who it was. To my surprise, it was Charles.

Did Nina tell him that someone had attacked me and I almost died on the spot? Why else did he come all of a sudden?

With a helpless sigh, I took the scarf that was hanging on the banister and wrapped it around my neck. With that, I finally opened the door.

"You don't seem very happy to see me, do you?" Charles asked with a long face while leaning on the doorframe.

I opened my mouth to speak. But on second thought, I decided to keep my mouth shut.

"Why didn't you call or reply to my texts? Do you hate me that much?" Charles asked again. His tone became plaintive as I did not respond to his questions.

Judging from his reaction, it seemed that he did not know that someone had attacked me. At that moment, I pursed my lips and shook my head in response.

"You're hiding from me on purpose, aren't you? Fine. If you really hate me that much, I'll leave." Charles kicked the door irritably and turned around to leave.

"Wait!" I blurted out when I saw that he was about to leave. Tears suddenly welled up in my eyes. I almost died in a foreign country. How could he be so cold to me?

Charles stopped in his tracks but did not turn around.

"Have you booked the air ticket?" I asked with a trembling voice.

"I can book it now," Charles retorted.

I tried my best to calm myself down. Once I finally got ahold of myself, I stepped aside and let him in. "Come in first."

Without a word, Charles entered my house and sat on the sofa.

"I'll get you a glass of water," I offered. I then went to the kitchen to get it.

When I returned to the living room, I noticed that Charles's ears were red because of the cold.

Did he come a long way to see me? But it was so cold outside. It must take him a long time to get my new address. I did not tell him I had moved, after all.

Seeing Charles like this, I could not help but feel sorry for him.

"How did you know that I moved here?" I asked casually. But in fact, I was on pins and needles. I could not help but fiddle with my hair in anxiety.

Charles cast a glance at me and then looked away. "I don't want to talk about it," he curtly replied.

"Why did you suddenly come here?"

"Are you going to spend Valentine's Day cleaning the house?" he asked back instead of answering my question.

It was then that I realized what day it was.

I smiled at Charles meaningfully. "Should I hang out with someone to celebrate?"

Charles clenched his fists and moved close to me. "Don't provoke me," he warned in an icy cold tone.

His face was only an inch away from mine. As he I felt his breath on my face, which made me instinctively move back.

I averted my gaze and shifted the topic. "Are you on a business trip?"

He looked at me from the corner of his eye and grumbled, "What else?"

I could not look at him. So, I lowered my head and changed the subject. "How are Grandpa and Grandma?"

"Huh? You still have them in your heart? How strange," he said in a voice dripping with sarcasm. His crass remark made me feel even more uneasy.

The grievance caused by the attack two days ago and Charles's indifferent attitude made my chest feel stuffy. I felt like bawling my eyes out. But then, I did not want to cry in front of him, so I wiped my eyes and held back my tears.

"I... I'm here for you." Charles helplessly said, his tone softer than a while ago.

I looked up at him as his gentle and pleasant voice rang in my ears. However, the grievances that I had been bottling exploded in my heart, and I burst into tears.

Charles looked a little flustered when I started crying. "You don't want me here? Is that why you're crying?"

I wiped my tears and shook my head in response.

How could I not want him here? I was happier than ever now that he was here with me.

Charles walked up to me and wiped my tears as gently as he could. Just then, his phone rang.

Charles held up his phone and said, "It's a video call from Grandma."

I sat beside him and forced a smile as he answered the incoming call.

"Scarlett, how are you doing there?" Christine asked with concern over the phone.

"I'm fine, Grandma," I replied with a reassuring smile.

"Wait a minute. Why are your eyes red? Did Charles hurt you again?"

"No, Grandma. I just woke up, and my eyes were a little puffy, so I rubbed them," I reasoned out.

"I see. Tell me if Charles hurts you, okay? I'll teach that brat a lesson!" Grandma assured. But, I sensed in her voice that she was not convinced by my explanation.

"I promise, Grandma. Charles didn't do anything to me. By the way, Happy Valentine's Day."

A bright smile appeared on Christine's face when I greeted her.

"Oh, darling. I'm too old to celebrate Valentine's Day. Only young people like it."

She looked at me meaningfully. I felt my face burning in embarrassment, but I forced myself to calm down.

"Grandma, take care of yourself. I'll come to see you soon."

Meanwhile, Charles snorted when he saw the smile on my face.

"I will. Don't worry. Take care of yourself too, my dear Scarlett." Christine then shifted her attention to Charles. In an instant, her smile disappeared, replaced by a look of utter disdain. "As for you, Charles, don't think that I can't teach you a lesson just because you're out of the country."

Michael, who was sitting beside Christine, also warned Charles "Charles, if I find out that you're bullying Scarlett, I will break your legs!"

But as Michael saw that Charles was unmoved by his warning, he continued, "Scarlett is a good girl. You should treat her well and be content with what you have. I may be getting old, but I still have the strength to hit you with my cane!"

"Didn't you hear what your grandparents said? Why aren't you answering?" Alice chimed in.

I turned to look at Charles. I felt sorry for him as his family kept on reprimanding him for something he did not do.

At last, Charles sighed exasperatedly and answered, "I didn't hurt her or bully her."

"Very well." Christine looked at me with a smile and reminded me, "Scarlett, take care of yourself, okay? Grandma will always be here for you."

I wanted to laugh as I noticed the difference in her attitude towards me and Charles. But of course, I bit my tongue to stop myself from bursting into laughter. "I will, Grandma. Don't worry."

"Alright then. We'll leave you two alone now. Happy Valentine's Day!" Without waiting for our response, Christine hung up the video call.

[Chapter 123 Valentine's Day](#)

Scarlett's POV:

When the video call ended, I burst into laughter as I remembered how Charles was "bullied" by his family members.

"You're not that happy when you see me, your own husband," Charles complained with a frown.

My smile faltered when I noticed the unrestrained joy on my face. Embarrassed, I straightened my scarf and turned my face away.

Charles touched my scarf and asked, "Why are still wearing a scarf at home?"

"What are you doing?" I took a step back and looked at him warily.

Charles withdrew his hand and shrugged his shoulders. "Why are you wrapped so tightly at home? I've seen you naked, you know."

"Well, my neck hurts." I shielded my scarf with my hands and took a step back vigilantly.

"If you want, I can stay here overnight. I'll give you a massage in return." Charles reached out to pull the scarf off my neck again.

"No, I don't want to!" I protested firmly, hoping he would not insist.

"I'll stay overnight for free then. I don't mind spending the night here. I can make do with it." Charles

spread out his hands and sighed helplessly. However, I knew him better than anyone else. I'm sure he was just trying to make me feel sorry for him.

I glanced at him. "No, you can't. I'll book a hotel room for you," I protested in an icy cold tone.

With that, I took out my phone to call the hotel and book a room for Charles.

But before I could hit the call button, Charles grabbed my hand pulled me outside of my house.

I struggled to get out of his grasp but to no avail. "Where-where are you taking me?"

"Somewhere nice to celebrate Valentine's Day, of course," Charles answered calmly.

He then pulled me into his car, and he left me no chance to escape.

Today was Valentine's Day. Because of this, a lot of people were on the streets. Most of them were couples.

They were all beaming with happiness. Thanks to the festive atmosphere, my anger gradually dissipated. I could literally feel the saying that "love is in the air."

The car was stuck in a traffic jam for a few minutes. Thankfully, the cars started moving not long after. Soon, our car came to a halt in front of a sophisticated restaurant.

I looked around and thought that this place was not suitable for the two of us. However, I did not want to upset Charles, so I did not say out loud what was on my mind.

"When did you make a reservation in this restaurant?" I curiously asked.

Charles looked at me and smiled. "Just before we came here."

My eyes widened in awe. "It's not easy to book a table in such a restaurant on Valentine's Day."

Charles glanced at me lazily and answered, "Of course, money."

I suddenly remembered that there were indeed a lot of things in the world that could be bought with money. But... not me! He could not buy me.

The moment we walked into the restaurant, the waiter warmly welcomed us and led us to our table.

"Sir, Madam, should we serve the dishes now? Do you need anything else besides the ones you've ordered?" the waiter asked with a smile while looking at me.

"Just serve the ones that were ordered. Thank you," I replied with a smile.

"Please wait a moment. The dinner will be ready shortly." The waiter turned around and left as soon as he finished speaking.

A few moments later, the waiter returned with the dishes. He deftly served each dish one after another. And soon, the food was finally ready.

Charles and I gazed at the scrumptious feast before us. Without further ado, we dug into the food and ate in silence. We did not say a word and just enjoyed the pleasant atmosphere around us.

While we were eating, fireworks were set off outside, illuminating the night sky and breaking the silence between the two of us.

I looked outside the window and gasped in shock as I saw the colorful fireworks. "It's so beautiful!" I remarked in a daze.

"Yes, it is," Charles replied in a dreamy voice.

I turned to look at him. To my surprise, he was not looking at the fireworks but at me. Was he talking about the fireworks or me?

His compliment made me feel hot in my ears. I lowered my head and continued eating. Although I was touched, I bit my tongue to stop myself from smiling like an idiot.

It was already deep into the night when we finished eating dinner. Once we were ready to go, Charles stood up and took his coat. "Will you be staying in a hotel or your apartment?"

I hesitated for a moment, wondering if it was a trick question. But then, I answered, "You stay in the hotel, and I'll go home."

"I can't book a hotel room now, so your suggestion won't work," Charles retorted with a meaningful smile.

I looked at him but quickly looked away when our eyes met. I did not believe what he had said.

As I just stood there and did not move an inch, Charles urged, "Let's go home."

Without waiting for my response, he turned around and walked out of the restaurant.

I could not help but sigh helplessly as I watched his receding figure. In the end, I decided to follow him.

We arrived at my apartment after a while. Neither of us spoke as we took the elevator. I could smell Charles's masculine perfume, and my heart fluttered in my chest.

I looked at him out of the corner of my eye and furtively took a step away from him.

However, Charles suddenly approached me and tried to remove my scarf again.

I clutched my scarf tightly and looked at him in horror. "Hey! What are you doing?"

As Charles saw that I reacted so strongly, he held up his hand in surrender, took a step back, and kept a distance from me.

"Is there anything on your neck?" Charles curiously asked while staring at my neck.

"You think too much. My neck just hurt these past few days," I reasoned out.

If he found out that something had happened to me here, I doubted he would allow me to attend the second training session. So, I had better hide my injury from him until it healed.

"What does that have to do with wearing a scarf?" Charles asked while eyeing me with suspicion.

"Well, the doctor advised that I should keep my neck warm, so it helps ease the pain." I turned my face to one side and averted my gaze as I spoke.

"Do you really think I'll believe that?" Charles smirked. Fortunately, he gave up trying to take off my scarf.

It was late at night when we finally got home. These past few days, I had been busy moving my belongings. Now, I was exhausted.

At that moment, I yawned tiredly and instructed Charles, "You sleep in the room, and I'll sleep on the sofa."

Charles glanced at me and said nothing.

However, I could tell from his eyes that he had other intentions.

As he did not say anything, I turned around and entered the bedroom.

When I returned to the bedroom with an extra quilt, I saw Charles lying on the sofa. It seemed that he had volunteered to sleep on the couch tonight. That was good then. That meant I would be comfortable in my bed.

However, it did not take long before I proved myself wrong. When he saw me, he patted the narrow space beside him and looked at me with a mischievous smile. "Come on. Let's sleep on the sofa together."

I clutched the quilt and firmly shook my head in refusal. "No."

Knowing Charles, he would not take no for an answer. He stood up from the sofa and started to make his way to me.

I took several steps back until I backed into the wall. Without a word, Charles held me in his tight embrace.

With a cunning smile, he touched my lips and whispered, "There's nothing you can do about it. Wherever you sleep, I'll sleep next to you."

I could hear my heart pounding wildly in my chest. On the contrary, the culprit just looked at me calmly.

"Tell me, where do you want to sleep tonight?" Charles asked with a sly smile.

"You choose first." I turned my head away and avoided eye contact with him. I could feel myself hyperventilating, but I forced myself to calm down.

However, Charles made things difficult for me yet again. Instead of restraining himself, he moved closer to me. His breath tickled my ear, and it made my heart beat faster.

"I said I want to sleep with you," he whispered, turning a deaf ear to my refusal.

I stared daggers at him and snarkily asked, "So you traveled across the sea just to sleep with me?"

[Chapter 124 Knew The Truth](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Yes, I am just here to sleep with you." Saying that, Charles picked me up with the quilt still in my arms and walked into the room slowly.

In the dimly lit room, he held me so close that I felt his warm breath caressing my skin.

He gently stroked my face helplessly, sighing, as he asked, "What should I do to make you believe that I love you deeply?"

Since the lights were off, I could only vaguely see his tender, affectionate eyes.

My heart began to race again.

I kept my head down, not daring to look at him.

"Scarlett, I miss you so much every day, you know? I didn't want to let you go at all, but I couldn't bear to see you cry. I really wish I could have kept you by my side forever. What should I do with you?"

Charles asked softly. His gentle tone made my body go limp. I grabbed my hand, forcing myself to think straight.

'I must stay rational. And I can't allow myself to be bewitched by his words again,' I thought to myself.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed Charles away, afraid that I might not be able to control myself if we continued to stay so close to each other.

However, he held me again, and said in a firm voice, "I don't think that you can turn me down so resolutely. And I don't believe it when you say that you don't love me. I can still feel your love for me whenever we're together. You can also feel my love for you, isn't that right? You just don't seem to want to admit it."

"Whether you believe it or not is..."

Before I could finish my words, Charles' gentle kiss stopped me. My head was a mess, and my brain could no longer decide what to do. Embracing each other warmly, we fell on the bed.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became passionate and romantic. However, my phone rang on the bedside table, jolting us back to reality.

I turned to look at Charles, who was still kissing me.

Just when I was about to push him away and answer the call, he grabbed both my hands and pressed them over my head.

"The phone..."

Before I could say another word, Charles kissed me again, more passionately than before. I felt as though he was punishing me, but his domineering and possessive behavior was fatally attractive in my eyes.

Under his flirtation, my brain shut down once again.

All of a sudden, I heard a click sound. Charles unfastened his belt.

"Guess who is calling?" he asked me in a hoarse voice, which was seductive and charming.

"I..." Before I could say more, I felt a chill.

And Charles took off my shirt in one swift move.

I covered my face in embarrassment, and was no longer in the mood to guess who was calling.

"Abner has an improper desire towards a married woman. You can't be friends with him." Charles kissed me, his tone filled with jealousy.

His lips moved from my lips to my neck, and then to my collarbone. Soon, I was aroused, and I could not resist him anymore.

I felt a sudden chill on my neck. Charles took off my scarf, and feeling the chill, I immediately covered my neck with my hands.

"Move your hands." He continued to kiss me, but I shook my head and shrank back a little.

Seeing that, Charles grabbed my leg and dragged me, pressing himself on top of me. As soon as he turned on the bedside lamp, I noticed the look of fury in his eyes.

He raised my hands high while he studied my neck.

"What happened here?" he asked coldly, pointing to the scar on my neck.

"I accidentally got scratched by a branch," I explained guiltily as I turned away, not daring to look at him.

Charles looked at me and laughed. "Do you really think that I am going to buy that? You'd better confess!"

I kept silent, not knowing what to say.

"Well, just let it go, okay?" I looked at him pleadingly, but he frowned, unwilling to give up.

"Are you going to tell me or not?"

With a helpless sigh, I dropped my hands feebly. "Someone broke into my apartment with a knife, and I got cut a little."

I still could not bring myself to lie to him.

He remained silent for a long time, gritting his teeth while looking at me. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"We were far away from each other, and there was no point in telling you about it."

The next second, the bedroom fell silent with only the sound of our breaths that was heard.

"I shouldn't have allowed you to go abroad." Charles was clearly furious.

I continued to stay silent, and he let go of my hand. He moved away from me with disappointment in his eyes.

I sat up, trying to cover my neck with the scarf, but he took it away forcefully.

"Did you call the police?" He glanced at me indifferently while irritably scratching his messy head.

"I called the police on the next day, but they didn't find anything," I said lightly as I straightened up my clothes awkwardly.

"You didn't told me that you almost got hit by a car last time, and now this. Good for you, Scarlett. You don't seem to want to tell me anything at all." Charles gritted his teeth with a helpless look in his eyes.

Thinking of the car accident, and what happened that night, I whispered, "I might... I might have offended someone, but I haven't found any evidence yet."

"Do you suspect anyone?" Charles asked flatly.

Seeing that, I thought of Rita, and could not help but feel ironic.

If I told him that I suspected her, then he might think that I am trying to slander her.

With a frown, he looked at me and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

I glanced at him before I looked away and shook my head. "Nothing. Let's wait for the police investigation results first. After all, they haven't caught that person yet."

"If you had told me earlier, then I might have caught that person," Charles said fiercely as he picked up his phone. He seemed to be about to text someone.

I looked out of the window at the night sky, feeling a little depressed.

"Don't worry. I have asked someone to investigate it." Charles stroked my hair gently.

I could not help but be stunned because deep down, I knew that I would not be able to resist the considerate and thoughtful Charles.

"I won't let you get hurt." He smiled faintly, noticing that I was in a daze.

"That's none of your business," I said flatly, shaking off his hand.

"You are my wife. How can I leave you to handle such matters on your own? I sounded mean because I was worried about you. Honey, don't be mad at me."

A myriad of thoughts crowded my mind at that moment, and I fell silent.

What would Charles do if Rita was really the one behind it? I was worried that he might choose to trust her and stand by her without even considering otherwise.

I was being ridiculous. I knew the answer, and yet, I kept deceiving myself with various excuses.

[Chapter 125 Perfect Match](#)

Charles' POV:

"Why are you silent? What are you thinking about?" I could not help but ask when I saw Scarlett with her head down.

"Charles, we are not meant for each other." Saying that with a sigh, she looked at me.

I held her in my arms and whispered, "After we have sex a few more times, you will realize that we are perfect for each other."

Upon hearing my flirtatious words, Scarlett was stunned.

I could not contain the joy in my heart when I saw how cute and adorable she was.

Before she could start to resist again, I pressed her under my body. I wanted to toy with her some more when I looked at her flustered expression.

I hugged her and kissed her. Seeing her alive with pleasure, I touched her face, and smiled. "Don't you agree that we are perfect for each other now?"

"Shut up!"

Scarlett was so shy and angry at the same time that she raised her hand to hit me, but I grabbed her hands and pressed them over her head.

"How am I supposed to please you if I shut my mouth now?"

I asked with a cheeky smile before I took off her underwear and sucked on her soft breasts.

I felt her body stiffen under me and noticed her blushing.

I licked her harder, enjoying the way she curled up and trembled under my touch.

She looked so beautiful that I did not want to share her with anyone else.

Feeling Scarlett's body turning limp and numb, I held her hand as I guided her all the way down. I felt

like I was on cloud nine when I felt her soft palm hold my hard penis.

The flames in my chest began to grow wild as I felt her delicate fingers rubbing against my shaft.

When I sensed that she was ready, I thrust in her without even a moment's hesitation.

We hugged each other as we groaned with pleasure. Seeing that she spread her legs wider, enjoying herself, I could not help but thrust myself in her slowly and sensually.

After the climax, Scarlett curled up under my body. I smoothed her soft long hair with a smile of satisfaction.

"Were you scared at that time?" I asked in a concerned voice while stroking her cheek lovingly.

The very thought of her facing that gangster alone made me shiver.

"Abner saved me," Scarlett blurted out.

As soon as I heard those words, my good mood vanished at once.

"Looks like you are very close to him," I said through gritted teeth and bit her neck until my teeth marks were imprinted on her skin.

Scarlett cast a reproachful glance at me and sighed. "I ran into Abner by chance. He was there on a business trip, and since it was too late at night, he offered to drop me off. I would have died if it had not been for him. I really appreciate his help. After scaring the gangster away, he drove me to a hotel and accompanied me to the police station on the next morning."

I pinched her chin, forced her look at me, and ordered, "Say you love me!"

But Scarlett glanced at me indifferently, refusing to oblige.

I snuggled up to her neck and pleaded, "Say it!"

"No," Scarlett said indifferently, trying to push me away.

"Don't regret it, then!"

I said through gritted teeth and bit her breast. My penis which was still inside of her became hard again. Hearing her soft groan, I could not help but continue to thrust myself inside her.

"You... Slow down, please," she pleaded in a low voice, letting out sobs.

But her plea only made me more excited. I spread her legs wider and thrust deeper and faster until she

reached her climax.

But that was not enough for me. I leaned closer to her ear and chuckled. "Baby, don't you know that talking to me so submissively will only arouse me more? For me, your voice works better than any aphrodisiac in the world."

After I finished, Scarlett covered her mouth to stop herself from making any sound, glancing at me with reproachful eyes.

"Don't seduce me," I said with a smile as I picked her up. I wanted her to like being on top of me when we were having sex.

When I heard her gasping and panting for breath, it made me feel like I was not lonely in the long, dull night.

Scarlett's POV:

When I turned, I felt a strong pain all over my body, which woke me up in an instant.

Thinking of last night, I felt ashamed and angry.

Looking at the blue and purple marks on my body, I felt like biting Charles to death. He was not gentle at all, and he kept bullying me for a long time.

Enduring the pain, I walked downstairs and as soon as I entered the living room, I saw Charles.

Coincidentally, an advertisement for birth control pills showed on the TV. Seeing that, my body stiffened.

I made eye-contact with Charles for just a second before I quickly turned the other way. The atmosphere suddenly became awkward.

"Come and have breakfast." Charles broke the silence.

Blushing, I walked over to him awkwardly.

"Did you celebrate Valentine's Day alone while you were studying abroad?" he asked casually during our meal.

Swallowing the food in my mouth, I said lightly, "I would usually spend Valentine's Day with my friends."

"Boys or girls?" he asked, holding the milk jug in his hand tightly.

"Both. We would just hang out and have a meal together." As soon as I said those words, I heard him

sigh with relief.

"When your father was in trouble, your family was worried about you, so they didn't allow you to go back. It's not like I didn't want you to go back..."

Charles explained all of a sudden, and I looked at him, not knowing if it was true or not.

However, it did not matter now.

After breakfast, I was so bored that I sat on the sofa, checking my Facebook. Unexpectedly, he pulled me into his arms and kissed the corners of my lips.

"Did you cry with the knife against your neck?" Charles asked in a relaxed tone while caressing my hair.

I glanced at him and said lightly, "My legs went limp, but I didn't cry."

He suddenly fell silent, and things were awkward again.

His hands began to wander around my waist, so I grabbed them and asked, "Haven't you hugged me enough?"

"No!" Charles gazed into my eyes and held me tighter. "You even allowed Abner to carry you in his arms to the hotel. Did you enjoy it a lot?"

"He didn't carry me in his arms. I could perfectly walk on my own," I retorted helplessly, rolling my eyes at him.

"Didn't you just say that your legs went limp?" Charles was really acting like an unreasonable child.

"He just held my arm to support me. He didn't have to carry me!" I explained helplessly, touching my forehead.

Charles immediately tightened his grip around my waist and asked in a low voice, "Can't you come back home with me?"

"No!" I refused without hesitation.

"Why not?" Charles frowned, looking at me in a daze.

"No particular reason. I just don't want to," I said firmly, looking away from him.

With a helpless sigh, he said in a softer tone, "You have no one to rely on here, and you may be in danger at any time. So why are you so keen about staying here?"

"I think it's good here."

"Are you really not going back?" Charles asked again.

I shook my head firmly. "No, I am not!"

"I'll ask you one last time, Scarlett. Will you come back or not?" he asked in a threatening voice, suddenly grabbing my waist.

[Chapter 126 Sadness](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Holding my waist, Charles looked into my eyes.

He then grabbed me tightly, his fingers rubbing the skin on my waist, tickling me. I took a deep breath, but I shook my head firmly.

"Then I won't let you get away from me today." Gritting his teeth, he pressed me under his body.

Noticing the burning flames of lust deep in his eyes, I subconsciously wanted to escape.

But then he held my hands over my head, making my struggles futile.

"What are you going to lose if you just go back with me?" Charles asked helplessly while kissing the corner of my mouth gently.

I tried to struggle, but he pressed me harder.

"Don't move," he said domineeringly as he gently and skillfully stroked every sensitive part of my body.

I kept reminding myself to be rational, but the moment I looked into his eyes, a strong sense of desire conquered my heart and my body.

We kissed each other, allowing our lust to becloud our reasoning.

Before I could react, he stripped me.

Our heavy rapid gasps were heard from the living room to the bedroom.

Charles caressed my face lovingly. There was a fierce look in his eyes when he began to thrust himself inside of me, as though he was venting his dissatisfaction.

Noticing his sweaty hair, I lowered my head shyly and saw hickeys all over my body.

"No... Please stop," I begged as I lay on the bed, looking at Charles, who was glaring at me.

"Stop? I'm still angry, baby. You have to work hard to please me first," he said with a smile before he switched positions with me and I was on top of him.

I groaned in pain. My waist was sore and painful, but there was also an unspeakable pleasure in my heart and my body, engulfing my soul.

I cried and begged him for a long time until I was exhausted. Only then did he let me go.

I lay on the bed for a long time with no strength left in me. I couldn't even lift my hands. However, Charles was on a video conference in the room, looking unusually happy.

I heard his low, seductive voice. I was growing less resistant towards him after each time we had sex. In fact, I could not help but feel like the sex was getting better. I immediately recalled his words that night. He had told me that I would realize what a perfect match we were after making love a few more times.

I pushed my worries aside, wanting to get dressed, so I was about to go to the bathroom.
Scerlett's POV:

Holding my waist, Charles looked into my eyes.

He then grabbed me tightly, his fingers rubbing the skin on my waist, tickling me. I took a deep breath, but I shook my head firmly.

"Then I won't let you get away from me today." Gritting his teeth, he pressed me under his body.

Noticing the burning flames of lust deep in his eyes, I subconsciously wanted to escape.

But then he held my hands over my head, making my struggles futile.

"What are you going to lose if you just go back with me?" Charles asked helplessly while kissing the corner of my mouth gently.

I tried to struggle, but he pressed me harder.

"Don't move," he said domineeringly as he gently and skillfully stroked every sensitive part of my body.

I kept reminding myself to be rational, but the moment I looked into his eyes, a strong sense of desire conquered my heart and my body.

We kissed each other, allowing our lust to cloud our reasoning.

Before I could react, he stripped me.

Our heavy rapid gasps were heard from the living room to the bedroom.

Charles caressed my face lovingly. There was a fierce look in his eyes when he began to thrust himself inside of me, as though he was venting his dissatisfaction.

Noticing his sweet hair, I lowered my head shyly and saw hickies all over my body.

"No... Please stop," I begged as I lay on the bed, looking at Charles, who was glaring at me.

"Stop? I'm still angry, baby. You have to work hard to please me first," he said with a smile before he switched positions with me and I was on top of him.

I groaned in pain. My waist was sore and painful, but there was also an unspeakable pleasure in my heart and my body, engulfing my soul.

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I pushed my worries aside, wanting to get dressed, so I was about to go to the bathroom.

"Did I allow you to leave?" Charles asked slowly, seeing that I was about to get out of bed.

"I need to go to the bathroom." Since I knew that he was angry, I carefully weighed my words in order not to offend him or piss him off. I knew that I would not be able to get out of bed if we made love a few more times.

Without saying anything, Charles stood up, and walked over to me.

Staring at me, he took a night robe from the closet and handed it to me.

I glanced at him, hoping that he would leave the room, but he crossed his arms over his chest and said indifferently, "Well, do you want me to help you put it on?"

He then walked towards me.

"No, I can do it myself!" I blurted out, in an attempt to stop him.

Charles stopped, but he didn't turn around.

I sighed helplessly, trying to stifle the sense of shame in my heart as I got dressed in front of him.

As soon as my feet touched the soft carpet, my legs went limp and gave away. The next thing I knew, I found myself on the floor.

He immediately rushed to me and carried me in his arms.

"Are your feet feeling limp? Weren't you acting tough just a second ago?" he asked flatly.

I nestled in his arms quietly, feeling a little embarrassed.

He gently put me down after we were in the bathroom.

"Do you need my help?" Charles asked seriously.

Shame engulfed my heart as I bit my lower lip and said lightly, "I can do it myself."

"I'll wait for you outside, then."

My waist was sore, and my body was drained off strength. Supporting myself along the wall, I walked out of the bathroom and saw that Charles was waiting by the door.

"Why are you being so stubborn?" he asked in an angry voice that was also laced with a sense of amusement as he looked at me.

I ignored him and walked to the bed with difficulty. But just then Charles suddenly lifted me up.

I struggled subconsciously, thinking that he was going to have sex with me again.

But he gently put me down on the bed and lay beside me.

I was nervous, but he didn't do anything. He buried his head in my neck and breathed gently.

"I'm going back tomorrow. Are you really not going back with me?" Charles asked helplessly, with a hint of love in his tone.

I hesitated for a moment before I said firmly, "I'm going to start the second session of my training program tomorrow."

"Then I'll find someone to take care of you."

"I can take care of myself," I said sharply, looking at him.

"If you need anything, just tell me, at least, okay? I will do anything for you."

"I wish you a good trip."

As soon as I finished speaking, he looked at me with loving eyes. I wanted to pull the blanket to cover my face, but he pulled it away.

"It's cold!" I complained and grabbed the blanket when I felt the cold breeze brushing against my skin, causing me to shudder.

Charles tucked me in and looked at me with eagerness in his eyes. "Can you at least accompany me to the airport tomorrow?"

"I have to attend the class tomorrow, so I won't have time to see you off."

Upon hearing what I said, Charles held me tighter. "I don't know when we will meet again. So you have to make it up to me."

"What do you want?"

Caressing my cheek, he said with a serious look, "You are the best gift for me."

Upon hearing that, I subconsciously shrank back, fearing that he might lose control again.

Charles looked at me helplessly. "You think I'm a heartless beast?"

"Aren't you?" I blurted out, but a second later, I regretted it.

I observed his expression carefully while worrying if I made him angry.

After a long moment of silence, I was about to say something when Charles looked at me with tenderness in his eyes, and said, "You are too tired, so kisses will be enough. Since I won't be able to see you for a long time, I have to kiss you enough today."

With that, he began kissing me softly, but passionately.

He held me and kissed me that whole night. I felt my lips swell.

I fell asleep after a long time.

The next morning, I vaguely felt someone kissing my forehead as they whispered, "Honey, I am leaving now. I will come see you as soon as I can, okay?"

I pretended to be asleep until I heard the door close, and after that I opened my eyes.

I walked to the window and watched Charles' car drive away, feeling a little sad.

However, I pushed that feeling aside as I felt like he had been impacting my mood a lot lately, and that I had to calm down.

[Chapter 127 I Miss You](#)

Charles' POV:

As soon as I got off the plane, I saw the news broadcast, which mentioned that I had celebrated Valentine's Day with Scarlett.

Looking at our backs in the photo, I felt that we were perfect together and was satisfied.

Hence, I was in a good mood on my way back to the house.

"Grandma, I'm back," I greeted and hugged her warmly.

"Didn't Scarlett come with you?" Grandma asked with dissatisfaction, looking behind me.

"She will study aboard for a year, but she will occasionally come back for important TV shows," I explained to her in a hurry, unable to stand her being disappointed.

"Occasionally? You are so useless, Charles! How can you let she live alone there?" Grandma clearly pitied Scarlett and was displeased with me.

"Grandma, please try to understand her." Hearing her complaint, I did not know whether I should cry or laugh.

As Scarlett's husband, I could not even dare to complain to her...

Seeing that, Grandma sighed helplessly. And I helped her into the room.

"Forget it. Scarlett has her own plans, so just let her do whatever she wants."

"Grandma, thank you for being so sensible and understanding," I praised her.

"You glib boy." Grandma punched me gently with a smile. "Hey, did you use protections when you were with Scarlett?" she asked tentatively after hesitating for a moment.

I was stunned to hear that because I was not expecting her to ask me such a question.

"Why are you so nervous and shy? Just tell me." Her voice was cold now.

With a helpless sigh, I said, "No, we didn't..."

Noticing her strange expression, I couldn't help but add, "Grandma, can you stop asking such awkward and embarrassing questions?"

"It's your fault that I always have to worry about your relationship with Scarlett," she retorted in a disappointed voice while pounding my chest anxiously.

After giving her repeated nods of agreement and an apology, she finally stopped nagging me.

"Grandma, I'm a little tired now, so I'll go back to my room and rest." Saying that, I ran back to my room.

As soon as I sat down in my room, I couldn't help missing Scarlett. It felt like it had been ages since I last saw her face.

I called her, but she did not answer.

Looking at my phone with annoyance, I gritted my teeth.

'How can she dare to ignore my call right after I came back? I must teach her a lesson later.'

I called her several times, but there was no answer.

I checked Nina's address and visited her.

"Charles? Why are you here?" Nina asked in surprise when she saw me.
Charles' POV:

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Looking at our backs in the photo, I felt that we were perfect together and was satisfied.

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"Didn't Scarlett come with you?" Grandma asked with dissatisfaction, looking behind me.

"She will study abroad for a year, but she will occasionally come back for important TV shows," I explained to her in a hurry, unable to stand her being disappointed.

"Occasionally? You are so useless, Charles! How can you let her live alone there?" Grendme clearly pitied Scerlett and was displeased with me.

"Grendme, please try to understand her." Hearing her complaint, I did not know whether I should cry or laugh.

As Scerlett's husband, I could not even dare to complain to her...

Seeing that, Grendme sighed helplessly. And I helped her into the room.

"Forget it. Scerlett has her own plans, so just let her do whatever she wants."

"Grendme, thank you for being so sensible and understanding," I praised her.

"You glub boy." Grendme punched me gently with a smile. "Hey, did you use protections when you were with Scerlett?" she asked tentatively after hesitating for a moment.

I was stunned to hear that because I was not expecting her to ask me such a question.

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"It's your fault that I always have to worry about your relationship with Scerlett," she retorted in a disappointed voice while pounding my chest anxiously.

After giving her repeated nods of agreement and an apology, she finally stopped nagging me.

"Grendme, I'm a little tired now, so I'll go back to my room and rest." Saying that, I ran back to my room.

As soon as I set down in my room, I couldn't help missing Scerlett. It felt like it had been ages since I last saw her face.

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'How can she dare to ignore my call right after I came back? I must teach her a lesson later.'

I called her several times, but there was no answer.

I checked Nine's address and visited her.

"Charles? Why are you here?" Nine asked in surprise when she saw me.

Wasn't that obvious? Why else would I come to see her?

"Please call Scarlett. She is not answering my calls," I pleaded.

"Is something wrong?" Nina asked worriedly, but she called Scarlett after seeing how agitated I was.

"Hello, Nina? Shouldn't you be home enjoying your vacation now? Why are you calling me?" Scarlett asked lazily as soon as the call was connected.

"Why do you think?" I asked lightly, taking the phone from her.

"Why are you there?" Scarlett was indeed surprised.

Upon hearing her question, I gritted my teeth and sneered. "What? Do you think that you can get away from me while you're working abroad? Why didn't you answer my calls?"

"I'm still in class, so bye," Scarlett said quickly and disconnected the call.

Seeing that, I made up my mind to not go easy on her the next time I see her.

I looked at Nina and begged, "Could you please go back sooner? I'll pay for the ticket."

I knew that I would go crazy if I could not get in touch with Scarlett.

"You two... Fine." After hesitating for a long time, Nina finally agreed.

Scarlett's POV:

Just when I was about to go out for grocery shopping, I saw Nina outside the apartment building.

"Why did you come back so soon?" I asked, looking at her in surprise.

There were still a few days left before her class began, so I thought that she would not be back for a few more days.

With a helpless sigh, Nina glanced at the car that brought her there.

Looking at the luxury car, I immediately understood what happened.

"You must answer Charles' calls immediately in the future," Nina said helplessly as she carried her

luggage and walked towards the elevator.

As soon as she settled down in our new place and took a sip of water, she began complaining. "You don't know how scary it was when Charles suddenly appeared at my door yesterday. Although he was smiling at me, I felt like I was doomed."

"Come on, you are exaggerating." Shaking my head, I could not help but laugh.

Nina stood up from the sofa and said vividly, "Well, you didn't see how he looked when he asked me to come back sooner. I still feel like if I had dared to refuse him, he would have asked someone to tie me up and throw me on the plane."

"I am sorry, Nina. I spoiled your plan." After knowing the reason she came back early, I could not help but feel guilty.

"It's alright. Don't forget to answer his call next time, though." With a smile, Nina patted me on the shoulder.

"Block Charles' number so that he won't disturb you again," I suggested, still feeling a little guilty.

"I don't have the guts to do such a thing!" Nina said, looking at me in disbelief.

"What are you so afraid of? He is not going to eat you." I gave her a helpless smile seeing her strong reaction.

"I'm not so sure about that." With a smile, Nina held my hand and added, "Scarlett, I actually think that Charles really likes you. He was clearly so worried when he was not able to get through to you yesterday, so I can tell that he really cares about you. Why don't you try to accept him?"

"Let's drop it," I interrupted her impatiently.

"Scarlett, what's wrong with you? You look so pale and haggard," she asked worriedly.

"It's nothing. Maybe I'm a just little tired because I've been really busy lately," I said weakly, massaging my eyebrows.

I did not know the reason I had been feeling so exhausted in the past few days, and I also felt sleepy all the time, like I had not slept well enough.

"Have a rest," Nina said to me in a concerned voice, and stopped persuading me.

"It's alright. You have come a long way, so you take rest. I need to clear my head." I put on a smile to assure Nina.

"Well, let me know if you feel uncomfortable." Nina let out a yawn tiredly, and walked to her room.

Sitting on the sofa alone, I began to feel sleepy again.

Just then, my phone rang.

I answered it and said to Charles angrily, "Don't make things difficult for Nina anymore."

"I didn't make things difficult for her. She volunteered to go back sooner than planned," Charles retorted, panicking.

"Would you have let her go if she had refused you?" I sighed helplessly, feeling that he was not considerate towards other people's feelings.

"Of course, I won't make things difficult for anyone as long as you answer my calls," Charles said cheekily and brazenly.

I softened my tone and tried to convince him, "Charles, don't waste your time on me. We can't be together."

"Do you even know how hurtful your words are?"

"So you..."

Before I could finish my words, he interrupted, "No matter what you say, I am not giving up. I have already told you that I am serious about pursuing you, so I won't give up easily. As long as I get in touch with you and know that you are safe and sound, I will feel at ease."

After saying that, he hung up even though I did not respond to him at all.

Looking at the black screen, all kinds of emotions crashed into my heart, flooding it.

[Chapter 128 A Liar](#)

Charles' POV:

I was no longer worried when Scarlett and I finally talked over the call. However, my worry turned into dismay.

When would she finally be able to let go of our misunderstandings and accept me?

In the evening, Spencer invited me out for a drink, to which I agreed. I stared at the tequila shot in front of me. Without much thought, I picked it up and drank it up.

I could not wait to numb the pain in my heart with alcohol. For once, I did not want to think about

Scarlett. Well, the joke was on me as she was on my mind the entire night.

"What happened? You look troubled," Spencer asked with a frown.

I merely glanced at him. I did not feel like talking, so I just drank in silence.

"What? Is it because you haven't seen her for a long time?" Spencer guessed with a smug look on his face.

"We see each other a lot," I corrected before he could make another wild guess.

Spencer looked at me in confusion. "If that's the case, why do you look glum? Cheer up, man."

David also looked at me with bewilderment.

I sighed exasperatedly and explained, "Scarlett's apartment is not safe. That day, someone broke into her apartment with a knife."

The cheeky smile on Spencer's face faltered. "Could it be that it was the same person who had almost hit her with a car?" he worriedly asked.

"I don't know yet, but the investigation is underway. Right now, there's nothing I can do but wait for the result." I kneaded my temples and leaned against the sofa wearily.

David patted me on the shoulder for reassurance. "Let's wait until the result of the investigation comes out. But seriously, can you rest assured while Scarlett is abroad on her own?"

I glanced at him and heaved a sigh. "Of course, not! I'm worried about her. But, she has her own plan, and I trust that she would take care of herself. Besides, I can't take her back by force, can I?"

At that moment, Spencer looked at me with narrowed eyes and eyed me with suspicion. "Tell me the truth. Are you unhappy because Scarlett was attacked, or is it because of something else?"

I sighed yet again. His question made me even more irritable. Sometimes, true friends would seem as though they could read your mind. They could see through each other at a glance.

"Scarlett told me not to waste my time on her."

Spencer and David's eyes lit up as soon as I finished speaking. It seemed as though they found my dilemma amusing.

"Aww. Look at you—so sad and pitiful. Sorry, it's just that it's unusual to see you like this. It's funny." David's face turned red as he tried to stifle his laughter.

I stared daggers at him.

"Well, from what I can see, you still have a long way to go before you finally win Scarlett over. Admit it, women are more difficult to deal with than business."

I shot Spencer a furious glance and kicked him in the shin. "Are you two really my friends or not?"

"Of course, we're friends. That's why I hope you win Scarlett's heart as soon as possible." Spencer and David raised their glasses at the same time.

Charles' POV:

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I shot Spencer a furious glance and kicked him in the shin. "Are you two really my friends or not?"

"Of course, we're friends. That's why I hope you win Scarlett's heart as soon as possible." Spencer and David raised their glasses at the same time.

Although those two were getting on my nerves, I also raised my glass and clinked it with theirs. All of a sudden, the door opened, and the person I wanted to see the least walked in.

"Why is she here again?" Spencer asked while looking at the woman who barged into the room with utter disgust.

I did not answer and just stood up to leave.

Just as I reached the door, Rita tried to stop me. "Charles, please don't go!" she implored.

"I'm going to have a video call with Scarlett," I replied coldly. Despite Rita's dissuasion, I went straight out.

Rita fell stunned, but she immediately got ahold of herself. "Charles, you've always treated Scarlett as a

sister," she reminded with a bitter smile, hoping that that would make me rethink my feelings.

I looked at her with a deep frown and corrected her, "Scarlett is my wife."

"No... Charles, stop being so cruel to me. Please. I... I saved your life, remember? Charles, I'm dying. I want to spend my remaining days happy and without regrets. Can you please stop being cold and distant to me?" Rita looked at me pleadingly. All of a sudden, she threw herself into my arms. She must have expected me to catch her. But... I did not.

I dodged her, which made her fall to the cold, hard ground. Her face went beet red in shame and embarrassment.

"You've made trouble for Scarlett again and again. I've forgiven you several times, but you keep on testing my patience. I'm warning you. Don't challenge my bottom line again, or you'll regret it."

"Still, Scarlett won't accept you because we were once together." Rita put away the pitiful look on her face and smiled sarcastically.

"Nothing happened between us," I reminded in an icy cold tone.

"So what? You can't prove it." With a sneer, Rita got up from the floor and casually dusted her clothes as if nothing had happened.

"Scarlett begged for my attention for many years. And now, I will do the same until she accepts me. If anyone dares to discredit me to her, I won't let them go." After expressing my stand, I turned around and left.

I arrived home not long after. I must admit, what Rita had said got into me.

I decided to video call Scarlett. The rings felt forever as I waited for her to answer. Sadly, she did not. I was right. She did not want to talk to me. But just as I was about to put my phone down, the video call connected all of a sudden.

To my surprise, it was Nina, smiling from ear to ear. "You're welcome. You two have a great chat. Bye!"

Once Nina was out of the frame, I gazed at Scarlett and felt a deep sense of longing for her. It felt like I had not seen her for a long time.

"How have you been these days?" I asked with concern, seeing her ashen face.

"I'm fine," she answered indifferently.

"You look a little gaunt. Aren't you eating on time?"

"It's none of your business," Scarlett replied crossly.

"I met Rita today," I said without beating around the bush. Scarlett was taken aback but immediately regained her composure.

I lowered my head as guilt washed over me. "I know that my relationship with Rita is a sore spot in your heart."

Scarlett raised her head and looked at me sadly. "Good thing you know. I just can't turn a blind eye to it, can I? That's why we can't be together."

My heart ached as I gazed into her eyes.

"Scarlett, I'm sorry for hurting you. But believe me, nothing happened between Rita and me—" I explained in a hurry, but Scarlett interrupted me.

"Whether or not you've had a relationship with her is beyond me. I don't want to know what happened between you two. Just keep it to yourself." Although Scarlett's words were full of conviction, she sounded as if she were on the verge of crying. As soon as she finished speaking, she turned her face away and averted her gaze.

After a long period of silence, I took a deep breath and admitted the truth. "When we did 'it'... it was my first time too. Believe me, I was very nervous. I was afraid I'd hurt you or that you'd get turned off because I was inexperienced. So, I was extremely careful and gentle that I almost appeared like a clumsy fool."

As I spoke, I remembered what had happened the other night, and I despised myself for it.

"Scarlett, I regret not cherishing you. Can you give me a chance to make up for you? I promise I'll love you with all my heart and soul. I'll accompany you wherever you go and take care of you. You're the one I want to be with for the rest of my life," I sincerely said while looking into her eyes.

"Charles, can you stop pretending that you're sweet and affectionate? I know what kind of person you are," Scarlett replied, unmoved.

Her words brought a pang to my heart. "What kind of person am I in your eyes?"

Scarlett paused for a moment, and a sneer tugged at the corners of her mouth. "A liar."

I was stunned. Suddenly, what had happened in the past crossed my mind, and I felt guiltier than ever. I just realized that the damage I had caused was way deeper than I had imagined.

"Scarlett, I'm deeply sorry for leaving such an impression on you. I'll do my best to change that and prove myself to you," I said apologetically.

Scarlett just looked at me in response.

I figured that I had better tell her how much I missed her. But when I did, no response came from her. Scarlett had fallen asleep to the sound of my voice. She looked so peaceful.

As I stared at her face at my phone screen, I took a trip down memory lane. I thought of everything I had ever done to her and felt an overwhelming sense of regret.

It must have been difficult for her to move on at that time. And now, she hated me.

Fate would sometimes play cruel tricks on people. Now, I finally knew how that felt.

But, it did not matter. I swore to myself I would make up for treating her poorly in the past. I would not stop until she saw my perseverance and sincerity.

[Chapter 129 Returned Home](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I felt the breeze tickle my skin like feathers when the sunlight shone on my face.

I woke up from my sleep and heard the clock ticking.

Instinctively, I picked up my phone, only to find that it was turned off.

As soon as I charged my phone, a message from Charles popped up. "Good morning," the text read.

I complained to myself thinking that he really knew how to get my attention.

All of a sudden, I got a video call from him. I thought for a moment before I answered.

"Good morning, baby." Charles' handsome face popped up on the screen, and he was smiling. It was obvious that he was in a good mood.

"Good morning," I answered reluctantly.

"I heard you snoring while you were sleeping." He teased me with a smile.

"No, I didn't!" I denied. Seeing that he was still giving me a cheeky smile, I warned, "Don't make video calls if you have nothing serious to talk about!"

I then immediately hung up, without even giving him a chance to speak.

However, deep down, I felt like I did something wrong. Charles had been affecting my mood a lot lately,

and I felt like things would not end well if it continued to be that way.

After calming myself down, I got up to wash my face and brush my teeth. When I walked to the living room, I saw that Nina had prepared breakfast for me.

"Come and taste this. See if you like it." Nina pulled me to sit down at the table and handed me the milk.

"Is it a little too light?" I asked uncertainly, tasting it.

Upon hearing my question, she tasted the food with a confused look. "Light? I think it's just right," she said with a hint of suspicion.

I tasted it again, but I still felt that it was too light.

Nina suddenly put down her fork and looked at me seriously.

"Scarlett, did you take contraceptives?"

When I heard those words, my heart jolted for a moment.

"Go to the store and buy a pregnancy test strip," she reminded me with a serious look in her eyes.

I grabbed the corner of my shirt nervously. It was so sudden, and it was the kind of news that I was not prepared to face at all.

"It's better to check. Maybe you're not pregnant. Better be sure than sorry, right?" Nina comforted me gently.

Pursing my lips, I nodded, but I could not stop feeling uneasy about it.

After having breakfast, Nina went out. Alone at home, I felt a little upset as I subconsciously placed my hands on my belly.

If I had known about it earlier, then I would have taken contraceptives. Just when I was regretting my actions, the doorbell rang. Thinking that it was Nina, who had left something behind, I quickly opened the door.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" I asked in surprise, looking at Alice.
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However, deep down, I felt like I did something wrong. Charles had been affecting my mood a lot lately, and I felt like things would not end well if it continued to be that way.

After calming myself down, I got up to wash my face and brush my teeth. When I walked to the living room, I saw that Nine had prepared breakfast for me.

"Come and taste this. See if you like it." Nine pulled me to sit down at the table and handed me the milk.

"Is it a little too light?" I asked uncertainly, testing it.

Upon hearing my question, she tested the food with a confused look. "Light? I think it's just right," she said with a hint of suspicion.

I tested it again, but I still felt that it was too light.

Nine suddenly put down her fork and looked at me seriously.

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If I had known about it earlier, then I would have taken contraceptives. Just when I was regretting my actions, the doorbell rang. Thinking that it was Nine, who had left something behind, I quickly opened the door.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" I asked in surprise, looking at Alice.

"I was traveling, so I came to visit you." Alice held my hand and smiled.

I looked at her suspiciously, because it did not seem like she had come there on a trip.

"I've left all my luggage at the hotel, and my companions are there. It's not too far from here, so I'll head back after checking on you," Alice explained.

"Come on in, Mom." I led her into the room and poured her some water before I sat down with her.

"Scarlett, are you doing okay? You look a little haggard," Alice asked with concern.

Noticing the concern in her eyes, I quickly explained, "The doctor said that I will feel uncomfortable until I adjust to the climate here."

"What a quack that doctor is! You have been here for such a long time. How can you still not be used to the climate here? Why didn't he just say you're pregnant, huh?" Alice blurted out and I noticed a hint of surprise in her eyes.

However, I froze when I heard those words.

"Are you really pregnant? Just last night, I dreamed of becoming a grandmother." Seeing that I was silent, she held my hand excitedly and looked at me eagerly.

"No, I'm just not accustomed to the climate here," I denied in a hurry as I tried to keep calm.

"You should go to the hospital, and get yourself checked again. This is an important matter, okay?" Alice said with disappointment as well as concern.

"Yes, I will. Don't worry." Although I seemed calm on the surface, I was flustered deep in my heart.

"I'll go to the hospital with you tomorrow. I'm worried about you going there alone," she said.

"No, Mom. I can go to the hospital by myself. Didn't you come here on a trip? You should not be accompanying me on your vacation."

"My travel is not as important as you. Besides, it's just one day, so it's no big deal," Alice said casually.

"No, I'll ask Nina to go with me."

"Alright, then. But you must let me know as soon as the result comes out, okay?"

I was secretly relieved, so I agreed to her request with a smile.

She then asked me how I was doing, and told me something about Charles.

As soon as she mentioned Charles, my phone rang.

"Maybe Lawrence has asked him to call you. Put it on speaker," Alice said indifferently, seeing that it was Charles' call.

I was confused, but I answered his call and put it on speaker.

"You answered the phone very quickly today. I was thinking if I would have to call you again." Charles' deep voice came from the phone.

"Careful, Charles. Mom is here," I reminded him, afraid that he might say something improper.

"Dad and Mom are fighting, so don't worry about them. Mom will come back after traveling for a few days, but you have been away from your husband for so long," he blurted out just like I expected.

Hearing his complaint, I was a little embarrassed, so I lowered my head and kept silent.

"People in our family are all loyal and faithful to their significant others," Charles said smugly.

I was speechless. 'Could he be more narcissistic?'

"You brat! Don't you care about your mother?" Alice roared, grabbing the phone from my hand. A second later, she hung up.

"What an ungrateful son!" she complained, holding my phone tightly in her hand.

I felt a little awkward, and did not know what to say.

Then, my phone rang again. In an annoyed tone, Alice hissed, "It must be Charles again. Looks like he is always pestering you."

She then picked up the phone, but when she looked at it, she was rather surprised.

"When can you come back and save me from this dark loneliness?" Reading the message from Charles, Alice looked at me suspiciously, and asked, "Is he always like this? You sure have suffered a lot, my dear."

With my head down, I rolled my eyes and curled my toes awkwardly.

Since it was clear that Alice had not come there on a trip, I asked her to stay with me.

After my daily classes, I would accompany her to go shopping and go on walks with her whenever I was free to help her feel better.

A week later, Alice was watching TV on the sofa when Charles' dad called me. I answered the phone and put it on speaker.

"Christine has hypertension. She is in the hospital now. Scarlett, come back with Alice," he said anxiously as soon as the call was connected.

Upon hearing the news, Alice and I quickly packed up our things, and were ready to go back home. She seemed to have temporarily forgotten about her quarrel with her husband.

As we were worried about Grandma's condition, we booked the next flight back home.

However, I felt my stomach turn as soon as the flight took off.

"Mom, I need to go to the bathroom." Saying that, I stood up in a hurry.

"Be careful. Watch your step," Alice reminded me. I vaguely heard her saying, "Why do you seem more pregnant the more I look at you?"

I froze when I heard those words, but I pretended like I did not hear a thing as I ran to the bathroom.

Once we landed, we saw that Lawrence was waiting for us at the airport.

Alice glanced at him, threw her luggage to him, and left.

With a helpless sigh, Lawrence followed her.

I was amused to see that, but at the same time, I envied their relationship.

The driver took my luggage from me, and I thanked him with a smile before following them to the car.

"Mr. Charles is also here," the driver reminded me calmly and respectfully as soon as we walked out of the airport.

[Chapter 130 Be Good](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Feeling a little hesitant, I stood still.

Charles' parents had just reconciled. Thinking that they must have a lot to say to each other, I did not want to disturb them.

I glanced at Charles' car and sighed helplessly.

Ever since I got in his car, he had been grinning and staring at me. I was a little embarrassed by his gaze, so I pretended to be calm as I checked emails on my phone.

"Aren't you curious to know where we are going?" He suddenly approached me and I subconsciously shrank back.

"To the hospital," I said to him calmly.

He smiled at me and sat up straight to keep a distance from me.

I was not looking out the window on our way back, and when I suddenly looked up, I found that the car was actually entering Charles' residence.

I gave him a doubtful glance but continued to be silent.

"Dad lied to Mom. Grandma is fine," he said with a smile.

Speechless, I rolled my eyes at him.

"I want to go back to my apartment," I said firmly.

"No way," Charles refused with a smile. As soon as he parked the car, he grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the car.

"The decor and furnishings of this house is same as that of your apartment," he added, pointing at the apartment and escorted me in.

Surprised, I looked at him, not knowing what to say.

"This is your home from now on. You are not going anywhere," Charles added in a domineering manner, holding my hand as we walked.

Pursing my lips, I didn't say anything as I followed him into the apartment.

As soon as I entered the house, I found that there were many plants, and some of them were flowering plants.

"I specially prepared them for you," he explained.

I nodded in response. The next second, he wrapped his arms around me and kissed my neck.

Feeling uneasy, I pushed him away. Charles let go of me and said with a smile, "You go and take a bath first. I'll cook something for you to eat."

He then helped me take off my coat.

"I don't want to take a bath," I said, afraid that he was up to no good.

"What do you want, then?"

After thinking for a minute, I said, "I can eat."

"I'm going to make some soup. If you don't want to take a bath, then come with me."

I nodded in agreement.

I leaned against the kitchen door, watching him busily preparing food.
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I glanced at Charles' car and sighed helplessly.

Ever since I got in his car, he had been grinning and staring at me. I was a little embarrassed by his gaze, so I pretended to be calm as I checked emails on my phone.

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"Whet do you went, then?"

After thinking for a minute, I said, "I can eat."

"I'm going to make some soup. If you don't want to take a break, then come with me."

I nodded in agreement.

I leaned against the kitchen door, watching him busily preparing food.

After a while, he pointed at the orange that he had cut, and said, "I've cut some oranges for you. Enjoy."

The clean and crisp citrusy aroma of the orange made me want to try it.

It was deliciously sweet and sour, instantly soothing the discomfort in my stomach.

"Looks like you're enjoying it a lot, which makes me also want to try it," Charles said with a smile and opened his mouth, waiting for me to feed him.

I subconsciously took a piece of orange and fed it to him. But when I came to my senses, I felt like we were being too intimate and withdrew my hand, panicking.

"It's a little sour," Charles complained with a frown, clueless that I was embarrassed.

After watching him head back to the kitchen, I took the oranges to the living room, and sat down on the sofa. I chowed down on more orange slices as I watched TV, and the more I ate, the more delicious it tasted.

Charles' POV:

By the time I was done cooking and walked out of the kitchen, Scarlett was asleep.

I carefully walked to her, afraid that I might wake her up. Looking at her sleeping face, I could not help but want to kiss her.

Soon after my lips left hers, she woke up in a daze.

My heart softened when I saw her like that.

"Get up and have some soup," I said to her with a smile and helped her up.

She nestled in my arms with an awkward expression.

"You will get used to it soon enough," I said with a smile, sensing that she felt a bit nervous.

I gently put her down on the chair. However, I couldn't help but want to kiss her again. Just when I was about to, she placed her hand on my chest and pushed me away.

"Are you hungry?" I asked when I noticed that she was staring at the food on the table greedily.

"Yes, I am!" Scarlett admitted without hesitation.

I then ladled some soup into her bowl.

"I got my period," she said abruptly.

I stopped filling the soup and looked at her in confusion.

"I mean, I can't have sex with you tonight."

Saying that, Scarlett took the soup bowl from my hand and began to drink it.

I suddenly understood what she meant by that, and felt a little aggrieved.

Without saying more, I began to serve her food.

After finishing two bowls of soup, she looked at me in confusion, and asked, "Why aren't you having any soup?"

Feeling a little irritable, I stayed silent.

"You seem to be in a bad mood. Do you really just come to me to satisfy your selfish desires?" Scarlett muttered, stirring the soup with a spoon. There was a serious look in her eyes, as though she would kill herself if I forced her to have sex with me that night.

Seeing her like that, I was both annoyed and depressed.

With a sigh, I turned to pour some wine in my glass.

As the liquor traveled down my throat, it felt like I was drinking fire.

After drinking a few glasses of wine, I looked at Scarlett. Although I was a little tipsy, I was still quite steady.

"Are you full?" I asked softly.

"I'm full. Thank you," she said to me politely and formally, nodding at me.

I stood up, carried her to the sofa, and sat down beside her.

"Can you cut some more fruit for me?" Blinking her eyes at me innocently, she pleaded.

"Okay." After that, I stood up to cut some fruit for her when I suddenly felt that something was strange. She did not have such a large appetite before, so why was she suddenly eating so much?

Confused, I turned around, went into the kitchen, cut the fruits, and put them on a plate, but just when I was about to take it outside, I heard the sound of the door closing.

My heart immediately skipped a beat, and Scarlett was not in the living room when I came back.

I realized that she must have been looking for the perfect chance to escape from me. Looking at the cut fruit on the plate, I felt ironic.

Annoyed, I turned around, walked back to the kitchen, and threw the whole plateful into the trash can before I took out my phone and sent a message to Scarlett.

"Come back on your own, or I'll come and drag you here." I was in a foul mood when I sent her that text.

Just as I expected, she did not reply.

I felt more upset, but since I knew that she was getting my text, I sent her more messages.

"If I catch you, I will make you regret lying to me."

I suddenly felt like I was too mean to her, so I added, "You left all of a sudden, and I'm worried about you. I don't want to do anything to you. I just want to take good care of you."

Even after I sent that message, she did not reply.

I was angry and worried. I was lost in thought for a long time before I let out a helpless sigh, thinking that she always left me feeling so powerless.