

## **Warning 131**

### [Chapter 131 Isn't This What Couples Do](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After leaving Charles' house, I went back to my house on Garden Street.

As soon as I got home, I took out my phone, and saw the messages he sent me, feeling a little sad.

Since I did not know how to face him, I could only hide from him.

I changed the lock code of my door and muted my phone.

After taking a shower, I lay on the bed, thinking that he might knock on my door at any moment, but there was no sound.

As tiredness swept over my body, I could not resist falling asleep.

The next day, I was worried that I might stumble upon Charles if I went out, so I decided to order take-out.

Not long after, the doorbell rang. And I was stunned to see Charles outside my apartment with a delivery bag in his hand. He was still wearing the same clothes that he had worn the night before. Had he been waiting here all night long?

With a guilty conscience, I lowered my head, grabbing the hem of my pajamas nervously.

From the corner of my eye, I saw him staring at me with a sharp gaze, and I clenched my fists.

Without saying a word, he walked straight into the living room.

I followed him in.

Tiredness was written all over his face, and there were bags under his eyes. He unbuttoned his shirt with a long face while looking at me coldly.

"Were you outside my door all night long?" I asked hesitantly after a long time.

However, instead of answering me, he headed straight to the bathroom.

I felt like I was doomed now. He was angry, and he was not going to let it slide easily.

I contemplated running away while he was in the shower. But then, I thought about it and gave up the idea. After all, he could always find me easily. 'Where else could I hide?'

My stomach was growling, so I decided to have breakfast first before I thought about it. I ate uneasily, listening to the sound of the running water that came from the bathroom.

While I was eating, Charles stepped out of the bathroom and ordered, "Call Amy and ask her to bring me some clothes."

He then turned around and walked to the bedroom.

Seeing his bloodshot eyes, I pitied him and didn't have the heart to go up against him.

I picked up his phone and was about to call Amy, but when I saw numerous missed calls from Rita flashing on the screen, my hands trembled.

Scerlett's POV:

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Seeing his bloodshot eyes, I pitied him and didn't have the heart to go up against him.

I picked up his phone and was about to call Amy, but when I saw numerous missed calls from Rita flashing on the screen, my hands trembled.

Enduring the pain in my heart, I called Amy's number and then headed to the bedroom. Charles was lying down on the bed.

Looking at his tired and handsome face, I suddenly felt like throwing my caution to the wind and just living with him for the rest of my life.

"Charles, are you hungry?" I asked, trying to hold back my sadness. However, he did not respond. He just lay there on the bed and did not move.

Thinking that he must be tired, I walked out of the room to have my breakfast and did not say more to disturb him.

In the meantime, Rita called him again. Hearing the phone ringing, my heart trembled. I held his phone in my hand as I went to find him.

"It's from Rita," I said as I handed the phone to him.

With a frown, Charles pulled me to the bed and hugged me.

"Don't you want to answer the phone?" I asked when I saw that the phone was still ringing.

"Sleep!" Charles grabbed the phone, tossed it aside, and hugged me tightly.

"I don't want to sleep!" I began to struggle, but he tightened his grip around me, making it difficult for me to breathe.

"You're suffocating me."

As soon as I said that, he loosed his grip a little, but he did not let go of me.

I leaned against his chest, listening to his strong heartbeat. Wishing that we could always be that way, I could not help but feel satisfied.

However, whenever I thought of Rita, my eyes would turn red.

"What did I do to make you feel so aggrieved?" Charles asked angrily when he noticed that I was on the verge of tears.

"Rita kept calling you, and for some reason, that makes me uncomfortable." I rubbed my eyes, unable to hide the truth from him.

I did not want to cry over such a thing, but every time I thought of it, I would feel tears falling from my eyes.

Charles stared at me for a long time before he leaned in and kissed me while holding my arm and placing it around his waist.

But the next second, his phone rang again.

Charles stopped and turned off his phone irritably.

"I haven't slept all night, so I am very tired now. Please just hold me and sleep with me for a while, okay? Be a good girl," Charles said in a tired voice.

Since I could not refuse him, I moved slightly and adjusted myself to a comfortable sleeping position.

"Rest your head on my arm." Charles held his arm out for me.

"No. It'll be heavy." I struggled uncomfortably.

"Lie down. You seem to overestimate your weight," he teased, looking at me.

At first, I planned to get up after he fell asleep, but feeling his warm embrace, I also fell asleep with him.

When I opened my eyes again, he was playing with my hair.

"Are you awake? How was your sleep?" Charles asked with a smile.

"Yes. It was good."

I never expected to fall asleep so comfortably. I tried to get up, but he pulled me back to the bed.

He then continued to play with my hair leisurely.

I pulled my hair back and rubbed it against his face.

"Stop it! It tickles," he complained and grabbed my hand.

I looked at him, grinning from ear to ear. I did not expect him to be so afraid of itchiness.

"Grandma asked us to come home for dinner," he said to me in a gentle voice while stroking my cheek lovingly.

I checked the time and found that it was already twelve o'clock. I realized that he had not eaten breakfast in the morning, so I reminded him that he should eat something first. "Alright, then. Let's have lunch first."

Charles and I went out for lunch. And after we ate our fill, he proposed to take me hiking.

Strolling in the mountains, we enjoyed the pleasant afternoon.

All of a sudden, he held my hand.

"What are you doing?" I asked, lowering my head to look at our intertwined hands.

"Isn't this what couples do?" With a smile, he held my hand more tightly.

I was a little stunned to hear him refer to us as a couple. I struggled, but he did not let go of my hand at all. Instead, he put my hand in his pocket.

When I realized that we were never a couple, I felt a little disheartened, and wanted to withdraw my hand.

However, he stubbornly held my hand, unwilling to let go.

There were many people climbing the mountain, and most of them were couples. Looking at his profile, I was lost in thought. Deep down, I felt like it would be wonderful if we could live so peacefully every

day.

### Chapter 132 Discussion On Marriage

Scarlett's POV:

By the time we started to go down the mountain, it was already quite dark, and feeling tired, I could not help but yawn as I walked down.

Charles stood in front of me and bent over. I was confused.

"Aren't you tired? Come, let me carry you." His voice laced with the cool breeze echoed in my ears.

I looked at his broad back, feeling a little hesitant, when he continued, "Do you want me to carry you on my back or would you like me to hold you in my arms? Take your pick."

After hesitating for a while, I glanced at the passers-by subconsciously, and climbed on his back.

Feeling the warmth of his broad back, I felt an unprecedented sense of security, and unconsciously wrapped my arms around his neck.

As soon as I got home, I slumped to the sofa, stretching my legs to the armrests. My calf muscles felt sore from the hiking, and I felt like I had overexerted myself.

"What's wrong? Why are you so tired?" Christine asked with concern when she saw that my legs were shaking.

"I am fine, Grandma. I probably feel weak because I haven't walked this far in a long time," I tried to comfort her, seeing that she was worried.

"How long did you make her walk? I am going to teach you a lesson today, you brat!" Christine said to Charles.

"I only took her hiking to help her relax." Lowering his head, Charles could not even bring himself to look at her.

"That's bullshit! Are you out of your mind? Why can't you just take her out for shopping? Why did you have to climb the mountain?" Alice also yelled at Charles angrily.

"I'm sorry. It is my fault." Charles rarely ever admitted his mistakes.

However, I couldn't bear to see him being scolded. "Grandma, I'm fine. I'm just a little tired."

"Don't speak up for him. He is an adult, but still he doesn't know how to take care of you at all,"

Christine said angrily, glaring at Charles.

"Let me massage your legs." Saying that, Charles began to massage my legs before I could even say anything.

"I'm alright..." Although I felt a little awkward, it was undeniable that his massage felt amazing. He used moderate pressure on my legs to make me feel comfortable.

Scerlett's POV:

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"Aren't you tired? Come, let me carry you." His voice laced with the cool breeze echoed in my ears.

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But all of a sudden, he stopped. With a frown, I looked at him, confused.

"Sorry, I forgot that you're on your period," Charles said in a remorseful tone.

"Scarlett is on her period?" Alice asked.

My heart skipped a beat, but I soon regained my composure. "Yes, I'm on my period."

Alice seemed to be too disappointed to even say anything and just sighed.

And I couldn't bear to see her so depressed. However, I could not understand one thing. I was clearly putting on an act, and even Charles could not see through it. How could she know?

All of a sudden, I remembered that I had vomited on our flight back home, and perhaps, that was the reason she seemed so suspicious.

"I thought that you were..." Alice murmured with regret in her eyes.

I pretended like I did not hear her at all and stayed silent.

After the elders left, Charles asked, "What does Mom mean by that? What's going on with you?"

In a fit of panic, I could not help but shake my head.

Without asking more questions, Charles bowed down and continued to massage my legs until dinner was ready.

"I asked you all to come here to discuss about the wedding." While we were having dinner, Michael, who was sitting in the host seat, spoke up in a serious voice.

"I think that it would be best if we made it the first of next month. That way, we will have enough time to prepare for it, and it won't delay Scarlett's training program abroad," Alice said excitedly.



"I agree. By then, the weather will be much warmer, and Scarlett won't feel cold in her wedding dress," Christine echoed.

"I also think that it's a great idea. Let's ask the event planners to handle it. They will do it quickly and efficiently," Lawrence also said.

When I heard that, I looked at Charles in confusion.

"Scarlett, don't go abroad now. You can continue your training after the wedding," Alice said, holding my hand.

"I don't want to get married. To be honest, I don't want a wedding ceremony with Charles," I blurted out, looking at them while I stood up from my seat.

As soon as they heard that, they looked at me with disappointment in their eyes.

Charles was also stunned as he did not expect me to refuse him so brazenly.

"Scarlett, you..." Christine paused and sighed helplessly.

Everyone then fell silent. Charles withdrew his gaze, and said indifferently, "Let's eat first."

The originally enthusiastic crowd now ate with a grim look in their eyes.

Christine suddenly banged her fists on the table, which shocked us.

"I said that the wedding must be held!" she said in a cold voice and with a tough attitude.

"Grandma..." I called out to her subconsciously, but she looked away with a snort.

"Scarlett, it's just a wedding, which should have been held three years ago. Do you really not want it?" Alice tried her best to persuade me.

"Mom, Charles and I... We..." I looked at her awkwardly, wanting to tell her that I was going to divorce Charles sooner or later, but when I saw how eager she was, I could not bring myself to say it.

"Scarlett, is something about Charles making you feel uncomfortable? Just tell me, and I will educate him." Lawrence persuaded me next.

I turned to Charles, hoping that he would say something, but he lowered his head and continued to drink.

"There is nothing wrong with him. I just don't want to..." I said in a low voice, hanging my head.

"Let's eat first." Michael also sighed with disappointment.

After dinner, Alice asked me and Charles to stay the night.

I looked at Charles pleadingly while I was in the room with him. "Please help me tell Grandma that the wedding..."

"What do you want me to tell her?" Charles glanced at me and pretended like he was confused.

Just when I was about to say something, he added, "I also want this wedding..."

"What did you say?" I looked at him in disbelief.

### [Chapter 133 I Wanted This Wedding](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"I said I want this wedding more than anyone else," Charles repeated himself, looking at me.

As I smiled bitterly, a hint of disappointment flashed in my eyes.

"Don't you want to be with me?" Charles stood up and slowly walked towards me.

"I just want to keep a low profile," I answered, shaking my head.

"We are already married. The wedding is just a ceremony." He seemed to be so emotional that his eyes were almost red.

"But it's not something that I want," I said in a firm voice.

"But I want the whole world to see you wearing a wedding dress for me," Charles said softly.

I hung my head and sat on the edge of the bed without saying anything to him.

"I'll get some water to wash your feet." Saying that with a sigh, Charles left.

"Charles, you are going to get tired of me sooner or later." Looking at his back, I could not help but shout.

He paused and said in a casual tone, "Even if it means that I would get tired of you in the future, we should still try to build our love first, right?"

I was speechless, and did not know what to say.

Charles walked out of the bathroom with a bucket in his hand. Helping me soak my feet in the soothing warm water, he was so gentle and focused.

"Charles, I don't want a wedding with you," I repeated firmly.

"I know."

His attitude rendered me speechless.

"You are going to regret marrying someone you don't love." Saying that, I dropped my hands feebly.

"I love you, and I'm certain of it. But as for whether you feel the same about me or not, I think you should ask that to yourself." Charles looked at me with determination in his eyes.

I did not know what to say, and I was clearly dumbfounded. Without saying more, Charles wiped my feet dry and walked to the bathroom to empty the bucket.

I was lost in thought as I lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

"You haven't changed your sanitary pad the entire day." Standing by the bed, Charles looked at me. "So you weren't on your period at all, were you?"

I kept silent, feeling a little upset that I completely forgot about it.

"Do you find it amusing to lie to me?"

I shook my head instinctively.

"You are my woman, and you can't avoid such things. Besides, I am a man with a strong sexual desire," Charles said lightly as he leaned down to kiss my neck.

I groaned and tried to resist him. Charles made me lie straight as he looked into my eyes.

"Why can't you try to accept me?" There was a hint of confusion in his tone.

I gave a helpless sigh as I said, "I don't have confidence in you."

"But haven't you loved me ever since you were a kid?" Charles reminded me in a confident tone.

"I only did it because I was young and thoughtless." I looked away in embarrassment.

"Then you are more thoughtless now!" he sneered.

"Do you still want me?" I asked him in an angry tone.

"Of course, I do!" Charles continued to explain with a smile, "Men always value the things more when they have to suffer to get it. If you are obedient and submissive, then I might get tired of you before the wedding, and we'll probably not have to hold a wedding ceremony at all."

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My heart felt heavy again when I heard those words. "If you would get tired of me so soon... Then how are we supposed to spend the rest of our lives together?"

"You want to be with me for the rest of our lives, don't you?" Charles said with a smile, rubbing my nose playfully.

I turned away and ignored him. I knew that he was doing it on purpose.

"I was just kidding. Anyway, I won't let you get away from me again." Saying that, he kissed me on the forehead.

"Can you really do that?" I asked, looking at him with suspicion in my eyes.

"I promise, I will," he said, leaning down to kiss me.

But without any second thoughts, I immediately pushed him away. He had already hurt me once, and I did not want to let him hurt me again.

"Why not?" Charles asked with a frown.

"I'm just tired." I massaged my forehead in exhaustion.

He looked at me calmly and said, "That's not good enough, honey."

Even after thinking for a while, I still could not come up with a convincing excuse. All of a sudden, I felt a chill on my chest and looked down to see that he had unbuttoned my shirt.

"Wait!" I grabbed his hands and suddenly thought of an idea. "I have a stomachache."

"Really?" he asked, looking at me suspiciously.

"Yes!" I pretended to seem very sincere.

"Where exactly does it hurt?" His eyes were filled with worry and panic as he placed his hand over my belly.

Flustered, I grabbed his hand and placed it on the side of my stomach. "Here."

Since I used too much strength, I grimaced from the pain.

"Let's go. I'll take you to the hospital," he said nervously.

When I saw how panicked he was, I could not help but be stunned.

Seeing him rummaging through the closet in a hurry, I quickly said, "I'm fine now."

He immediately put down the clothes, walked back to the bed, and looked down at me. There was still a hint of worry in his eyes. "What happened really?"

"I just don't want to..." I said in a guilty tone, lowering my head.

Charles was clearly angry as he turned around, closed the wardrobe, and looked at me with his hands on his hips. I could not bring myself to look at him, so I turned around and lay with my back facing him.

I suddenly felt the mattress sink a little and his arms wrap around me.

"Come and face me." His tone was imperative, like he was feeling a little awkward. It was so cute.

I lay obediently, and he hugged me warmly. Charles kissed me on the forehead before he turned off the bedside lamp.

Seeing that, I suddenly felt nervous.

"Sleep," he said in a gentle voice.

With a sigh of relief, I slowly drifted to sleep.

The next day, I woke up with a sore throat. When I opened my eyes, I felt a burning pain in my throat and I felt a little dizzy.

After I freshened up, I walked to the living room in low spirits.

"Did you get sick?" Alice touched my forehead with a worried look.

"I seem to have caught a cold," I replied in a hoarse voice, and immediately felt a sting in my throat again.

Alice looked at me lovingly before she turned to Charles and glared at him. "It's all your fault. You insisted on climbing the mountain despite the cold weather, and that's why Scarlett now has a cold."

Charles silently brought me a thermometer and some fever medicines.

"Go away. I'll take care of her. Even looking at you pisses me off!" After driving him away, she walked back to my room with me.

Charles' POV:

What was wrong with me? Why did I take Scarlett hiking? I blamed Spencer for telling me that hiking was a good way for me and Scarlett to build our relationship.

After my mom drove me away, I walked to the study.

"Why are you here? Why aren't you accompanying your wife?" My father asked, looking at me in surprise.

"Dad, can you do me a favor? Pressure Scarlett and make her agree to the wedding," I asked, ignoring the surprised look in his eyes.

My father sighed helplessly. "Even if you have a wedding ceremony, you can't win Scarlett over, and your marriage might end up being a mess."

My heart was teeming with emotions, and I could not say anything.

My father stood up and patted me on the shoulder with a smile. "Boy, we should not rush her. Women don't like it when they being pushed too hard."

"Dad, let's go have breakfast first," I said heavily and walked downstairs with him.

After we finished eating, Scarlett insisted that she had to go to the TV station. I could not make her change her mind, so I drove her to work. It was a quiet ride.

"I've booked an air ticket for this afternoon," Scarlett said to me as soon as we arrived at the TV station.

"We're going to be really busy for a while. Just cancel the air ticket," I said lightly, glancing at her.

"Why are we going to be busy?" Scarlett murmured in a low voice.

I stared at her for a long time before I finally said, "We have to take wedding photos, decorate the wedding venue, and send invitations. So we're obviously going to be busy."

"You have taken wedding photos with Rita, so I am not going to take photos with you," Scarlett said in a sobbing tone, looking up at me.

I could not help but feel that it was all my fault.

"If you refuse, then I will stay here just to keep a close eye on you."

"Bye!" Scarlett hissed and unbuckled her seat belt.

I couldn't help but caress her soft hair.

But she shook off my hand, glaring at me.

"I won't try on wedding dresses or take wedding photos," she added resolutely before she got off the car.

Without saying anything, I watched her walk into the company and then drove away.



No matter what Scarlett said... I was determined to hold a wedding ceremony for us!

#### Chapter 134 Announced The Marriage

Scarlett's POV:

That afternoon, I left through the backdoor of the TV station after I was done with work, but Charles' driver stopped me.

"I'm going to buy something." I excused myself and was about to leave.

But he continued to stand in my way with a fake smile. "Mr. Moore asked you to come with me."

I frowned, looking at him, but when I saw how embarrassed he was, I didn't have the heart to make things difficult for him, so I got in the car.

As soon as I arrived at Charles' office, I noticed an extraordinary man sitting on the sofa. With the features of his, I guessed he must be French.

"Scarlett, this is Ethan, the wedding dress designer. Ethan, she is my wife," Charles introduced us.

Although I felt my heart in my throat, I still greeted Ethan with a smile. "Hello."

With an awkward smile, I glanced at Charles in silence, but he tried to avoid looking at me.

"You are beautiful and you have a good figure," Ethan praised me.

Hearing that, Charles glared at him.

Ethan smiled innocently and said, "Don't overreact. I'm just telling the truth, as a designer."

"Hurry up and start your work. Don't waste time." Charles frowned.

"Okay. Do you have a favorite wedding dress style?" Ethan asked me in a serious tone and stopped laughing at once.

"No." I shook my head. My mind was a mess.

"Then let's look at some classic wedding dress styles first, and then I can customize one for you according to your temperament and preferences." Saying that, Ethan took out the tablet PC and showed me some of the designs.

I listened to him absent-mindedly, and after talking for a while, he left.

I realized that Charles was really serious about the wedding when I saw him seeing Ethan off.

I felt like I needed to find an opportunity to escape.

Scerlett's POV:

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Hearing that, Charles glared at him.

Ethen smiled innocently and said, "Don't overreact. I'm just telling the truth, as a designer."

"Hurry up and start your work. Don't waste time." Charles frowned.

"Okay. Do you have a favorite wedding dress style?" Ethen asked me in a serious tone and stopped laughing at once.

"No." I shook my head. My mind was a mess.

"Then let's look at some classic wedding dress styles first, and then I can customize one for you according to your temperament and preferences." Saying that, Ethen took out the tablet PC and showed me some of the designs.

I listened to him absent-mindedly, and after talking for a while, he left.

I realized that Charles was really serious about the wedding when I saw him seeing Ethen off.

I felt like I needed to find an opportunity to escape.

As soon as Ethan left, Amy knocked on the door and walked in.

"Boss, the reporters are ready," she said.

"What on earth do you want?" I asked in confusion, looking at Charles.

"Our wedding ceremony must be a grand one!" Charles said to me in a firm voice while looking at me with a serious expression.

My mind went blank after seeing how determined he was, and before I knew it, he walked me to the meeting room.

I didn't come to my senses until the reporters began asking me questions and the dazzling lights from the cameras kept flashing on my face.

"Looks like Mr. Moore really loves his wife deeply." The reporters glanced at pictures of me and Charles with admiration in their eyes.

I sneered in my heart. If I hadn't shamelessly begged him to take pictures with me at that time, then he might not have been able to show off so much now.

This press conference lasted for an hour, and once it was over, the reporters immediately went to prepare the news article which said that Charles would be holding his wedding ceremony on the first week of the following month. As soon as the news report was released, it instantly became a trending topic.

Charles took me to a cafe after the press conference.

Lately, the weather had been quite cold, but he naturally held my hand to keep me warm.

Before long, our peaceful moment was shattered.

"Scarlett, how can you shamelessly become the third party in our relationship?" Rita roared, walking toward us. She did not seem like the elegant woman she had once been.

"It was all my idea," Charles said seriously, looking at her with a cold glance.

"Are you really going to marry this bitch, who is willing to be the third-wheel?" Rita looked at him in disbelief.

"Scarlett is my wife, and you should respect her." Charles frowned coldly.

"Do you even know what you are doing?" Rita hissed, pointing at my nose. "Why should I respect her? She's the one who took you away from me!"

"She did not take me away from you. I volunteered to be with her." Charles ignored her wrath.

Without saying anything, she looked at him pitifully. However, Charles was not moved by her at all. He continued to keep my hands warm by holding and rubbing them gently.

"Rita, let's go back!" Richard's voice came from not far away.

He hurried over to us, held Rita's hand, and dragged her out.

"Let go of me!" Rita shook off his hand, feeling emotional.

"I want to talk to you." Saying that, she walked to me.

"No!" Charles resolutely opposed as soon as she said those words.

"Sure," I said with a nod.

Hearing that, he looked at me with worry and suspicion in his eyes.

"It's okay. I need to settle this once and for all," I said indifferently as I stood up to go outside with Rita.

As soon as we were outside, Rita suddenly grabbed my hand.

"Make this clear to me!" she roared coldly, not concealing her hatred for me at all.

"My story is very simple, and I can easily make it clear to you. But what about you? Can you explain yourself?" I broke free from her grip and stared at her belly.

Rita looked at me with resentment in her eyes, and suddenly whispered in my ear, "I'll let my child die with yours!"

I was stunned by her words. Before I could even react, Rita changed her tone and began to cry pitifully, "Scarlett, can you please leave Charles? I really can't live without him!"

She then grabbed my hand again and fell back. I wanted to get rid of her. But it was too late.

I looked at her in horror and finally understood what she meant by that.

[Chapter 135 Miscarriage](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Just when I thought that I was going to fall down the stairs, Charles grabbed my hand and stopped me by holding me back. However, Rita was not that lucky. She fell down the stairs and cried out in pain.

Horrified, I watched her grimace as Charles continued to hold me tightly in his arms.

Richard immediately ran downstairs, and took Rita to the hospital.

I was so frightened that Charles took me to the hospital as well.

"We tried our best. We are sorry," the doctor said to Rita in a regretful tone as he stood in front of the bed.

"It's all your fault. You're the one that murdered my baby. You are such a cruel woman!" Rita shouted at me hysterically.

"I didn't push you at all. You fell down on your own," I said flatly, frowning at her.

"You pushed me down. How can you lie with a straight face? Aren't you afraid of being punished in life?" Rita screamed in an emotional tone while tears flowed down her cheeks.

Noticing how she was confusing black with white, I suddenly realized that everything that had happened in the past few months was all her plot.

"Charles, Scarlett is a vicious woman. Are you sure you want to marry someone like her?" Rita yelled.

It was obvious that she was framing me. I couldn't let Charles believe her lie.

But just when I was about to explain, he said in a calm voice, "There's a CCTV camera placed right where you were standing."

Hearing that, Rita was rendered speechless.

I was also surprised as I was not expecting Charles to believe me.

Without saying a word, he took me away.

But before he paid the bill, I walked back to the ward where Rita was.

"How could you stay so calm before the person who killed your child? You really are incompetent!" As soon as I reached the door, I heard Rita scolding Richard.

Those words made me freeze. Charles was right. And her baby was not his.

I pushed the door open and glanced coldly at the pale faced Rita. "Charles and I won't invite you to our wedding. You will only bring rotten luck!"

With that, I turned around and left, ignoring her hysterical screams and curses.

"Where did you just go?" Charles asked me curiously as soon as he saw me.

"The bathroom." I was clearly cheerful when I lied to him.

"Why are you so happy?" Charles found that it was strange.

"Thank you for believing in me." Standing on tiptoes, I kissed him on the corner of his lips.  
Scerlett's POV:

Just when I thought that I was going to fall down the stairs, Charles grabbed my hand and stopped me by holding me back. However, Rita was not that lucky. She fell down the stairs and cried out in pain.

Horried, I watched her grimace as Charles continued to hold me tightly in his arms.

Richard immediately ran downstairs, and took Rita to the hospital.

I was so frightened that Charles took me to the hospital as well.

"We tried our best. We are sorry," the doctor said to Rita in a regretful tone as he stood in front of the bed.

"It's all your fault. You're the one that murdered my baby. You are such a cruel woman!" Rita shouted at me hysterically.

"I didn't push you at all. You fell down on your own," I said flatly, frowning at her.

"You pushed me down. How can you lie with a straight face? Aren't you afraid of being punished in life?" Rita screamed in an emotional tone while tears flowed down her cheeks.

Noticing how she was confusing black with white, I suddenly realized that everything that had happened in the past few months was all her plot.

"Charles, Scerlett is a vicious woman. Are you sure you want to marry someone like her?" Rita yelled.

It was obvious that she was framing me. I couldn't let Charles believe her lie.

But just when I was about to explain, he said in a calm voice, "There's a CCTV camera placed right where you were standing."

Hearing that, Rita was rendered speechless.

I was also surprised as I was not expecting Charles to believe me.

Without saying a word, he took me away.

But before he paid the bill, I walked back to the room where Rita was.

"How could you stay so calm before the person who killed your child? You really are incompetent!" As soon as I reached the door, I heard Rita scolding Richard.

Those words made me freeze. Charles was right. And her baby was not his.

I pushed the door open and glanced coldly at the pale-faced Rita. "Charles and I won't invite you to our wedding. You will only bring rotten luck!"

With that, I turned around and left, ignoring her hysterical screams and curses.

"Where did you just go?" Charles asked me curiously as soon as he saw me.

"The bathroom." I was clearly cheerful when I lied to him.

"Why are you so happy?" Charles found that it was strange.

"Thank you for believing in me." Standing on tiptoes, I kissed him on the corner of his lips.

He was surprised, but I could feel that he was happy.

On our way back, he held my hand, and kept smiling.

In the next few days, there was news of our wedding all over the Internet. However, there was not even a single news about Rita's accident.

One day, I was doing the live broadcast. All of a sudden, I felt dizzy and I fell down before I knew it.

Hearing my colleagues' worried cries, I blacked out.

When I regained consciousness, I saw Abner sitting next to me.

"Are you okay? Are you feeling better now?" he asked worriedly.

"I'm okay." Shaking my head, I smiled at him.

"If you feel uncomfortable, then ask for a leave. You should not be forcing yourself to work when you're not well," Abner said with a smile and handed me a document.

I took it from his hands with a confused look in my eyes. It was Rita's medical report.

"Rita doesn't have terminal cancer," he explained calmly.

I checked the date on the test report, and found that it had been done almost six months ago. Frowning, I asked, "You already knew about this?"

Without answering me, Abner quickly changed the topic. "Charles doesn't know about your pregnancy yet?"

"I can't hide it from him for too long though," I answered casually with a smile.

"Well, it looks like you can't get divorced after all." Abner smiled back at me.

"I finally understand that Charles is trying to change, and Rita's child is not his. I feel guilty for misunderstanding him." I could not help but blame myself.

Abner smiled bitterly and said nothing.

All of a sudden, I heard hurried footsteps coming from outside the ward. I looked at the door subconsciously.

Charles appeared in front of me, dressed a formal suit as he looked at me anxiously.

"Why are you here?" I was surprised to see him looking so worn out.

"How could I continue to work after I saw you faint during your program?" he said in a concerned voice, holding my hand.

Realizing that Abner was still in the room with us, I felt a little embarrassed.

But Abner stood up and smiled at us. "I'd better go back for work. I'll take my leave, then."

With that, he turned around and was about to leave.

"Abner, thank you so much for your help today!" Charles thanked him sincerely.

"You're welcome." Abner shrugged his shoulders casually. After thinking for a while, he continued, "If you really want to thank me, then remember that you owe me a favor."

Charles nodded in agreement. After that, Abner smiled and left.



Charles' eyes were still filled with concern as he glanced at me. "Rita's miscarriage was her own doing, and it has nothing to do with you, so don't blame yourself, okay?"

That was when I understood that Charles misunderstood that I had fainted because I was pressuring myself over Rita's miscarriage.

"I..."

Before I could finish my words, he suddenly pulled me up, and said, "Let's go!"

"Where are we going?" I asked in a daze.

"Let's go and play tennis. It will help you blow off some steam." Hearing this, I hesitated for a moment, wondering if I should take the opportunity to tell him the truth, but then, he continued, "No. You just regained consciousness. You can't exercise now, so how about you punch me till your stress is relieved?"

Seeing how serious he was, I buried my head in his chest and greedily smelled his scent.

He hugged me back in silence.

All of a sudden, a knock on the door was heard. The doctor walked into the room.

"You are fine now. Just get some rest once you're home," he advised.

"She has been really upset lately, and has been facing a loss of appetite. Are you sure that she is okay?" Charles asked the doctor worriedly.

Before the doctor could answer, I interrupted him, "I'll tell him myself."

The doctor nodded and said with a smile, "I didn't expect Mr. Moore to be as clueless as everyone else in this matter." With that, the doctor walked out of the room.

Charles looked at me with a suspicious glance.

"Let's go. Let's go home." I stood up and dragged him out, pulling him out of his daze.

Charles took me back to his apartment. After getting off the car, he carried me in his arms as he walked upstairs, steadily and carefully.

Once we were home, he gently put me down on the sofa and said, "Take rest. I will bring you some water."

He then turned around and was about to leave. However, he stopped the next second and warned,

"Don't try to run away again."

"What are you going to do if I do try to run away?" I joked, unable to control myself.

"I will buy an iron chain and lock you up," he threatened in a serious tone.

With a helpless smile, I wondered how long he was going to be affectionate to me this time.

### [Chapter 136 Trending News](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As I lay on the sofa leisurely, Charles walked up to me with a glass of water. He then handed it to me, and I kissed him on the cheek in return.

Charles fell stunned.

"What? Isn't it enough?" I asked incredulously.

Charles eyed me with suspicion. "Why did you kiss me? Tell me the truth. Are you plotting against me?"

I clenched the glass of water tighter, annoyed that he was accusing me of something I could not possibly do. "What? Weren't you asking for a kiss? You put your face close to me, so I figured you wanted me to kiss you."

Charles frowned and looked me in the eye.

I could not help but feel uneasy whenever he stared at me with his tantalizing eyes. To ease the awkwardness around us, I took a sip of water and put the glass near his lips. "Would you like to drink?"

"Something's wrong with you today." Charles put the glass away and held me in his arms.

"What is it? There's nothing wrong with me. You're just being paranoid."

"What happened?" he asked in a low voice.

"What are you talking about?" I feigned innocence and acted as if I had no idea what he was talking about.

"Stop acting dumb. You know that won't work against me. You know what? I'll keep an eye on you. The stranger you are, the more vigilant I'll be." Charles stared at me intently as if he wanted to see a guilty conscience in my eyes.

For a moment, we looked into each other's eyes. Just as I was about to look away, Charles leaned in and

kissed me.

I chuckled inwardly, but I did not object to his passionate kiss.

Charles's hands wandered around my body as we kissed, and his sensuous touch rendered me weak.

However, his phone suddenly rang. But knowing Charles, he would not let such a trivial thing ruin our moment. At that moment, he answered the call without letting me go.

From the sound of it, Amy was reporting to him about work.

While they were in the middle of the conversation, I patted Charles's hand and signaled him that I needed to go to the restroom.

Charles looked at me warily but let me go in the end.

I came out of the bathroom not long after. To my surprise, Charles was standing in front of me, blocking my way. He stared at me with narrowed eyes and complained, "What took you so long? The call is already finished, but you were still inside."

I could not help but chuckle when I sensed the dissatisfaction in his tone. "Relax. I can take care of myself. You should go to work now."

"Are you thinking of running away while I'm away?" Charles asked discontentedly.

"I won't run away," I reassured him.

Even so, Charles did not seem to believe my words. "Do you think I'll believe you?"

His intense gaze made me feel a little uneasy. Nervous, I licked my lips and did not answer his question.

Charles's eyes darkened, but I pretended not to notice that.

After a moment of silence, I looked up at him and asked in a serious tone, "Do you regret marrying me?"

"No, I don't," Charles firmly replied. He then nervously looked at me and asked back, "What about you?"

I shook my head in response.

Charles breathed a sigh of relief and pulled me into his arms. "Can you forgive me?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry," Charles whispered in my ear.

I held him in a tight embrace. His comforting warmth engulfed my heart. I felt secure with him right next to me. What had happened between him and Rita did not bother me anymore.

A few moments later, Charles picked me up and carried me to the sofa.

"Wait for me here. I'll prepare our lunch."

He went to the kitchen to cook our lunch. But then, he returned to the living room not long after with a plate of orange slices for me.

After putting down the plate, he kissed me on the forehead and went back to the kitchen.

I ate the oranges and browsed the news while waiting for him.

A piece of news on the trending search caught my eye. A woman who had had a miscarriage ranted on the Internet. The title read, "My little angel was killed, but the murderer can still anchor a TV show!"

This sparked controversy among netizens. They tried to guess who the person behind the post was.

Some speculated that it was Rita.

At that moment, I touched my belly unconsciously. If Charles had not caught me in time, my little angel might have died as well.

I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach at the thought of this.

While I was in a deep thought, Charles's phone rang, disrupting my thoughts. I decided to take his phone to the kitchen. However, Charles did not even spare a glance and just continued cooking.

"It's Rita," I said somberly.

"Answer it for me," Charles asked casually.

I immediately did as told. As soon as the call connected, Rita's anxious voice rang in my ears. "Charles, believe me, it wasn't me. I hope you don't misunderstand—"

"Oh, there's no misunderstanding at all. I know it's you who posted it," I scoffed.

"You! Where's Charles?" Rita asked in disbelief. Obviously, she did not expect that I would be the one who would answer her call.

"My husband is busy preparing lunch. Do you have anything else to say?" I walked out of the kitchen as I spoke, not wanting Charles to hear my impudence.

"I'm warning you. Your days are numbered. I'll make sure you pay the price for what you've done to me!" Rita yelled at the top of her lungs.

"I didn't push you. You fell on purpose. You killed your own child. If you can't remember what happened, I can help you check the surveillance video for you to see for yourself," I retorted calmly.

"Now that my child is dead, yours will be next. Mark my words, you wicked woman. I'll make you taste your own medicine."

I did not take her threats seriously. Instead, I laughed at her as I sensed the desperation in her voice.

"You know, when I came back from France, I heard that you only had two months left to live."

"What-what do you mean?" Rita queried in confusion.

"Nothing. I just wanted to remind you that two months have passed." As soon as I finished speaking, I saw Charles walking towards me, so I hung up the call at once.

Charles calmly put another plate of orange slices on the table.

I met his eyes, and I clenched his phone in dread. Did I speak too loud just now? Did he hear me? Would Charles get mad at me for my bad attitude towards Rita?

Surprisingly, he just asked with a straight face, "Did you see the news?"

"Yes," I truthfully answered. I wondered how he found out about it, though.

"Relax." Charles must have sensed my agitation as he stroked my head and smiled at me reassuringly. "I don't mind you venting your anger like this."

I looked at him in astonishment. If it was in the past, he would defend Rita and not even bother to listen

to my side.

"Rita has nothing to do with me. I'm just kinda mad that you don't seem to care about me," Charles explained with a smile. With that, he led me to the dining table to eat.

I opened my mouth to speak, but words stuck in my throat.

Our lunch was peaceful and harmonious. We did not even mention anything about Rita as we ate.

After lunch, Charles pulled me to the living room and showed me the invitation cards.

I looked at the cards closely. In the end, I chose the simple but elegant one with red and gold decorations.

Charles was taken aback when he saw the invitation card I had chosen. "Didn't you choose pink and purple for almost everything? Why did you suddenly change your mind?"

"It's true. Pink and purple are my favorite colors. But Grandpa and Grandma like red. I want them to be happy," I explained.

Charles did not seem to have any objection to my decision. With a satisfied smile, he pulled me close and made me sit on his lap.

"What's up?" I asked, a little embarrassed about our position.

"You deserve a reward for being so considerate," Charles said in a low voice. His hands then wander on my body.

I stopped him at once. I nestled my head in the crook of his neck, avoiding his hot breath.

Charles kissed me on the forehead affectionately. "Have you thought about having a child with me?"

I looked away. "I don't think it's the right time to talk about it."

Upon hearing my response, Charles pinched my waist with one hand and fondled my breast with the other. He caressed it harder and harder as if he was venting his dissatisfaction.

"Don't..." I begged.

Charles did not say a word and started kissing my neck.

I could feel his lust and burning desire, so I had no choice but to give in. "I promise I'll give birth to a great-grandchild for Grandpa and Grandma."

"If you take back your words, you know what I'll do," Charles warned. His lips left my neck, and he kissed me on the lips fervently.

When I was running out of breath, I broke the kiss and joked, "I think we'll need to sleep in separate rooms for a while."

My words fueled a new spark in Charles's heart. He pressed me on the sofa, and his hands once again traveled around my body.

"Stop... Charles..." I begged while pushing him away.

With deep and hurried breaths, Charles looked me in the eye and asked, "What should you call me after we get married?"

I turned my face away and answered, "Honey..."

It seemed that Charles could no longer restrain himself. Without a word, he sat up and began unfastening his belt.

#### [Chapter 137 Suicide](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Honey, what are you doing?" I asked when I noticed what Charles was doing.

In silence, he got on top of me and planted a kiss on my lips. Then, he gently kissed my forehead, my brows, and my nose. I could feel the warmth of his breath.

"Call me that way again," he demanded while kissing me.

"Honey." I couldn't resist his temptation, so I obliged to his request.

Charles smiled with satisfaction. While kissing me, he said, "My dearest wife."

His kiss left me flustered. I buried my head in his chest, and let him carry me upstairs.

"I wanna do it right now. Is it okay?" Charles placed me on the bed and began to kiss me again.

"No, you can't." I immediately came to my senses.

"Why? Don't you think I'm great in bed?" Charles asked as his face turned stern.

"Oh, don't get me wrong! You're amazing. It's just that... I've only just gotten out of the hospital, remember?" I chuckled helplessly.



After staring at me for a long time, Charles stood up and went to the bathroom.

When I heard the sound of running water, I breathed a sigh of relief and subconsciously touched my belly.

Each time we would have sex, Charles would become wild. It worried me that the child in my womb could get hurt.

Not long after, he came out of the bathroom. He removed the towel around his waist, lay beside me, and embraced me.

His hands felt cold. I wanted to move away, but he stopped me.

"If you keep moving like that, I won't be able to control myself," Charles murmured.

Suddenly, I felt his thick, hard cock poking the back of my waist. I tensed up and dared not move again.

"Honey, can we please do it today? I really want you," Charles pleaded, kissing the back of my neck.

"We really can't," I said, determined to refuse his plea.

"Perhaps... we can do something else," he said in a husky voice as he guided my hand down to his penis.

I sighed and just allowed him to guide my hand in masturbating him. The sounds of his pleased moans were music to my ears.

When my hand felt sore, he finally came as he grunted with pleasure.

I was so tired that I fell asleep afterwards.

The next morning, I didn't see Charles when I woke up.

I immediately got up to look for him, but he was nowhere to be found. Christine's maid, Mary, came to bring me breakfast.

I asked her to put it on the table, indulged in my thoughts. I was wondering if Charles had gone to see Rita.

This morning, there was news about a famous actress who had tried and committed suicide.

I kept on thinking about it, and didn't realize that I had been sitting at the table and staring blankly into space.

"Miss Scarlett, are you okay?" Mary asked as she put down the breakfast on the table. She seemed

worried that I was absentminded.

"I'm fine," I said, shaking my head.

"But, you don't look okay." Mary was still concerned about me.

Later on, my phone began to ring.

"Scarlett, Mary told me that you've been absentminded the whole morning. Rita didn't commit suicide because of you. Try not to let it get to your head. There's no need for you to feel guilty about it," Alice said to me over the phone.

"Don't worry about me, Mom. I'm just wondering what kind of font I should use for the invitations," I said with a chuckle. "Anyway, I'm about to have breakfast. I'll talk to you next time when I go back. Bye, Mom!"

With that, I hung up the phone hurriedly.

Truthfully, I wasn't that worried. I was just curious about what Charles would do next.

However, he didn't come home until it was eleven in the morning, so I began to feel uneasy.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

"I'll go open the door." I stopped Mary before she could stand up, got up, and trotted towards the door.

"Nina? Why are you here?" I asked. I was surprised to see Nina here.

"Oh, I just got back this morning!" she replied with a smile.

I immediately welcomed her in. While we were walking, Nina said, "My father wanted to ask me about the withdrawal of the lawsuit."

Upon hearing this, I paused. "Just withdraw the lawsuit. Go ahead."

Even while speaking to Nina, I was still thinking about Rita.

"Hey, Scarlett? You're acting weird. Is it because of Rita?" asked Nina.

I shook my head and said, "I'm just wondering if I should invite you to be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding."

Nina was looking at me with doubtful eyes, but I just smiled at her and said nothing.

"Are you really going to marry Charles?" she asked, sounding uncertain.

"Yes, I am." I nodded in response.

"Why did you suddenly change your mind?" Nina asked tentatively.

After a moment of contemplation, I answered, "Back when I was abroad, I was in danger twice. I think being with him is much safer for me."

Upon hearing my lame excuse, Nina rolled her eyes at me. "You're clearly marrying Charles because you love him. In fact, even when you were a child, you already loved him!"

"We were kids at the time, but now we're all adults." After a brief pause, I continued, "I don't have such strong feelings for Charles as I did when I was a young girl."

Right after I finished speaking, I sensed a sharp gaze from behind me.

When I saw how frightened Nina was, I turned around, only to find that Charles was standing at the door, exuding a daunting presence.

"I'm here to ask her about the withdrawal of the lawsuit. Oh, by the way, congratulations on your marriage! Anyway, I'll be going home now. Ta-ta!" Nina sprang to her feet and scuttled out of the house.

Meanwhile, Charles approached me with a face devoid of emotion. I instinctively grabbed my clothes, feeling a little scared.

"Um... weren't you supposed to be at the hospital?" I lowered my head, averting my gaze from him. And I changed the topic to avoid talking about what I just said.

Charles didn't answer my question. Instead, he forced me to look into his eyes and asked, "What did you mean by 'I don't have such strong feelings for Charles as I did when I was a young girl'?"

I took a deep breath, and decided to answer. "It was true that I used to be madly in love with you."

"That just implies you don't love me as much as you did before," Charles sneered.

"That's right," I answered honestly.

I thought he would be angry with me, but to my surprise, he held my hand and said, "I deserve that. I

took you for granted back then. But I sincerely believe that you'll change your opinion of me someday."

Once more, the doorbell rang, interrupting our conversation. Mary went to open the door.

"Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Moore!" Ethan entered the house along with his assistant. They had brought my wedding dress.

When I heard how he addressed me, my heart began to race for some reason.

After exchanging pleasantries, we sat down on the living room sofa.

"You and Charles look absolutely perfect together! And you know, you two kind of look alike. It must be because you're in a relationship," said Ethan.

Upon hearing that, I blushed.

"Well, many people have said in the past that Charles and I looked like brother and sister. Maybe we do look alike."

I smiled, keeping my distance from Charles.

Ethan laughed at my remark. "Mrs. Moore, you are hilarious."

I noticed that Charles was looking at me, so I moved to the side. However, he pulled me closer towards him.

Startled, I grabbed his arm by instinct.

"Oh, come on, you two! Please consider my feelings. I'm still single, you know!" Ethan remarked, sounding disappointed.

I pushed Charles away and told him to let me go.

"What's so wrong about holding my wife?" Charles asked as he planted a kiss on my cheek.

Ethan rolled his eyes at us. "Enough with the display of affection, please!"

I pushed Charles away again, this time harder. I was so embarrassed and annoyed that I could feel my face heating up; even my ears were red!

#### [Chapter 138 Tried On The Wedding Dress](#)

Charles' POV:

Ignoring Ethan's words, I took Scarlett's hand and kissed her again.

"Go and try on the wedding dress," I said with a smile before she could lose her temper.

Then, Ethan's assistant escorted Scarlett to the dressing room.

"You haven't convinced Scarlett yet?" Ethan asked me with a laugh.

I cast a glance at him and decided to keep quiet.

However, he continued to smile and added in a serious tone, "I can see that Scarlett loves you very much, but it looks like she's restraining herself. And she must be doing it because she has been badly hurt before."

Upon hearing those words, I frowned and fell in deep thought.

"If you are the one that hurt her, then you might have to be a lot more patient and tender with her to win her over again. Don't use a pregnancy to force a woman to stay with you," Ethan said in a sincere tone.

"I only remember asking you to design a wedding dress. I don't remember asking you for marriage counseling." I glanced at him irritably and continued, "Anyway, what you said does make sense."

Ethan shrugged helplessly with a cheeky smile.

Scarlett's POV:

I put on my wedding dress and walked out of the dressing room in my high-heeled shoes. Afraid that I might stumble and fall, I made sure to be cautious about where I step.

"You look stunning!" Ethan commented as soon as he saw me.

Charles also looked at me in awe.

"Do your shoes not fit?" he asked with a frown.

I shook my head.

Ethan stepped forward, looked at my waist, and said, "It looks like you've gained some weight around the waist area."

Feeling nervous, I immediately turned to Charles.

"Charles, what do you think?" Ethan asked him.

Upon hearing that, Charles walked up to me and looked at me closely. Subconsciously, I held my breath and tightened my belly.

After staring at my waist for a long time, he finally said calmly, "I don't see any diffidence."

Feeling relieved, I sighed.

"When are you two getting married?" Ethan asked with a smile and raised his eyebrows. "I'm afraid that Scarlett might gain weight later, and it would be a pity if this expensive dress goes to waste."

"I can watch my weight," I said, panicking.

"She has been eating quite a lot lately. But if the dress doesn't fit her later, then you should fix it. That's what I pay you for. She doesn't need to lose weight," Charles said, looking at Ethan with a frown.

"It won't be a problem if you can afford it, Charles." Ethan smiled at us.

After seeing him off, Charles entered the room and continued to look at me.

Seeing him staring at my waist, I nervously whispered, "I will try to get in shape."

"Actually, you feel nice to the touch when you have a little fat in your body," Charles said, touching my waist over the wedding dress.

"I won't look good if I get fat," I said in a low voice, hanging my head.

"You will look good no matter how much you weigh." Charles smiled at me and continued, "But Ethan has overworked himself to make this dress for you."

"This is all your fault. You are so demanding that you tortured that poor designer!" I couldn't help but complain in a low voice.

Charles caressed my waist, and said, "Then I'll torture my wife from now on."

The next second, he began to skillfully move his hands over my body, and I could not resist his touch at all.

He then suddenly lifted me up.

"I can't do it now," I reminded at once, looking into his fierce and hungry eyes.

Charles paused and said impatiently, "Shut up. It's just a kiss. We are not going to do it."

With that, he carried me to the bedroom.

He gently put me down on the bed and started to kiss me.

And when he was about to lose control, he was going to take off my wedding dress.

"Don't... Charles, we can't do it now. It will ruin the wedding dress," I convinced him in a low voice while I kissed the corner of his mouth to please him.

Seeing that, he immediately stopped.

I breathed a sigh of relief as I looked at him with pleading eyes. "I'm hungry."

"Kiss me a little longer. If I'm satisfied, then we can go downstairs and eat." Charles looked at me calmly, waiting for me to respond.

"You always bully me..." I muttered discontentedly.

"Yes, it's fun." Charles nodded with a smile and leaned closer, waiting for me to kiss him.

He had been trying to stifle his desire these past few days. He had not forced me to do anything that I did not want to, so out of pity, I kissed his forehead.

"Thank you for your patience. Just put up with it for a little longer." I kissed his forehead again, feeling sorry for him.

Charles glanced at me and pinched my waist.

When I looked into his lustful eyes, I did not have the heart to refuse him, but now was a special time for us, and I had no choice but to make him suffer.

Charles stared at me for a long time. He then kissed me and said in a deep, hoarse voice, "Let's continue after we eat. You should take off your wedding dress first."

"You get up first. I'll change my dress," I said, pushing him away.

Reluctantly, Charles got up, and pulled me up from the bed.

"Charles, help me." While I was trying to unzip the wedding dress, I could not reach the back of the dress, so I had to ask him for help.

"With pleasure," Charles said with a smile. He quickly unzipped the dress for me, but he did not stop there. His hands snaked forward and began to massage my breasts.

"I'm hungry." Saying that, I grabbed his hand to remind him.



Charles cursed under his breath and loosened his grip irritably. He then gently helped me take off the wedding dress and helped me put on my pajamas.

Although he had taken advantage of me many times, the spicy food on the table a while later instantly brightened up my mood.

"Don't you find it spicy?" Charles was clearly surprised to see me eating spicy food.

"No, I think that it's just right," I said with a smile as I took another bite of the spicy pizza. I was so satisfied to savor the spiciness of the food.

"You weren't that crazy about spicy food before." Charles was a little stunned.

"That's because you weren't paying attention to me before." I stopped drinking the soup and smiled to ease the awkwardness.

However, Charles remained silent.

After we finished eating, I sat down on the sofa to read a magazine.

Charles poured himself a glass of wine and sat down beside me, playing with my hair leisurely.

All of a sudden, his phone rang, and he answered it indifferently while playing with my hair with his other hand.

A while later, he turned serious. I had a hunch that something bad might have happened.

As soon as he cut the call, I asked with a worried look in my eyes, "What's the matter?"

"The stock price has plummeted."

My heart jolted when I heard that. Was it because of Rita's suicide attempt?

"What should we do now?" I asked subconsciously.

"Do you have any suggestions?" Charles asked.

After thinking for a while, I said through gritted teeth, "An eye for an eye."

Charles' expression darkened but he didn't say anything.

"You don't want to hurt Rita?" I asked nervously.

"No, I just don't want you to get hurt."

I was moved and felt my heart skip a beat.

"Charles, since you are going to announce to the world that I am Mrs. Moore, I will clearly be considered as Rita's enemy," I said to him firmly as I held his hand.

But Charles continued to remain silent.

I was worried. Was he still caring about Rita?

After a long while, Charles nodded in agreement. "Okay. As long as you don't violate the law, you're free to do whatever you want."

Hearing that, I was both surprised and relieved.

"Where are the couple rings? I want us to put them on." Charles changed the subject.

I looked at him with suspicion in my eyes. "It's at my place."

"Let's go and get it together, then," he said in a calm voice before he stood up and escorted me outside.

"What's the rush?" I asked while following him out.

"Let's go back to celebrate Grandma's birthday tonight. I am sure that she would be delighted to see us."

I immediately understood what he meant.

As soon as we arrived at the neighborhood, Charles got a business phone call and left to answer it, so I walked to my house alone.

When I walked closer to the house, I noticed Nate standing by the door. And just like that, my good mood disappeared in an instant.

### [Chapter 139 A Gif](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"I'm living with Charles," I firmly said while looking at Nate warily.

Nate nodded in satisfaction. "That's good then. But I'm sure you'll face a lot of trouble because of him."

"I don't care. I've already been in a lot of trouble before we even got together," I fired back.

"Rita committed suicide because of you."

I looked at him with an icy cold gaze. "It has nothing to do with me."

All of a sudden, Nate grabbed me by the arm. "How could you be so cruel? Don't you feel any remorse? Someone could've lost their life, and you're the reason behind it!"

"Let me go!" I tried so hard to get out of his grasp. His touch disgusted me and made my hair stand on end. However, no matter how hard I struggled, I could not shake him off.

"Leave Charles," Nate ordered through gritted teeth. His grasp was becoming tighter and more painful by the second.

"I won't. Charles and I will get married soon. You'd better be polite to me, or you'll regret it," I warned. I might look weak and helpless, but my resolution never wavered. His empty threats did not mean anything to me.

Nate did not say a word and just stared at me fiercely.

While we were at a stalemate, I saw Charles rushing towards us from the corner of my eye.

"You don't want to get beaten, do you?" I said cryptically with a smile.

Nate furrowed his brows in confusion. While he was in a daze, Charles kicked him on the leg.

He immediately let go of me. Charles's kick sent him to his knees.

But Charles was not done yet.

Just as he was about to pounce on Nate and beat him, I grabbed his hand and pulled him into the room.

"Charles, don't get your hands dirty because of him. It's not worth it."

Charles looked at me worriedly. "Are you okay?"

I nodded and smiled reassuringly at him. "I'm fine. You came right in time."

As soon as I said these words, I turned around and took out the ring from the cabinet.

I walked to Charles and said with a smile, "Give me your hand."

Charles did as told. But instead of putting the ring on his finger, I put it on his palm.

"Aren't you gonna help me put it on?" Charles asked with apparent discontent.

I shook my head with a chuckle. I wore my own ring and did not help him despite his request.

Although annoyed, Charles did not say anything more.

"Happy wife, happy life," he murmured to himself.

I was amused by his words.

Once we were both wearing our rings, Charles held my hand and looked at it. Then, he nodded with satisfaction, which made my heart flutter.

"Let's go buy Grandma's birthday gift," he said with a dashing smile. Hand in hand, we walked out.

As soon as we arrived at the mall, the manager walked up to us with a welcoming smile.

"Hello, Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore. Are you here to buy wedding rings? Would you like to see the newly arrived limited edition ones? I'm sure you'll love them. We've been keeping them for you," the manager said while leading us inside.

"No. We're buying a gift for our Grandma," I explained.

"I see." The manager's smile faltered.

I paid no attention to the look of disappointment on his face and just focused on choosing the best gift for Christine. An agate necklace in the glass cabinet caught my eye.

"Do you like this one?" Charles asked in a low voice.

I nodded. "Yes. I'm confident Grandma will like it."

Charles turned to the sales assistant. To my surprise, he pointed at another necklace. "Take that out and let her try it."

"No, thanks," I flat out refused.

Charles ignored me and pointed at the other necklaces. "Take all of those and let my wife try them on," he repeated.

I was too stunned to speak. I could only sigh helplessly when I saw how much everything had cost.

Once we got into the car, I glanced at the rearview mirror and recognized the car behind us. "Isn't that Rita's car?"

"Yes," Charles replied indifferently. Without another word, he started the car and sped away.

It seemed that he had no intention of dealing with her. Even so, I could not help but keep an eye on her along the way. I watched as her car tailed us to our destination.

When we arrived at the mansion, the housekeeper came out and warmly welcomed us.

But then, the housekeeper walked out afterward, which perplexed me. "Aren't you gonna come in?"

"Mrs. Moore asked me to deliver a message to Miss Lively," the housekeeper answered.

I could not help but glance at Charles. "Are you going to let Rita come in?" I worriedly asked, seeing his expressionless face.

The atmosphere suddenly became heavy. I looked at Charles nervously, afraid he would nod and say yes.

"Tell Rita that no one wants to see her," he coldly said and then led me inside.

As soon as we entered the living room, Christine held my hand with a beaming smile. Thanks to her, I forgot what had happened for now.

I held her hand and said with a smile, "Grandma, I would like to dress you up today."

Christine chuckled. "Oh, dear. I'm too old for that. There's no need for me to dress up."

"But today is your birthday. You should be prettier."

Christine eventually agreed, and we went to her room with Alice.

I finished Christine's makeover about an hour later. Alice and I exchanged a glance and nodded in satisfaction. The two of us then helped Christine to the living room for the celebration.

At that moment, she happened to see the couple ring on my finger, and she heaved a happy sigh. "It's been so long since I last saw you wearing that ring. It's so pretty," she remarked.

With a smile, I took out the gift I had prepared and handed it to Christine. "Grandma, happy birthday!"

"Scarlett, I must say, you have exquisite taste. The necklace is very beautiful. Hurry. Help me put it on." Grandma beckoned me to come closer and excitedly asked me to put the necklace around her neck.

"I'm glad you like it. The truth is, Charles was the one who paid for it," I truthfully said while putting the necklace around Christine's neck.

Meanwhile, Charles looked at me with a long face. "What did you just call me?"

"Uh... I mean, my husband paid for it," I corrected.

The glum look on Charles's face disappeared in an instant. Everyone could not help but laugh at how cheesy he was. Now, the atmosphere in the house had become livelier and more harmonious.

But then, something came up. The housekeeper walked in with a gloomy face and informed us, "Miss Lively is at the gate. She says she has prepared a gift for you and hopes she can give it to you in person,



ma'am."

The smile on Alice's and Christine's faces disappeared at once.

"Tell her I don't need her gift," Christine snorted with disdain.

"I say don't pay attention to that woman. Get back to work," Grandpa ordered in a deep voice.

The housekeeper left respectfully. However, the awkward atmosphere Rita had caused remained for quite a while.

After dinner, Charles and I returned to our room.

His phone rang all of a sudden. He looked at the caller ID and frowned when he saw it was Richard.

He answered the call and put it on speaker. "What is it?"

"Charles, could you please see me? I want to give Grandma her birthday gift," Rita implored.

"The relationship between the Moore and Lively family is on the rocks. We won't accept your gift," Charles coldly said.

"How could that be? We almost got married, didn't we? Our relationship is perfectly fine," Rita reasoned out.

"Stop calling!" Charles snarled. He then hung up the call without even waiting for Rita's response.

I stood frozen in the spot, at a loss for words.

Charles turned to look at me, and his expression softened in an instant. "You should go take a shower first."

I did as told. Now, I had just finished showering and was in front of the mirror, drying my hair absentmindedly. Truth be told, I was thinking about how I would get rid of Charles tonight.

While I was in deep thought, Charles knocked on the door of the bathroom and reminded, "Scarlett, what's taking you so long? You can't run away from me, you know. I have keys to all doors in this house."

"Honey, I'm not in the mood for sex right now," I argued through the door.

"Why? Am I not good?"

I rolled my eyes at him. "It's not that..."

"I can't hear you. Come out now. Let's talk about it,"

Charles retorted impatiently. Suddenly, his phone rang yet again.

I could not hear who had called or what they were talking about. But then, his voice came through the door after a while. "Spencer wants to have a drink with me. I'll be back soon. Don't stay in the bathroom for too long, okay?"

I did not answer and just stayed in the bathroom for a while longer. It was not until I heard the door of the bedroom open and close that I finally walked out.

I looked around the room and breathed a sigh of relief when I saw that Charles had left. But before I could reach the bed, he returned.

He strode over and kissed me on the lips.

Our kiss made me weak in my knees, and I could barely stand on my feet.

Charles looked into my eyes and exhorted, "Have a good rest, okay? Don't think too much."

I did not have the heart to say no to that, so I nodded in response. Charles kissed me on the lips again. With that, he turned around and left.

#### [Chapter 140 Upse](#)

Charles' POV:

When I got out of the house, I noticed that Rita's car was following mine. I didn't pay that much attention to it, and just went to the bar that Spencer had booked a room in.

Upon my arrival, I began drinking in silence. It was clear on my face that I wasn't very happy. "Dude, you're about to get married. Why do you look so glum?" asked David.

"What is it? Do you feel pressured now that the day has come, and now you want to dump Scarlett?" Spencer asked, staring at the ring on my finger.

I looked at him in silence for a moment, before saying, "I'm the one who begged her to marry me. I don't have the right to dump her."

"Then why are you so upset, man?" Spencer was obviously confused.

After a moment of hesitation, I looked at them and let out a sigh. "Lately, Scarlett has been refusing to have sex with me, and I have no idea why."

Right after I finished my sentence, Spencer and David exchanged glances and burst into laughter.

I stared daggers at these two idiots. I knew that they would react like that. 'Why am I even friends with them?'

"God! I never imagined that our Charles, the most powerful man among us, would be refused by a woman in bed." Spencer wiped the tears from the corner of his eyes as he repeatedly patted my shoulder.

"I didn't tell you that, so you idiots could laugh at me. Help me out here!"

Once I said that, the two of them stopped laughing. But I could clearly see that they were still on the brink of laughter, which made me want to beat them to a pulp.

"Don't be so down in the dumps, my good man. Allow me to analyze the situation for you, and teach you some moves. Just follow my advice, and Scarlett will be the one begging you to have sex. Is it possible that she doesn't want to do it with you, because you're not good at it?" Spencer said as he placed his arm around my shoulder.

"I think that might be possible," David concurred with a smile.

"If you two are just going to make idiot remarks, just get the fuck out of here!" I expressed my irritation towards them, picked up the bottle of beer in front of me, and drank it up.

"Fine, fine. I'll teach you some of my moves. Always remember that you can't force a girl to have sex. You need to seduce her, and make her fantasize about your body. By then, even if you don't take the initiative, she'll surely want to have sex with you." Spencer appeared to be serious while he was teaching me.

"Does that even work?" I asked, sounding doubtful.

He patted his chest and said, "It works like a charm, bro! Trust me on this."

"Have you ever been in love?" I asked, maintaining eye contact with him.

It seemed that my words had rendered him speechless, and his face turned grim.

"Even if I don't have a girlfriend, I can have sex with any woman I want!" He glared at me with dissatisfaction.

Just before I could ask another thing, the door was pushed open.

Rita entered the room.

Spencer shot her a glance and said, "Sorry, Rita, but you'll have to come over some other day. We're discussing something of great importance right now." "Charles, I need to talk to you," Rita said to me, ignoring him.

"It's over, Rita." I touched the ring on my finger, stood up, and was intent on leaving.

However, Rita stood in front of me and began to beg. "Charles, there really is something that I need to tell you!"

"We've already broken up. What more do you want from me?"

"I lost my baby with Richard, and you've had sex with Scarlett. That makes us even now, right?" Rita shouted hysterically.

Her words caused me to frown at her. I didn't expect that she would say that.

"I have shown you my respect, so that I could repay your kindness. It's not because I love you."

Rita was still standing in my way, so I couldn't leave. Thus, I decided to push her aside.

"How could you be so heartless, Charles?" Rita looked at me with disbelief, clearly disappointed.

"You've recovered now. The only reason I helped you was because you were about to die."

"Did Scarlett say something to you?" asked Rita, visibly surprised.

"I saw it with my own eyes," I spat, pushing the door open and leaving.

The moment I walked out, I saw Richard standing by the door. I shot him an indifferent glance and said, "If I were you, I wouldn't let Rita pester another man."

Richard just smiled bitterly and said nothing.

Scarlett's POV:

Last night, I went to bed really early. And when I woke up, Charles wasn't by my side.

I picked up my phone as usual. The headlines were about him again.

As I stared at his pictures with Rita, I felt a little insecure.

Not long after, I went to the bathroom to wash up absentmindedly. Meanwhile, Charles was having breakfast in the living room alone.

I didn't even greet him. And I chose the farthest seat from him and sat down.

"Those photos aren't what you think," he said.

"Are you saying they were falsified?" I said in a listless voice, pushing my phone towards him.

"Look, the pictures are really, but I don't have any connections to Rita, and I don't want to be connected to her in any way," he replied.

This time, I didn't say anything. I just finished my breakfast and went to work.

I didn't want Charles to drive me to work, but he insisted and I couldn't do anything to stop him.

When we arrived at the company building, I unfastened my seatbelt in silence, and was about to get off the car.

"Honey, aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?" asked Charles.

"No." I didn't want to indulge him, so I just got off the car directly.

As soon as I entered the building, my colleague told me that I had a visitor waiting for me in the reception room.

Perhaps it was Rita.

When I opened the door, I saw her just as I had expected. She had a triumphant smile on her face, and a man's coat in her hand.

"Charles was worried that I might catch a cold last night, so he sent me home and gave me his coat," she said while touching the coat in her hand, deliberately inciting an argument.

"That's not Charles' coat," I sneered, debunking her lie.

"You, bitch! Okay, so what? Charles drove me home last night, and told me that he was worried about me." Rita looked so smug while saying that.

"Yes, but at the end of the night, he still slept on my bed," I countered.

"If you want to keep living, you'd best get your head straight and leave Charles!" Rita could no longer

contain her anger, so she started threatening me.

"I see. So, the two assassination attempts on me abroad were arranged by you, huh?" I asked.

Rita crossed her arms, wearing a smug smile. "Yep. It was all me. It's a pity how useless those idiots were. If I had hired some better assassins, you wouldn't be standing in front of me safe and sound right now."

At the end of her sentence, she looked somewhat annoyed.

"Sorry, but I have the luck of the devil," I replied, shrugging at her.

"I'm warning you to leave Charles at once!" Rita stared daggers at me.

"Hell no! He's mine."

Rita grabbed my wrist, gritting her teeth. "Were you the one who told Charles that I've recovered?"

"Not everyone is as despicable as you are." With that, I shook off her hand and walked away from her.