

Warning 141

[Chapter 141 Slander](#)

Rita's POV:

I watched Scarlett leave, unable to believe her words.

If she hadn't told Charles, then how could he know about it?

If it had not been for that, then he would not have been so cold to me, so I blamed Scarlett.

While I was thinking of what to do next, my phone rang.

"Mom, what's the matter?" I asked in an unpleasant voice as soon as I answered the call.

"Scarlett has bewitched your dad, and he has packed his luggage and moved out!" my mother complained in tears.

"What?" I asked in shock.

"It's true. He moved out today, saying that he would never return!" she said, choking back her sobs.

I stifled my impulse to rush out and get even with Scarlett. Thinking of Charles, I promised to my mother, "Don't worry. I will make dad change his mind."

"You must make him come back, dear."

"Don't worry, Mom, I will." Saying that, I hung up the phone.

However, I couldn't suppress the joy in my heart. I told myself that Scarlett was doomed now.

How dare she take away Charles from me? I wanted to see how she was going to compete with me now.

After leaving the TV station, I called Amy.

Learning that Charles had gone out for lunch with someone else, I took Richard with me to look for Charles in the restaurants near his company.

Even after searching for a long time, we could not find Charles, so Richard could not help but ask, "Maybe, he is not in the area?"

"As far as I know, Charles won't go too far to have lunch during work hours, so he must be somewhere around here." With a frown, I continued to look for him.

"Over there!" Richard suddenly pointed at a restaurant.

I looked towards the direction and saw Charles sitting by the window. Seeing him, I could not wait to walk into that restaurant.

"Charles, Scarlett has seduced my father." Without hesitating, I got to the point at once.

Charles frowned and remained silent.

"Rita, don't talk nonsense," Spencer persuaded me.

I looked at him coldly and said in a sarcastic tone, "What? Did Scarlett seduce you too? Why are you speaking up for her?"

"You are becoming increasingly unreasonable." Spencer frowned unhappily, looking at me.

"It's not that I am being unreasonable; you're the one that's guilty here," I retorted, snorting.

Spencer shook his head and stopped talking.

I turned to Charles again, and said, "Scarlett lied to you. She is a skittish woman. She said that she wanted to hold a wedding with you while seducing my father, which is the reason he has now packed up his things and moved out! She was probably planning to have an affair with my dad when you are not home after you two are married."

"Rita, I think that you're mistaken. Scarlett is not that kind of a person." David also tried to defend Scarlett.

"Scarlett is really something! Looks like she has bought you two off!" I glanced at David and Spencer with a disappointed look before I turned to Charles and said, "Charles, are you sure you want to marry a shameless woman like her?"

"Rita, stop it!" Spencer said indifferently.

"She seduced my father! Why shouldn't I say it? Although a lot of things between us have changed, I can't watch you get deceived by Scarlett and do nothing, Charles." Saying that, I grabbed Charles' hand. "Let's start over, okay? Since Scarlett likes seducing men, let her..."

As soon as I said that, I heard a loud noise.

Charles smashed the glass on the floor. Frightened, I stood still.

I began to gasp in fear. Looking at the broken glass on the floor, I stared at his furious face.

"What did you just say? I dare you to say it again!" He looked at me indifferently with his voice as cold as ice.

I opened my mouth subconsciously. "Scarlett seduced my father, and now he has moved out. Scarlett is a dissolute woman. She doesn't deserve you..."

"When Spencer reminded me earlier, I thought that he was probably overthinking it." Charles looked at me with disappointment.

"What?" I asked.

Charles looked at me with his razor sharp gaze that could rip me to shreds.

"It was Nate who went to Scarlett. When did she ever seduce him?" he asked coldly.

"It's not like that..." Looking into his eyes, I felt my heart twist into a knot and I could not help but feel nervous.

"Did you see Scarlett seducing your father with your own eyes?" Charles asked with a sarcastic smile.

"No," I replied, shaking my head.

"Did your father tell you that? Or did Scarlett?" Charles continued to question me.

"Charles, she has deceived you! She's not as innocent as she seems. She is a shrew woman, who is good at seducing men..." I explained in a fit of panic, hoping that he would see her true colors.

"Rita, you are unbelievable," Charles sneered.

"Charles, I'm not..." Met with his indifferent expression, I was flustered.

"Scarlett used to tolerate you because of me. But from now on, I'll side with her and fight back," Charles said before stood up to leave.

"Tell your father that he and I are at daggers drawn!"

"Scarlett seduced my father because she hates me. She kept pestering you while doing such shameless things. Don't you understand? She is a slut," I immediately explained, seeing that he was about to leave, I also grabbed his sleeve.

Charles shook off my hand coldly and smiled. "It would be great if she really hated you. Ever since I proposed to divorce her, she has never pestered me. I was the one who pestered her and begged her to stay."

"Charles, what are you even talking about?" I looked at him in shock.

"I love Scarlett, but I did not know how to express my love for her before," Charles said affectionately with a hint of tenderness, which he had never shown me before.

"No, that's not true, right? You are just lying to me, aren't you?" I asked, grabbing his wrist, unable to believe my own ears.

"It's none of your business. Don't mess with Scarlett anymore, or I'll be forced to teach you a lesson. You saved my life, but you also played tricks on me for so many years. We are even now."

Saying that, Charles removed my hand from his and walked away without turning back. No matter how many times I shouted, it was of no use.

I collapsed to the floor with tears streaming down my face.

"Charles hates betrayal and deception the most," Spencer reminded.

"I just love him too much. I can't lose him," I retorted emotionally.

"Then why did you sleep with someone else? I really don't understand you." Spencer looked at me with a hint of sarcasm in his eyes.

"It was a mistake," I explained in a hurry.

"I don't care if it was a mistake or not, because it's none of my business."

"I really love him. I can't live without him!" I could not help but turn to the direction that Charles walked.

"Charles said those things to you not only because you lied to him, but also because Nate approached Scarlett with an ulterior motive," David explained slowly.

"No way!" I retorted harshly, stunned by his words.

"Nate used the head of the TV station to arrange a date with Scarlett and said that he wanted to keep her as a mistress."

"That's impossible! Scarlett must have seduced my father," I said firmly, ignoring his words.

"Rita, let go of Charles. You two just can't be together anymore."

"Over my dead body! I know that you are trying to help Scarlett by persuade me," I said stubbornly, resenting Scarlett more than ever.

After all, she was the reason my life ended up being so miserable.

[Chapter 142 Cleared Up The Misunderstanding](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles suddenly called me and told me that he wanted to take me out to eat.

Upon hearing that, Alice cheerfully helped me dress up, saying that I must dress well for a date.

I let her help me get dressed after seeing that she was really excited about the idea.

As soon as I walked out of the house, the driver drove me to the hotel, where Charles was waiting for me in a private dining room.

I was discomfited by his intense gaze.

"Mom helped me choose this outfit," I said in a low voice as I pulled my dress awkwardly.

"The dress is too short," Charles said in an unpleasant tone, frowning.

"I think it's beautiful," Spencer praised sincerely.

"Thank you," I replied with a sheepish grin.

Charles put his coat on me, and said, "Put it on. You'll catch a cold."

He then made me sit beside him.

"You've seen her wear such beautiful dresses whenever you're at home with her, and yet you pull a long face when other people see her like that."

"Yes, you have so many rules for your wife, but you are not careful enough with your own actions, and you often do things to make her misunderstand you."

Spencer and David teased Charles.

The more I heard them talk, the more I felt that something was strange. Didn't Charles just invite me for dinner?

"Scarlett, I have something to explain to you on Charles' behalf," Spencer said.

With a frown, I looked at Charles. Why couldn't he tell me directly? And why did he have to ask his friend for help?

"I am sure you know about what happened last night, but you might have misunderstood Charles because we were with him at that time. I can assure you that there's nothing going on between him and

Rita, and we are witnesses for it."

"Yes, Scarlett. The news reports were false. In fact, Charles completely ignored her and even said some harsh things to her," David explained.

"Seeing how angry he was yesterday, even I was a little scared," Spencer said, patting his chest in fear.

Then they both explained what had happened last night. Hearing that, I sighed helplessly.

"So that's why you asked me out today?" I asked calmly, looking at Charles.

Charles nodded and began to drink with a fretful look.

Spencer poured him another glass of wine when he saw that his glass was empty.

"Don't drink too much. After all, you are planning for a baby now," David said and was about to take away the wine glass, but Spencer stopped him.

"Scarlett became sad because of him, so that's his punishment!" Saying that, Spencer poured Charles another glass of wine.

Charles looked at them in silence, acquiescing in what Spencer said.

Just then, a waitress knocked on the door, and entered.

"Hello, sir. The surveillance video has been sent to your phone," she said, bowing her head as she handed the phone to Spencer and left.

"Scarlett, take a look," Spencer said, pushing the phone towards me.

In the video, Rita kept pulling Charles's sleeve, but he seemed to be clearly displeased with her, and his long face looked terrible. It was exactly like what Spencer and David said.

Watching the video, I had mixed feelings.

"David and I are going out to buy some cigarettes." Spencer stood up and put his arm around David's shoulder, ready to leave.

"Do you have to buy cigarettes together?" I teased them, understanding their intention.

"Of course, we should! We are good buddies, who are inseparable," David said, putting his arm around Spencer's shoulder.

They both smiled at me and left, leaving me alone with Charles.

The atmosphere was a little awkward, and Charles continued to stare at me in silence.

Without saying anything to him, I lowered my head and began to eat the fruit.

"I want to eat, too," Charles said all of a sudden, still looking at me.

Upon hearing that, I quickly fed him a piece of fruit.

"I don't like this." Looking at the piece of orange in my hand, he shook his head.

I glanced at him before I put the orange into my mouth without saying anything.

All of a sudden, he kissed me, and the taste of the orange exploded in my mouth, sweet and fresh with a tinge of bitterness.

He kissed me so hard that I felt like I had lost my strength.

It was a long time before he finally let go of me, and the orange in my mouth had disappeared, but I could not tell if I ate it or if he did.

"I'm sorry. Please don't be angry. There is nothing going on between Rita and I," Charles said in a magnetic and gentle voice as he put his head on my shoulder.

"I am sorry for misunderstanding you," I said with a sigh.

"You don't have to apologize. I am more than happy to see that you're not mad at me." With a smile on his lips, he kissed me gently on the forehead.

We had a pleasant and relaxing dinner. We recalled a lot of things that had happened when we were kids.

After dinner, when we were about to leave, the staff walked to Spencer in a hurry, and said, "Miss Lively is downstairs. And she's..."

I took a look at Charles subconsciously, and when I saw his indifferent look, I understood that he did not care about Rita at all.

The four of us walked out of the private dining room and stood in front of the guardrail, watching what was going on downstairs.

Richard was fighting several men. His face was injured since he was outnumbered. Rita, on the other hand, was drinking red wine as though nothing happened. She didn't seem to care about Richard's injury at all.

I frowned at this scene. I was a little displeased with her for being so cold-blooded, but at the same time, I also pitied Richard.

"Should we help?" Spencer asked, looking at Charles.

"This is your hotel," Charles replied indifferently.

Spencer turned to me, as if he was begging for my opinion. I figured out that he wanted to stop them, but he was also afraid that Charles might not agree with him.

"Charles is right. This is indeed your hotel," I said with a shrug.

With a sigh, Spencer said to the staff member beside him, "Get them under control. If they break something accidentally, then I will have to suffer the losses."

As soon as the staff member walked downstairs, Spencer pointed at the group of men, and said to the security guard, "Take them to the police station."

Richard was badly injured, so he limped to Rita, and grabbed her hand. "Come with me."

However, Rita looked at me with a gloomy smile before she shook off his hand and pointed at me, egging him on to fight. "Go and kill her now to avenge your child. As long as you kill her, I will marry you."

"Are you crazy? What are you even talking about? You killed the baby yourself. It has nothing to do with others," Richard shouted at her in shock.

Spencer walked up to Rita and said in a disappointed tone, "For the sake of our friendship, I won't report

you to the police, so please leave."

Rita glanced at him indifferently but she did not say anything. She finished the wine in her glass before she walked to me.

"Rita, don't make trouble!" David warned with a frown.

Ignoring him, she pointed at me, and asked Charles, "You choose her or me?"

"Move your hand aside. Don't point at my wife," Charles said coldly and pulled me away to leave.

"If you leave, then I will jump off this building!" Rita threatened.

I stopped, turned around, and reminded her kindly, "If you die, then Charles will be all mine. If you survive, but end up disabled, then we will support you for the rest of your life."

"Scarlett, you are such a vicious woman! You will definitely face a miserable end," Rita roared, pointing her finger at me.

"You should go first," I said to Charles, ignoring her angry words.

"No," Charles refused with a frown, unwilling to leave.

"What? Are you afraid that I might hurt her?" I teased him with a smile.

He looked at me and said, "I'm afraid that she might hurt you."

I looked at him with a smile as I whispered in Rita's ear, "Charles is my man."

"I will take him back by all means." Gritting her teeth, Rita glared at me.

"Don't embarrass yourself more than you already do," I reminded her with a smile.

Rita slumped to the floor with a pale face. I then took Charles' arm and left.

On our way home, I looked at him and asked, "Is Richard still working for you?"

"No, he is a free man now," he replied flatly.

"So Richard is still with her because he has slept with her, right?" I said.

"Yes."

"Richard is so loyal and affectionate. He is always on Rita's side, no matter what happens." I suddenly let

out a sigh.

"You always praise others, but not me," Charles complained with a cold look in his eyes.

"Oh, you are such a faithful and affectionate man. Richard can't even hold a candle to you. Even God would want to praise you when he sees how deeply you love me," I praised him, knowing that he was jealous.

"Since I'm so faithful and you love me so much, can you please reward me?" Charles asked with a smile, looking at me with his lustful eyes.

I rolled my eyes helplessly and looked at him in a daze. "Now I'm really curious. How did you deal with your sexual desire when you were single?"

"I was not interested in such things before I met you. After having such wonderful sex with you, I can't help but want more," he said in a serious tone before he leaned in and kissed me passionately.

[Chapter 143 Confrontation](#)

Charles' POV:

Scarlett's phone rang the moment she stepped inside the bathroom to take a shower.

I looked at the caller ID. To my surprise, it was Nate. I picked up her phone and answered it without a second thought.

"Scarlett, I knew you'd answer my call. Can we meet right now? I want to apologize for what happened last time."

I wanted to laugh. What he had said was funny.

"Scarlett?" Nate called Scarlett's name tentatively when he did not hear anything from the other end of the line for a while.

"It's Charles."

Nate fell silent.

"To show your sincerity properly, I want you to deal with the media outlets by tomorrow morning." I hung up the call as soon as I finished speaking, and a sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth.

Sure enough, Nate did as told. The next morning, I handed my phone to Scarlett to let her see the latest trending topic with her own eyes.

As I saw the confused look on her face while she read the news, I patiently explained, "It's an apology

letter from Nate."

"What happened?" Scarlett asked with a frown.

"I think it's his wedding gift for us," I said in an unusually cheery tone.

Scarlett eyed me with suspicion. "Really?"

I said nothing in response. I then put my arms around her waist and stroked her belly from time to time.

"Why do you keep doing that?"

I paused for a moment and asked, "Can't I?" Without waiting for her answer, I stroked it yet again.

"It's just that you used to caress the upper part," Scarlett teased.

I could not help but chuckle at her words. Just as she said, I put my hands on her breasts and fondled them like I always did. "Did your breasts grow bigger?"

Scarlett shook off my hands and grumbled coyly, "No..."

"Maybe it's because I'm good at massage." I fondled them harder, and a feeling of satisfaction arose in my heart.

Scarlett's face turned red, and she hid in my arms in embarrassment. "You're so cheeky."

Scarlett's POV:

After breakfast, Alice took out a set of jewelry. Then, with a smile, she beckoned me to come to her. "Scarlett, come here."

I recognized the necklace in her hand at once. It was the heirloom of the Moore family. I looked at Charles, perplexed.

He nodded at me and urged, "Just go."

I walked over to Alice, and she helped me put on the necklace

Once done, she looked at me and gasped in astonishment. "You're so beautiful," she remarked with a smile.

"I knew it would look good on you, Scarlett." Christine praised me as well.

I unconsciously touched the necklace around my neck and thanked them for their gift and kind words.

"Thank you, Grandma. Thank you, Mom."

"I was supposed to give it to you earlier, but you and Charles were at odds back then. But it doesn't matter. What matters is that it is finally yours," Christine solemnly said.

I could not help but feel a little guilty. They must have been troubled because of me.

I returned to my room not long after. There I took off the necklace for safekeeping.

"Why did you take it off?" Charles asked confusedly.

"This is your family's heirloom. What if I break it or, worse, lose it? We should keep it somewhere safe." I put the jewelry into the jewelry box as I spoke.

"What are you talking about? It's our heirloom," Charles corrected with a long face.

"Oh, sorry. It's our heirloom." I handed the jewelry box to him, which perplexed him more.

"Why are you giving it to me now?" he asked with a frown.

I handed the jewelry box to him again. "Please keep it for me."

"It's women's business."

"But you're the head of the clan."

A smile appeared on Charles's face as soon as I said those words.

"Just take it. Grandma gave it to you." He chuckled at me, but he remained unmoved.

Knowing him, he would not budge. Unable to do anything, I nodded and put the jewelry box away.

All of a sudden, he hugged me from behind. "Scarlett, I just need to take good care of you. And you take care of everything we have."

"I don't want to be your housekeeper," I retorted.

"You're won't be. You're gonna be my wife." Charles wrapped his arms around my waist and pinned me against my dresser.

Ever so slowly, he leaned in to kiss me. But then, I put my arms in front of me to keep his body away from me.

"I should probably go to work now," I reminded in a low voice, afraid he would act recklessly.

"It'll be fine. I just want a kiss." With a smile, Charles held my hand and gently kissed my lips.

This time, he did what he said. After our kiss, he drove me to the company himself.

We arrived at the TV station not long after. "I'll pick you up after work," he said once I got off the car.

I nodded in response. Without a word, I walked into the building.

I saw Rita the moment I stepped inside. I did not want to talk to her, so I ignored her and went straight to the elevator.

She was like a ghost, haunting me all the time.

Rita seemed displeased that I did not pay her any attention. "Do you think you'll be happy once you marry Charles? He doesn't love you. You'll just end up miserable," she scoffed.

I turned around and looked at her with a sardonic smile. "How can you say that he doesn't love me?"

Rita was taken aback. It seemed that she was not expecting that kind of response from me. "Do you really think that Charles loves you?"

"Why not? Do you think you're the one he loves? Wake up," I rejoined.

"Of course, he loves me. He's just confused and overwhelmed. Once he calms down, he'll leave you for me," Rita fired back with a smug smile.

I shrugged indifferently. "Really? I can't wait for him to calm down and prove you wrong."

Rita snorted indignantly. "Scarlett, don't be so full of yourself. Disappointment hurts."

"Oh, I'm not. I'm just spitting facts." I smiled at Rita in amusement. Her face, however, darkened in displeasure.

Infuriated, Rita took a deep breath and clenched her hands into fists. "Stop being a showoff. What you have now belonged to me first!"

"Really? Have you ever seen Charles's abs? I don't think so. Let me describe them to you. They're so hard and defined. I get turned on whenever I stroke them," I said with a smirk.

Rita gasped in shock, and her face turned red with rage.

She pointed at my nose and exclaimed, "You shameless woman! How can you say that in public?!"

"Aren't you curious about it? Do you want me to tell you something else more interesting?" I asked with my voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Shame on you!" Rita bellowed. Her body trembled with fury.

"How bold of you to say that. Didn't you sleep with your bodyguard and trample on his love?" I could not help but feel sorry for Richard as I spoke.

"So what? I've repeatedly told him that it was only a one-night stand, but that fool took it seriously. He's the one to blame. He's so fucking stupid and useless!" Rita reasoned out.

The more she spoke, the viler she became in my eyes. "You're so disgusting," I slowly said while looking at her with an icy cold gaze.

Rita sneered. "You think you're so noble, huh? How come you seduced a married man? Isn't Charles enough for you?"

"I think you're mistaken. It's your father who's trying to seduce a married woman. With a handsome and rich husband like Charles, why would I want to be with an old geezer who's old enough to be my father? I'm not like you who's as stupid as a sheep," I said crossly with a sardonic smile.

"You..."

I raised my hand to shut her up. I did not want to listen to her blabbers anymore.

"I know you and Charles haven't made up. But I don't care. It's not my fault that I'm so charming that Charles loves me with all his heart. I'm afraid you won't stand a chance against me."

Rita stared daggers at me. "Do really you think I won't hit you?"

"Do it. What are you waiting for?" I moved my face close to her. But seeing that she did not move an inch, I kindly reminded her, "Hurry up so that I can call the police earlier. This is the first and last time I'm going to give you such a wonderful opportunity."

Rita just glared at me, her body trembling with pent-up rage.

With an amused look on my face, I pointed at the surveillance cameras around us. "By the way, there are more than fifty cameras watching us, and they're not cheap. Those cameras can capture everything, even your pimples."

"Don't think that I don't have the guts to hurt you!" Rita was so furious that she was gritting her teeth

and trembling all over. For a second, I was afraid that her teeth would break and fall off.

"What? Are you gonna hit me or not? What a coward. I'm leaving. You're just wasting my time." With a smirk, I turned around to leave.

"Wait!" Rita rushed over and blocked my way.

"Have you made up your mind? Hurry up." I moved my face close to her again, provoking her on purpose.

Rita raised her hand and looked at the passersby. She seemed to be contemplating whether or not it would be worth it.

I opened my mouth to mock her. But just as I was about to say something, I suddenly felt an urge to vomit.

Without missing a beat, I looked around, covered my mouth, and ran to the nearest restroom.

[Chapter 144 Leaving](#)

Rita's POV:

When I saw Scarlett rush to the bathroom, covering her mouth with her hand, I immediately figured out that she was having morning sickness. But I couldn't help feeling a little resentful.

While I was still in a daze, Richard walked to me with a cup of coffee.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked with concern.

"Scarlett's belly is getting bigger and bigger," I muttered, looking in the direction of the restroom.

"We have known that she is pregnant, didn't we?"

"She just returned. How could she be pregnant?" I asked, looking at Richard discontentedly.

"It's normal for a married woman to get pregnant," he said calmly.

I didn't want to talk to him anymore. I couldn't help but make blind and disorderly conjectures.

"Did Charles end up compromising with her because she's pregnant?" I asked in surprise. The more I thought about it, the more it made me feel like I was finally catching onto the truth.

Richard looked at me indifferently and frowned. It seemed like he wanted to say something, but he stopped on second thought.

I cast a cold glance at him before I continued, "Yes, Scarlett must have forced Charles using her pregnancy. If that was not the case, then Charles won't treat me so coldly all of a sudden or yell at me. When did Scarlett get pregnant, though?"

"It's none of your business," Richard interrupted.

"You know nothing! And I can't let Scarlett give birth to the baby. She was lucky that I was not able to push her down the stairs with me last time," I said through gritted teeth, looking at him.

"Stop acting so recklessly," Richard said with a frown.

"Scarlett is not qualified to give birth to Charles' child! She doesn't deserve to be with him." Saying that with a sarcastic smile, I looked at him with emotional eyes.

"Scarlett is Charles' wife. Who are you?" Richard reminded me, casting a firm glance at me.

"Charles hired a bodyguard for me. So I am obviously special to him." I gave him a cold glare.

"Charles has long known that we had sex, and he fired me right after he found out about it." Richard gave me a meaningful look and sighed.

"That's impossible! I am sure that Charles must still be paying you. He cares about me, and that's why he's still hiring you." I looked at Richard in disbelief.

Taking a deep breath, Richard said, "You'd better not hurt Scarlett. I'm leaving."

"You are just a coward. Go quickly, and don't get in my way." I looked at him coldly, unwilling to continue the conversation with him.

Richard frowned at me for a moment before he sighed, turned around, and left.

I was so busy thinking of my next move that I completely ignored him.

I spent the rest of the day wondering how I was going to make Scarlett show her true colors and make Charles come back to me.

After coming up with several plans, I decided to make Richard cooperate with me. However, he was gone, and I couldn't get through to him at all, which left me feeling irritable.

Suddenly, I heard Nate's voice. "Did you go to see Scarlett today?"

"What? Are you worried that I might hurt her?" I asked him in a sarcastic tone.

"You have misunderstood me. There is nothing going on between us. You'd better not provoke her, or Charles won't let it slide so easily," he explained with a frown.

"You are really incompetent, and I am sure that was the reason your business was screwed up by Charles." I looked at him with a sneer.

"You..." Nate was too furious to even say anything.

"I don't understand why I believed that Scarlett was the one who seduced you at that time. She's right. She is not the type to fall in love with someone like you unless she's blind. How can you be so shameless? You're so old now. How can you still want to have a mistress? Perhaps, your love for her is one-sided."

As soon as I finished speaking, Nate's face flushed and he slapped me across my face.

"I'm your father! How can you talk to me like that?" he roared coldly.

"You did those shameful things first. Why do you care so much about respect now?" I said sarcastically while looking into his eyes as I covered my swollen cheek with my palm.

"You would rather believe in rumors than me, is that it?" Nate was clearly disappointed.

"Yes, I am so ashamed to have you as a father," I said coldly, glaring at him.

"Do you really think that you are better than me?" There was an undisguised disgust in his eyes.

"No matter how bad a person I am, I'm still much better than you," I retorted. My heart was filled with hatred for him.

"Rita, you are truly disappointing." Nate was indeed very disappointed.

"Yes, I'm not as good as Scarlett. She is so attractive. Otherwise, how could she have been able to win you over?" I roared at him.

"Shut up!" Nate hissed. He then raised his hand to hit me, but I stopped him and sneered. "One should own up to what they did. That's something that you taught me when I was a child!"

Nate's face was livid with rage, and the entire room was cold as ice. I met his gaze, but I didn't want to be outdone.

While we were in the stalemate, Susan shouted, "Enough! Nate, just tell her the truth."

"What truth? The truth that he hooked up with Scarlett?" I turned to Susan with a sarcastic smile.

"Tell her what? I don't have anything to say to her." Nate shook off my hand, unwilling to say more.

"Tell her that you loved Scarlett's mother back then, and the only reason you married me was because you could not marry her," Susan said with self-mockery.

"Is she telling the truth?" I asked, staring at him.

After a moment's silence, he said coldly, "The most important thing right now is to appease Charles. I don't care about anything else."

Without answering my question, Nate acquiesced in it, instead. I felt as though a sharp blade was piercing through my chest.

"Do you want me to help you? Give me fifty percent of the company's shares, and I'll help you get on Charles' good side."

"What did you just say?" Nate frowned.

"I'm your daughter, your only child. Anyway, you will have to give the company to me sooner or later. I want fifty percent of the shares now. Is that too much to ask? Are you perhaps planning on giving your shares to Scarlett in the future?" I asked coldly.

"Don't talk nonsense!"

"When the Lively Group was at its best, it happened because of my relationship with Charles. It was all because of me."

Nate thought for a moment and said lightly, "I can only give you twenty percent."

"Surely, Scarlett has really bewitched you. That bitch has stolen my man and my father from me." I looked at Nate with mockery and resentment.

He slapped me hard across my face again.

And I looked at him in surprise. He had never hit me ever since I was a child. But now, he had already hit me twice.

Susan pushed him away angrily, and complained tearfully, "Did you fall in love with your own bastard child?"

Nate was stunned, and his face turned colder than it was before. "What nonsense are you talking about? I already told you! Scarlett's mother and I have nothing to do with each other. Nothing happened between us!"

With that, he turned around and left.

I looked at his back coldly as I listened to Susan sobbing uncontrollably.

[Chapter 145 Bachelor Party](#)

Charles' POV:

The wedding ceremony was planned to be held the next day. I had been very busy lately with the wedding planning, and as usual, I left home early in the morning.

After a long day, I called Scarlett at eight o'clock in the evening. As soon as she picked up the phone, she asked in a soft voice, "Hello. You've been very busy lately. Are you tired?"

"I'm not tired. I think that it would be worth it as long as you're happy," I said with a smile.

"I'm satisfied with everything you prepared. Don't tire yourself too much."

Scarlett's gentle voice dispelled my exhaustion in an instant.

"There will be a bachelor party tonight, and Spencer and David are the ones arranging it."

"Shouldn't we have a bachelor parties separately?"

"We are a married couple now. We don't have to stick to such stereotypes," I answered with a smile.

"Okay, I get it. I'll go dress up now."

"I'll send the driver to pick you up. See you later!"

"See you later."

Just when I was about to hang up, I heard her voice again. "Wait!"

"Honey, what's the matter?"

"I just feel that everything has been so incredible, honey,"

she said in a low voice before she hung up.

Looking at the blank screen, I could not help but smile. I also felt that our happiness was inconceivable. It was something that we had fought for and struggled for.

Until that very moment, I was still surprised that I was going to marry her. And whenever I thought of the wedding, I could not help but giggle like a little girl.

That evening, the car that I sent to pick up Scarlett appeared at the club on time. I had been waiting for her.

She was dressed in a long dark blue gown and an overcoat, just like the elegant dignified woman she was.

Seeing her get off the car, I held her waist and praised, "You look stunning, honey."

Scarlett lowered her head shyly, blushing.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore." As soon as we entered the private room, everyone stood in a line on either sides of us, and greeted her.

"How are you feeling?" I whispered in Scarlett's ear while she was still stunned.

"It feels kind of weird. I could not help but think of what happened before," Scarlett said with a pout.

Upon hearing that, I thought of the past and felt guilty.

"It was all my fault. I promise that I won't ever make you sad again." Naturally, I blamed myself.

"I'm not angry. Some of my memories have been rekindled, that's all." Scarlett wore a gentle smile on her lips, and did not seem to be sad.

"Hey, this is a bachelor party. Stop showing off your love," David complained loudly.

And the others echoed.

The atmosphere in the room was quite convivial, and everyone was cheering us madly. I held Scarlett in my arms and watched them have fun.

All of a sudden, the door was pushed open, and Rita walked in, causing the entire room to quiet down instantly.

With a frown, I looked at Spencer, feeling displeased. However, he seemed to be clueless.

"I bumped into Rita this afternoon, so I invited her," David said flatly.

Hearing that, I turned to David with a glare.

"We grew up together, so I'm here to give you my best wishes," Rita said just when things were getting tense.

After that, the tension eased for just a moment and Rita took the opportunity to sit down.

"Rita can't drink. What should we do?" Spencer looked at the table full of wine in embarrassment.

"I'll have the same beverage as Scarlett," Rita said with a faint smile, looking at the glass in front of Scarlett.

Spencer then asked someone to prepare the same juice for her.

"Scarlett, why can't you drink?" Rita asked with a smile, stirring the juice in her glass.

"She can't handle her alcohol," I explained at once with a frown.

"Oh, I see. People who don't know her might think that she is pregnant," Rita said in a voice that was dripping with sarcasm.

"What did you just say?" I hissed.

"Nothing. Richard is missing, so I'll have to take the wedding invitation by myself." She smiled.

I glanced at Amy, who was sitting next to me and asked her to bring a wedding invitation for Rita.

Rita took the invitation, touched it, and said with a smile, "It's so beautiful. I wonder if I would have the chance to give my own wedding invitation to others someday."

Upon hearing that, I sneered in my heart and didn't want to talk to her.

"Rita, are you feeling better now?" the handsome man, who was sitting from across her, asked in a concerned voice.

"I'm afraid that my disease is a terminal one..." Choking back her sobs, she turned to me and added, "Charles, are you happy?"

Seeing that I was silent, she asked again, "Are you happy to marry Scarlett?"

The next second, she burst into tears.

"I'm the happiest man in the world," I said in a casual yet firm tone.

As soon as my words were heard by Scarlett, she looked up at me, and our eyes met for a moment. After giving me a smile, she kissed me passionately.

The cheers of the crowd came to our ears. Scarlett and I hugged and kissed, ignoring everyone and everything else there. We could only see each other. It was as though we were the only people left on earth.

After the kiss, Scarlett leaned on my chest, gasping for breath, and the crowd began to cheer us again.

Biting her lower lip, Rita sat there with a pale face. She seemed out of place at the lively party.

"Rita, if you feel uncomfortable, then you should finish your juice and go back early," David said indifferently. He then looked at a handsome man next to him, and added, "Can you please help her get home later?"

The latter nodded in agreement, looking at Rita from time to time.

Scarlett's POV:

I knew that Rita only came there with an evil intent. Ever since I saw her walk in, I had known that she was up to no good.

And just as expected, she got more emotional right after David asked her to leave.

"What? Are you afraid that I might cause trouble?"

"I am pretty sure that you're not here to congratulate me. You only came here to mess with me, didn't you?" I sneered.

"Mess with you? I am sure you know it better than anyone about the reason I came here today." Rita looked at me sarcastically.

"Of course, I do." I smiled coldly.

"You..." Rita pointed at me and glared at me. The atmosphere became tense at once.

"What? Since you came here to congratulate us, don't pretend like you have been deserted," I sneered and mocked.

Rita looked at me with a sneer and said lightly, "Do you really think that you are qualified to be a member of the Moore family or to marry Charles? Have you forgotten that your father is a criminal?"

Before she could say another word, David interrupted her coldly, "Rita, shut up!"

"No, I won't! I just want everyone to see her true colors. I want to tell you all the real reason Charles married Scarlett," Rita hissed, and everyone turned to look at me.

"Why?" someone in the crowd asked. With a curious look in their eyes, they all looked at her.

"It's because Scarlett is pregnant, and that's why she is forcing Charles to marry her." Saying that, Rita

looked at me complacently.

Even after hearing that, I tried to be calm. She was trying to destroy my relationship with Charles by all means. But I was not expecting her to tell the truth on such an occasion.

I was really worried about what Charles might think of me, so I could not even bring myself to look at him.

[Chapter 146 Are You Still Going To Hold The Wedding](#)

Charles' POV:

As soon as I heard what Rita said, my mind went blank.

I then thought of what had happened before and arrived at an answer.

"Is it true?" I asked in a serious tone, looking at Scarlett.

Although I knew the answer to that question, I still wanted to hear it from her.

Crumpling her hem in her hands, Scarlett took a deep breath, and said, "It is."

"How long has it been since you got pregnant?"

"A few weeks now. It's that night of Valentine's day."

"Why didn't you tell me before? Were you afraid that I might not want the baby?" I looked at her, my heart filled with disappointment.

She had hidden her pregnancy from me for so long, and she had also refused the wedding. Thinking about it, I could not help but get angry.

"I don't want the baby to affect your decisions." Scarlett continued to keep her head down, looking stubborn and pitiful at the same time.

After a long silence, I said to her lightly, "You should go back and rest."

Ignoring the surprised look in her eyes, I turned to Spencer and said, "Please send her back home for me, will you?"

"Are you mad at me?" Scarlett asked me in a voice that was filled with grievance.

"Now that you're pregnant, you need to rest well." I softened my tone as I stroked her head.

Seeing that she had no intention of leaving, I added, "You go back first. I'll be back after I take care of things here."

"Tomorrow... Are we still going to hold a wedding ceremony?" Scarlett looked at me nervously as she tightened her grip on the hemline of her dress.

I held her cold hand and said firmly, "Tomorrow, I'll pick you up early in the morning and marry you."

Before she left, Scarlett looked at Rita and said indifferently, "My father made a mistake by trusting his friends too much, and your father is a scumbag. He used his friend to violate the law. He can't get away with it."

Scarlett then turned to me with a nervous look in her eyes. And I gave her a reassuring look before she walked away.

As soon as she left, Rita sat down next to me, and asked eagerly, "Charles, didn't you know that Scarlett is pregnant?"

I drank alone, without answering her.

"Charles has always wanted a daughter. Now, his wish can be fulfilled," David said with a smile.

"I can also give you a baby, Charles. You can have as many babies as you want, with me!" Rita whispered in my ear, and it was obvious how anxious she was.

I kept silent for a long time before I slammed the glass on the table with a loud bang.

"I'm going to be a father," I roared happily, looking at everyone, except Rita.

"Charles, I think you still need to find out whether Scarlett's child is yours or not," Rita reminded me.

"Scarlett is nothing like you." I gave her a cold glare and moved away. Clearly, I wanted to keep my distance from her. I completely despised her now.

"Pour me some wine to celebrate this good news! I'm going to be a father." Seeing that I was in a bright and cheerful mood, everyone raised their glasses to celebrate the wonderful news.

"Charles, as far as I know, Scarlett is having an affair with her colleague. Please calm down and don't let her deceive you." Rita was still trying to confuse right with wrong, and my good mood was ruined because of her.

"You all drink to your heart's content and enjoy yourselves today. It's my treat," I said flatly before I stood up, about to leave.

However, Rita caught up with me and stopped me.

"Do you really want to marry Scarlett?" she asked me in tears.

"Yes, I am." I nodded without hesitation and warned her, "Don't follow me anymore. I don't want Scarlett to misunderstand me."

"But Scarlett doesn't love you at all," Rita screamed hysterically, standing behind me.

I stopped in my tracks and retorted coldly, "I can feel her love on my own."

Leaving her alone, I strode away from there.

Scarlett's POV:

On my way home, I kept thinking about what Charles would think of the baby. Although he promised me that the wedding would be held as scheduled, I still felt uneasy. And I began to regret hiding the truth from him.

My mind was lost in various conjectures and fantasies.

'Will he really marry me?

Is he going to be angry that I didn't tell him about the pregnancy?

Why did he stay behind in the club?

What is he going to do to Rita?'

These doubts haunted my brain. I really wanted to call him and ask him what was on his mind, but I could not because I was afraid that he might give me an answer that I did not want to hear.

I thought about it for a long time before I fell asleep.

The next morning, the make-up artist came and helped me with my makeup.

"Scarlett, you look so stunning today. Obviously, women are the prettiest on their wedding days." Nina couldn't help praising me as she sat down beside me.

"You will also have a wedding of your own in the future," I answered absent-mindedly.

"Were you too excited last night that you didn't have a good rest? You don't look too well," she asked with concern.

"Nothing. I just feel a little tired. Maybe, it's because I got up too early."

To set her mind at rest, I forced a smile.

"Then you'd better rest while you get ready or you will only end up feeling more exhausted later," Nina said lovingly before she covered me with a blanket.

I closed my eyes, but I could not stop thinking about Charles and Rita.

After my make-up was done, Ethan's assistant brought me the wedding dress.

As soon as I put it on, I felt like the waist part of the dress was a little looser.

"I think that the wedding dress is much looser than before. It doesn't seem like the size we discussed last time," I said to Ethan in confusion.

"Your husband called me last night and asked me to widen the waist." Ethan massaged his eyebrows tiredly with a helpless shrug.

When I heard those words, I was moved. Charles was indeed considerate.

Once everything was ready, Charles came to pick me up.

Our wedding ceremony was going to be held on an island.

In order to surprise me, Charles didn't allow me to see the island before the wedding. Although I had heard that it was a stunningly beautiful place, when I first saw it, I was moved as it was beyond my expectation. It was not hard to imagine how much effort he had put into the wedding ceremony.

The wedding ceremony began, and I held Lawrence's hand as I walked towards Charles.

I stared at him. He was dressed in a tuxedo with his hair slicked back, which made him look more mature and charming.

"You have to love Scarlett with all your heart and your soul. Don't piss her off anymore. You have to protect her and not let her suffer any grievances. You should remember the traditions of our Moore family," Lawrence reminded his son eagerly while holding my hand.

Charles looked at me firmly. "I will love her and take care of her for the rest of our lives. I won't let her

suffer even the slightest amount of pain, and I will love her more than I love myself."

Upon hearing those words, my eyes instantly turned red and teary. I was deeply touched.

Lawrence then put my hand in Charles' hand with satisfaction.

Charles looked at me tenderly.

The priest asked, "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I do." Charles interrupted the priest before he could even finish his words.

And I found that to be quite funny.

"Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" the priest asked me.

"I do," I interrupted him, just like Charles did.

"Oh, it looks like you two can't wait to get married. You may exchange rings now," the priest said with a smile.

Charles and I put a ring on each other's finger before he lifted my veil and kissed me on the forehead.

All the warm blessings and cheers from our close friends and relatives made me tear up again.

[Chapter 147 Drugged Water](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As the crowd cheered and gave us their blessings, I threw out the bouquet. When I turned around, I noticed that Nina was in Abner's arms as she caught the bouquet and lost her balance.

Everyone cheered again. Nina's face turned as red as an apple.

"It seems that you two are destined to be together," I bantered.

Nina's face turned even redder. She immediately got out of Abner's arms, feeling embarrassed. The crowd whistled and hooted at them.

The atmosphere felt great, and it could be seen in everyone's eyes how much they were enjoying.

Charles and I exchanged glances and couldn't help but smile, too.

At lunch time, everyone was singing and dancing, and the ambiance was quite convivial.

Spencer invited me to dance, and I willingly accepted.

As I danced with him, he told me so many stupid things that Charles had done during his childhood. I swore, I had never laughed so hard in my life.

The moment I turned around, Charles pulled me away.

The crowd hooted once more. "Looks like the bridegroom is jealous!"

"I've been watching you dance since you were a child. Nobody dances better than you. You can dance whenever you want, and I'll always dance with you," Charles whispered in my ear as he wrapped his arms around my waist.

I looked back at him and smiled. It turned out that he remembered that I learned to dance as a child.

"Anytime, really? What about the time when we are quarreling?" I asked.

"Ah, it's fine! We'll patch things up after the dance." Charles looked at me with affection.

"What if we break up?" I asked when I saw the happiness in his eyes.

"We're not going to break up. To be precise, we'll never get divorced. I won't let you have that opportunity!" Charles retorted.

"What happened last night..." I wanted to say something, but stopped midsentence.

"We'll talk about that later," he responded as he pinched my nose.

The entire day, everyone celebrated our wedding through dancing and singing.

Soon, night fell. The moon was riding high in the sky, and it illuminated the night.

The crowd didn't get tired even though it was night. On the contrary, they were even livelier than this morning.

Charles held my hand and took me to the tent that he had prepared.

The moment I entered, I noticed that there were all kinds of daily necessities inside it. Surprised, I turned to him for an answer.

But he just pursed his lips and kept silent. He took off his tuxedo and unbuttoned the buttons on his sleeves and collar.

Feeling nervous, I took a step back and swallowed.

Charles and I stood across the bathtub. He stared at my belly and his face became serious.

"I'm so fucking stupid," he cursed while looking at me. "You know, I hate being lied to the most. Don't you have anything to say for yourself?"

Upon hearing that, my heart tightened. I looked at him, and said in a flirtatious voice, "Please don't be mad at me anymore, okay? I told you that I was afraid you'd feel obligated to stay with me because of the baby, so I didn't tell you."

"I don't think you trust me enough," he said, still wearing a sad face.

"It's not that I don't trust you; it's just that I don't want to affect your judgment," I explained. However, Charles didn't seem convinced.

"My husband is a gracious man, I'm sure. He's not going to get mad about what I did. So, please, honey... just forgive me. I'll listen to whatever you say from now on."

I did my best to say as many nice words as I could to please him. Soon, his face softened.

"Have I passed your test now?" Charles finally broke his silence.

I smiled at him and nodded solemnly.

He strode over to me and held me in his arm. As punishment, he bit my lip and said, "No matter what I say, you'll listen to me, okay?"

"Of course!" I nodded eagerly.

"Since you did something wrong, you should be punished."

He chuckled, placed his right hand at the back of my head, and pressed me against the wall. Then, he pulled me towards him and placed his left arm around my waist.

Soon, I lost my balance and fell into his embrace. Charles' face was inches to mine and he was snickering. I accidentally kissed him.

I glared at him, annoyed and embarrassed. A smile appeared on his lips, and he pinched the back of my waist. When I scoffed at him, he took the opportunity to slide his tongue into my mouth.

Moments later, Charles whispered to my ear, "Can we do it?"

At this point, I was basically panting.

All of a sudden, I heard Spencer's voice coming from outside. "Hey, Charles! Come out here for a drink. You can have sex later. You have all the time in the world."

Charles frowned and gritted his teeth. I could tell that he wanted to tear Spencer apart.

"Don't drink too much." I pushed Charles away and chuckled.

"I'll mete out your punishment later." He planted a kiss on my lips, straightened his clothes, and left.

After he left, I turned on the bathtub's faucet to prepare for a bath.

Once I was finish running the bath, the tent opened up.

Rita came in with a bottle of water in hand. I frowned at her, wary of what she might do.

"How dare you barge into this tent?" I glared at her, showing her my vigilance.

"I'm just here to send you my best wishes and to have a drink with you." Rita poured two glasses of water and looked up at me.

But I just stood there, silent and observing her. The first thing I noticed was the wound on her wrist.

Rita handed me a glass of water, but I just frowned at her and decided not to take it.

Instead of getting angry, she clinked the glasses of water by herself. Then, she glanced at the large bed with rose petals littered over it.

"Do you have any idea what I've done to win Charles over?" She smiled while glancing at my wedding bed blankly.

"I don't know, and I don't want to know," I retorted.

"I'm willing to sacrifice my life for him. That's how far I'll go. Even if everyone thinks I'm cheap, shameless, and downright foolish, I never wavered; not even once! I can do anything and everything, as long as I can win him over." Rita paused for a moment just to look at me with contempt. "What about you? What can you do for him? Are you willing to die for him as well?"

"You've gone to extremes just so you could have him. I don't think that's love." I sneered at her with disdain, offering her no shred of sympathy.

"May you two grow old together." Rita chuckled before handing me the glass of water. "Here, have a drink and accept my blessing."

"I don't need your blessing," I responded.

"Look, if you drink this glass of water, I will never pester Charles again. I'll stay as far away from both of you for as long as I live."

"Wow! You must have an inflated self-esteem, don't you?" I shook my head, still refusing her offer.

"I'm afraid there's one thing you don't know. Your mother and my father used to be in a relationship. That means there's a small probability that you and I are half-sisters," she answered.

"That's impossible! My parents are each other's first love. Nate just held an unrequited love for my mother." I tried to stay calm, but in reality, I was fazed by this revelation.

"Whether it's true or not, you won't even consider taking the water I'm trying to give you. Are you scared of something, Scarlett?" Rita glared at me.

I looked her dead in the eye, took the glass, and put it away.

All of a sudden, she walked towards me. I instinctively covered my belly, and backed away from her. But because of my long gown, I tripped over. Rita took this opportunity to corner me against the wall.

"What are you going to do?" I struggled to break free, casting her a stern glare. I was starting to panic, because I was scared she would do something to my child.

Rita grabbed my hands, and slowly picked up the glass as her face became vicious.

"You need to drink this water." It seemed as though she wanted to force me to gulp it down.

"Let me go!" I shouted. However, Rita just tightened her grasp on me.

"Today is your God damned wedding night! All I want to do is to congratulate you. What are you so afraid of?" Rita broke into a maniacal laughter while trying to put the glass close to my mouth.

I exerted every strength I had to push her away and I managed to do it. This caused the glass to fall to the floor.

Rita stumbled due to how strongly I shoved her. I was so scared that I leaned against the wall; practically hyperventilating.

Suddenly, she rose to her feet and tried to drown me in the bathtub.

[Chapter 148 Do You Even Deserve My Trust](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Rita tried to drown me in the bathtub. As a result, my clothes became soaking wet and clung to my

body.

I tried to get up, but she pinned me down with all her strength.

In a fit of panic, I grabbed her leg and clenched it as tightly as I could. Rita groaned in pain and unconsciously loosened her grip on me. While she was distracted, I took the opportunity to turn the tables.

"You're not here to congratulate me but to kill me, are you?" I asked with a sneer. I was out of breath after fighting for my life just now.

"I want you to die with your child!" Rita admitted without a second thought.

While I was tussling with her, I heard Richard's voice behind me. "What are you doing?" he asked incredulously

Flustered, I let go of Rita.

She stood up and knelt at my feet, gasping for breath. To my surprise, she grabbed my leg and pleaded weakly, "Scarlett, please don't do this. I'll leave now."

However, I was unmoved. I raised my foot, intending to kick this hypocrite in front of me.

But before I could kick her, Richard went out of the tent and ordered to the people outside, "Go and find Charles."

Unexpectedly, Rita grabbed her own neck tightly and did not let go until she almost knocked herself unconscious.

She collapsed on the edge of the bathtub and looked at me with a cunning smile.

A few moments later, Charles entered the tent and looked at me up and down. Then, he put his coat over my shoulders and asked with a frown, "What's going on?"

"Rita broke in," Richard replied with his head lowered to the ground.

Charles looked at Rita and pointed at her neck. "Scarlett strangled her?" he asked in disbelief.

I looked at Charles with utter disappointment.

"She strangled herself," I scoffed. I felt wronged. How could he suspect me of doing such a horrible thing?

"Scarlett, you've been caught in the act. How could you lie?" Rita looked at me wide-eyed and even

forced a cough to make her believable.

"You know yourself who's lying between us," I said through gritted teeth.

At that moment, Rita turned to Richard pitifully and asked, "You saw everything, right? Scarlett almost drowned me to death."

However, Richard looked into her eyes and replied with a straight face, "I didn't see anything when I came in."

I looked at him in astonishment. When he came in, he definitely saw me pressing Rita down in the bathtub.

Richard was defending me! I cast a meaningful glance at him, grateful that he had taken my side.

Charles looked at Richard with furrowed brows and ordered, "Take Rita out."

"No, I won't go," Rita protested, "Charles, trust me. I came here to give Scarlett my best wishes. But when she saw me, she suddenly flew into a rage."

"Get out!" Charles repeated, unmoved.

"I won't leave. I'll stay here and seek justice for what that woman has done. I almost died. Are you just going to turn a blind eye to it?" Rita wiped her tears as she spoke. If I had not known her, I would have pitied her. She looked pathetic.

Suddenly, Richard stepped forward and dragged her away without a word.

"What are you doing? Let go of me! You bastard. How could you betray me? Since when did you join Scarlett's side? Why did you just stand there and do nothing when she tried to kill me?"

As Rita was unwilling to leave, the security guards surrounded her. This shut her up. Now, she had no choice but to follow Richard out.

The tent quieted down once Rita was gone.

Now, Charles and I were the only ones left in the tent. He looked at my dripping wet clothes and advised with concern, "Change your clothes now, or you'll catch a cold."

Just as he was about to help me take off my clothes, I slapped his hands away. "Don't touch me if you don't believe me."

"I believe you. Let's talk about it later, okay? Right now, you should change your clothes first. You should think of our child even when you're mad," Charles persuaded me.

"Get out. I don't want to see you right now." I pushed him out as I spoke when, all of a sudden, he caught sight of the scratch on my arm.

Charles pointed at it and asked, "What happened to your arm?"

I put my arm behind my back and answered sarcastically, "I did it to myself."

Upon hearing this, Charles moved closer and whispered, "You're so cruel to yourself. Are you going to scratch me like that in the future?"

"What's wrong with you? Now's not the time to mess around!" I yelled in a fit of anger.

"Don't be mad at me anymore. Does it hurt?" Charles kissed my arm, which took me aback.

"What are you doing?" I withdrew my hand, embarrassed.

"It won't hurt anymore if I kiss it. Now, Scarlett, please don't be mad at me anymore." Charles held me in his arms as soon as he finished speaking.

However, I was not in the mood for his sweet talks. I turned my face away and muttered, "You'd rather believe Rita than me. You think I tried to strangle her."

"I didn't. I'll always be on your side. I was just asking, that's all."

"If I hadn't fought back, she would've drowned me to death!"

"Yes. You did a great job for defending yourself. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have left you alone here."

Although Charles had acknowledged his faults, I was still quite annoyed with him. I pushed him away with my remaining strength and did not let him get near me.

But he did not give up. He reached out and tried to pull me into his arms.

I pushed him away yet again and turned my face to one side. "Don't touch me."

"You're my lawfully wedded wife. Of course, I can touch you. Scarlett, don't be mad at me anymore." Charles coaxed me as he unzipped my dress.

I felt a chill on my back, so I grabbed my dress to cover my body.

But then, he grabbed my hands, and my dress fell to the floor.

I shivered with cold, but he wrapped me in his warm embrace.

"Are you still cold?" Charles asked with concern. I felt his warm breath in my ears, and it somehow warmed me up.

"Let... Let me go," I pleaded in trembling voice.

"It's cold, and you're naked," Charles reminded. Judging from the tone of his voice, he was feeling sorry for me. But then, his hands began to wander around my body.

"Scarlett, please don't be mad at me anymore. I missed you so much," Charles whispered in my ear and gently kissed the back of my neck.

My body tensed up, amusing Charles. "You want it, don't you?"

"I—" Before I could finish my words, Charles gently put his hand on my stomach and put me on the bed.

He kissed me on the lips passionately. His mouth then trailed down my collarbone and then chest and stomach. But when he reached the lower part of my body, I instinctively grabbed his arm to stop him.

Charles looked at me with a gentle smile. "Are you scared?"

"Don't..."

"Scarlett, you only make it harder for me to calm down when you're looking at me like that." Charles put his hand on his forehead and took a deep breath.

I looked down at his crotch. Sure enough, he was as hard as a rock. "I... Let me help you..."

"Believe me, Scarlett. I want to have sex with you right now, but I can't. You're pregnant. As the father of your child, I have to endure it." Charles kissed my waist as he restrained his burning desire.

All of a sudden, something occurred to me. I pushed him away and said in serious tone, "Bring Rita here. I think that glass of water was poisoned."

"Don't worry. I'll send someone to deal with it," Charles reassured in a low voice while kissing me.

"I want to deal with it myself," I insisted.

Charles stood up and brought me a change of clothes.

I immediately put it on.

"Do you even deserve my trust?"

"We're married."

"You don't trust me," I retorted when I remembered that he had suspected me.

"I'm sorry for what happened just now. I'll have someone bring Rita in."

[Chapter 149 The Truth Of Miscarriage](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Not long after, Richard brought Rita in. She focused her attention on the glass of water on the table.

"Do you want to drink it?" asked Charles.

Rita nodded, ready to take the glass.

But I picked it up before she could grab it.

"Didn't you give this to me?" Right after I said that, I smiled at her, and Rita's face turned grim.

"Charles, believe me when I say this; I came here to give you my best wishes. That's all," said Rita.

"Is that so?" Charles placed his phone on the table.

As I listened to the sound coming from the phone, I realized that it was a video of what happened after Rita broke into our tent.

I stared at Charles, shocked by this matter. He actually installed surveillance cameras in the tent.

Charles looked back at me. I could tell that he had guessed what was on my mind, so he nodded towards the bathtub.

I followed his gaze and saw a camera just above the bathtub.

A frown appeared on my face as I looked at him. 'Why on earth is a camera above the bathtub? What was he trying to record?'

"It's for fun,' Charles mouthed with a naughty wink.

I frowned at him to express my dissatisfaction.

The video showed Rita trying to drown me in the tub. In a fit of panic, she began to defend herself.

"Charles, no! You have to believe me. Scarlett wants something more than just to be Mrs. Moore!"

"Oh? Then, what else does she want?" asked Charles.

"Your heart. Nothing more, nothing less," I responded before Rita could get another word in.

I could see the joy in Charles' eyes when he looked at me.

"She's lying! Scarlett just wants the wealth of the Moore family for herself!" Rita exclaimed as she glanced at me with disdain.

"Whatever I want has nothing to do with you," I remarked, glancing back at her with equal contempt.

"You created a rift between me and Charles, and yet you say that this has nothing to do with me?"

"Your relationship with him is in the past now. He merely wanted to repay you for saving his life before. Your cheating and betrayal have severely affected our relationship. Once and for all, we should end things between you and Charles."

"What are you planning to do?" Rita asked, swallowing nervously.

"Oh, there's no need to be so agitated, Rita. I just want to figure something out." After pausing for a moment, I asked, "Have you ever slept with Charles?"

Upon hearing this, Rita's eyes widened, but she soon calmed down. "We've done things that a couple normally does."

"I'm asking you if you've slept with him or not. Just answer the damned question!" I growled.

"We..."

"Have you slept with him or not?" I repeated. I was gradually losing my patience, so I was becoming harsher towards her.

"No," Rita said through gritted teeth. Then, she looked at Charles with affectionate eyes. "We may not have slept together yet, but I love Charles more than you do, Scarlett!"

"That's enough. I'm done with your tomfoolery!" I raised my hand to interrupt her midsentence. My eyes fell on the water she had offered to me before. "Is there an abortient in this water?"

"Of course, not! It's just an ordinary mineral water." Rita was trying to stay calm.

"I see..." I picked up the glass of water and stared at it carefully.

"Well, if you don't believe me, I'll drink the water," Rita said, ready to grab the glass from my hand.

I moved it away from her and smirked. "Cornered beasts will always do something desperate."

"You're the one doubting my integrity! So, to prove my innocence, I'll drink the water, myself. If nothing happens to me, that just means you've wrongfully accused me," Rita replied anxiously as she scrambled to get the glass.

Just then, someone came in with a medical equipment case. At this point, she was even more agitated than before.

Rita moved forward, but I quickly raised my hand to stop her. "What's the rush? We'll know what's in this glass of water after it's been tested," I said.

Afterwards, I gave the glass of water to the person who came in.

He drew some liquid from the glass using a syringe, turned around, and left.

"Even if there's something wrong with that glass of water, there's a good chance that you planted the drug in it just to frame me." Rita's body was trembling, and her voice was laden with grief.

"I have nothing to gain by setting up a loser like that," I replied.

"You looked so calm earlier, and you're clearly trying to hide your guilt. You just don't want to give birth to Charles' baby, do you?" she argued.

"Well, why don't you tell me all your crazy theories while we're waiting?" I cast her a glare to express my contempt.

"On second thought, I'm sure you wanted to have a baby with Charles, so you'd be able to secure his family's wealth by using the baby as a leverage," Rita responded.

"They why would I want to get rid of the baby by drugging myself since it's this important for me?" I sneered.

"Perhaps part of you still don't want to have this baby, because you know it's not Charles'; it's Abner's!" Rita's eyes lit up and she continued telling us about her analysis. "You're afraid that Charles will one day find out that the child in your womb isn't his, so you planned to fake a miscarriage and pin the blame on me. That way, you'll be get your revenge on me, and be able to protect your good name as Mrs. Moore. Or maybe..."

After a pause, she continued, "Maybe Charles will feel so bad about this matter that he'll treat you even better just to make it up to you."

Upon hearing all of her guesses, I applauded her. They all sounded so viable.

"You're one smart woman, Rita. Is this how you killed your own child? This time, I'll be the one guessing

how you lost your baby." As I said that, I paused to look at her and pretended to be surprised. "Did you take an abortient before you came to me?"

Rita stood frozen, seemingly befuddled.

"You're right, Scarlett. I found a medicine box in the car," said Richard.

I felt so sorry for him. 'Why did he fall in love with a woman like her?' I wondered.

"You're lying, Richard! None of that happened. Why are you colluding with Scarlett just to set me up?" Rita argued, and then she added, "Why are you taking her side? Did you sleep with her as well?"

"You're insane!" Richard scowled at Rita.

"Why do you sound so guilty? Look, Charles, Scarlett isn't just having an affair with Abner; she's also hooking up with Richard!" Rita remarked as she looked at Charles.

"I'm not blind, nor am I an idiot. That box of abortient in your car was yours," Richard said flatly.

Rita glared at him as her face was distorted by anger.

"Why are you so agitated? I was merely guessing. Once the test result comes out, we will know the truth."

I looked at her for one more time, invoking her ire. Her face turned pale and her fists were trembling at her sides.

[Chapter 150 Wedding Nigh](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I could not hide my amusement when I saw Rita's panic-stricken face. With a sly smile, I brought the glass of water to her.

"You wanted some water, didn't you? Here. Have a drink," I said while handing it over.

Rita slapped my hand and got on her knees.

"Charles, didn't you promise you'd marry me? Why are you in denial of your feelings for me?" Rita sobbed while looking at Charles with tearful eyes.

"Indeed. I was in denial of my feelings for Scarlett." Charles looked at me guiltily.

"What-what did you say?" Rita stuttered in disbelief.

Charles did not answer her question. Instead, he sneered and warned her, "You'd better not drug her; otherwise, the Lively Group will fall into crisis."

Rita was in utter shock. She opened her mouth to speak, but no sound came out.

I could not help but sigh as I gazed at Charles's stone-cold expression. 'Wow. Rita has crossed my bottom line again and again, but Charles is still on my side.'

With a frown, Charles turned to Richard and pointed at Rita, who was in a daze. "Take her out."

Just as Charles had ordered, Richard dragged Rita out right away. Finally, the commotion had come to an end. Well, at least for now.

Now that only the two of us were left in the room, Charles's demeanor changed. He held my hand and asked gingerly, "Honey, are you still mad at me?"

I lowered my head. "Yes."

"Don't worry, honey. I'll get justice for you. I won't let that woman off this time."

I raised my head and looked at him. "Humph! Will you wrongly accuse me like that again?"

"I've heard that pregnant women are sensitive. Now, I can attest to that. Honey, I didn't mean that. I just asked. Anyway, it's my fault for making you unhappy. I'll make it up to you." Charles coaxed me with sweet words. I must admit, it was working.

However, I did not say anything and just pinched his side as hard as I could.

"Honey, you can punish me as you like. But today is our wedding night. Can you forgive me for now? Let's do what we should do first..." Charles kissed me on the cheek, but his hand wandered around my body. Before I knew it, his hands were on my back, trying to unzip my dress.

"Don't..." I tried to stop him, but my body was slowly giving in.

"Honey, I know you're unhappy because of what has just happened. Let me make it up to you." Charles kissed the back of my neck, and it sent shivers down my spine.

I got so weak in my knees, so I grabbed his arms for support.

Impressively, Charles managed to unzip my dress. Now that my breasts were exposed, he fondled them lustfully.

"You... I think you're just comforting yourself," I muttered while glaring at him.

Charles raised his head and stared at me with an aggrieved look on his face. "It's been so long since we last made love. Don't you want it? Well, I know I can't wait to fuck you right now."

My face turned red with embarrassment. The truth was, I wanted it too. But I was worried about our baby. "But... The baby..."

"It'll be fine as long as I'm gentle. Shall we do it, honey?" Charles asked for my consent while kissing me on the neck.

I looked at his bright and pitiful eyes, and my heart softened. How could I say no to that? "Okay. But be gentle."

"I will." Charles answered, a hint of excitement in his voice. He scooped me in his arms and carried me to the bed.

He then put me down and stripped me off my clothes.

All of a sudden, a cold breeze came in. I instinctively covered my chest in the cold.

"Are you cold?" Charles pressed me onto the bed and then pulled the quilt over to cover us. "Don't worry. You'll be warm soon."

He chuckled and kissed me on my forehead.

A moment later, the desire in my body was ignited. He was right. I did not feel cold anymore.

"Honey, let's do it sideways so we won't hurt the baby. I know we won't be able to enjoy ourselves to the fullest, but I'm willing to sacrifice my pleasure." Charles helped me lie on my side as he spoke.

I could feel my face burning because of his dirty talk.

"Don't be shy. You'll have to get used to this. I'll flirt with you all the time." Charles seductively kissed my earlobe. Meanwhile, with his free hand, he slowly reached out to my lady parts.

My whole body tensed up, and my vagina became wet in anticipation.

"Relax. Let me touch it."

Charles must have noticed my nervousness. He kissed me on the lips to distract me from what he was doing down there. Although his tone was soft and gentle, the movement of his fingers was quite the opposite.

"Ugh... Hurry up," I urged. I had had enough of foreplay. I wanted him now.

"You want it now? What should you say then?" Charles asked with a snicker. He kept drawing circles down there, teasing me to his heart's content.

"Honey, give it to me..." I implored. I could no longer stand being teased. My burning lust was getting the better of me.

"If you say so." Charles quickened his movement, his breathing quick yet heavy.

"Oh... Honey..." I moaned in pleasure.

Charles stopped what he was doing and then looked at me with a burning gaze.

His eyes made me feel a little embarrassed. Just as I was about to pull the quilt to cover my face, he inserted his manhood into me.

He said he would be gentle. Well, he did as he promised. However, we made love for hours.

I was tired and sleepy, but Charles did not stop until midnight.

The next morning, I woke up with a backache. To my astonishment, Charles had left. I looked around and saw that he had left a note on the table.

"I have to deal with something urgent in the company. I'll come back as soon as I can." It was a simple note, but I felt a little stuffy in my chest. Something serious must have happened that Charles had to go to the company and deal with it in person.

I went out of the room after washing my face and brushing my teeth. Unexpectedly, I met Nina at the door.

"Oh my! Look at your dark circles. Something fun happened last night, didn't it?" Nina asked with an obscene smile.

"What brings you here?" I asked, shifting the topic.

"Let's go fishing." Nina held my hand and led me to the lake without even waiting for my response.

I raised my eyebrows at her. "Why are you in such a good mood? Did something happen between you and Abner yesterday?"

"Stop talking nonsense. We have nothing to do with each other. Where is Charles, by the way? Why did he leave so early in the morning?"

"He went to the company to deal with something," I answered. Although I looked calm, I was worried

about him.

"You two have just gotten married. Why isn't he spending more time with you?" Nina asked again.

I just glanced at her and did not say anything in response. My mood became worse at the mention of it.

Just as Nina was about to say something, someone came out of nowhere and knocked on her head.

She turned around with a scowl. "Abner, what are you doing?" she asked in an annoyed tone.

"Well, you were in a daze, so I helped you come to your senses," Abner retorted.

"I wasn't! You're just finding an excuse to take revenge on me for stealing your meat skewer last night!" Nina stroked the back of her head while staring daggers at him.

The two of them bickered just like they always did. It seemed that they had forgotten about me.

I walked a few yards away from them and enjoyed the scenery. Suddenly, I felt a little disappointed. The view of the lake would have been so much better with Charles here.

Spencer and David arrived a few moments later.

The latter looked at Abner and Nina, who were arguing, and joked, "I thought Nina was pursuing Spencer."

"Don't talk nonsense." Spencer picked up the fishing rod and handed it to David.

For a second, I saw a hint of disappointment in his eyes.

We sat by the lake as we fished and chatted with one another. It was not every day we got to enjoy our time like this.

Everyone was in high spirits. I, however, was thinking about Charles, so I did not say much.

"Are you sad because Charles isn't here?" Spencer asked, noticing my silence.

I sighed and forced a smile. "No..."

"Don't worry. Charles just had to deal with something important in the company. He'll be back as soon as he can," Spencer reassured.

I nodded in response. But I must say, I had lost interest in fishing.

At noon, Charles still had not come back.