

Warning 151

[Chapter 151 Test Result](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After we left the island, the driver took me back to the Moore mansion.

As soon as I sat down in the living room, Christine held my hand and persuaded me, "Scarlett, stay for a few more days. There's no need to rush back to the training."

The others nodded in agreement.

"You and Charles just got married. You should be with each other, having the time of your lives," Lawrence advised, seeing that I did not say anything in response.

Meanwhile, Alice turned to look at me and asked for my opinion. "Scarlett, what do you think?"

"I'll call Charles and discuss it with him," I answered. Without another word, I returned to my room.

His absence crossed my mind, and disappointment washed over me.

While I was lost in thought, my phone suddenly rang. It was Charles. I could not wait to answer it.

"The test result has come out. It's just water," Charles informed me in a serious tone.

I was stunned, unable to believe it.

"When will—" Just as I was about to ask him when he would come back, I heard a noise on the other end of the line. From the sound of it, he was with a lot of people.

"Honey, I'll talk to you later. I have something important to do. I'll take care of it first." Charles hung up the call without waiting for my reply.

I watched in a daze as the screen of my phone automatically turned off. It was only after a minute or so that I came to my senses.

Something must be wrong with that glass of water. However, there was no way that Charles would make a mistake. What happened and where was he anyway? I had not discussed with him about the training program yet.

I felt a headache coming on at the thought of these things.

After pondering for a moment, I decided to go back to the training with Nina.

The two of us met at the airport at two o'clock in the afternoon.

I had been busy with the training courses in the following week. Charles seemed to be busy as well. We did not talk much, even over the phone.

I was worried about him, but at the same time, I was a little aggrieved. We had just gotten married. And yet, we were apart.

I came back on the weekend.

As soon as I disembarked the plane, I saw Charles waiting for me at the airport.

I felt as though I had not seen him for a long time as I gazed at him from a distance.

But then, Rita suddenly crossed my mind. I could not help but heave a heavy sigh as I thought of her.

The test result showed that the glass of water was not spiked. Would Charles think that I framed Rita on purpose?

While I was in deep thought, Charles strode over to me.

He took my luggage and exited the airport without a word.

We had been away from each other for just a week, but it seemed that we had grown further apart.

I followed him closely.

The atmosphere was a little awkward, so I thought of a topic to break the silence. "Have you solved the company's affairs?" I worriedly asked.

"Almost," Charles briefly answered.

Unable to take the dreadful atmosphere between us, I stopped in my tracks and scoffed, "What's wrong with you?"

Charles turned around, walked over to me, and held my hand. "Let's talk about it when we get home."

On the way home, I looked at Charles's stern expression and muttered, "You don't seem very happy to see me."

He glanced at me and massaged his forehead wearily. He looked upset for some reason, but he would not tell me.

After a long agonizing silence, he finally opened his mouth to speak. "Why didn't you tell me you had

resumed your training?" he asked coldly.

"You didn't tell me when you'd come back, so it doesn't matter if I leave or not."

I was infuriated when I recalled that he had left the day after our wedding. To make things worse, he was cold to me right now.

Charles frowned and looked at me. Still, he did not say a word.

The atmosphere was awkward all the way home. Charles and I were at odds, and I had no idea what was going on in his mind.

When we arrived at the Moore mansion, Christine held my hand and asked how I had been abroad.

"It was great," I replied with a smile. Then, I stood up and opened my suitcase. "By the way, I've brought you something."

I took out the gifts I had prepared before coming here and then gave them to them.

While everyone was opening their gifts, Charles suddenly stood up and said to everyone, "I'm not feeling well. I'm going to have a rest."

I felt a little anxious, but I followed him nevertheless.

In the bedroom, Charles took his change of clothes and went to take a shower.

Meanwhile, I waited for him in the bedroom, restless.

Charles came out of the bathroom a few minutes later. Just as I was about to say something, he asked, "Take the hairdryer and dry my hair, will you?"

Was he commanding me? Did he not leave his newly married wife behind first? What right did he have to dictate to me?

Despite these questions, I turned around, fetched the hairdryer, and did as told. My mind was in a haze as I combed through his hair.

Charles's gaze fell on the gift box I had brought. "What's in the box?" he asked with a frown.

"A gift."

"For whom?"

"I don't know." I put away the hairdryer in annoyance, turned around, and walked aside.

Meanwhile, Charles picked up the gift box and opened it.

"Whom is it for?" he asked again.

"For a colleague." I snatched the tie clip as I spoke.

With a displeased look on his face, Charles reached out to grab it.

I dodged his hand. But because he was tall, he was able to take the tie clip from me without breaking a sweat.

However, I accidentally tripped on my foot. I shrieked instinctively. Fortunately, Charles caught me in time. But then, he lost balance, and we fell on the bed on top of each other.

"Whom is it for?" Charles asked again.

"It's none of your business."

I tried to take the tie clip back, but he grabbed both of my hands, rendering me helpless.

Charles sighed and looked me in the eye. "I had something urgent to deal with that day, so I hung up the phone in a hurry. I'll answer all of your questions now."

I looked at him blankly. For a moment, I did not understand what he was talking about.

"Whom is the tie clip for?" Charles asked for the third time. Knowing him, he would not let the matter go.

"It's for you," I answered without missing a beat.

"Then why did you say it was for your colleague?"

I glared at him. "You made me upset. Why can't I make you feel the same way?"

"Naughty girl," Charles called teasingly. A smile finally appeared on his face, but I remained annoyed.

"Are you finally gonna tell me about the test result?"

"Well, according to the doctor, the water was uncontaminated. There was no problem with it." But then, Charles paused for a moment and continued, "But that's not the final result. Let's talk about it later. Now, go take a shower and let's continue where we've left off."

"No. Tell me everything now," I insisted. I sounded anxious. Charles, however, was very relaxed.

"I won't tell you until you do as I say," he argued like a spoiled child. I would have found this cute on normal days. But right now, it was annoying.

I gave up in the end. I stared daggers at him and went to take a shower.

When I came out of the bathroom not long after, I saw Charles waving at me with a hairdryer in his hand.

We lay on the bed once my hair was dry.

My heart fluttered as I listened to Charles's breathing.

"Scarlett, I missed you so much." He wrapped his arms around my waist and kissed me on the neck.

"What happened in the company? You suddenly left the day after our wedding," I reminded, a little aggrieved.

"Someone died in the construction site."

I gasped in shock.

Charles must have felt my distress. He held me tighter and reassured me, "Don't worry. Everything is settled now."

I felt sorry for him. I focused only on myself that I did not think about his side.

"Sorry. I was too sensitive." I buried myself in his chest with guilt.

Charles raised my chin and looked at me.

"It's okay. You can be as sensitive as you want as long as you don't leave me," he said with a smile. Then, he kissed me like he missed me.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and responded enthusiastically.

After the kiss, Charles pressed his forehead against mine. His breathing was quick yet heavy in anticipation. "Scarlett, can I?" he asked. I knew right away what he was talking about as I could feel his hard manhood pressing against me.

"Answer me first."

"There's indeed abortion drug in the water. Let's talk about the rest later." Charles could not wait to make love to me.

"Be gentle..." I asked him in a breathy voice. With that, we made love through the night.

[Chapter 152 Scheme](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After a vigorous and wild sex, we lay in bed, enjoying the intimate moment.

"Did Rita bribe the person who conducted the test?" I nestled in Charles' embrace and fiddled with his fingers.

"She did," he replied nonchalantly as he twirled my hair with his fingers.

"What a cheater!" I grunted. "But, how did you know that the laboratory staff had been bought off?" I asked.

"Well, just to be sure, I divided the water test into two parts at the beginning and sent them to different testing agents," Charles explained.

Upon hearing his explanation, my eyes lit up as I looked at him with excitement. But shortly afterwards, I felt upset. "That's a big thing! How could you keep that from me?"

After I said that, I was about to get up, but Charles held me tightly within his arms.

"I do regret that I didn't tell you about it sooner, and it caused you to overthink." Having said that, Charles glanced at my belly, seemingly annoyed. "If you dare hide something this big from me again, don't ever expect me to forgive you!"

"Charles Moore, I'll have you know that men and women are equal. If you want me to be honest with you, you have to do the same."

"Deal!"

At the moment, my heart was filled with happiness.

The following morning, I met Rita as soon as I arrived at the company.

"You're really something, Scarlett. You managed to force me out of the entertainment industry. And now, I have to settle for the second best option and be your colleague in the TV station." Rita eyed me up and down, casting hateful words at me with sarcasm.

"I'm not as capable as you are. Killing isn't even hard for you," I countered, scoffing at her.

"The stock price of the Lively Group has been plummeting for the entire week," Rita grunted, clenching her fists.

"Is that so? Well, congratulations!" I grinned at her just to infuriate her even more.

And I could tell by the look on Rita's face that it worked.

Ignoring her, I checked my phone while waiting for the elevator to arrive.

"Good morning, Scarlett." I heard Nina's voice coming from behind.

Thus, I turned around and replied, "Well, good morning to you, too, beautiful!"

"Ding!" The elevator door finally opened. I held onto Nina's arm and entered the elevator with her. Rita followed behind us.

Once we were inside, Nina looked at Rita from head to toe, cleared her throat and asked, "Have you finally gotten the test result from that glass of water?"

"Oh, yes!" I nodded at once. "The results showed that the water was indeed spiked with abortients."

"Scarlett, don't spout nonsense. Show me a concrete evidence to prove your claims. Otherwise, I'm going to sue you for slander!" Rita cast me a disdainful glance.

"Go ahead. Sue me. It'll save me some energy," I said, not giving a damn about what she said.

Based on the look in Rita's eyes, I could tell that she was panicking.

"Do you really think you could fool me with that stupid lie?" Gathering her composure, Rita sneered at me.

"Well, you're a master of lies and deceit. Of course, you'd know about it!" I said, smirking at her.

"I've already told you time and time again; I didn't put drugs in the water!" Rita clenched her fists once more. But her explanation was futile.

"Ding!"

The elevator door opened again. I took Nina's arm and walked out with her, completely ignoring Rita.

"I'd say we spread the news and make a big deal of it. By then, those who actually committed a crime will be punished," Nina suggested in a loud voice.

I smiled at her and said nothing.

Rita's POV:

After getting out of the elevator, I hurried to my office and dialed a number.

"You imbecile! You can't even do something so trivial properly," I growled, venting my rage. Afterwards, I hung up the phone and smashed it onto the table.

Not long after, Charles crossed my mind. I decided to pick up the phone and call him.

"Charles, listen to me. I really have no clue what happened to that glass of water. I swear, I didn't do anything. Someone must be trying to frame me!" I explained in a hurried voice.

"Rita, I want to see you," Charles replied.

"Really? Sure!" I answered with glee.

'Charles just asked me out! Has he finally realized that Scarlett isn't good enough for him? Is he coming back to me? That must be it!' I exclaimed inwardly.

"Two o'clock in the afternoon, at Stranger Cafe," Charles stated before he hung up the phone momentarily.

My bad mood had been swept away in an instant. As I sat in front of the dressing mirror, putting on my makeup, I hummed a song.

Suddenly, I thought of Scarlett. Out of the goodness of my heart, I sent her a message and asked her to follow me to bear witness.

Around one in the afternoon, I arrived at the cafe that Charles had appointed.

I waited in there for almost an hour. Finally, Charles arrived with a face devoid of emotion.

"Charles," I muttered in a choked voice. I quickly stood up, looking at him with pleading eyes.

Charles sat down before me, placing a stack of photos and a flash drive on the table.

I picked up the photos and reviewed them. Not a minute later, I broke into cold sweat.

"These are photos and recordings of how you bribed one of the laboratory staff. So, what else do you have to say for yourself?" There was no trace of emotion in Charles' voice.

I grabbed the hem of my clothes, agitated and flustered.

"Resign from the TV station. I do not wish for Scarlett to get upset because of your presence." Charles' words were cold, and deeply hurtful to me.

"Charles, I love you. In fact, I love you so damn much that I'm willing to die for you!" I tried to grab his hand, but he frowned at me and dodged.

"Have you forgotten? Back when we were together, we..."

"There are things that should be left unsaid. And you already know that well, don't you? So, don't bother us anymore. I'd rather not embarrass everyone in the end." Charles cast a cold glance at me and interrupted me.

"But, Charles, I... I can't live without you! You're the only man I could ever love." I began to sob and tried to beg him incessantly, trying to ignite at least a cinder of hope that he still loved me, too.

"I already told you to leave the TV station, didn't I? Frankly, I hope you resign as soon as you get out of here," Charles stated.

"But... you used to say that you didn't love Scarlett. You won't be happy with her!" I wiped the tears from my face, staring at him with a forlorn expression.

"Like you've already said, it's all in the past."

With that, Charles stood up and left.

I watched him walk away, feeling despair and sorrow. I could tell that he truly had made up his mind this time.

Thus, I sat on the chair alone for a long time. I stared out the window, watching the cars pass by as my heart was filled with sadness.

Then, I took out my phone and sent Richard a message. I told him that from now on, I would stay away from Scarlett. I also asked him to trust me once again.

It had been a long time since I sent him that message, but there was no response. Gradually, my heart sank to rock bottom.

I wondered if Richard would leave me, too.

After having sat at the cafe for a long time, I saw Liam's name in my contact list.

After a moment of contemplation, I decided to call him.

"Liam, do you have time to meet me?" I said, trying to sound sweet.

"Of course. It'll be my pleasure to go out with you, Miss Lively. Name the time and place, I'll be there."

The sadness in my heart was swept away, and my mood became lighter.

'Scarlett, you ruined my chance at happiness. I will never forgive you!'

[Chapter 153 Being Jealous](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Receiving Rita's message, I went to the cafe where she asked to meet.

But when I got there, I didn't see Charles, but just Rita sitting by the window in a trance.

Walking up to her, I asked her in a calm voice, "What did you ask me here to witness? His ruthlessness towards you?"

"One day, Charles is going to be ruthless to you as well." Rita sneered, looking up at me.

"Is that so? Well, I hope you're around to see that happen, if it does happen, that is," I said casually, shrugging my shoulders at her.

"You can gloat all you can now." Though she was trembling with anger, she seemed to be reluctant to show her weakness.

"You asked me to come here. If I don't gloat, it would be a waste of the kindness you showed me, wouldn't it?" I asked coldly, looking down at her.

Without saying a word, she glared at me with deep resentment in her eyes.

"Charles is generous enough to let you go, but I'm not. I like to settle things fair and square," I added indifferently before I turned around.

And just when I was about to walk out of there, I noticed Charles standing behind me.

I immediately lowered my head guiltily.

'Did he hear everything I just said? Is he going to blame me now?'

While I was still in a daze, he held my hand and led me outside.

"Where are we going?" I asked subconsciously as I followed him.

"I am sending you back to the TV station," Charles said casually without even stopping.

"Why did you come back?" I asked, looking at his side face as soon as we were outside the cafe.

"I am pretty sure that Rita will call you again, so I had to come back and try my luck," he said in a gentle voice, looking at me.

Although I was indeed moved when I heard those words, I was also a little concerned.

"Looks like you really care about me."

"Isn't it obvious?" Charles stopped and looked at me with tenderness in his eyes.

I hesitated for a moment before I said uneasily, "Do you care about the child or me?"

Deep down, I was worried that he might only be showing kindness to me because of the child I was carrying, and not because he loved me.

"You sleep with me tonight, and I'll tell you the answer," Charles whispered seductively in my ear.

I was speechless and I felt shy, so I glared at him, wondering how he could act like a hooligan whenever he felt like it.

Laughing, Charles held my hand and we walked forward.

He began to quicken his pace with each step. Feeling strange, I glanced back. But I understood why he was doing that when I saw Rita behind us.

I got home from work that afternoon, and began to cook. While I was in the kitchen, my phone rang all of a sudden.

"Hello, this is Liam. I met you at the party before." I heard a strange man's voice coming from the other end. I tried to recall him for a long time, but I could not remember anything about him at all.

"What can I do for you?" I asked politely, even though I had no clue who he was.

"I apologize for not being able to make it to your wedding. I was occupied with something at that time. I would like to give you the wedding present tonight. Would you be available? I want to give it to you myself."

I was a little stunned that he was asking me out so directly.

"You can just give the present to Charles." As soon as I said that, I heard the door open, so I quickly turned around and said, "Honey, you're home!"

Upon hearing that, Liam immediately hung up.

"Yes. What present? Who were you talking to?"

"I don't know, but he said his name was Liam and we met at some party before."

"Why is he looking for you?" Charles asked while picking up my phone.

"He asked me to meet him and said that he wanted to give me the wedding present in person." I was being honest with him.

Hearing that, Charles called him at once and put the phone on speaker.

"What do you want from my wife?" he snapped as soon as the call was connected.

"Hello, Mr. Moore. My name is Liam. I just wanted to give her the wedding present, that's all." Liam's graceful voice was heard.

Upon hearing that, Charles furrowed his brows.

"If I remember correctly, your company seems to have a case that needs my assistance, right?" Charles said coldly before he ended the call.

Tossing the phone aside, he looked into my eyes and leaned in to kiss me without a warning.

He seemed to be jealous as his kiss was not a gentle one at all.

I enthusiastically wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back to comfort him.

"Don't answer his calls again." Charles brushed his forehead against mine as he said those words out of jealousy.

"I didn't know that it was him." Actually, I did not even know who this Liam guy was.

"He seems to be hitting on you. Anyway, don't answer his calls in the future. Saying that in a domineering tone, Charles held me tightly.

"Are you jealous?" I could not help but smile as I asked him that.

"Yes, I am. Can you ignore him?" Charles asked pleadingly as he rested his chin on my shoulder.

Clearly, I was not expecting him to admit it so openly, and I was stunned by his reaction.

"Okay, I won't answer his calls again."

"Honey, why do I feel like you're getting plumper and bouncier?" Charles said with satisfaction as he caressed and toyed with my breasts.

"Maybe, it's just your mind playing tricks on you." Saying that lightly, I patted his hand that was on my breast.

"My senses are pretty sharp, you know? It really is much bigger now. I used to be able to hold your breast with just one hand, but now, they've outgrown my hand." He was seriously discussing the size of my breasts while playing with them.

"Don't be such a pervert!" I said in a low voice, feeling his hot breath in my ears.

"Honey, when are you going to start lactating?" Asking that, he picked me up and made me sit on the table while staring deep into my eyes.

"I... How would I know?" His eyes lit up when he turned his gaze to my breasts, and I felt my face turn red.

"You really don't know?" Charles asked in surprise and was about to lift up my shirt.

"What are you doing?" I asked in panic.

"Well, since you don't know when you're going to lactate, I should check it for you, right?" he said with a smile before he grabbed my hands with one hand while he unhooked my bra with his other hand. He then leaned closer and lifted my shirt up.

"They're so beautiful." Praising my bosom sincerely, he put one of my nipples into his mouth.

I didn't realize that he let go of my hands. I groaned and struggled, trying to push him away, but it was in vain as he suddenly took one of my nipples and sucked it hard. Feeling that, I lost all my strength instantly and unconsciously held his head with my hands.

After a long while, Charles looked up at me and said in a serious tone, "I've tested it for you, and there's no milk for the time being. I will continue to check it every day so that you will know when you start lactating."

"You... I don't need your help." I felt too embarrassed to even look at him.

"Then would you like to suck them yourself?" An evil smile appeared on his lips as he looked at me in surprise.

"You pervert!" There was a hint of coquetry in my voice, and my face was as red as a lobster.

"Alright, alright. I won't tease you anymore. Are you hungry?" Charles asked softly, buttoning up my shirt.

"Yes, I am starving!" I replied, but I was still too shy to look at him.

"I will go and cook something for us. You can rest till I am done." Saying that with a smile, he carried me in his arms again.

"Are you sure?" I asked subconsciously when I noticed that he was having an erection.

Charles paused for a moment before he asked me with a smile, "I'm afraid I can't help it. Would Mrs. Moore like to help me, then?"

"Your son might not be pleased with that," I answered with a smile as I pointed at my belly, which was visibly bigger now.

Charles looked at me for a long time before he finally let out a helpless sigh and put me down on the chair.

With a long face, he stared at my belly.

I could not help but burst into laughter when I saw his pitiful look.

"Go and make dinner. Your son and I are hungry." I pushed him away with a smile.

"How can you tell that it's a boy and not a girl?" Charles asked with a pout.

"Would you like to have a daughter?" I asked, looking at him in surprise.

"Wouldn't it be nice if it's a girl? She will be lovely and beautiful, just like her mom. She will be my little princess!" he said, stroking my belly with joy.

"But I wish our child is a boy, because he will be handsome, just like you."

Hearing that, the smile on his lips widened.

Kissing the corner of my lips, he turned around and walked to the kitchen, but before he disappeared behind the door, he turned to me and said with a smile, "I still want a girl, though."

I gave him a helpless smile. No matter what the gender of the baby was, it would be our child, and I was looking forward to meeting him or her.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles's phone rang while we were having dinner. He put it on speaker and then went to the kitchen to get some soup for me.

Spencer's voice came from the other end of the line. "Charles, let's go out and have a drink!"

"I can't. Scarlett is pregnant. Why are you asking me to go out for a drink at this hour anyway? Never mind. She's mad. Bye." Charles hung up the phone as soon as he finished speaking.

I looked at him incredulously. Why did he make it seem that I took away his freedom to have fun?

Charles must have noticed my bewilderment. He looked up at me and explained, "I have stomach problems. The doctor told me not to drink too much."

I put down my spoon and pouted. "Then why did you use me as an excuse?"

"Do you want me to drink with them? Didn't you ask me if I care more about you or the baby? Don't you want to know the answer to that?" Charles asked back with raised eyebrows.

"Then who do you care more about?"

"Let's talk about it when we go to bed."

In the evening, I took a shower first before him. While I was waiting for him to finish taking a shower, my phone suddenly rang. Rita had sent me a message.

"This is your mother's. If you want it back, come meet me," the message read. Attached to it was a picture of a familiar earring.

A myriad of thoughts crowded into my mind as I stared at the picture. My father had given this to my mother as a love token. How did Rita get this?

Knowing her, she would not give the earring to me easily. Even so, I could not help but wonder what the hell she wanted from me.

While I was in deep thought, Rita sent me another message. "Don't you want to take back your mother's prized possession? You're scared, aren't you? If your mother finds out about this, she'll be disappointed in you."

I just stared at her message but did not reply. Just then, Charles came out of the bathroom with only a bath towel around his waist.

I could not help but gawk at his toned abs. Damn. He was so sexy.

My phone rang yet again, bringing me back to my senses. Sure enough, it was another message from Rita. "Tomorrow night in Spencer's bar. If you want it, come and get it yourself."

I was so engrossed in my thoughts that I did not notice that Charles had sat beside me. He held me in a tight embrace and asked, "Who's messaging you this late at night?"

"Rita," I answered straightforwardly.

With a frown, Charles took my phone from my hand and read Rita's messages.

He looked at the picture carefully and said, "It's indeed your mother's."

I nodded grimly and put the phone aside. Rita could wait. Now, I had something more important to figure out.

I looked up at him and asked in a serious tone, "Who do you care more about? The child or me?"

Charles kissed my lips and answered, "Of course, I care more about you."

"What about the baby?"

"It's my child, so I care about it as well."

"Then..."

I was moved by his response. I wanted to ask him more, but I was afraid that it would annoy him.

"Then what?"

"Then, you'll be loyal to our marriage, won't you?"

"Yes, I will."

I felt warm in my heart. Satisfied with his answer, I nestled in his arms with a sweet smile.

Charles held me tighter. Then, he kissed my face, starting with my eyes, to my nose, and lastly to my lips. "Honey, I want you," he said in a low and hoarse voice.

I nodded. I wanted him too. "Be gentle," I asked, caught up in the heat of the moment.

Charles kissed me on the lips and, ever so slowly, took off my pajamas.

His lips lingered on my collarbone for a moment. Then, his gaze fell on my breasts.

"I wonder if you have milk now." He opened his mouth and sucked my nipple amorously.

My body went weak in an instant. I could feel my nipple harden as he licked and nibbled on it.

It felt so good that I could not help but moan in pleasure. It must have stirred Charles's excitement as, without further ado, he finally inserted his erect manhood into me.

Just as he had promised, he moved gently, making me feel hot all over.

It was a quiet night, and only our bodies were making a noise. A moment later, Charles stiffened and gasped while my mind went blank. And together, we climaxed at the same time.

I was so tired afterward that my limbs felt weak and heavy. Gentleman as he was, Charles carried me to the bathroom and helped me take a shower. Once we were clean and dry, we lay on the bed in each other's arms. Exhausted, we fell asleep as soon as our heads hit the pillow.

The next morning, I told Charles that I wanted to see Rita.

"That belongs to my mother. I want to take it back."

Charles was silent for a long time. I thought he would disagree. But then, he sighed heavily and said, "It's your choice if you'll go. But please, don't be reckless."

I nodded, grateful for his support. Suddenly, the training program came to my mind. I figured that this was the best time to discuss it with him. "I want to continue my training. As you can see, my baby bump isn't really that visible yet, and I can still move like before."

Charles frowned in disapproval. "You can train after you give birth. I'm worried about you being alone abroad."

However, I still did not give up. With my lips curled into a pout, I argued, "I'll come back every weekend. The training will be over in a few months anyway."

"You're pregnant. You can't go back and forth every week."

My heart sank. Did he not want to see me?

All of a sudden, Charles smiled and added, "I'll fly there to keep you company."

I looked at him with a grateful smile. The unhappiness in my heart dissipated in an instant.

After breakfast, Charles drove me to the TV station just like he always did.

Before getting out of the car, I gave him a peck on the cheek.

However, Charles seemed a little dissatisfied. He leaned over to me and said, "You are doing it wrong. Let me show you how to do this." Without waiting for my response, he held up my face and kissed me passionately. The kiss was light, but it lasted for a moment.

I gently pushed him and complained, "You ate up my lipstick!"

Charles chuckled. "Well, you're mine. Why should I still care about your lipstick?"

It was only then that I got out of the car. Just as I was about to enter the building of the TV station, I felt that someone was following me. I turned around instinctively, but nobody was there.

Fortunately, Abner came out. As soon as he saw me, he walked over to me and asked, "Did you feel that someone was following you? Your instinct was right. A man about forty years old was indeed following you."

"How do you know?"

"He's been lurking around the TV station in the past two days."

My body tensed up as a foreboding feeling washed over me.

Rita's POV:

When I went to Nate's office, I saw him behind his desk, reading a document.

"Dad," I called.

"What's up?" he replied.

I sat on the sofa in his office and asked, "The stock price of the company plummeted recently. Don't you have any solution to that?"

Nate massaged his forehead with his thumb and index finger. "I have done something, but I'm afraid that it didn't work well as I expect."

At that moment, a man entered the office. He glanced at me for a second and then walked to my father.

"Mr. Lively, Charles has been diligently picking up Scarlett in person recently. Not only that, but she's often with people, so we can't find an opportunity to do it."

Nate's face darkened upon hearing the man's report.

"Are you going to do something to Scarlett again?" I snorted.

"It's none of your business," Nate coldly replied.

"Dad, what's so good about that bitch anyway? Why do you like her?"

I really could not understand why that woman was popular among men. Even my father was infatuated with her so much.

"Charles will be yours as long as Scarlett is with me," Nate snickered.

"You can sleep with any woman, just not Scarlett!"

"Why?"

"Because she stole my man. How can I accept her as my stepmother? Dad, wake up! There are plenty of fish in the sea. I don't care if you like young girls, but I don't like her for you. I fucking hate her!"

I was enraged. Why did Scarlett always come to haunt me?

When I got home that day, I turned on the TV and happened to see the news about Charles's wedding. Apparently, he had bought an island in which his wedding ceremony had been held and named it after Scarlett.

Why was it her again?!

Jealousy and resentment washed over me. I could literally feel anger surging in my veins. In a fit of anger, I threw my glass of water to the floor, and it shattered into a million pieces.

I swore to myself I would make that bitch lose everything tonight.

[Chapter 155 I Will Destroy Everything You Love](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After I got off work, I had dinner with Nina. Then, Charles called me.

"I have an important meeting tonight. Make sure not to go to the bar alone, you hear me? Otherwise, I'm going to be worried about you. Once I'm done with work, I'll go with you."

"Don't worry about it. I can handle Rita's devious little trickeries," I said.

"I'll ask Spencer to look after you," said Charles.

"Relax, I can protect myself. But I did notice this one guy following me around," I replied, sounding curious.

"Are you okay?" Charles asked worriedly.

"I am. He was just staring at me in the distance, but I could sense that he's up to no good." What happened this morning flashed through my mind again.

"Alright. I'll have someone look into it. Don't go out alone for the next few days. I'll pick you up after work," Charles reminded.

"Got it," I answered.

Afterwards, Charles gave me a few more reminders before hanging up.

Rita's POV:

I arrived at the place that Scarlett and I had agreed upon. I waited for nearly an hour, but she still hadn't shown up.

Meanwhile, sitting on the sofa across me was Liam. "If something happens to Scarlett, you're likely to lose everything," he said.

I sneered, picked up the glass on the table and swiveled it around. "Just watch the show, Liam. You'll enjoy it."

"I hope so,"

Liam remarked before gulping down his glass of wine.

Then, I noticed Spencer and smiled at him. "Spencer! Come over here and have a drink with me."

Upon hearing my voice, he said something to the people around him, and then walked towards me.

Spencer frowned and took the glass in my hand. "You shouldn't drink too much. Otherwise, you might wreck my place because of inebriation."

I pointed at the bottles of wine on the table and suggested, "If you drink all of them, I promise not to drink anymore."

Spencer stared at me, seemingly in thought. And sure enough, he gulped down all the liquor on the table.

"I'll ask someone to escort you home." Having said that, Spencer glanced at Liam as the latter sat beside me.

"Don't bother. I'm waiting for Scarlett. I'll leave after my chat with her," I said, politely refusing his kindness.

Spencer stared at me in silence for a time before he stood up and sighed. Before he left, he turned around and said, "Don't cause any trouble."

With that, he shook his head, supported himself up using the wall, and staggered away.

"What was in that wine?" Liam asked curiously.

"Nothing you should worry about. I just wanted to get him out of the way," I answered.

"Damn! You're a bold woman, aren't you? You even drugged Spencer for this plan." Liam chuckled.

At this moment, I heard a noise coming from outside.

Liam stood up and walked to the door, intending to see what was happening.

However, I stopped him. "Don't move, Liam. Just sit down and enjoy the show."

Confused, Liam looked at me, but then he sat back and obliged.

Soon, the noise outside had stopped. I stood up and went out. There was a woman lying in a pool of blood. Based on her figure, I believed it to be Scarlett. My heart was filled with excitement at the thought of seeing her lifeless husk.

'Is she finally dead!

Is this man-stealer finally dead for real?' I wondered.

I elbowed my way through the crowd and rushed to the woman lying motionless on the ground. Pretending to be worried, I called out Scarlett's name.

"Miss, is she your friend?" asked the medical staff.

When I took a closer look, I was disappointed to know that it wasn't Scarlett.

"No," I answered coldly.

Thus, I got up and looked around. It was then that I noticed Scarlett standing amidst the crowd and greeting me with a smile.

"Are you looking for me, Rita?" she asked.

Seeing Scarlett's annoying smile quickly got on my nerves. I felt a nagging feeling at the back of my head and it gave me a headache.

'This... is impossible! This can't be happening!' I cursed inwardly. 'I arranged so many people to ambush her here just to teach this damn woman a lesson! Why on earth is she still standing in front of me, safe and sound? Argh! Fuck! Those fucking pathetic imbeciles! They can't even deal with a woman!'

"When did you get here?" I asked, casting her a cold glance.

"Probably before you got here. Thanks to you, I watched something interesting. I'm curious. You seem concerned about that girl who just got beaten up," Scarlett remarked with a smile.

"I didn't expect you to enjoy watching stuff like that," I answered indirectly.

There were police cars arriving not far away. I couldn't let anyone know that I had arranged those mercenaries, so I quickly turned around and went back into the bar.

Scarlett followed me in and stood in front of me. "Give me my mother's earring."

"What earring? Oh, I remember! Sorry, Scarlett, It's gone." I flashed her a grin.

Upon seeing how pale Scarlett's face was, I was over the moon.

"By the way, did I ever tell you that I found your mother's earring in my father's study? Isn't that strange? Do you think they were hiding a secret? Is it possible that we're actually half-sister?" I broke into a gaudy laughter.

Scarlett picked up the glass of wine on the table and splashed it onto my face. "You'd better watch your mouth, you piece of shit!"

I couldn't avoid it in time, so the wine was splashed all over my face.

'This bitch! How dare she splash wine on me?' I exclaimed inwardly.

I wanted to fight back, but I knew it wasn't the right time.

Thus, I just wiped away the liquid on my face and cast her a glare.

I could tell that Scarlett was furious. And seeing her this angry made me a little happy.

"What? Why did you get angry so easily? Did I guess it right? Your mother is a whore! And you deserve

to be a whore's daughter. Your entire family revels in seducing men everywhere!"

The more I spoke, the more delight I felt. All of a sudden, I felt a burning sensation on my cheek. Scarlett actually slapped me across the face!

"Hand over the earring. God damn it!" Scarlett growled at me.

"I already threw it away. And I'll have you know that I'm going to destroy everything you want and love!"

I picked up a piece of tissue on the table and used it to wipe my face. As I stared at Scarlett's furious face distorted by anger, I was even happier.

"You're the one who hired someone to kill me, weren't you? That car accident?" Scarlett asked tentatively.

I raised an eyebrow at her and didn't answer the question.

"Did you also hire someone to sneak into my apartment and have me killed?" she asked again.

Despite her insistence, I still didn't answer.

"So, you asked me out tonight just to kill me, didn't you? Those people who were lurking out there were supposed to kill me, but they mistook that girl for me. If I hadn't arrived earlier than you did, I would've been sent to the hospital on an ambulance right now!"

'Scarlett is telling the truth. But even if she knows about the truth, what can she even do to me?'

"Alas, you have the devil's luck. Those useless pricks can't even handle one simple task. I wasted so much money on those imbeciles! But, since you're already here, I'm not going to let you walk away safely!"

Step by step, I approached Scarlett. She was pregnant right now, so all I had to do was to shove her hard enough, and it would make her lose that baby. And once that stupid baby was gone, Charles would never be with her again!

Suddenly, Scarlett grabbed something from her pocket. The next moment, I saw her holding a knife to my throat.

The edge of the knife was so close to my skin that I could feel the coldness of its steel, and it rendered me frozen in fear.

"Hand over the God damn earring or I'm going to cut your neck open with this knife!" From the sound of Scarlett's voice, I could tell that she wasn't joking. Fear quickly consumed me.

"Liam, I..." I looked to Liam, pleading for help in a trembling voice.

However, he just looked at Scarlett with agitation. And out of the blue, the door opened up at that moment.

[Chapter 156 Separation Again](#)

Charles' POV:

I rushed to the bar as soon as the meeting was over. The moment I walked in, I saw Scarlett holding a fruit knife to Rita's neck.

Looking at me in horror, Rita screamed, "Charles, help me!"

I grabbed Scarlett's hand which was holding the knife, and said softly, "Scarlett, put down the knife. I'll take care of everything, okay?"

Although she still seemed to be angry, she agreed with a nod.

Taking the knife from her hand, I pulled her behind me.

The next second, Rita fell to the floor, gasping for air as she covered her bleeding neck.

"You sent someone to slit Scarlett's throat last time, and now, she has given you a taste of your own medicine. It's even now," I said coldly.

"But you saved me..."

"I only saved you for Scarlett's sake," I said bluntly, interrupting her.

Rita looked at me in disbelief. "So it really doesn't matter to you whether I live or die, huh? Why do you have to be so cruel to me? You were once mine, and I should be your woman!"

Holding Scarlett's hand warmly, I glared at Rita and hissed, "The woman I love is Scarlett!"

"I am just making a fool of myself here then, right?" Rita asked with tears rolling down her swollen cheeks.

"Yes, you are," I answered without hesitation.

"No, that's not right. It can't be..." Rita shouted.

Richard suddenly walked in and said in a respectful tone, "I have handled the people outside."

I gave him a nod and turned to Rita, only to find her expression darken.

I then reached out my hand to her, and said, "Give me Scarlett's mom's earring."

Rita reluctantly took out the earring from her bag and slammed it against the table.

"Don't do such stupid things ever again. I won't let it slide easily if it happens again," I warned her.

With panic and hatred in her eyes, she looked at me before she left.

Everyone else also walked out of the room, leaving me and Scarlett alone.

"Why did you bring a fruit knife with you?" I asked, holding Scarlett.

"Were you worried that I might kill Rita?" she asked in a low voice.

"No, I was actually afraid that you might end up hurting yourself by accident," I explained at once.

Upon hearing that, Scarlett turned to me with a faint smile on her lips.

"I am still not sure about one thing, though. Who is more important to you? Is it Rita or is it me?"

"She saved my life back then. And later, she was diagnosed with cancer. The doctor told me that if she was emotionally stable, she would likely recover sooner. Everything I did back then was to return her favor." With that, I let out a helpless sigh.

"But... I only care about you now."

Scarlett buried her head in my chest and said, "Men are such smooth-talkers, aren't they?"

Just when I was about to say something to her, Spencer walked in, making me angry.

"Didn't I ask you to take good care of Scarlett? Where have you been?"

"Rita drugged my wine with some sleeping pill. If you don't believe me, you can ask Vivian," Spencer explained guiltily, pointing at the woman next to him.

"Well, it is true. His blood does contain ingredients that are commonly found in most sleeping pills," Vivian answered with a nod.

"Who is she?" Scarlett asked in confusion.

"She is Vivian, Spencer's private doctor. She is specialized in all kinds of knotty and miscellaneous diseases."

After the brief introduction, Scarlett greeted Vivian with a smile.

"So is something wrong with Spencer?" Scarlett asked with a smile, looking at me.

"He has many problems." Saying that, I glared at Spencer before I grabbed Scarlett's hand and walked out of there.

The next morning, Scarlett was going to attend her training course, so I put aside all my work and boarded the flight with her.

As soon as we arrived at the apartment that we rented temporarily, I put away the suitcase and asked her to rest.

"You're here with me. What's going to happen to your work?" Scarlett asked me with a smug smile, even though she knew my answer.

I couldn't help but caress her hair as I said, "To me, my work is never as important as you. Don't forget to video call me every day, and don't turn off your phone, or I will be really worried, okay?"

With that, I walked to the fridge and placed the food that I bought inside it.

All of a sudden, I felt her embracing me warmly from behind, and I stayed silent.

I then turned around and held her. "What's the matter?"

"I don't want you to leave. I hate being away from you," Scarlett said in muffled voice as she rubbed her nose against my chest.

"I'll come to see you next weekend, then," I said with a helpless sigh as I hugged her tightly.

She nestled in my arms like a little kitten.

"Why can't you go back with me? I'll miss you a lot if you stay here alone." I traced my fingers over her body while hugging her tightly. "Scarlett, look, even my body doesn't want to be away from yours."

I then seductively nibbled on her earlobe, making her tremble. But I stopped teasing her because I knew that she would be exhausted from the long flight.

"I'll take you to bed so you can rest."

Hearing that, Scarlett nodded obediently.

After tucking her in, I lay down with her and held her in my arms. "I'll sleep with you. Close your eyes."

But then she kept nudging my groin with her butt restlessly, and my penis became hard at once.

She was like a siren, who could easily arouse me.

I turned over and pressed her under my body. "If you don't want to sleep, then we can do something we both love."

Scarlett immediately raised her hand in surrender. "I'll go to sleep right now!"

[Chapter 157 Don't Ask For Trouble](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles spent the night with me and went back the following day.

Every day, I video called Charles just to tell him how much I missed him.

A few days later, I suddenly received a photo from a colleague back in the country.

In the photo, Charles was drinking with a female star named Lily at a bar.

During our video call, Charles told me that he was busy, but it turned out that he was just fooling around with a female star.

In the afternoon, he gave me a call, but I didn't answer it.

Not long after, Nina came in with her phone in hand. She pointed at the screen and mouthed Charles' name.

I asked Nina to hang up.

However, Charles refused to give up. He called me over ten times in a row, so my heart softened.

Once the call connected, I heard his worried voice.

"Is your phone out of power? Why weren't you answering your phone?"

I just pouted at him and said nothing.

"That photo was an accident. I swear, I didn't touch her at all!" Charles took the initiative to explain about the photo.

"Don't fool around with women while I'm not back at home. Otherwise, I'm not going to answer your calls ever again," I said angrily.

"I won't allow something like that to happen again," Charles answered with glee.

Charles' POV:

After I explained the photo to Scarlett, I found out that she was indeed jealous, but I was relieved to know that she eventually chose to trust me.

In the evening, Spencer and David asked me to meet them at the club.

Spencer approached me and smirked. "So, what happened, dude? Did your wife give you an earful?" he bantered.

"Scarlett trusts me," I said, casting him a cold glance.

"Oh, really now? Then why didn't she answer your calls even after you called her more than ten times? You were so anxious that you almost flew abroad overnight!" Spencer continued making fun of me.

This time, I glared at him. "You know, Spencer, nobody will think you're dumb if you don't speak."

Spencer looked at me with curiosity. "While we're on the subject, do you really not know that woman?"

"You must really want to die, don't you, Spencer?" I said through gritted teeth.

Upon seeing how angry I was, Spencer finally clammed up.

"That Lily never really rose to fame for years. To be honest, I didn't expect she'd become so popular just after drinking with you," David said with a chuckle.

Right after he said that, a beautiful woman appeared at the entrance of the club. Upon seeing that it was Lily, I was immediately vigilant.

"Mr. Moore, what a coincidence to see you here!"

Lily came over to greet me, but I pretended not to notice her.

"You're Lily, right? Come, have a seat with us." Spencer gestured for her to sit down. I cast him a glare but didn't utter a word.

"Do you two think that Lily and Scarlett kind of look alike?" Spencer asked, glancing at me and David.

"You know what? Their eyes do look similar," David commented.

"No, Scarlett's eyes are bigger. They're rounder and brighter than hers!" I said proudly.

There was no way she could even hold a candle to my wife.

"Well, yeah. How could I even compete with Mrs. Moore?" Embarrassed, Lily raised her glass and changed the topic. "Mr. Moore, I'd like to propose a toast to you."

"No, thanks. We're not that close," I refused without a second thought.

I took out my phone and texted Scarlett. "Honey, Lily is trying to cotton up to me again."

A moment later, Scarlett replied, "I'll interview a male star some other day."

In a fit of rage, I texted back, "Don't you dare! I'll hack that stupid male star of yours into pieces and feed him to the dogs!"

I was waiting for Scarlett's response, when I suddenly sensed that someone was approaching. I raised my head and saw that Lily was wearing a long face.

"Mr. Moore, I..."

"Can you stay away from me? I am a married man and I love my wife," I snorted before standing up and walking away.

Spencer's POV:

Charles was no fun. David and I just looked at each other and sighed helplessly.

I picked up the glass of wine on the table and took a sip. "I'm not used to seeing Charles like this. He's so afraid of his wife."

"To be honest, I'm quite envious of him. He scares because he cares. It would be nice to have a person like that in your life." After saying that, David stood up, intending to leave.

"Oh, are you going to leave already?" I asked in surprise.

"Well, it's boring here, so it's better to just go home and get some sleep, man." David waved his hand and left.

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the private room became tense when only Lily and I were left in the room.

I smiled at her and said, "Let's drink."

"Do you mind telling me something about Charles?" she asked.

"Are you planning on sleeping with him?" I asked bluntly.

The look on Lily's face changed dramatically.

"Huh? What are you trying to say?" she asked, hurriedly taking a sip of wine.

I cast her a cold glance and said, "I meant that literally."

Seeing that she wasn't responding, I said, "You're not the first woman who attempted to sleep with him, and I'm sure you won't be the last. Do you happen to know Rita Lively?"

"I do know her," she replied.

"Look at how she ended up, Lily. Don't try to bite off more than you can chew." This time, I looked her in the eyes.

Lily stayed quiet for a long time, until she broke her silence with an exasperated sigh. "Sorry to have bothered you today. I'll be leaving now," she said.

"So, are you still planning on pestering Charles?"

"I won't ask for trouble again," Lily said after a brief pause.

Satisfied with her answer, I smiled and said nothing more.

Once Lily was gone, I was the only one left in the room.

It was then that I noticed a woman singing onstage with a mask on, and her voice sounded so familiar.

After the song, she went backstage. Not long after, I got up and followed her.

[Chapter 158 His Confession](#)

Spencer's POV:

Inside the backstage dressing room, the woman took off her mask. I was surprised to see a familiar face.

"Aren't you going to explain to me why you're suddenly singing here for money? Do I not pay you enough?" I asked angrily.

Vivian was my private doctor, and not to toot my own horn, I liked to believe that I compensated her well.

After a moment of silence, she smiled at me. "I do it for fun. Why are you so angry about it?"

I frowned at her and lowered my voice. "Why don't you just tell me the truth?"

Vivian looked into my eyes and said, "I am telling the truth."

"Vivian, don't make me ask again." I had drunk a lot, and I could feel my head throbbing with pain, so I was on edge. Naturally, one shouldn't expect that I'd be in the mood to speak kindly.

"Fine. You can just think that I need the extra money, and I am making some extra cash here," Vivian said in a relaxed tone.

"What are you trying to say? Speak clearer!" Her words only made me dizzy, and my patience was growing thin.

"I just need the money, okay? There's no other reason." Vivian smiled again, began to pack her stuff, and prepared to leave.

I immediately grabbed her wrist. "If you don't tell me what the real reason is right now, consider yourself fired!"

"Oh, you're going to fire me, huh? How would you like it if I tell everyone that you have feelings for Scarlett?" Vivian didn't seem afraid of me at all. She even had the guts to blackmail me.

"Argh, fine. How much cash do you need? I'll lend it to you."

Vivian raised two fingers. "I need two million dollars."

"Wait, you're actually singing in a bar for just million dollars? Are you insane?" With that, I turned around and began to walk away.

Vivian followed me around and said, "Two million dollars may not be a big deal for you, but it's an unbelievably huge amount for me. So, when are you going to lend me the money?"

"I already regret promising that," I growled and went straight to the driver's seat.

"Hey, hey, hey! You're too intoxicated to drive, you idiot! Just let me do it." Vivian pushed me to the passenger seat and smiled brightly.

Once we were in the car, I felt irritable. I wanted to call someone, but when I picked up my phone, I realized that I had no idea who to call. All of a sudden, I saw Scarlett's name on the contact list. I couldn't resist to press her number and dial it.

Soon, the call connected.

"Charles? I'm so sleepy." Judging by her lazy voice, Scarlett must indeed be sleepy.

"It's not Charles. This is Spencer," I said. Suddenly, I felt my heart began to beat faster.

"Spencer? Why are you calling me at this hour? It's so late. Did something happen to Charles?" Scarlett asked worriedly.

"Charles is fine. I just wanted to tell you that he really cares about you."

Truthfully, I was tempted to tell her that I also cared about her a lot.

"I know that already." Scarlett yawned.

"Anyway, that's all. Get some rest. Bye!"

Scarlett muttered something back to me, but I couldn't hear it clearly, and she soon hung up on me.

I stared at the screen of my phone until it turned off automatically. Then, I asked Vivian to drive me to Charles' house.

Charles' POV:

After I came back from the club, I took a shower and was ready to go to bed. All of a sudden, the doorbell rang.

Outside the door, I saw Spencer. He reeked of alcohol.

"What are you doing here, man?" I asked, frowning at him.

"Hey, Charles, I gotta tell you something, dude. I called Scarlett just now," Spencer stammered.

He was so hammered that he could barely keep himself standing while walking.

As I helped him in, I asked, "Why did you call her?"

"She's probably sleeping already. When she answered the phone, she called your name in a daze." Spencer seemed like he was dodging my question.

Afterwards, I threw him onto the sofa.

Sadly, Spencer rolled to the ground from the sofa, and held onto my thighs. "Charles, I'll be honest. I really like Scarlett. Every time I see her crying over you, I want to take her away, but she loves you so much. No matter how much I want her to come with me, she won't do it."

Annoyed, I gave him a kick. "Do you want to die, Spencer?"

"Scarlett, I love you so much," Spencer murmured as he kept holding onto my legs.

I really wanted to beat him up. 'How dare he covet my wife?'

In a fit of rage, I grabbed his collar and threw him onto the bed in the guest room. Afterwards, I turned around and marched away.

The following morning, while I was having breakfast, Spencer came out of the room with bedhead hair.

"God damn it... I was so drunk last night. Did I say anything weird?" he asked nervously.

I cast him an indifferent glance and replied, "Come here. Have some breakfast."

Spencer seemed agitated when he looked back at me.

"Clean up the table once you're done,"

I said before heading upstairs with a passive expression.

Once I was upstairs, I called Scarlett to ask her if she had really conducted an interview with a male star.

"Have you eaten breakfast yet?" Scarlett asked, changing the topic.

"I'd enjoy eating you more," I said with a tinge of disappointment.

"Bye!" Scarlett pretended to hang up.

"No, wait! Don't hang up, honey. I just really miss you."

"Well, I miss you, too." Scarlett smiled. "By the way, Spencer called me last night. What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing. He's just bored, I guess," I replied.

"Did he strike out on a girl or something?" Scarlett couldn't seem to resist the urge to gossip.

I didn't want to answer that, so I decided to talk about something else. "How's the baby? Did it make you suffer?"

"I had a B Ultrasound at the hospital yesterday. The baby is very healthy, and it hasn't troubled me one bit," she answered.

"It's almost the weekend. I'll come by to visit you," I responded.

"Sounds great!" Scarlett spoke with such glee. Hearing her voice swept away all the things that upset me the whole night, and alleviated my unhappiness.

After hanging up, I went downstairs and saw that Spencer was still having breakfast. "Let's go play tennis this afternoon."

"No, thanks. I can never win against you." Spencer looked like he was about to cry.

"You're coming whether you like it or not," I answered with a smirk. Afterwards, I ignored him for the rest of the day.

During the evening, Spencer and I played tennis.

After playing a few rounds, he was so tired that I could see that sweat was dripping from his hair.

I put down my racket and said, "Rest for a while."

Right after I said that, Spencer collapsed on the chair.

Just then, Scarlett video called me.

"Why does Spencer look so depressed?" she asked tentatively.

I glanced at him and scoffed. "He lost a tennis match, and he now doubts the meaning of his existence."

"Did he do something wrong? Why are you punishing him like that?" Scarlett looked at me, seemingly annoyed with me.

"Are you pleading for his case?" I asked, somewhat triggered.

"You shouldn't bully him."

I turned around and gave Spencer a friendly smile.

Spencer rushed towards me and put his face in front of the phone's camera. In horror, he said to Scarlett, "Scarlett, don't plead for me! The more you try to defend me, the more miserable I will be!"

Scarlett looked at me, suspicious of something. "Did you threaten him?" she said to Charles.

With a sincere smile, I swore, "As God as my witness, I didn't do anything to Spencer."

"Well, you two should enjoy your bonding. I need to deal with something. Gotta go!" Spencer responded. He smiled awkwardly and took this opportunity to slip away.

[Chapter 159 Scheme](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The weekend had finally come. I could not wait to finally see Charles.

I asked Amy for Charles's flight information in secret. Once I found out what time he would arrive, I went to the airport to surprise him.

We immediately spotted each other in the crowd.

The moment Charles saw me, he strode towards me with a big smile. "Why are you here?" he asked. He was ecstatic but, at the same time, confused.

"Surprised?" I asked back with a grin.

Charles kissed me on the forehead. "Yes, I am."

He took over all the housework after we got home.

Sitting on the sofa, I could not help but giggle at the sight of his busy figure in the kitchen. Happiness and contentment surged in my heart.

After dinner, we sat next to each other in the living room and watched TV.

I used his thighs as my pillow and let his fingers run through my hair.

All of a sudden, something crossed my mind. Spencer had called me a few days ago in the middle of the night, which perplexed me. At the thought of this, I looked up at Charles and asked, "Is there anything wrong with Spencer?"

"He's fine. He was just drunk. You don't have to answer his call in the future, especially in the middle of the night," Charles casually replied.

Even so, I sensed the jealousy in his voice, so I could not help but tease him. "Didn't you try to get me and Spencer together?"

"So you agreed at that time because I suggested it?"

I pretended not to see the displeasure on his face. "Well, I couldn't turn down your kindness."

Charles fell silent for a moment. "Grandma said she'd introduce you to someone," he glumly reasoned

out.

"So you asked Spencer to put on an act? What if he and I really got together?"

Charles looked down at me and smiled. "That won't happen. I won't ever let you go."

Satisfied, I rubbed my face in his hand like a kitten.

When I awoke the next morning, Charles was nowhere to be seen. I stared at the ceiling for a long time, wondering if what had happened last night was just a dream. Afraid it was only an illusion, I hurriedly lifted the quilt and ran downstairs.

Charles was in the living room. His eyes fell on my bare feet, and a frown appeared on his face at the sight of them. "Why didn't you put on some slippers when you got out of the bed?"

I stood at the top of the stairs for a while, just staring at him. Once I got ahold of myself, I turned around and laughed at myself for being paranoid.

Now with shoes on my feet, I went downstairs and ate the breakfast Charles had prepared.

He even cleaned the dishes after we ate. What a gentleman. "Honey, I'm afraid I have to go back to the company now. I have some emergency to deal with."

I was disheartened when I heard that Charles had to leave so soon.

Without a word, I walked into the kitchen and hugged him from behind. "I'll drive you to the airport," I offered in a muffled voice.

Charles turned around and hugged me back. "I can go by myself. You should rest here instead."

However, I held his waist tighter and remained stubborn. "But I want to see you off."

Charles stared at me for a moment. Then, with a helpless sigh, he nodded.

"I'll come back next weekend to see you. Don't worry. I'll stay here a little longer. Take good care of yourself while I'm gone, okay?" he gently said while holding me in his arms.

"I will." I leaned against his chest and listened to his heartbeat.

"Me too, honey. I want to be with you all the time."

I kissed him on the chin. "See you next weekend."

Dissatisfied, Charles held my chin with his thumb and index finger and kissed me on the lips.

I knew he hated not being able to be with me all the time. His kiss explained it all. It was soft yet passionate. I was infatuated with his tenderness.

Sadly, Charles had to leave soon. In the airport, we kissed for a moment just before he was about to board the plane. Albeit reluctant, he had no choice but to let me go.

I went shopping with Nina in the afternoon.

While we were at a men's boutique, I bumped into someone I least wanted to see.

It was Rita. It seemed that she, too, was surprised to see me. Behind her was Lily, a female star and the woman Charles had had an 'affair' with a few days ago.

With a smile, Lily walked over to me and reached out her hand. "Hello, Scarlett!" she greeted.

I merely spared her a glance. I did not greet her back, nor did I shake hands with her.

"Scarlet, about that matter... It was a just a misunderstanding."

"I still haven't forgotten about it," I replied crossly.

Lily's face darkened.

Rita butted in and remarked, "You're so narrow-minded!"

Nina stepped forward to defend my honor and sneered, "How dare you say that? Don't you know that you're the most narrow-minded woman I've ever known?"

"You..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Rita clutched her chest and looked at Nina and me with a pale face. Then, her eyes rolled backwards, and she fainted right before our eyes.

"What happened?" Nina asked, confused.

"Just let her be," I coldly said and then pulled Nina's hand away from the scene without looking back.

As soon as I got home, I saw, on the Internet, a photo of Rita fainting. I was also there in the photo, which caused heated discussions online.

In a fit of anger, Nina, who was sitting right next to me, smashed her phone on the table. "What the hell is wrong with her? How I wish I could tear that bitch's disguise and make people see her true color!"

"It's just an old trick of hers," I said with a smile.

"Damn it!"

Just then, my phone rang. It was Alice, video-calling me. I answered the call at once.

"Scarlett, if Rita bullies you, don't just swallow her insult. Fight back! We're here for you," she said on the other end of the line.

"It's okay, Mom. Don't worry. I've kept in mind what she has done. I won't let her go."

"I'm going to use public opinion to deal with her. She can't get away with it this time." Alice comforted me. With that, she hung up the phone without waiting for my response.

Just as I put my phone down, it rang yet again. But this time, it was Rita.

"What now?" I impatiently asked.

"Let's talk in person regarding the picture circulating online. Why don't we reconcile before things get too ugly?" Rita casually said.

Nina and I exchanged a meaningful glance and smiled.

"Sure. Send me the time and place."

I hung up the phone as soon as I finished speaking.

Beside me, Nina asked with a frown, "What does she want to do now?"

"She said she wants to reconcile with me," I said with a shrug.

"Reconcile? I don't think so. Though, I have no idea what trick she has up her sleeve. You know what? I'll go with you. Who knows what that crazy woman will do?"

"Thank you," I thanked her from the bottom of my heart when I saw how worried she was about me.

In the evening, I went to the club Rita had said.

Her friends were also there. The private room they had rented was spacious and lively.

When I entered the room, everyone fell silent, and all eyes fell on me.

"What is she doing here? Is she here to apologize?" someone sarcastically asked.

As soon as that person finished speaking, everyone laughed disdainfully at me.

"Rita invited me here," I calmly said.

However, my ears rang when I heard what Rita said next. "As far as I can remember, I never invited you."

I snorted in disdain. How dare she humiliate me like this?

[Chapter 160 Got Into Trouble Through Clever Means](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I took a step forward and played the recording on my phone.

Hearing that, Rita blushed with embarrassment.

"What? Didn't you say that you want to reconcile with me?" I asked, looking down on her.

Rita cleared her throat and said, "I probably mixed up the time by mistake. Anyway, now that you're here, let's talk."

She then poured me a glass of water and handed it to me. "Here, have some water. We'll bury the hatchet and become friends again, okay?"

"I don't feel like drinking water now. My stomach doesn't feel too good," I replied with a smile.

The next second, the crowd began to grumble. "You're such a narrow-minded woman! Rita has taken the initiative to make peace with you, and yet, you're being unreasonably mean to her."

"Well, that's just how I am. What can you do about it?" I admitted frankly.

All of a sudden, I heard a voice dripping with sarcasm. "Scarlett is not as simple-minded as we thought her to be. She seduced Charles, got pregnant with his child, and forced him to hold a wedding ceremony. She is really..."

"Vicious?" I interrupted him, and finished his sentence.

Subconsciously, I touched the diamond ring on my finger with a smile.

"Is that your wedding ring? It looks so plain. Do you remember the ring that Charles bought for Rita? That ring was worth millions of dollars, but still he did not take it back from her even after they broke up," someone in the crowd sneered.

"Well, that is true. The diamond in Scarlett's ring is indeed smaller than the one in mine, and it lacks in

luster," Rita chimed in.

"Oh, yes. This simple ring is just like its vicious owner. It looks like Charles did not put so much thoughts when he selected your ring..." a group cried out, and Rita's words were also becoming harsher and harsher as she continued to chime with them.

"What a group of bitches!" Nina muttered, standing beside me.

"What did you just say? Who is the bitch here?" a red-haired woman asked.

"The one who's talking to me right now," Nina said, showing her middle finger at the woman.

"Damn you! You're courting death!" The red-haired woman stood up angrily, but a person next to her pulled her back.

"Stop arguing. Charles might have just randomly picked that ring because he was busy with something else, something more important of course." Rita was trying to act like she was being kind.

"Even though you two have broken up, you're still wearing the ring that he gave you. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Nina asked sarcastically.

"I just wanted to wear it because whenever I look at it, I am reminded of the time that Charles and I spent together," Rita said in an aggrieved tone, lowering her head.

"I'm afraid you won't be able to keep it anymore," I said with a smile.

Suddenly, someone in the crowd questioned, "Do you want to take the ring back, then?"

"Anything that Charles has given Rita has become our common property since I am married to him now," I said calmly.

"Do you still want to take away their common property even though you were just a mistress? But if you're still not convinced, then we can take this to the court. I am sure that Scarlett will win the case," Nina sneered.

"A mistress?" Everyone looked at Rita inquisitively.

"I was not a mistress! Even Scarlett knew that Charles wanted to marry me!" Rita explained at once.

"You tried to destroy their relationship even though you knew that Charles was a married man. What do you think that makes you, if not a mistress?" Nina hissed.

"What does this mean, Scarlett? I came here to make peace with you, but you brought your friend along to humiliate me?" Rita asked angrily.

"She was only stating the fact, right?" I asked casually.

"I've recorded our conversation, and if you don't return the ring like I advised you to, then I will post the recording online and expose you as the mistress," Nina warned with a smile.

"How dare you!" Rita stomped her foot furiously.

"You leave me with no choice, then."

Just when we were about to leave, someone rushed over to us and stopped me. "Hand over the recording!"

"That's right. Hand over the recording. Don't take this too far!" Everyone was glaring at me.

Nina and I were completely unmoved as we exchanged glances.

Seeing that, everyone rushed towards us to snatch the phone from us.

The red-haired woman grabbed my arm and yanked me back. Nina stepped in front of me to protect me before she slapped the woman hard across her face.

The woman let out a scream before she took a step back, covering her cheek.

"Scarlett is pregnant, and if you still value your life, then you'd better not lay a finger on her!" Nina warned the woman, biting her lip with a scarily cold look in her eyes.

Rita forced a smile and said, "Scarlett, hand over the recording."

"And why would I do that?" I asked sarcastically.

Upon hearing that, Rita's expression darkened.

"Go get her!" The moment she gave the order, her friends gathered around me.

Nina protected me as we carefully retreated to a corner. She then grabbed the bottle on the table and smashed it on the ground. "If you dare to take another step, then I will end you all!"

While everyone was staring at us in shock, several men dressed in black stormed in.

I then saw Charles walking towards me.

Rita quickly passed through the crowd and grabbed his hand. "Charles, you're finally here! Scarlett was trying to take back the ring you gave me, and she even called me a mistress!"

"Let go off me." Charles shook off her hand rudely and continued, "I've already warned you not to make any trouble for my wife..."

"No, Charles. I just wanted to..."

Charles completely ignored her, walked up to me, and asked in a concerned voice, "Which one was it that hurt you?"

I pointed at the woman with red hair. With a frown, Charles ordered his bodyguard to break her hand.

He then grabbed my hand and escorted me out.

"Why are your hands so cold?" he asked coldly.

"Well, since you're here now, I don't feel cold at all."

Hearing that, he quickly took off his coat and put it over my shoulders.

I smiled at him as I let him gently rub my hands together. He then held my waist and walked me outside.

"Why did you come here all of a sudden?" I asked in surprise.

"I saw the news, and I was worried about you. But I still have some work to do at the company, so I will have to leave soon." Saying that, Charles covered my hands gently.

He then added with a frown, "This place is not safe for you, so I'd have to come here to keep you company."

I shook my head and said, "I don't want to delay your work."

After thinking for a few moments, he said, "Then I want you to come back with me."

"The training will be over soon. It's just going to be a little while. I can't let all the effort I put in until now go to waste, right?" I said, looking into his eyes.

"What is more important to you, me or the training?" Charles pouted, looking at me.

I held his hand and kissed his chin like a spoiled child. "Of course, you are more important to me. Once I finish the training, I won't have to go abroad again, but if I go back with you now, then I'll have to come back here again in the future to finish this training program after all."

Charles snorted and kept silent. I was relieved to see that he was not trying to persuade me anymore.

Rita's POV:

"Why do you take us as your pawns? We have always considered you as a good friend!" Lisa roared at me.

"Yes! We offended Charles because of you. Do you even know what that means? If he decides to take revenge on us, then our families will also be doomed! And it will all be your fault!"

"We came here for you, and since you're the reason things ended so badly for us, aren't you at least going to try to make it up to us?"

My friends started criticizing me the moment Scarlett and Charles left.

"Why don't you give it to us in writing that you were the mastermind behind all of this?" Lisa retorted with a frown.

"No!" I refused without hesitation.

"You must, or are you planning on continuing to drag us down with you? Do you even think of us as your friends?"

As soon as she finished her words, everyone else turned to me with a righteous look in their eyes. "Yes! Hurry up and give it to us in writing that the whole thing had nothing to do with us."

"No, I can't do that," I refused again, shaking my head. My heart was filled with hatred for those artful weathercocks.

"You can't? Fine. Don't blame us for being rude later, then." Saying that, Lisa gestured for the person next to her to take out her phone and record a video.

I tried to grab the phone, but Lisa stopped me.

"You have helped Charles before, so he is not going to hurt you. It's not going to be a big deal for you to give a statement like that."

As soon as Lisa uttered those words, everyone turned to me with burning rage in their eyes.

I stepped back guiltily and slumped to the sofa.

"Write it." Lisa threw a pen and a piece of paper in front of me while looking down at me.

After hesitating for a moment, I grabbed the pen.

"Hurry up. You don't need to write a story, just mention the truth," someone urged me, seeing that I

was a little hesitant.

Gritting my teeth, I wrote what they wanted, and after I was done, they took the paper from me and left with satisfaction.

Lily and I were the only ones left behind. She walked to me and sat down next to me.

"Actually, I think it's going to be a piece of cake to make Scarlett suffer," Lily said to me with a smile as she took a sip of the wine.