

Warning 161

[Chapter 161 Gossip](#)

Scarlett's POV:

A few days had passed since that incident, and while I was enjoying the short span of peace, something happened again.

Charles was involved in a scandal again.

According to the news reports, Lily would star in a new film, and Charles' company was the investor of the film. And people were becoming more curious about the relationship between them because of what happened before.

While I was watching the news, the doorbell rang all of a sudden.

When I opened the door, I saw Rita standing outside.

"What's up?" I asked coldly.

"I already warned you that you will also be facing Charles' ruthlessness one day. How does it feel to know that your husband is involved with another woman?" Rita said with a smug smile.

"Not bad at all," I replied with an indifferent shrug.

"Lily slept with Charles," Rita said with a smile, staring at me.

"Were you there when it happened?" I asked with a smile.

Hearing that, she handed me a photo of Lily and Charles entering a hotel. "If you don't believe me, then you should take a look at this."

I casually glanced at it and commented, "It's a great photo, very high-definition, but I am afraid Charles is not as photogenic as you'd expect him to be."

"Crazy bitch!" Rita spat in anger before she turned around and walked out of there.

Looking at her receding figure, I frowned. Although I believed my husband, I would be lying if I said that I was not concerned.

As the thought lingered in my mind, I decided to book a flight back.

Charles' POV:

That afternoon, while David, Spencer, and I were playing tennis, we bumped into Lily.

"Would you like to play tennis with me?" she asked with a smile.

"No, let's go." I tossed my racket away and walked out of there at once.

But later that evening when we went to a bar for some drinks, we ran into her again.

She was so annoying!

"Would you like to have a drink with me?" Asking me with a smile, she was about to sit down next to me.

"Fuck off!" I said irritably, looking down at the wine in my glass.

However, Lily continued to smile at me as she said awkwardly, "I'm really bored all alone. Can't you let me have one drink with you?"

"If you feel that lonely, then you should go and find yourself a gigolo. Stop pestering me," I retorted coldly before I finished my wine.

Stunned by my words, Lily left, holding her wineglass.

"Did you have sex with her or not?" David asked in a curious tone as soon as she walked away.

"What do you think?" I asked him flatly, glancing at him.

"Well, aren't you worried that Scarlett might misunderstand you?"

"A clean hand wants no washing. Besides, Scarlett is not that narrow-minded."

That evening, I had a lot to drink, so I felt quite dizzy on my way home.

I wanted to talk to my wife over a video call, but she did not answer.

I could not help but frown when my call was ignored.

I figured that she must be busy with her classes as it was daytime in her place.

But I felt a little upset when I thought that she must really consider her training program to be more important than me.

And the longer I dwelled on that thought, the more upset it made me feel. I tossed my phone on the table casually and fell asleep on the couch.

When I woke up the next morning, a sharp headache because of the hangover jolted me back to reality.

I sat up, holding my head between my palms when I noticed a bag on the armchair next to me.

It was Scarlett's bag!

Seeing that, I rushed upstairs with joy.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles' hurried footsteps and the sound of the door opening woke me up. When I opened my eyes, all I could see was his smile.

"When did you come back?" he asked, looking at me.

"Last night. I thought you'd be home." Clearly, I was a little unhappy.

"Well, I did come home last night, but I did not know that you were upstairs, so I slept in the living room," Charles explained at once.

"I am still a bit sleepy, so I want to rest a while longer. Can you please go out now?"

I tossed over and was about to go back to sleep when Nina called me.

"Scarlett, the Internet is in an uproar. Go and check it out," she said in a fit of panic.

After I hung up, I checked the news, only to find photos of Charles and Lily at the tennis court and in a bar.

Without saying a word, I put my phone in front of him.

"I am gonna kill those paparazzi!" Charles roared.

With a tender look in his eyes, he turned to me and added, "They're all wrong! They've misunderstood what was going on. I promise to treat you to a nice dinner tonight to apologize, okay?"

Ignoring him, I put down my phone, and went back to sleep.

After the nap, I felt much better, but deep down, I was contemplating how I was going to deal with Charles that night.

It was almost dinnertime when he finally called me and said, "I am so sorry. This meeting is taking longer than I expected, so I am afraid that I might not be able to pick you up. So I am sending my driver to pick

you up and drive you to the restaurant."

"Okay," I replied, sulking. I was obviously still mad at him.

When I arrived at the restaurant, Charles was still not there yet, but I happened to meet Abner.

"You're back?" he asked happily.

"Well, I came back last night." I smiled at him as I nodded.

"Didn't Charles come with you?" Abner seemed to be confused.

"He has a meeting. He should be here soon," I said with a smile.

"Then would you like to have a drink with me first?" Abner suggested with a smile.

I nodded.

After that, we settled on the bar counter and each ordered a drink. He went to the restroom after we chatted for a while, but he did not come back for a long time.

Seeing that, I was a little worried, so I called him.

"Scarlett, well..." I felt that his voice sounded a little strange over the phone.

"Abner, are you okay?" I asked in a worried tone.

"I'm... Well... I'm fine. You should go and have dinner with Charles first. I... There's something that I have to deal with." Saying that, he hung up.

However, I was still worried about him, so I got up and walked to the bathroom to find him.

"Abner, are you there?" I called out to him as I stood outside the bathroom door.

The next moment, a hand suddenly reached out and pulled me in.

"Abner? Are you all right?" Only when I saw him I was able to breathe a sigh of relief.

However, what happened next stunned me. He held my hand and massaged it gently. His eyes seemed to be a bit blurry and his face was flushed.

'Damn it! He's drugged!'

I tried to go and look for a doctor, but he held my hand tightly and would not let me go.

"Abner, let go of me. I'll go and find you a doctor." I tried take my hand away, but it was all in vain.

"Scarlett, I like you so much. I really do," Abner said in a daze before he leaned on me.

I immediately came to my senses and was about to push him away when I saw the door being kicked open from the outside.

[Chapter 162 The Most Important Thing In Marriage](#)

Scarlett's POV:

A group of people with cameras rushed in. Judging from the cameras in their hands and excitement in their faces, they were reporters.

So they would not be able to take pictures of my face, Abner put his hand on my head and held me in his arms.

"Why is this gentleman holding Mrs. Moore? Mister, what's your relationship with Mrs. Moore? How long have you been together? Does Mr. Moore know about you two?" a reporter asked.

"Mrs. Moore, are you here on a date with this gentleman? Does Mr. Moore know about this?" another queried.

These people kept asking me malicious questions. In a fit of anger, I broke away from Abner's arms and stared at them with a fierce gaze.

"Stop inventing stories, or else I will sue you for slander!" I bellowed.

"Mrs. Moore, are you guilty about something? Could you tell us your relationship with this gentleman?" The reporters did not seem to care about my warning.

I protected my belly with my hands and took a step back away from the mob of reporters. However, they were unwilling to give up. They continued to aim the cameras at my face and took pictures of me without consent. The flashing lights were so dazzling that I could not open my eyes or else risk getting blind.

While I was at a loss, Abner reached out his hand and pulled me. I raised my head, and my eyes happened to meet Charles's.

He stood out there and pursed his lips tightly. I could not figure out what he was thinking right now.

The cameras suddenly shifted from my face to his. The faces of the reporters lit up in excitement as they realized how big this news would be. "Mr. Moore, are you aware that your wife is having a tryst with another man?"

Charles did not answer the reporter's question and just held out his palm to cover the camera.

Without a word, he walked to me, grabbed my hand, and looked at the group of reporters with a stone cold expression.

"Whoever releases this news will be facing the consequences!" he warned.

The reporters fell silent at once. Although reluctant, they had no choice but to put away their cameras and leave.

With a frown, Charles pulled me from Abner's arms. However, I grabbed his wrist and anxiously said, "Charles, wait..."

He stopped in his tracks and looked at me expressionlessly.

"Can you find a doctor for Abner?" I asked in a low voice.

"You really care about him, do you?" Charles let out a snort and added, "Don't worry. I've arranged a doctor for him."

Unexpectedly, we bumped into Lily on the way out.

"Oh my! Charles, what a coincidence! I didn't expect you to be here. What happened back there?" Lily asked with a cunning smile.

"Fuck off!" Charles roared. His cold voice sent a chill down Lily's spine.

"Fine, fine. I won't bother you anymore." Lily smiled awkwardly. With that, she turned around to leave.

But before she could take a step, I hurried to stop her. "Wait!"

Lily froze for a second. Then, she turned around and looked at me with a frown.

Charles held my hand and explained to me, "I really have nothing to do with her."

However, I did not even spare him a glance. Instead, I looked at Lily in the eye and said in a serious tone, "Let's talk,"

Charles did not stop us. We three went to an empty room to talk in private.

"What's the deal with you and Rita?" I calmly asked.

"I have no idea what you're talking about." Lily feigned innocence.

"You don't know who Abner is, do you? Then why would you hurt him for no reason? Did Rita ask you to do that?" I questioned her with a sneer at the corners of my mouth.

"Again, I don't know what you're saying," Lily insisted. However, I saw a hint of panic flashed through her eyes.

I cast a glance at her clenched fists and chuckled. "Nervous?"

"No... It's-it's just the room is a little cold." Lily rubbed her hands together and pretended to be chilly.

"Really? Well, the AC is on here." As I spoke, the smile on my face grew wider. Lily's, on the other hand, faltered.

"I'm-I'm frail," she reasoned out.

"I don't think so. The way I see it, you just don't want to tell the truth. Why don't we use a lie detector to detect your bullshit?" I turned to Charles and asked coldly, "Can you find a lie detector machine in thirty minutes?"

He nodded. "Sure. No problem."

"Alright then. Lily the superstar, please wait for a few minutes while Charles here fetches the lie detector machine. It won't be a problem if you really have nothing to do with Rita. But if you do... Then don't blame me for being rude!" I warned through gritted teeth. Although Lily was wearing exquisite makeup, it still could not conceal her agitation.

"No... Please don't... I'll speak! It's all Rita's idea. She manipulated me into doing it!"

Lily slumped into the chair, flustered.

Charles and I fell silent. The silence that befell among us was quite unnerving.

To our surprise, Lily got down on her knees, grabbed the hem of my dress, and implored, "Please... please let me go. My popularity rose when I was linked with Charles last time, but it disappeared not long after. Rita promised she could help me, so..."

I shook off her hand and dusted off my dress as if her touch made it dirty.

"Next time, if you collude with Rita, popularity isn't the only thing you'll lose."

Lily must have sensed that I would spare her no mercy, so she turned to Charles instead. "Charles, please let me go. I wasn't thinking straight. Rita threatened me. I-I won't do it again, I promised."

Unfortunately for her, Charles was unmoved. "Wait for my lawyer's letter," he coldly said. With that, he held my hand and pulled me outside.

Once we were outside of the private room, I took out my phone and turned off the recording.

Charles looked at me with astonishment. "You recorded it?"

"You can never be too careful with others," I retorted with a smirk.

Impressed, Charles ruffled my hair dotingly.

Suddenly, something occurred to me. I slapped his hand away and asked with narrowed eyes, "What's going on between you and Lily?"

Charles paused for a moment and then explained, "The photos you've seen were probably taken at a special location, so we looked intimate on some certain angles."

I could not help but sneer in disdain upon realizing something. "Rita has put a lot of effort into making a rift between us."

Charles turned to me with a helpless look on his face. "She uses every means to try and ruin our relationship."

I glared at him and said nothing.

Suddenly, a smirk appeared on Charles's face. "By the way, what do you think is the most important thing in marriage?" he asked with a smile.

I pondered for a moment. Upon realizing what he meant, I lowered my head and slowly answered, "Trust..."

"Well, I think the most important thing is to be tolerant."

"Infidelity is intolerable," I replied crossly.

Charles looked at me with a frown and grumbled, "I didn't mean that."

I felt bad, so I did not say anything anymore.

Even though I said we should trust each other, I still could not help but feel upset, especially when I saw how close he and Lily were in the photo.

I even rushed back home without thinking last night. Despite saying that I was fine, the truth was, I was afraid that the rumor would turn out to be true.

Chapter 163 Misunderstanding

Scarlett's POV:

The next day, Charles and I went back to the Moore mansion.

"Did you two have a fight?" Christine worriedly asked the moment we entered.

I held her hand and shook my head to reassure her. "No, Grandma."

"A lot has happened these past few days. But don't forget to take good care of yourself, okay?" Alice advised with concern.

"Yes, I will." I forced a smile and turned to look at Charles.

He pursed his lips but said nothing. His expression was terrible.

"Charles, you really are something. Just a few days ago, you seemed to have a good relationship with a celebrity," Christine said with a snort.

"The photos were taken at an opportune moment. I didn't even touch her," Charles replied. He cast a glance at me when he spoke as if implying something.

"There's a hidden meaning in your words, isn't it? Was it because Scarlett had 'physical contact' with someone else?" Before Charles could respond, Christine hit him on the head. "Lily framed Scarlett and Abner. In fact, it's all because of you why that happened. You're the one to blame."

Charles looked away. "I didn't mean that."

Christine ignored the glum look on her grandson's face and even scolded him. "As if Rita isn't enough, now there's Lily. Should I praise you for your charm?"

Charles let out a heavy sigh. "It's my fault for making you worry, Grandma. I'll handle it."

However, Christine seemed dissatisfied with what he had said. "What you should do is reassure your wife and be a good husband to her. It has nothing to do with me."

She then turned to me, and her expression changed in a blink of an eye. She held my hand and asked me about my condition.

I cast a glance at Charles and smiled at Christine reassuringly. "Don't worry, Grandma. I'm fine."

"When will you go back there? Your training should be over soon, right?" Alice asked concernedly.

"Tomorrow. And yes, the training is almost over." I glanced at Charles after I finished speaking.

He was still pulling a long face, and it seemed that he would not cheer up anytime soon.

Christine and Alice looked at me with astonishment upon hearing my answer. "Why are you in such a hurry? You can stay here for a few more days. You just arrived."

"I know, but I don't have much to do here. But, the life there will be more fulfilling."

All of a sudden, Charles stood up irritably. "I'm going out." With that, he left without an explanation.

I felt even more depressed as I watched him walk away.

Charles's POV:

I came to the bar. Coincidentally, Spencer and David were there.

"You don't look so well. Do you want some ladies to make you feel better?" Spencer proposed with a smirk.

"Of course, not. I'm a married man, dude." I picked up the wine glass on the table and drank it up.

David looked at me with bewilderment. "What's the problem anyway? Scarlett came back the instant she heard you had a scandal with Lily. That only means she cares about you very much."

"She must care about me," I mumbled with a faint smile.

However, the smile on my face soon faltered. I fiddled with the wine glass on the table and added, "But she still doesn't believe me."

"It's because you haven't given her enough sense of security. When will she leave?"

David asked after a long period of silence.

"Tomorrow." I took a long swig of alcohol to try and ease the dejection in my heart.

David sighed and stared into the distance for a long time.

Judging from the melancholy on his face, I surmised that he must have been dumped. But now, I had no time to care about someone else's problem. I already had enough on my plate.

"I think you're not considerate enough to Scarlett, so she's constantly worried about losing you," Spencer reckoned. It was only then that he spoke after being silent for a long while. I must admit, his words surprised me.

"How would you know whether I'm considerate or not? You and your private doctor Vivian seem to have a special relationship though," I scoffed.

"We don't. I just hired her," Spencer retorted with a frown.

I shrugged my shoulders. "It has nothing to do with me. Anyway, I'm going home now. I have a wife to coax." With that, I stood up and left.

Scarlett had already fallen asleep when I got home. I carefully held her in my arms so she would not wake up. Then, I fell asleep next to her.

Early the next morning, I woke up to the sound of the alarm. When Scarlett woke up, she tried to extricate herself from my arms.

"Don't move." I held her in my arms and buried my head in the crook of her neck.

"I have to catch the plane." Scarlett struggled to get up, but I did not let her.

"Yes. Catch a plane..."

I slipped my hand into her clothes, but I still did not let her go.

"I have to get ready now, or I'll miss the plane..." Scarlett's voice was trailing off. I could feel that she was slowly giving in.

I did not say anything more. Instead, I fondled her breasts and play with her nipples with my fingertips. This made her tremble all over.

I kissed her earlobe and whispered, "Honey, you're so sensitive."

"You... Don't touch me..." she pleaded. On the contrary, I could hear the anticipation in her voice. My hand trailed down to her breast, then to her stomach, and down there. Scarlett uncontrollably moaned in pleasure.

"Really? But you're so wet."

I drew circles on her clitoris and watched her expression change in pleasure. She curled up in my arms, her body trembling slightly.

"Charles..." A few moments later, she gasped sharply and clutched my hand to stop me.

"If you don't want me to move, then you move." I held her hand instead and wrapped it around my

penis, waiting for her to continue.

But, of course, she did not. I chuckled and kissed her in her soft, pink lips.

At that moment, Scarlett finally let me do what I wanted.

"Is it okay?" I gently asked with my forehead against hers.

Scarlett looked into my eyes and said, "Be gentle."

Although I was excited, I was careful when I inserted my manhood into her hole.

We both sighed with satisfaction when our bodies became one.

I drove Scarlett to the airport after breakfast.

We were silent all the way to our destination. Too many things had happened in the past few days. Even the exhilaration a while ago did not close the gap between us.

Just before Scarlett boarded the plane, I solemnly removed the wedding ring from my finger and placed it on her palm.

"Scarlett, a true husband and wife trust each other. I will not put on our wedding ring until you do. I really hope that one day, you'll do it for me."

Scarlett kept her head down. She just stared at the ring, lost in thought.

"I know you're still upset about the scandal, and I understand. But I promise I'll prove to you that I sincerely love you. I'll wait for you until you're willing to give me your heart." I held her in my arms and sighed. It would take a while before we could finally see each other again. I hoped that we were okay by then.

Scarlett did not say a word. When the boarding announcement came, she broke away from my arms and walked away without looking back.

I sighed heavily, knowing that she was still troubled because of the matter. Although it was hard, I had to wait for her patiently. It was not until her figure disappeared from my sight that I left the airport.

[Chapter 164 Grievance](#)

Nina's POV:

I was sitting in the living room, drinking with Abner when Scarlett returned.

I stood up and took her bag from her before I asked, "Why didn't you call me? I could have come to the airport to pick you up."

"I did not want to trouble you. Besides, the airport is far away from here." Scarlett forced a smile, turned to Abner, and asked, "How are you?"

Abner greeted her with a smile and she gave him a nod. I could clearly see that she was in low spirits.

"Enjoy your time, then. I am going upstairs to rest."

For some reason, I noticed that she was feeling lonely.

"I'll go check on her," I said to Abner.

With that, I followed Scarlett upstairs.

She was sitting on the bed sullenly with an empty look in her eyes.

I walked up to her and held her hand. "What's the matter? Did something happen?"

"Rita and Lily worked together to set me up. They drugged Abner and paid the reporters to take pictures of us while we were in the bathroom. Charles ran into us and seemed to be furious. He even took off his wedding ring while he drove me to the airport this morning..."

As Scarlett expressed herself, tears rolled down her face.

"Is Charles out of his mind? Why does he allow himself to be linked to other women over and over again? Why isn't he clearing up his name? Moreover, he is also responsible for what happened with Abner. If he had been with you at that time, then how could Lily have had the chance to frame you like this?"

When I scolded Charles, Scarlett began to weep harder.

"Nina, a lot has happened after we got married, and it has all been weighing heavily on my heart. The sadness and pain is slowly suffocating me..."

I patted her on the shoulder and said in a concerned tone, "Scarlett, you should go to bed now. I am sure that you're really exhausted now."

Clearly, she was so tired that she fell asleep while crying.

Just when I was about to leave the room, I heard her tearful voice. "Charles, don't leave me, please..."

I looked back and found her talking in her sleep, so I walked to her, wiped her tears away, and left the room.

Once I was out, I took out my phone and called Charles. "What were you trying to imply by taking off your ring? That you want a divorce?"

Hearing my angry voice, Charles remained silent.

"Why aren't you answering me? Are you feeling guilty? Charles, just because Scarlett loves you, that doesn't give you the right to do whatever you want."

"I don't..."

"Then why do you keep making her cry? And why did you take off your ring and make her think that you're going to divorce her?"

"I don't want to divorce her," he said firmly.

"You should be telling that to her, not me!" Furious, I hung up the phone.

When I walked downstairs, I saw that Abner was still there, so I took a deep breath to calm down.

"Is she okay?" he asked me in a concerned voice.

"She was crying, and now she is sleeping. This is all Charles' fault!" I said resentfully before I picked up the wine glass and drank it up.

No. It's all my fault." There was a heavy sense of guilt lingering in Abner's eyes.

"What does this have to do with you? Charles is also involved in a scandal, right? Moreover, how can he wear a long face after doing what he did?" I said irritably. I was feeling depressed, thinking about Scarlett.

"We are not in a position to say anything, really. They should solve this problem on their own." Saying that, Abner sighed helplessly.

"If Charles dares to make Scarlett cry again, then I won't just sit by and watch." I said in a cold voice before filling up my wineglass and finishing it.

Scarlett's POV:

I was having a really sad dream when the aroma of fresh pancakes woke me up.

I was famished that I felt my stomach aching, so I lifted the blanket, touched my belly, got off the bed,

and walked downstairs.

"Scarlett, you're awake! You must be hungry. Come and have some pancakes. Abner prepared them for you." Nina yawned and added, "I've already had some and I'm going upstairs to sleep some more. You can eat all you want."

I ate the pancake while I sat on the couch and called Abner.

"Are you feeling better now?" His concerned voice came from the other end of the line as soon as the call was connected.

"I'm fine." I sounded a little hoarse.

There was a moment of awkward silence in the air.

"Last time..."

"Last time..."

Abner and I blurted out in unison after a long minute.

"It was just an accident, so please don't think too much of it," I said with a smile.

"Even though it was an accident, and it happened because of a reason, I still hope that you can forgive me for acting rudely," Abner said, blaming himself.

"I should be the one apologizing to you. If it had not been for me, you would not have faced such troubles." And I was also blaming myself for what happened.

"Well, we can forget about it and not mention it anymore," he said with a chuckle.

"Okay." I felt more at ease after hearing that, and I sighed.

"Nina has a crush on you. What do you think about her?" I added in a brisk tone, now that the awkwardness was gone.

"Well... What are you implying? Is it bothering you that I am single?" Abner joked.

"A clean hand doesn't need to be washed. Besides, I'm not bothered, so please don't think of it like that. I just want the two of you to be happy," I said frankly.

"And we will be," Abner said with a smile.

We talked for a while longer before we hung up.

Several days had passed since, and it was almost the weekend.

"This time, I am going to confess my feelings to Abner, and he will soon become my boyfriend!" Nina said with a confident smile.

"All the best, Nina. I wish you success." There was undying support for her in my heart which made me smile.

Nina pulled my hand excitedly and suggested, "How about you come with me to witness the legendary moment?"

I shook my head with a smile and said, "I can't go back with you, Nina. It's too tiring for me to be traveling back and forth."

Hearing that, Nina asked tentatively, "Are you and Charles doing okay?"

"I haven't contacted him lately." I was stunned by how indifferent I had been till now.

"Well, did he call you, then?" Nina was clearly furious.

"No." I forced a wry smile.

"Scarlett, why don't you go back with me and clear things up with him in person?" I could clearly sense the concern in her eyes when she looked at me.

However, I still shook my head, wiped away my tears, and said, "Hurry, or you will miss your flight!"

"Alright, then. I'm leaving now. Take good care of yourself, and don't forget to call me if anything happened."

With a worried look, she left, and I waved to her with a smile.

Looking at the empty house, I could not help but feel sad.

That moment, my phone rang. Thinking that it was a call from Charles, I picked up my phone with a smile, but I was a little disappointed to find that it was just a call from Christine.

"Scarlett, how have you been lately?" Her amiable voice came from the other end of the line.

"I'm fine, Grandma," I answered in a brisk voice, adjusting my breath.

"Scarlett, are you coming back this weekend?" she asked tentatively.

"Why? What happened?" I was subconsciously nervous.

"Don't worry. Charles seems to have taken off his wedding ring, and he needs to be taught a lesson. How about you come back this weekend? I'm sure this is all just a misunderstanding, and it is nothing that a good talk can't solve. Don't let these trifles affect your marriage." While she was trying her best to persuade me, I began to cry uncontrollably again.

"Grandma, I can't make it this weekend. There is something that I have to do over here." I tried my best to sound as normal as possible. After I said those words, I quickly ended the call.

Holding my knees, I sat down on the couch in tears.

[Chapter 165 Get The Marriage License At The Speed Of Light](#)

Nina's POV:

After I got home, I asked Abner to join me for a drink.

"Why did you come back all of a sudden?"

Abner asked, sitting from across me. Seeing the dim light that shone on his face, I felt like he looked a bit unpredictable.

He was dressed in a navy blue suit with a matching tie, and his neatly combed hair made him look colder than usual. However, the faint smile on his lips perfectly offset his cold look.

Resting my chin on my palm, I said in a casual and frivolous tone, "I came back chasing you."

Abner was stunned for a second before the smile on his lips grew brighter as he asked, "Are you drunk?"

Hearing his low, magnetic voice, my heart began to race uncontrollably.

"I know what I am talking about."

After staring at him for a while, I poured myself a glass of wine.

Abner lowered his head and said guiltily, "Nina, you know, I..."

"To me, it doesn't matter who you like, because I like you and that's enough for me." I interrupted him with a smile. After finishing my glass of wine, I looked into his eyes again, and added, "My future husband."

Abner raised his head to look at me. The dim light somehow blurred his expression, making it harder for me to read his thoughts.

"You don't need to respond if you don't want to. But you're going to be my husband in the future, either way," I said in a stubborn tone before I drank up the wine.

"Do you really not mind that I like someone else?" Abner asked with a sigh.

"Actually, I really do. But you know what? I've always considered Scarlett as a younger sister, and I am more than determined to make you want to be her brother-in-law someday, willingly even," I admitted, looking at him.

Upon hearing my confident words, a smile appeared on Abner's lips.

"Then I will try to let go of my feelings. I hope you can give me some time to do it."

Saying that, he clinked his glass with mine.

I raised my eyebrows at him and said confidently, "I can wait."

Abner smiled at me and asked, "Do you want to get the marriage registered, then?"

I could not help but stop pouring more wine in my glass as I looked at him in surprise.

"It will help put your mind at ease. Besides, it will also work as a restraint and a reminder to me. After we register our marriage, you will legally be my wife, so I will have to do whatever it takes to treat you well." With a gentle smile on his lips, Abner looked up at me tenderly. However, I could not find any love for me in his eyes.

I smiled bitterly as I lowered my head, stood up, and grabbed my coat before I turned and said, "Let's go, then."

We then headed straight to the city hall to register for our marriage.

Later that evening, Abner and I went to Spencer's bar.

I held the marriage certificate in my hand as I raised it up and showed it to Spencer. "Come and see my marriage certificate. I am sure you're burning with jealousy right now."

"Did you really get married?" Spencer asked, looking at us in surprise.

I patted him on the shoulder and said, "It's a flash marriage. Do you know what that means?"

"I'm just a little surprised. Anyway, I wish you two a happy married life," he said with a smile before he escorted us in.

I turned to him and said, "Call Charles and tell him that I want to meet him."

Soon after I finished my words, I saw Charles not too far away from us.

I could not help but frown when I saw him. Thinking of how sad Scarlett was before, I felt more disappointed in him.

With a smile on his lips, Spencer waved to him.

Charles walked towards us. All of a sudden, Lily came out of nowhere. She was wearing a heavy coat of makeup and was smiling brightly.

"Charles, long time no see," she said in a fake sweet voice.

"Don't get in my way," Charles said coldly before he walked past her.

I could not help but smile in my heart when I saw how pale Lily's face was.

Spencer was also a bit surprised to see Charles there. "What brings you here all of a sudden?" he asked, looking at him.

"What? Am I not allowed to come here?" Charles retorted coldly before he cast a glance at Abner.

"I asked him to meet me here. I wanted to talk to him about something," Abner explained.

"Charles, how can you do such a thing to Scarlett? She's pregnant!" I scolded him without any hesitation.

Lily walked over to us and said, "Charles, I hope you'll hear me out."

"You have no right to open your mouth here! Just who do you think you are?" I snapped. I could not stand her pitiful look.

"This doesn't involve you in any way," she said to me coldly.

"Really? You seduced my best friend's husband. And you drugged my husband. How can you say that this has nothing to do with me?"

I grabbed a liquor bottle from the table and pointed it at Lily. "You'd better get out of here or you will see the news headlines tomorrow reporting a celebrity shamelessly seducing a married man at a bar. And it would also state how an onlooker helped the wife punish the mistress and how the mistress was severely injured because of the accident."

I would have smashed the bottle on her head if Abner had not stopped me in time.

"Who is the mistress here?" Lily asked angrily.

Looking at her, I hissed, "It's you, obviously!"

"I'm gonna kill you!" Just when Lily was about to pounce on me, Spencer stopped her.

"If you don't want to become a trending topic on the Internet tomorrow, then you'd better not do anything reckless," Spencer said indifferently.

With tears in her eyes, Lily turned to Charles again. "Charles, I was used. I swear what happened before has nothing to do with me."

However, he ignored her and turned to Spencer. "Do you just let anyone walk into your bar?"

"Get her out of here," Spencer immediately ordered his bodyguards.

Once Lily was taken away, the bar was a lot more peaceful. With a satisfied smile on my lips, I gently rubbed the ring on Abner's finger.

I cast a glance at Charles before I said to Abner in a serious tone, "You're not allowed to take off your wedding ring."

"Okay." Although Abner was clearly confused, he still nodded in agreement.

Looking at Charles, I said, "I don't know what you were thinking when you took off the ring. The only reason Scarlett doesn't trust you is because she doesn't have faith in your relationship and thinks that you might abandon her again."

Charles glanced at me, but he remained silent.

"She would not have ended up feeling so pessimistically if you had not left her abroad for three years, completely ignoring her. Think about it, Charles. If a woman you love abandons you just to be with another man, then would you still be able to love her wholeheartedly? If you can't do it, then how can you expect Scarlett to trust you?"

I said in a cold voice before I left the place with Abner.

Charles' POV:

After Nina and Abner left, Spencer walked to me and patted me on the back.

I looked up at him indifferently and asked, "What? Do you want to blame me too?"

Spencer nodded and said, "This is not about who is right and who is wrong. You should just learn to be more tolerant as a man."

I cast a glance at him before I lowered my head and began drinking alone. "I have been ignoring Lily from the start, but Scarlett just doesn't trust me. She was even giving me a hard time about it. She went so far away for her training program without even caring about my feelings, and she has also entangled with Abner..."

Spencer sighed and advised, "You should trust me and take the initiative to apologize to her, or else you will only be suffering in the end."

"You'd better think of yourself first, you loner!"

How dare a single man like him advise me on how I should handle my relationship with my wife?

Annoyed, I stood up and left.

Once I was home, I tossed and turned in bed, but I was not able to fall asleep. Scarlett was the only one I could think about.

I kept trying to find something to numb the pain of my separation from her in the following days, but it was an undeniable fact that I missed her more than anything in the world.

I then decided to apologize to her, and booked the next flight to see her.

When I knocked on her door, Nina was surprised to see me there when she opened. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I came here to apologize to Scarlett," I said bluntly.

"But Scarlett went back looking for you," Nina said with a helpless sigh.

Since I had no time to waste, I immediately booked the next flight to go back home.

[Chapter 166 The Wedding Ring He Took Off](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as I got off the plane, I tried calling Charles, but when I could not get through to him, a sense of depression clouded my heart.

I knew that I needed to go to the Moore mansion right away. Maybe I could find him there.

"Oh, Scarlett! How did you get here all of a sudden?" Christine was surprised to see me.

"Well, I came back to see you, Grandma." With that, I gave her a forced smile.

"I'll call Charles at once. I am sure he'll be really happy to know that you're back," Alice said excitedly as she went to grab her phone.

A while later, she frowned at her phone screen. "That's too bad! Looks like he's turned off his phone at such a critical moment."

"Maybe, his phone is dead. Leave him be. I am sure that Scarlett must be really tired after her long journey."

Saying that, Christine held my hand and made me sit down with her.

That night, I was in a daze, and I went back to my room as soon as I ate.

I took a shower and lay on the bed, looking at the familiar chandelier. The cool night breeze blew from the window, disturbing my thoughts.

I was asleep when I suddenly felt someone touching me.

When I opened my eyes and looked at the man in front of me, my mind went completely blank for a moment.

I touched Charles' face and giggled. "I must be dreaming! I was sure that you were not going to visit me in my dreams tonight, though."

Upon hearing that, Charles frowned.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming back?" There was a hint of coldness in his tone.

"It's because I only came back to meet the elders," I mumbled, feeling angry in my heart. "Humph! Even in my dreams, you end up making me mad."

With that, I turned over and continued to sleep.

The next morning when I woke up, rubbing my eyes, and turned around, I was stunned to see Charles sleeping next to me.

He opened his eyes and said in a gentle voice, "Good morning."

"Good morning," I replied with a smile. "When did you come back?"

"I think I came back at around three in the morning," he whispered in my ear.

If he really came back at three in the morning, then I was not dreaming about him.

Charles gently placed his hand on my waist and stroked my belly lovingly.

"I'm going to wash my face and brush my teeth." Saying that, I pushed his hand away and walked to the bathroom.

While I was brushing my teeth, he pushed open the door and walked in, naked.

My cheeks turned red as I immediately turned away and mumbled, "Why don't you have your clothes on?"

"Do you shower with your clothes on?" Asking that, he walked behind me and stood in front of the shower before he turned it on.

Standing in front of the mirror, I could clearly see his naked body in the reflection. 'Fuck! Why does he have to be so good-looking and sexy?'

I was struggling to force myself not to peep, but I could not resist myself at all.

"You can come and watch if you want. I won't mind," Charles said with a seductive smile. His voice was so alluring, and it almost felt like it could burn me alive.

I did not want to stand there any longer, so I quickly washed up and ran out of the bathroom.

Charles soon walked out of the bathroom with a towel loosely wrapped around his waist. His sculpted body and his beautiful, sexy abs was making my insides scream. He slowly approached me and asked in a low voice, "Where is my ring? Did you bring it with you?"

I was still thinking about his naked body when his words suddenly jolted me back to reality. I moved aside nervously and replied, "No."

All of a sudden, he pulled me into his arms as he asked, "Where is it, then?"

"I really haven't brought it back with me," I said firmly.

There was a hint of seriousness in his eyes, and he even seemed to be a little angry.

"Is the wedding ring that important to you?" I asked tentatively.

Charles nodded and said, "Yes, of course, it's very important."

"Then will you be taking it off again?"

Hearing that, he let go of me and reached out his hand to me. "You will see only if you put it on for me."

I was still kind of mad at him, so I pouted and said, "If you dare to take it off again, then it might end up in another man's finger in the future."

"How dare you?" Charles pretended to pounce on me.

Seeing that he was not joking around, I blurted out, "Undo the first two buttons of my shirt."

Confused, he gently unbuttoned my shirt and stared at my exposed neck in amazement.

"You put it in a necklace and wore it around your neck?"

Seeing that, he leaned in, hugging me and kissing me several times.

Pretending to be mad at him, I pushed him away and said, "Of course, I have to take care of it. It's my wedding ring, after all."

"Our wedding ring," Charles corrected me at once.

"But didn't you take off your wedding ring and give it back to me last time?"

"I didn't give it back to you. I just asked you to keep it for the time being. I want you to help me put it on again, honey," he said anxiously.

"But I think that it looks really good on the necklace." I was deliberately stalling for time.

"If you really like it, then I will take you to the mall and buy you one just like it later, but for now, just help me put it on first."

Saying that, he leaned closer and kissed my lips flatteringly.

"Did you take off your ring because you stopped caring about me?" I asked with a serious look in my eyes.

"No. I just... I really care too much about you."

With a tender gaze, Charles held my hand, stroking my cheeks lovingly.

Seeing that, I took off his ring from my necklace and put it on his finger.

"You're not allowed to take it off at will ever again."

"Never."

[Chapter 167 Scarlett's Prenatal Checkups](#)

Charles' POV:

The moment Scarlett put on the ring for me, my heart skipped a beat.

Firmly, I held her hand and promised, "I will never let you down, Scarlett."

Upon hearing my statement, she pouted at me.

As I held her waist, intending to kiss her, her phone abruptly rang and interrupted us.

She picked up the phone and put it on speaker. "Oh, hello, Nina! What's up?"

"Scarlett, what time is your flight today?" Nina asked anxiously.

"Why do you ask? Are you coming to pick me up?" asked Scarlett.

"Nate is here. I think it's best that you don't come back for the time being," Nina replied sternly.

"Nate?" Scarlett seemed alarmed by the name. I frowned when I saw her reaction.

"Yes, and he brought you a gift," added Nina.

Upon hearing this, I grabbed Scarlett's phone and hung up on Nina.

"Do you have any idea why Nate came to you?" I asked.

"No. Why?"

"He came to borrow money from me, but I refused. That's why he asked you for help. It's probably because he thinks you're more easily to persuade than I am."

"Why would Nate borrow money from you?" Scarlett appeared to be shocked by what I said.

"If you go back now, you're just going to be badgered by that man incessantly. Why don't you just have your ticket refunded and stay for a few more days?" I suggested, planting a kiss on the corner of her lip.

It appeared as though Scarlett was still hesitant. "But, I can't ask for a leave all the time."

"Is the date of your antenatal examination approaching?" I decided to change the subject.

Scarlett nodded affirmatively. "It is."

I rubbed her nose and smiled. "I'll accompany you to your prenatal checkups."

Not wanting to give her a chance to refuse, I quickly changed my clothes and urged her into the passenger seat of my car.

Scarlett seemed amused by me, so I took the opportunity to kiss her deeply.

After the kiss, we caught our breaths. I held her in my arms and asked, "Scarlett, do you love me?"

But she didn't answer me. I gently kissed her lips and fondled with her breasts. "Answer me. Do you love me?"

Scarlett gasped for air and moaned with pleasure while nodding.

Seeing her response put me in a good mood. I nibbled on her earlobe and asked, "Do you know where I went yesterday?"

"Where?" Scarlett was about to ask a question, but I began kissing her again.

"I went to see you." I chuckled, covering her eyes while kissing her.

She then placed her hands on my chest, reciprocating my passion.

As I placed her hand on the seat, I told her, "Scarlett, I think we've never had sex in the car before."

She was hesitant at first, but she soon gave in to her lust.

The space in the car was not big enough, so I had to be extra careful.

After adjusting the reclining of the seat to a better position, I turned over and let her mount me.

She was wearing a one-piece shirt dress today, and this position was convenient for us.

I placed a hand over her head to prevent her from bumping against the window. Then, I unbuttoned her shirt. When her nipples were exposed, I began fondling them with my fingers and my tongue.

"Oh..." Scarlett moaned placing her arms around my neck and growing hornier by the second.

I planted a kiss beside her lip, down to her collarbone, and finally sucking on her tits. Gradually, her skin turned red.

And as I sucked on her nipples, I heard her groan with pleasure.

I reached down to touch her vagina and felt how wet she was. Amused, I chuckled and said, "You're so sensitive, honey."

"Shut... shut up!" Scarlett glared at me, seemingly embarrassed.

"How am I going to make you happy if I shut up? Fine. There are other ways," I said, wearing an impish grin. I unzipped my pants and inserted my penis inside her vagina.

Scarlett gasped, holding my neck tightly.

This cowgirl position was incredible. I was worried that I might hurt our baby, so I tried my best to control myself. But every time I was having sex with Scarlett, I couldn't help but indulge in it.

After we were done, she was so exhausted that she leaned against the car window and fell asleep. Meanwhile, I stared at her, caressing her face lovingly.

Then, I kissed her forehead with satisfaction. It was then that I decided to dial Amy's number. "Amy, I need you to postpone all my work for today. I'm taking Scarlett to the hospital."

"Yes, sir," she replied.

When we arrived at the hospital, we went straight to the VIP examination room. However, my phone rang all of a sudden.

I stroked Scarlett's head and said, "You go have your checkup. I'm just going to take this call."

She nodded in response and left. Upon seeing the caller ID, I frowned.

"Charles, I'm begging you. Please let go of my father's company," said Rita.

But before I could speak, I heard a noise coming from behind me.

"Watch out!" a nurse shouted. When I turned around, I happened to see someone collapsing on the ground.

Rita's POV:

When I called Charles, I heard something happening at the other end of the line.

A woman screamed, "Blood! There's so much blood! Oh, my God! Is she having a miscarriage?"

The call was disconnected abruptly, but I was delighted to hear all of it.

'Scarlett had a miscarriage? Yes! That must be it!' I exclaimed inwardly.

"What's the matter with you?" Nate asked me in confusion.

"It seems that Scarlett had a miscarriage," I responded. "You don't want her to give birth to that baby, right? Well, your wish has been fulfilled."

Nate nodded affirmatively. "Now that her child is gone, you don't have to trouble her anymore."

"Are you saying that you want me to let her off the hook? Fuck, no!" I broke into a sarcastic laughter. "That bitch stole my man. I will never forgive her. Her losing the baby is just the first step of my plan! There will be many more to come."

"Don't go too far," said Nate.

"What? Are you seriously feeling sorry for her? Do you not have the heart to see her suffer?" I sneered.

"I just can't bear to see her die like this," Nate said with a frown.

I scoffed at him and said, "You can't even protect your own company now, and yet you still want to protect Scarlett? Are you daydreaming? Wake the hell up and face reality."

Seemingly infuriated, Nate creased his eyebrows at me. "Is that seriously how you're supposed to speak to your father?"

"Why don't you take a long, hard look at yourself in the mirror? Then, ask yourself if you're even qualified to be my father. Ugh, you make me feel sick."

I didn't want to waste my time talking to him anymore, so I walked away from him.

[Chapter 168 A Close Call](#)

Charles' POV:

As I stood by the window that evening, lost in thought, I felt my heart still trembling with fear.

All of a sudden, I heard the doorbell ring, so I walked to the door.

"Is Scarlett okay?" Spencer walked in, looking rather anxious.

And David and Vivian followed him inside.

"She was scared, but now she's asleep."

Upon hearing that, David asked with a frown, "Was it an accident or a conspiracy?"

"It was certainly not an accident," I answered affirmatively.

The next second, the doorbell rang again, and Richard walked in. "Mr. Moore, we have already checked the cellphones of those troublemakers, and we have found that the person who contacted them is from this city, but we don't know their identity yet."

I fell silent when I heard that while David questioned in an anxious tone, "Who do you think it might be?"

"At first, we thought that it might be Rita, but we had to rule her out because she is abroad now..."

I massaged my temples, feeling exhausted. "Take those troublemakers to the police station."

Upon hearing my orders, Richard nodded and left.

I felt a little annoyed, looking at David, Spencer, and Vivian, who were sitting on my couch, so I asked them to leave. "You three should leave too."

Spencer straightened up his clothes, but it seemed like he was unwilling to leave. "We came here to see Scarlett. Isn't it rude of you to drive us away before we even say hi to her?"

I looked at him coldly and said in a low voice, "If you came to visit the patient, then why did you come empty-handed?"

Embarrassed, Spencer gave me an awkward smile and justified, "Well... I was too anxious to see her... Anyway, I'll buy her a gift later."

With an indifferent expression, I glanced at him and said, "Get out of here."

Soon, they left, and the whole house became quiet again. A strange sense of fear rose in my heart when I thought of what happened before.

I stood up, walked to the window, and dialed a number on my phone.

"Mr. Moore."

"Arrange two female bodyguards for me. They should be strong and good at fighting," I said concisely before I hung up, turned around, and walked upstairs.

Scarlett's POV:

I didn't know how long I had slept.

I found myself lying on my bed at home when I woke up.

I instinctively put my hand on my belly and was relieved to find that my baby was doing okay.

Picking up my phone, I browsed the Internet for news. There were articles about my miscarriage all over the web.

Recalling what had happened the day before, I knew that there was someone who did not want me to give birth to the baby.

Thinking of that, I broke into a cold sweat and my limbs felt like a block of ice.

Just before I could have had a panic attack, Charles walked into the room and hugged me. "Are you alright?" he asked in a concerned tone.

I leaned into his arms and said weakly, "I'm fine. I just feel a little dizzy."

"Would you like to lie down a bit longer, then?"

"No. I have already slept for way too long." I put my arms around his neck and continued in a serious tone, "Was it Rita that called you yesterday?"

"Yes. If we find out that she's the one behind all of this, then she is going to be in some serious trouble,"

Charles said in a deep voice, before he lifted me up and carried me downstairs.

Looking at the two strangers in the living room, I could not understand what was going on.

"Scarlett, meet Janet and Tracy. I hired them as your bodyguards."

Saying that, Charles gently put me down on the sofa.

"You don't have to be so melodramatic. I am fine," I refused at once.

With a helpless sigh, Charles grabbed my hand and tried to persuade me gently, "What if the accident that happened yesterday happens again? I can't always be with you, and when I am not with you, I want you to be protected. That's the only way I can be at ease."

"But..."

"They will protect you, no matter what it takes, and they won't make you feel uncomfortable. If you ever get bored, you can talk to them."

When I realized that I could not refuse him at all, I could not help but chuckle.

After thinking for a while, I said to Charles, "Since you want to arrange bodyguards for me, I want another person too."

"Who is it?" Charles asked, as though he was willing to agree to let whoever I want be my bodyguard.

"I want Richard."

Upon hearing that, Charles frowned.

"Let's get you someone else. I don't think that Richard will be good. After all, he slept with Rita."

"I want him. I don't want anyone else," I said like a spoiled child.

Charles held my hand and said in an awkward tone, "Honey..."

I sighed helplessly and argued, "It's going to be okay. I don't care about his past, so why do you?"

"All right, then." In the end, Charles had no choice but to compromise.

After I had breakfast, the doctor came to visit.

"How is she now?" Charles asked the doctor nervously.

The doctor took off his mask and said to him with a smile, "She is perfectly fine, and the baby is healthy. Just be careful in your daily activities in the future."

"Thank you, doctor." With that, Charles saw the doctor off.

He walked back into the room a while later, and was about to sit down when his phone rang all of a sudden.

Sitting down beside me, he whispered, "It's from Rita."

"Pick up. And put it on speaker," I said in a hurry.

Charles gave me a nod and answered the call in an indifferent tone, "What's up?"

"I saw the news, and I was worried about Scarlett, so I wanted to know how she is doing."

Holding Charles' hand, I hinted at him.

He gave me a nod before he said over the phone, "She's not doing well. I think it might take a while for her to get better."

"What a terrible news! I hope she recovers real soon." Upon hearing her tone filled with fake pity, I could not help but sneer in my heart.

"If there's nothing else, then bye."

"Charles, can we talk? There is some business that I would like to discuss with you," Rita said at once, in an anxious tone.

Without saying anything, Charles disconnected the call.

He then held me and asked with a confused look in his eyes, "Why did you want me to tell her that you're not fine?"

"I wanted her to be happy for the time being," I said with a chuckle.

Charles leaned closer and kissed the corners of my mouth as he whispered, "Take the bodyguards with you, no matter where you go."

"Okay, I got it." I did not want him to worry about me, so I nodded.

[Chapter 169 What Does She Want To Do Again](#)

Rita's POV:

I had never been as happy as I was now when I saw news of Scarlett's miscarriage all over the Internet.

I called Richard before I returned home. "Can you pick me up from the airport?"

A long moment of silence later, he replied in a low voice, "Alright."

I was not surprised to see him waiting for me at the exit as soon as I walked out of the airport.

I followed him to the car and sat down on the passenger seat.

I moved closer to him and gazed into his eyes as I asked, "How have you been doing lately? Did you miss me?"

Richard pursed his lips and remained silent as he started the car and drove.

Chuckling, I placed my hand on his thigh and gently rubbed it.

Instantly, I felt his breaths getting heavier, but he remained expressionless.

I slowly slid my hand to his inner thigh and looped my fingertips along the seam of his trouser.

Richard grabbed my hand and pushed it away before he said in a cold voice, "Don't do that."

But I placed my hand on his shoulder and gently pinched his earlobe with a smile.

"Where are you going?" he asked in a low voice, looking straight at the road.

Ignoring his words, I unfastened my seatbelt and began kissing his neck.

I could feel his body stiffen immediately, so I provocatively nibbled on his earlobe.

Noticing his breaths getting heavier and heavier, I sneered in my heart.

He obviously still had feelings for me, and thinking about it made me happy.

Just when he was about to push me away, I sat back, and smiled at him.

Seeing that there was a red light ahead, Richard immediately turned the car around and sped up, taking a different road.

There was a sparsely populated suburban area nearby. What was he planning to do?

Soon, he stopped the car, and just when I was about to unfasten my seatbelt and get close to him, he said coldly, "Get off the car."

Suspiciously I looked out of the window, and found that we were in the middle of a forest.

Was he intending to have sex with me in the wild?

After getting off the car, I was about to ask him what he wanted to do when he suddenly threw my bag out of the window, started the car, and drove away.

A heavy feeling of shock came to my heart.

How could he leave me alone in a place like that?

'Damn it! He's crazy!'

I was furious, so I took out my phone and called him, but he did not answer.

In a fit of pique, I kicked a rock on the ground. "Shit!"

I finally spotted a car passing by, asked for a lift, and went downtown.

Wanting to find Spencer, I went to his bar.

"What are you doing here? I still haven't gotten even with you over those sleeping pills you gave me,"

Spencer hissed coldly.

Looking at him with an innocent expression, I asked, "What sleeping pills are you talking about? I don't know anything, Spencer. Did you misunderstand something?"

But he frowned and said, "If you have nothing to say about it, then leave."

I smiled at him and asked him in a concerned voice, "Well, I heard that Scarlett is not in a good condition. I want to know if she's okay now."

"She's put on bed rest," Spencer said with a long face.

"Did she really have a miscarriage?"

"I have no idea," he said in an irritable tone before he turned around, intending to leave.

Seeing that, I tried to persuade him. "Spencer, Scarlett is now going through a really tough time, and she needs someone like you. You should use this opportunity to try and win her back. She married Charles only for the sake of her baby, and now, the baby is gone. It's like God is trying to help you."

Even after that, he silently left with a frown.

Scarlett's POV:

Early that morning, I got a huge package delivered to me. It was a parcel from Rita.

Just when I was about to open it, Janet stopped me. "Don't get too close. We don't know what's in it."

Saying that, she took the package outside.

A while later, she walked back into the room and put the package on the ground. "I've checked it. There's no problem."

I then took a closer look at its contents and found that it was photos of Rita and Charles. It had a note that read, "Back to the owner".

I turned to Janet and Tracy and said indifferently, "Cut the photos in half, throw the halves with Rita in the trash, and return the halves that have Charles back. Also, make sure to take pictures and send it to the press when you throw it in the trash."

Hearing that, they glanced at each other and gave me a nod.

I then turned to Richard and added, "I want you to take away all the jewelry and the wedding dress that Charles gave her and tell her that they're going back to their owner as well."

"Yes, ma'am," Richard replied respectfully. "Should I tell Mr. Moore about this?"

"No, I'll tell him myself. You know what? Save the dress for Rita, and the rest... you can give them to a charity in my name."

After carefully listening to my orders, Richard gave me a nod and left.

When I went upstairs after finishing my work, I saw that Charles was still asleep.

I walked to him with a chuckle, and he immediately got up and held me in his arms.

Nestling in his arms, I let out a laugh. "I am the one that's pregnant, so why are you sleeping more than me?"

"I haven't had good sleep in a while," Charles whispered in my ear with his eyes closed.

Noticing his under-eye bags, I pitied him.

I kissed his chin lovingly and said, "Rita sent me some photos of you two."

Charles opened his eyes and complained, "What does she want now?"

He then stood up and walked downstairs. I followed him and saw Janet and Tracy cutting the photos like I asked them to.

When I noticed him frowning, my heart clenched.

Was he not pleased with my decision?

While I was lost in thought, he walked to me and kissed the corner of my lips. "Whatever makes you happy."

I looked into his eyes and said nervously, "I also asked Richard to take back the jewelry that you gave Rita, but I told him to leave the wedding dress for her."

With a helpless gaze, he turned to Janet and Tracy, and said, "Get it done quickly."

[Chapter 170 Enemies Were Destined To Mee](#)

Rita's POV:

I was at home with my mom, enjoying my cup of coffee.

My mother seemed to be really concerned when I told her about the filthy thoughts that my father had

for Scarlett. Wiping her tears away, she said, "It looks like he is really determined to be with her."

Unwilling to talk about Scarlett anymore, I looked out the window, feeling irritable.

All of a sudden, I heard the doorbell ring, and when I saw that it was Richard, I could not help but frown. 'How dare he come to me after leaving me alone in the middle of nowhere?'

As soon as I opened the door, Richard barged in with his men, pointed at my room, and said, "Move everything out of that room."

Seeing the group of men walking to my room, I immediately stood up and stopped them. "What are you doing?"

Glancing at me for a moment, Richard pushed me aside and walked straight into my room.

I ran to my room, pointed at them, and roared, "Get out of here!"

However, Richard ordered his men, "Let's get this done quickly, gentlemen!"

I immediately pushed the men who were trying to take away my jewelry and shouted, "Stop! Those are my things! You're robbing me."

But then, Richard grabbed my hand, pulled me aside, and hissed, "I think you know exactly whether they're your things or not."

He then turned to the others and added, "Leave her be. Let's go!"

"Stop! Put those down. They are mine..." Due to my emotional state, I felt dizzy all of a sudden and lost my balance. I had to lean against the wall to keep me straight.

However, Richard completely ignored me and said coldly, "You're going to end up in serious trouble if you don't take good care of yourself. And this time, you may not be lucky enough to survive."

I ran to him and grabbed his collar. "These are all gifts that Charles gave me. How dare you take them away?"

"Well, they belong to Scarlett and Charles now. They have every right to take them back." Saying that, Richard peeled my hand off his collar and left with his men.

Stumbling, I tried to chase after them. My mom was so worried that she tried to help me, but I coldly shook off her hand and watched as Richard loaded my belongings in the car.

"We won't be taking the wedding dress with us, so you can look at it whenever you miss Charles." Richard glared at me with a snort and left.

I gripped the door to prevent myself from falling down. Anger was burning within my heart, suffocating me with its flames.

All of a sudden, another group of strangers knocked on the door.

They were two gorgeous women dressed in tight clothes, who walked to me and threw a big box at me with a plain look in their eyes.

"Who are you?" I asked coldly.

They looked at me and one of them replied flatly, "We came here to return these things to its owner."

I opened the box and found the photos that I had sent to Scarlett. However, the photos were all cut in half, and I got the side that only had Charles' picture. Looking at it I became so furious that I felt my head hurting.

"As for your photos, if you want to see them, you can search them online," one of the women said.

I raised my head and glared at her.

The other one eyed me with disgust and complained, "You look so pretentious in the photos that it makes me sick."

With that, they both turned to leave.

"Stop!" I shouted at them angrily. But they just left anyway.

I kicked the box, took out my phone, and dialed Lily's number.

"Are you free tonight? I have something that I need to talk to you about."

"I can make time." It did not take too long for Lily to agree to my request.

However, the anger burning within me did not cool down at all.

Thinking of the complacent smile on Scarlett's lips, I could not help but want to tear her face apart.

That evening, I went to the restaurant where I was supposed to meet Lily, and bumped into Scarlett accidentally. I saw Richard following her like an obedient little puppy.

But then I noticed that Scarlett was looking pretty fine. In fact, her belly looked bigger than it was before.

'Didn't she just miscarry the baby? What the hell is going on?'

While I was lost in thought, Scarlett glanced at me and said slowly, "Why do you look so pale? You should go to the hospital for a check-up. You need to take good care of yourself."

"Are you cursing me?"

I wanted to slap her. It would have been really great if she fell and had a miscarriage.

But the next second, Richard grabbed my hand and stopped me.

"What does this mean, Richard?" I asked angrily.

Wasn't he in love with me? Why was he going up against me?

Scarlett straightened up her clothes slowly, pretending to be nice and gentle. "He is my personal bodyguard now."

"Damn you!" I cursed angrily, throwing my bag at Richard's face.

However, someone grabbed my wrist the next second, and a sharp pain surged through my hand.

I turned around, and saw that it was one of the women who had come to my house earlier that morning.

"Let go of me!" I hissed at her.

The moment she loosened her grip on my wrist, I crumbled to the floor, losing my balance.

I looked at her dazzling smile awkwardly as I threw my bag on her face.

She dodged my attack effortlessly, and I stood up to slap her.

I then spat on her face. "You are just a dog who works for Scarlett. How dare you be so arrogant to me?"

In a concerned tone, Scarlett asked the woman, "Are you okay, Janet?"

The woman called Janet puffed up her cheeks and looked at me coldly.

"What? Are you angry now?" I sneered. "Know your place."

I quickly reached out to grab her hair.

Since I was not able to do anything to Scarlett, I wanted to hurt her subordinate in front of her to

humiliate her.

However, the next second, a sharp pain pulsed through my scalp as Janet grabbed my hair and yanked my head back.

"Ah..." While I was crying out in pain, I felt a loud, hard slap across my cheek.

The second I fell to the ground, there was a short period of darkness when I could not see anything or figure out what was happening.

I was in so much pain that I could not help but burst into tears. Looking at Richard, I questioned, "Are you really just going to stand by and watch me get bullied?"

Richard looked down at me expressionlessly and stood beside Scarlett.

With a sad look in my eyes, I asked him, "Have you forgotten that we had a baby together?"

"You have killed our child on your own," he hissed.

Lily, who got there a little late, helped me up and said in an anxious tone, "Let's get out of here, Rita."

"Did you ask Lily to drug Abner?" Scarlett asked me all of a sudden.

Lily glanced at me before she stepped forward and said to Scarlett, "Don't sling mud at her! I never said that she was the one who made me do it."

"Then it must be a mistake." With a meaningful look, Scarlett turned around and left.

Lily explained immediately, "Rita, are you okay? I met an acquaintance of mine coincidentally. That's why I got here a little late."

I shook off her hand and looked at her in silence.

I could sense a hint of panic in her eyes, but she continued to pretend like she was calm as she said, "Scarlett's only saying that to cause trouble between us. Don't let her fool you."

I looked at her with a fierce glare and threatened her, "You'd better not slander me, or I will teach you a lesson."

Lily grabbed my hand and promised, "Rita, please just trust me. I really didn't do such a thing. We're both in the same boat now, and there is no way that I would go and make trouble for myself."

"You'd better keep your promise. You know what I'm capable of, right?"

I snapped before I pushed her hand away and walked towards Scarlett's box. I felt like I needed to find out what was going on with her pregnancy.

But then, just when I was about to push the door open, Richard stopped me.

"Didn't Scarlett have miscarriage?"

He stood there without saying a word to me, like a log of wood.

"Tell me what happened with her." I could not help but ask again.

"I have nothing to tell you," Richard replied indifferently.

"That's impossible! How could she have escaped the accident unharmed? She lied to me, didn't she?" I asked him, grabbing him by the collar.

"Let go!" Shaking my hand off, he pushed me away.

When I looked up, I saw Charles walking towards me with a frown.

Unlike the gentle and tender man in my memories, he seemed rather cold and aloof.