

## **Warning 171**

### [Chapter 171 The Truth Comes Ou](#)

Rita's POV:

Charles looked sullen as he approached me. Despite that, I put on a smile and walked up to him.

"What did you just say?" The sound of his voice was as frigid as the wintry winds.

I just kept smiling at him and said, "I'm worried about Scarlett's health, so I wanted to comfort her somehow."

Then, I tried to grab his hand, but he dodged my attempt to do it.

Charles scoffed at me. "I feel like you were expecting that my wife would have a miscarriage."

The way he said it made it seem like he knew something. Though I was flustered, I managed to keep my composure.

I was quick-witted enough to come up with an excuse. "Scarlett and I grew up together. Our relationship became a little unstable because of some misunderstandings in the past. But now that you're married to her, I sincerely hope that you'll be happy together. And considering something like this happened to her, it's only natural for me to worry about her. I'm only concerned for her safety; nothing more than that."

"Both Scarlett and the baby are fine. Don't even think of playing any tricks. I'd rather not send you to prison one day myself. But believe me when I say this, I won't hesitate when that day really comes," Charles stated without even glancing at me.

After he said that, he was about to leave.

'Scarlett's child is still alive? But how is that possible?' I asked inwardly.

I was so angry that I gnashed my teeth. However, I didn't have much time left, so I immediately rushed forward to stop Charles. "Charles, wait! I need to talk to you about something."

"There's no need for that," he answered frigidly as he continued walking away.

Anxiously, I followed him. However, Richard stopped me.

I glared at Richard and shouted to Charles, "For the sake of the fact that I once saved your life, can't you please talk to me?"

"Nobody forced you to save me," Charles replied before entering the private room.

Blankly, I stared at his back and shook off Richard's hand. "Let me go!"

And because I was annoyed, I spat on his face. "You are such a dutiful lapdog!"

Richard looked down at me, frowning as he wiped his face in silence.

Just when I was about to yell at him again, my phone rang.

Upon seeing the number on the screen, I looked for a quiet corner and answered the call. "Why are you calling me all of a sudden?"

"Because I'm worried you'll try to escape," said the other man at the end of the line.

"Didn't I tell you that I'd call you..."

But before I could finish my sentence, someone snatched my phone away.

I turned around and saw Richard staring at me with a sullen expression. He trapped me in the corner, shackled me with his hand and listened to the phone.

I struggled to get my phone back, but it was all in vain.

Based on Richard's reaction, I had a bad feeling that the jig was up.

The following moment, he slammed the phone to the ground, trampled it underfoot, and shot me a cold glance. "That person you were talking to over the phone is asking you to pay him the money. And he mentioned something about a miscarriage. Someone tried to hurt Mrs. Moore while she was at the hospital, and you're the one pulling the strings behind the scenes, aren't you? My God! You never learn your lesson, Rita!"

Little by little, my heart sank. I stared at Richard's sullen face and pulled him into a vacant private room beside us.

Hurriedly, I closed the door and said in a hushed voice, "Richard, we need to talk."

"Talk? There's nothing to talk." Having said that, Richard began to walk away.

In a fit of panic, I grabbed his wrist. "I need your help to keep it a secret. Please, Richard! I'm begging you. If Charles finds out about this, I'm screwed!"

After hearing me say that, Richard stood in his spot, putting on a straight face.

"I know I did something wrong before, Richard, but we..."

I stopped midsentence to plant a kiss beside his lips.

Unexpectedly, he pushed me away and responded, "You really will do anything for your personal gain, won't you?"

"Richard, it's not what you think. Please, just listen to me!"

I held onto his wrist, but Richard shook off my hand off again and walked away. This time, he didn't look back.

Feeling desperate and defeated, I collapsed on the sofa.

Scarlett's POV:

"Hey, Charles! You've put on your wedding ring again."

Inside the private room, David and Spencer were making fun of Charles.

Charles grunted at them and retorted, "You're both still single and you don't have any rings at all. What right do either of you have to talk about that?"

"Fine, it's our bad. We shouldn't have said such nonsensical things." After Spencer said that, he pretended to slap himself on the face.

"If you really feel bad, slap yourself harder. It'll be better if you can't speak again."

Having heard Charles' rude remark, Spencer grinned like an imp. "Charles, just forgive me, man. I swear I won't say anything stupid again!"

Having said that, he gave David a kick, implying that the latter should help him.

As I watched their comedic interaction, I couldn't resist the urge to laugh.

This time, David turned to me and asked worriedly, "Are you alright, Scarlett?"

Everyone looked at me at the same time. I shook my head and smiled. "As you can see, nothing serious happened to me."

Spencer stopped joking around and put on a serious face. "What do you think happened?"

"I have a feeling that Rita had something to do with this," said David. Upon hearing his input, everyone fell silent.

"Maybe you're right. What's even more suspicious is that she came here today, and she asked a lot

about Scarlett and the accident. I really don't believe that it's just a coincidence," Spencer said.

Right after he said that, he turned his attention to me.

In response, I shook my head and said, "I don't have any evidence to prove that Rita did it. Honestly, I'm not really sure about anything right now."

Spencer let out a sigh. "Scarlett, you'd best focus on your well-being in the meantime. Don't just think about the training program."

Just then, Richard opened the door and walked in. He seemed serious when he whispered something in Charles' ear.

I couldn't hear what he said to Charles, but I noticed that Charles' face became sullen all of a sudden.

"What's wrong?" I asked worriedly.

"Scarlett has a flight to catch tomorrow afternoon, so I'll be taking her home to get some rest." Having said that, Charles stood up and led me out.

On the journey home, I glanced at his face and asked, "Hey, what happened?"

Charles pressed his lips and looked at me. "Rita was the one who hired someone to cause trouble at the hospital."

Shocked, I looked back at him and asked, "Do you have any evidence to prove it?"

"Richard heard the culprit talking to Rita over the phone and asking her for the money she promised," Charles replied as he looked ahead at the road outside the window.

A long silence ensued between us. Moments later, I asked, "So, what are you going to about it?"

"Do you have any ideas?" Charles asked in response.

"Call the police," I said without hesitation.

He nodded without hesitation. "Agreed. Let's leave it to the police."

I smiled at him, and felt a little relieved. "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to call the police on her."

"She's done something horrible, and she needs to face consequences of her actions," Charles answered before planting a kiss next my lips to comfort me.

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The following day, Charles drove me to the airport himself. I leaned against his chest, feeling more reluctant to leave him.

He fiddled with my long hair and kissed me on the forehead. "It'll be the weekend in a few days. I'll fly to you by then."

"Sound great," I replied, still feeling reluctant to depart.

"Wherever you go, you have to take your bodyguards with you, okay?" Charles had been saying that many times for the past few days.

"Yes, I got it. Since when have you become so anal-retentive?" I smiled at him and let out a helpless sigh.

As soon as I finished speaking, Charles kissed my lips. As punishment, he bit my lip, causing me to frown because of the pain.

I pushed him away, but he bit me again before deciding to let me go. "If you don't be a good girl and listen, I'm going to punish you right here."

The implications of his words made me blush. "We're at the airport, you pervert."

Charles chuckled at my remark. "We're inside an exclusive VIP room. Only the two of us are here."

I could tell that he wouldn't hesitate to do it. Thus, I shut my mouth and nestled in his arms in silence. I even kissed his cheek to appease him.

### [Chapter 172 Attempted Murder](#)

Nate's POV:

I was depressed as I watched the company's stock prices plummeting that morning.

Just when I was lost in thought, the police knocked on my door.

I stood up and asked, "Sir, what can I do for you?"

A middle-aged police officer walked in and asked in a serious tone, "Is Rita Lively here?"

Rita stood up at once and asked, "What's the matter?"

"We suspect you to be involved in an attempted murder case, so please come with us to the police station. I suggest you cooperate with the investigation."

As soon as the policeman finished his words, another younger police officer walked to Rita, holding a pair of handcuffs.

I immediately lunged forward intending to stop the policeman. "Sir, is there some kind of a misunderstanding?"

"We'll know that after we investigate the matter,"

the policeman said before he tried to put the handcuffs on Rita.

Rita immediately covered her chest as though she was about to faint.

"Mom, I want to go to the hospital. My heart hurts..."

She leaned against the sofa weakly with a pale face.

Susan immediately held her and said to the policeman, "Sir, my daughter is having a heart attack! Call a doctor."

"There is no need for that. Take her to the hospital right away," I said calmly.

The policemen glanced at each other before they made way for us.

Rita kept looking out of the window on our way and asked, "Mom, are the policemen still on our tail?"

"I... I don't know." Susan was clearly frightened. She was trembling.

Seeing her like that, I frowned and said in a cold voice, "What are you so afraid of? It's just the police, and you're already scared to death!"

Hearing that, Susan calmed down and asked Rita, "What happened?"

"Charles is probably the one trying to sue me..." Rita replied in a low voice.

"Charles wants to sue you?" I asked with a frown.

Shaking her head, Rita said in a voice that was filled with hatred, "No. It's not him. I am sure that bitch, Scarlett, is the one behind all this!"

"The police are following us. Let's get to the hospital first," I said indifferently.

Susan looked back and asked in a hurry, "What should we do now?"

"What can they do? Scarlett is fine now. Dad, find me a good lawyer."

I nodded in reply.

It was clear that Rita was going to have to stay in the hospital for the next few days.

I left the hospital after that, and went to the Moore Group to meet Charles. I wanted to ask him what happened, but he did not seem to want to see me.

Just when I was about to walk out of the door, someone stopped me.

"Hello. Are you Mr. Lively?"

When I turned around, there was a beautiful young woman in front of me. She was wearing a deep-neck tight dress, which emphasized her beautiful figure.

I straightened up my clothes and greeted her, "Hello. Who are you?"

"I'm Lily, a friend of your daughter. It's a pleasure to meet you, sir."

"Oh, hi, Lily! Are you free to grab some coffee with me?"

Lily smiled at me and nodded in reply.

I stared at her while I sat in the cafe, admiring her.

She had flawless supple skin and beautiful eyes, which made me take a fancy to her at the first sight of her.

"How is Rita doing? Well, I heard that she had a conflict with the others last night," Lily said slowly.

"She hasn't been doing that well." I sighed helplessly.

"Really? What happened to her?"

"Someone is trying to sue her for attempted murder," I said in a voice that was filled with concern, and Lily looked at me in disbelief.

I was moved. She was not just gorgeous, she was also truly kind-hearted.

"Rita could never do such a thing. Besides, I trust her." Lily tried to comfort me with her kind words.

"I know. I only came to the Moore Group to question Charles about it. But I could not meet him, unfortunately." Saying that, I took another sip of coffee.

"Well, it looks like we both have the same problem, then. I could not see him, either."

"Are you having some kind of trouble?"

Lily looked at me with a pitiful glance and said in a helpless tone, "It's not that big a deal. I just wanted to ask Mr. Moore if he could help me get this acting role."

Hearing that, I immediately offered, "I can help you with that."

Feeling restless, I could not help but touch her smooth, glass-like hands.

"Thank you." She seemed to be a little shy as she withdrew her hand with a look of gratitude in her eyes.

Spencer's POV:

While David and I were in the bar, talking, I looked through the French window, and noticed two familiar-looking people sitting in the cafe from across the street. Seeing that, I could not help but look again.

With a curious look in his eyes, David turned to me and asked, "Do you see a beautiful woman there? You seem to be so absorbed."

I glared at him, raised my chin as I glanced at the cafe again, and nodded. "Look! It's Nate and Lily."

David stared at them for a few seconds before he said in a voice filled with contempt, "Should we drug them a little to spice things up?"

By then, I noticed that Nate was trying to slide his hand under her clothes, but she seemed to be playing hard to get.

I withdrew my gaze and smiled sarcastically. "Look at them! They're so horny that they might end up fucking right in the cafe. These people don't need drugs at all!"

The second after I said that, Lily and Nate became bolder.

I took out my phone and said, "It's going to be real fun to take some pictures and send it to Rita."

However, David stopped me. With an amused look, he said, "It might be even more fun if we let her know after they sleep with each other."

Agreeing with him, I put away my phone.

When I looked at the cafe again, Nate was holding Lily's waist as though he was ready to leave with her.



I immediately sent someone to follow them. There was no way that I was going to miss such an amazing show.

All of a sudden, we heard some noise, and David and I both turned in the direction.

A girl in a uniform pointed at a man, and said, "You just touched me!"

That seemingly wealthy man looked at the girl and said sarcastically, "Don't sling mud at me! I almost gagged when I saw how flat-chested you are! I think you must be trying really hard to get married to a rich guy like me, but even if you get naked and kneel before me, I still wouldn't look at you. I am not that blind to go for a girl like you, bitch!"

"Call some of our guys," David whispered in my ear before he rushed to them.

Before I could even react, he punched that man in the face while protecting the girl behind him.

Observing the situation, I noticed that David seemed to be really protective of her, so I wondered if he had a crush on her.

It was no wonder that he was suddenly acting like a hero, saving the damsel in distress.

I called over some of our men. We needed to at least seem aggressive and intimidating.

The wealthy man covered his face, glaring at David. "Who the hell are you? How dare you meddle in my business?"

Without saying a word to him, David raised his leg and kicked him hard in the chest.

The wealthy man fell to the ground and was not able to get up. He looked at his companions and ordered them, "Damn it! Teach this bastard a lesson!"

Rubbing my palms excitedly, I kicked my bodyguards' butt and said, "Go get them!"

While the bar was in chaos, I seized the opportunity to step on the wealthy man's hand, enjoying his painful scream.

Just when I was fighting with all I got, I suddenly noticed that two people were missing.

Where did David and the girl go?

"Damn it! Did they really just run away and leave me to handle this?!" I cursed while I smashed the wine bottle in my hand on their heads to vent my anger.

[Chapter 173 Let's Get Married](#)

David's POV:

I took the opportunity and took Cathy to an empty box nearby. I could see that she was frightened. Her face was pale, and her body was trembling.

What was more, her clothes were ruffled, and her beautifully coiled hair was now disheveled over her shoulders. Not only that, fear was written all over her pretty face.

I patted her on the head comfortingly. "It's all right now. There's nothing to be scared of anymore."

Cathy pointed at my hand. "Y-you're bleeding..." she said with a trembling voice.

I lowered my gaze to look at my hand and shook my head indifferently as if the wound did not even hurt. I then looked her in the eye and solemnly said, "Let's get married."

Cathy looked at me in astonishment.

"I said, let's get married," I repeated, seeing that she was in a daze.

"Is it because we slept together once?" Cathy shook off my hand and continued, "We were both drunk that night. It was an accident."

"I don't care if it was just an accident or not. I have to be responsible for you. So, let's get married."

"I refuse," Cathy said flatly. If it were other girls, they would have been ecstatic. She, however, did not seem amused by my proposal.

Although I was disappointed with her response, I did not show it. "Give me a reason why we shouldn't get married. You'd better not tell me a lame excuse like you're poor and I'm rich and that we're not meant to be together. In my eyes, family background is merely additional decoration to one's characters. I don't really care about it."

Cathy pondered for a moment and then answered, "You're too old for me."

"Hey! I'm just eight years older than you." I did not know whether to laugh or cry. I must admit, I was not expecting that answer.

"Eight years is big enough an age gap. My mother won't let me be with someone much older than me."

As soon as Cathy finished speaking, she shook off my hand, opened the door, and left. Of course, I hurriedly went out and tried to catch up with her.

"Do you propose to every girl you sleep with?" Cathy scoffed when I finally caught up with her.

I was dumbfounded. Truth be told, that night was the first time I had had sex. However, being a virgin was not something one should brag about, especially when you were old. How could I tell her that I was a virgin until that night?

Cathy was a waitress in the bar, so she knew the place very well. Although I tried to follow her closely, I eventually lost her.

I returned to the box dejectedly. Fortunately, Charles and Spencer arrived not long after to accompany me.

Spencer looked around as soon as he entered the room. Seeing that I was alone, he looked at me with pity and asked, "Where is she?"

"She ran away," I briefly answered, not in the mood for a chat.

Spencer was taken aback. "Ran away? Pfft. It turns out that you're not as charming as I expected. I thought she'd be grateful for your help and agree to be with you."

I sighed helplessly. "She thinks I'm too old for her."

For a moment, Spencer was quiet. But, all of a sudden, he burst into laughter. He laughed so hard that he clutched his stomach as his insides hurt. "Damn! I can't believe that you're actually robbing the cradle!"

I kicked him in annoyance. "Don't go too far."

"Why not? It's hilarious! Let me laugh a little longer!" Spencer collapsed on the sofa from laughing too hard.

I was at a loss for words as I watched him laugh and cry at the same time. For a second, I doubted if he was really my friend.

Only Charles seemed to notice my wound. He kicked Spencer on the shin and ordered, "Stop it. Deal with his wound first."

"Okay, okay. I'll call Vivian." Spencer did as told, but he still had not stopped laughing.

Vivian arrived a few moments later. She poured alcohol all over my wound to disinfect it. My wound stung and I frowned.

But strangely... why did I not feel any pain earlier?

"Hold on. The wound is a little deep." Vivian carefully treated my wound. Her hands were so light that I could barely feel what she was doing.

"Charles, why'd you come so late? You just missed the chance to fight alongside me. Don't you feel any remorse?" I asked teasingly while enduring the dull pain in my wound.

Spencer rested his feet on the table and grumbled, "Cut the crap. You ran away with the girl and left me to fight alone." Sure enough, he looked as though he had just gotten into a fight. His shirt was unbuttoned, and he had several bruises on his body. He looked like a gangster.

Meanwhile, Charles took a sip of wine. Unlike the two, he was unscathed. "You two are weak. It's embarrassing to fight side by side with you. I'd rather video chat with Scarlett than fight with you."

I stared daggers at Charles and gritted my teeth in indignation. "You really can't resist the urge to gloat about your love life any chance you get, can you?"

Charles chuckled. "Really? Well, I just can't find a reason to avoid you. You're my friends, after all."

Spencer was dissatisfied with Charles as well. "Next time you quarrel with Scarlett, I'll definitely laugh at you in your face. No, that won't be enough. I'll post your problem online, so thousands of people will laugh at you as well."

Charles looked at Spencer with narrowed eyes, "Go ahead. But I'll be sure to issue a lonely hearts ad for you first."

Spencer immediately raised his arms as if to surrender. "You know what? Let's stop fighting. We're friends! Anyway, come on. Let's drink and forget that we've just said. I'd like to propose a toast for all of us."

The three raised their glasses and clinked them with one another. With that, they drank up the alcohol to drown their sorrows.

Scarlett's POV:

I got up early today. I was full of excitement as I would finally see Charles after a long time.

In fact, I spent thirty minutes just choosing the perfect outfit for today. In the end, I settled with a cotton dress that Charles had bought for me.

I combed up my hair and put on delicate makeup. I wanted to look stunning when I finally got to see Charles.

Once I was all dolled up, I sat down on the sofa in the living room and waited for him. However, about an hour later, he still had not arrived. I was starting to get worried. He had never been late to anything. Just then, the doorbell rang.

Excited, I stood up at once. Meanwhile, Janet followed and reminded me, "Mrs. Moore, watch your step."

I walked to the door anxiously. Before I opened the door, I took a deep breath and turned to Janet. "Is my makeup okay? Is my hair fine? Does my lipstick look good and not smudged?"

Janet smiled. "You look stunning."

I opened the door excitedly, only to be disappointed in the end. Instead of seeing Charles outside the door, what I saw was a package.

I frowned in confusion. I was not expecting any package today. Besides, who would send me that?

Janet stepped out, took the package in, and closed the door behind her.

Then, she put the package in front of me and reassured me, "Mr. Moore should be here soon. Would you like to check the package first?"

I nodded in response. I opened the box, and my eyes widened in shock with what I saw. Inside the box were several photos in it, including photos of a contract with the signatures of Nate and my father.

I put the photos aside, and I noticed that there was also a flash drive in the box.

"I'm going upstairs. Call me when Charles arrives." I took flash drive with me and went upstairs.

I returned to my room. For a moment, I contemplated whether or not I should check the contents of the flash drive. In the end, I decided to do it.

I plugged it into my computer and found that it only contained a recording. Without further ado, I put on my headphones and played the audio.

It sounded like two people were talking. One was Nate, and the other voice sounded as if it had been processed.

"Wish us success." That was the last thing I heard. But even when the recording was over, I remained in a daze. It took me a moment before I regained my composure.

I stared at the computer screen, lost in thought. I felt as though my heart was torn apart because of what I had just heard.

While I was in deep thought, my phone vibrated. I took a look at it and found that Charles was calling.

I could not make my mind if I should answer it. In the end, I did not.

I stared at my laptop and recalled the audio I had just listened to. I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach at the thought of them.

If all this was true, how could I face Charles?

All of a sudden, a sharp pain shot across my heart and belly.

I curled up on the ground in pain. My vision was becoming hazy, and I felt that I was spiraling into the darkness little by little.

"Scarlett..."

I heard someone call my name.

It sounded like Charles, and he was anxious.

The next second, the darkness completely devoured me.

#### [Chapter 174 Let's Divorce](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Struggling to wake up from my nightmare, I stared at the ceiling until I gradually pulled myself together.

I heard a sound coming from beside me and looked at Charles speechlessly.

When I saw his expression, I immediately figured out that he had already looked at those photos and he had heard the audio.

"Do you care to explain?" My throat was dry as I said those words, but my heart hurt me more.

After a long silence, he asked, "Are you going to believe me if I explain it?"

I stared at him for a long time before I finally made up my mind and said, "Let's get divorced..."

I felt like the air around me was freezing cold. It suddenly felt like there was an invisible pair of hands, strangling me.

Unable to look at the man in front of me, I lowered my head.

"Okay..." Charles said in a low voice after a long time.

The entire world around me fell silent at that moment. It felt like Charles and I were in two different worlds. My heart was aching so badly that it almost seemed like someone was stabbing me through the chest, but I knew that divorce was probably the best choice for us now.

Three weeks passed, and Charles and I went to the lawyer's office to complete our divorce procedure.

Thinking that it might take a really long time, I had set aside the whole day, but I was surprised to find that the procedure was over quickly.

Only when I walked out of the lawyer's office, it hit me that Charles and I would have nothing to do with each other anymore.

"I'm still the father of our child, so you can come to me whenever you need anything," he whispered in my ear.

Without answering him, I looked into his eyes while a sudden cloud of sadness engulfed my heart.

Sometimes, fate could really play cruel tricks on people...

Time passed quickly, and I was almost nearing the delivery date. Charles had been with me to help me through it.

I had been in the hospital for nearly a week now, but the baby was not about to come yet. Seeing that, the doctor told me that if I was not giving birth in the next twenty four hours, then he might have to give me an injection of oxytocin.

But that very night, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my belly.

"Charles..." I shouted in panic.

Charles immediately stood up and asked in a worried tone, "What's wrong? Does your belly hurt?"

I pursed my lips and nodded while he pressed the bell. The next second, a group of medical staff entered the room.

He followed me to the delivery room and held my hand to help me cheer up a little.

I felt the pain in my belly getting stronger and stronger with each second. Charles seemed to be really agitated and restless. I have never seen him look so worried before.

"Scarlett, don't be afraid. Everything is going to be fine." Although he was clearly panicking, he still tried to comfort me.

All of a sudden, I felt the worst pain I had ever experienced, and something came out of me.

The next moment, a loud cry shook the room, and the doctor said, "The baby is out!"

Struggling to look at my baby, I closed my eyes, and fell asleep from the exhaustion.

When I opened my eyes again, I saw Charles playing with our sleeping baby with a gently smile.

He looked at me and asked in a low voice, "Have you picked out a name for him yet?"

"No," I answered in a hoarse voice.

Looking at me cautiously, Charles said, "We'll call him James Moore, then. What do you think?"

And I nodded in agreement.

After staring at me for a long time, he suddenly asked, "Scarlett, do you still hate me?"

I thought about it for a while before I replied, "No."

The room fell into silence again. Charles played with our son while I was on the bed, lost in thought.

I went to see Lily as soon as I was discharged.

Richard had found out that she had been the one who had sent the package, so I wanted to ask her something directly.

However, when I saw her bulging belly, I was a little stunned.

"Are you pregnant?" I asked, looking at her pale face.

Lily nodded. "It's Nate's child."

"How could it be..." Her words shocked me.

She touched her belly with a smile. "As long as I give birth to the baby, Nate will give me a hundred million dollars."

I was not really interested to know about that, so I asked, "Why do you hate Charles and Rita so much?"

With a smile of mockery, she said, "After Rita found out that I was dating Nate, she sent someone to my house to make trouble. My mother's blood pressure was unstable at that time, and because of what Rita did, she died of a heart attack. Why would I not hate her? And I did not hate Charles at first, but after my mom passed, I began to hate every single one of those so-called upper class people. And I despised them because they were completely ruthless, playing with women like they're disposable and using their power to get whatever they wanted..."

Lily was so emotional that her eyes turned red. Gritting her teeth, she continued, "Since I'm having a



hard time, I did not want to let them have a good life. So I continued to seduce Nate while I quietly dealt with my mother's funeral. I thought that Nate would know a lot of secrets that were enough for me to drive a wedge between you and Charles. But I didn't expect him to expose such a big one. So I secretly took some photos after he fell asleep that night, and I sent them to you along with the audio that I had secretly recorded before."

After hearing that, I gave her a nod and said, "Thank you for letting me know."

"Actually, I was so sure that you two are going to divorce. The Moore family did not help your dad when he was in danger, and they are just as cold-blooded as your father's murderer."

"You'd better worry about yourself. I don't think Rita is going to let you go so easily." I could not help but feel a little upset. Our divorce was not made public, and I was still wearing my wedding ring. But for some reason, I felt like I was deceiving myself.

"I'm not afraid of her." It seemed that Lily was not taking Rita seriously at all.

Without saying more, I left.

On our way back, I asked Janet, "How often does Charles expect you to report to him?"

"Once every hour," Janet answered subconsciously.

But when she realized that she said something that she should not have, she quickly covered her mouth.

Noticing that she was nervous, I smiled and said, "I just saw you looking at your phone from time to time in the cafe."

"I'm sorry..." Janet lowered her head guiltily.

"It's all right. It's only reasonable for you to follow Charles' orders since you work for him," I said lightly.

After resting at home for a short period of time, I was ready to start working again.

As soon as I arrived at my office, Nina said to me with excitement, "Scarlett, they want to give you a promotion! You're going to be a producer! Congratulations! But there's a catch. They also say that it is the producer's job to seek funds. Who are you going to ask? Charles?"

After thinking for a long time, I said, "I will try Spencer and David."

"Okay, as long as you can get some cash for the funding." Nina seemed to want to say something else too, but she stopped on second thought.

"If you got nothing else to say, then you can get back to work." With that, I turned on my computer and

began to work.

Nina let out a sigh before she turned around and walked out of my office.

That evening, I went to Spencer's bar.

The moment he saw me there, he teased, "What brings you here?"

"I have a proposal, and I wanted to know if you're interested to work with me," I replied with a smile.

David, who was sitting next to us, also seemed to be surprised. "A proposal? Or did I hear it wrong?"

"There is a project at the TV station, and I need sponsorship for it. I think you two are the best for the job." Spencer and David seemed to be a little hesitant when they heard that.

Spencer teased, "You'd better ask your husband for help. He's a lot wealthier than either of us."

"He is not my husband anymore. He is my ex-husband now," I corrected him. "Besides, I don't think that it would be appropriate for me to contact him in the current situation," I added.

A second later, Charles appeared.

He frowned in surprise, looking at me. "What are you doing here?"

"I wanted to talk to them about something," I said coldly before I stood up, intending to leave.

"What's wrong?" Charles asked again.

"Nothing to trouble you with. I'm leaving." Saying that, I left at once before he could ask me more.

Charles' POV:

Looking at Scarlett's receding figure, I glanced at Spencer and David as I asked with a frown, "Why did she want to see you guys?"

They both exchanged glances and smiled. "Nothing serious. She just wanted to have a drink with us."

I looked at them coldly and asked, "Do you want to play tennis?"

"Hell, no! I don't deserve to play tennis with you," Spencer answered with an awkward smile.

"What is it?" I was on the verge of losing my patience with them and pulled a long face.

"Well... Scarlett came to us about a project that needs sponsorship," David said.

'A Sponsorship? The Moore family has more than enough money.

Would she really rather rely on them than relying on me?'

"I want you to let me know at once if she comes to you again," I said through gritted teeth.

"And what if she doesn't want me to?" Spencer asked.

"Then tell me without her knowledge!" I was trying my best to control my inner urge to strangle him.

With a curious look in his eyes, Spencer turned to me and asked, "Did you two really get divorced? She just said that you are her ex-husband."

"Don't even think about it, Spencer. Or you won't be around to watch the sun rise again!" Hearing my cold words, Spencer wisely decided to shut up.

#### [Chapter 175 An Irreparable Situation](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I had been really busy ever since I became the producer.

I would send James to the Moore mansion so that Alice could take care of him while I was at work. And I would go there to pick him up as soon as I was done with my work.

But whenever I went there, it seemed that Alice wanted to say something to me, but she was hesitant.

I could guess what she wanted to talk to me about, but I was not in the mood to talk about it.

One day, when I was about to leave with James, she stopped me. "Scarlett, is it really over between you and Charles?"

"Mom, do you know how Nate is connected to my mother?" I changed the subject, unwilling to talk about my relationship with Charles.

After a long moment of silence, Alice said with a sigh, "Well, the fact is, Nate loved your mother, but it was one-sided. Your father was the first man that your mother ever loved. Nate fought with your father several times over your mother's love, and he was really unwilling to give up on her. And after your father passed away, he..."

Before Alice could say more, I interrupted her, and said, "I understand. Thanks. I am heading back now."

With an anxious look in her eyes, she asked, "Why can't you stay a bit longer? Charles will be home

soon."

"James is asleep. And I am tired too, so I want to go home and have an early tonight." With a smile, I walked out of there, holding my son in my arms.

I felt like I should leave before Charles returned, because I did not want to see him.

However, just when I was about to start the car, he appeared in front of me. He stopped his car right in front of mine, blocking my way.

I glanced at my son, who was sound asleep, and gave up the idea of honking the horn. After thinking for a second, I got off the car.

At the same time, Charles also got off his car.

"What do you want?" I asked in a sullen tone.

Without answering me, he got in my car, sat in the driver's seat, stuck his head out of the window, and said, "Let me drive you home."

"No, thanks." Saying that, I glared at him.

Charles glanced at James, and said, "Aren't you worried to let our son sleep alone in the backseat?"

I hesitated for a moment before I got in the car with him.

Charles then signaled his driver to drive his car away to make way for my car to pass.

The drive was a silent one, and as soon as we arrived at my apartment, I tried to get off the car, but Charles locked the door.

Before I could say anything, he said, "I'm James' father. If you want any help, you should come to me first."

"There's no need for that. Open the door. I want to get off," I said uneasily as the things that we had done in the car before kept popping up in my mind.

However, Charles sat still as he stared at me.

"Open the door, now! James won't be comfortable sleeping like this." Feeling a little low, I tried to urge him.

Looking at our son, Charles finally compromised.

I quickly got off the car, letting the cool night breeze cool down my heated face.

The next day, there was news of Nate's party for the wealthy all over the Internet. In the photo, Charles was sitting in the center, and there were two women beside him dressed in sultry clothes.

"Why is Charles hooking up with them already? He just got divorced," Nina complained, watching the news.

There was a hint of sadness in my heart as I glanced at her.

"Scarlett, Charles and the baby are here," a colleague reminded me.

Frowning, I got up to go out.

Charles was indeed standing there with James in his arms.

He smiled at me and said, "Our son can say 'mama' now. I brought him over so you could hear it."

I glanced at James, who was sound asleep.

Charles also looked at him with a pout, and said, "He was awake just a moment ago."

"He is an infant. How can he speak at his age? Do you really think that I am that gullible?" I retorted.

"I am not lying. I did hear him say the word!" Charles was really sure about it.

Since I did not want to argue with him any longer, I said, "Let's go."

Following me out, he carried James to his car.

"You either get in the car, or you can go back alone," Charles said casually, looking at me.

Feeling helpless, I glared at him before I got in his car.

Soon, we arrived, but James started to cry before we got off, so I had to stay and coax him.

"Did you change your perfume?" Charles asked me in a low voice.

"You only live once, right? I am not going to stop with just changing my perfume, I will also be changing a lot of other things too," I said meaningfully.

'I can change my husband, too!' I thought to myself.

With a sad look, he stared at me.

"I am going to take James inside to breastfeed him," I said, holding my son in my arms.

"You can feed him right here," Charles said in a deep, seductive voice.

With a frown, I looked at him, but since James was crying uncontrollably, I had no choice but to compromise.

I unbuttoned my shirt to feed my son, and warned Charles, "Turn around and don't look!"

Looking out of the car, Charles mumbled, "I was the only one who could suck on them before!"

After James finished drinking milk, he fell asleep again. However, Charles continued to keep the car doors locked. It seemed that he was unwilling to let me get off the car.

"Open the door!" I hissed, lowering my voice.

But he still did not open the door. After a moment, he said, "Recently, Nate and I..."

"Your business with him has nothing to do with me," I interrupted him.

"I will explain it to you later," he said.

I was silent for a long time before I turned to him and said, "There is no need for that. You should do whatever you want."

With a cold gaze, he turned to me and asked, "Are you really happy that we divorced?"

"That's none of your business." I was being indifferent and did not even look at him.

"But I'm not happy..." he muttered.

I glanced at him and continued to remain silent.

All of a sudden, the atmosphere between us felt depressing, and even James moved uneasily.

"Open the door. I want to get off the car," I urged him again.

Charles finally unlocked the door, and I quickly got off the car, but before I could grab my bag, he took it.

"Let me help." Saying that, he was about to get off the car.

"Give me the bag. I can do it myself." Upon hearing my indifferent words, his expression darkened.

"Are you trying to keep distancing yourself from me?" he asked coldly.

I was stunned for a moment before I replied with a chuckle, "Of course, I am. You are my ex-husband, and we should be keeping our distance."

Charles stared at me with a strange look in his eyes for a long time. I could not understand what he was thinking about.

"Give me the bag," I repeated. Sighing, he finally handed me my bag.

Holding James in my arms, I turned around and left, ignoring my ex-husband.

### [Chapter 176 In Danger](#)

Charles' POV:

I was in a foul mood as I watched Scarlett disappear from my sight, so I sullenly drove to Spencer's bar.

I drank one glass of wine after another, but I could not stop feeling so upset.

"Why are you and Nate so close these days?" Spencer asked, looking at me in confusion.

Glancing at him, I replied in a low voice, "It's all his fault that Scarlett divorced me."

"Really? How?" Spencer seemed to be really stunned.

Without saying anything, I just continued drinking.

"You've been drinking a lot lately. You should take care of yourself." With that, he took away my glass.

The room suddenly became depressing as I continued to stay silent.

Spencer put his arm around my shoulder and comforted me, "I don't think Scarlett is the kind of person to move on so quickly. You still have a chance, so don't be depressed yet. But if you really can't win her over at all, then I will pursue her. We are brothers, after all."

I punched his chest. "Do you have a death wish?"

Spencer groaned in pain before he let go of me, covered his chest and laughed. "Come on, don't be mad. It was just a joke."

"Don't make such jokes about Scarlett again," I said, glaring at him as I continued to drink.

"All right, Cheer up, Charles! You are such a remarkable man, I am sure that Scarlett will love you again," Spencer comforted me with a smile.

"Shut up!" I snapped at him.

"Okay, I'll shut up." With that, he placed his hand on his mouth.

All of a sudden, I got a call from Richard.

"Boss, I have sent the photos and videos to Rita." His firm voice came from the other end of the line.

"Okay," I replied briefly and hung up.

With a curious look in his eyes, Spencer approached me and asked, "What happened?"

I glanced at him and moved away, feeling disgusted to see how interested he was in gossip.

"Drink with me," I said and clinked my glass with him.

He looked at me suspiciously before he picked up his glass to drink.

At around midnight, I left the bar and went back to my apartment. Looking at the empty living room, I could not help but recall the days I had spent with Scarlett here.

I finally realized that I was the one that had not been able to move on. I could not come to terms with the fact that she had disappeared from my life ever since our divorce, and I was not able to snap out of it.

I laughed at myself while I slowly fell asleep on the couch.

Rita's POV:

Anger surged through my body when I suddenly received intimate photos of my father and Lily.

I wanted to get an explanation from my dad, so I called him immediately.

"Hello..." Lily's raspy voice came through the phone.

"Why are you answering the phone?" I questioned.

"My dear, why are you calling me in the middle of the night?" Lily chuckled. And just when I was about to retort, she said, "Honey, your daughter is on the line. Come and talk to her."

"Why is she calling at such an odd hour? Hang up, honey." I heard my father's sleepy voice.

"She's waiting. Say something to her," Lily said to him.



I could hear their conversation over the phone. How could they be so shameless?

"What's the matter?" Nate asked in a hoarse voice.

Without answering, I hung up.

I did not hesitate to go and see what they were doing now.

By the time I arrived at my father's villa, it was one in the morning.

Soon after I pressed the bell, the door opened. Lily appeared in front of me dressed in a pair of sexy silk pajamas.

With a perfunctory smile, she said, "Rita, here you are! Come on in. You must be feeling cold outside."

"Get out!" I roared and was about to pull her hair.

However, my father suddenly appeared in front of her, protecting her.

"Are you okay?" he asked Lily in a concerned voice.

Lily leaned weakly in his arms and squeezed some fake tears. "I'm okay. I didn't expect her to attack me, though."

"Drop the act and get out of here!" I glared at her and was about to make my move.

But my father scolded me coldly, "Stop it! Behave yourself and know your place!"

Pointing at my father's nose, I hissed, "You think that you have the right to scold me? You already have one foot in the grave, but you're still screwing a girl who's my age. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

All of a sudden, Lily retched and said to Nate sweetly, "Honey, I haven't been able to sleep well lately, and I am experiencing loss of appetite. Can you come to the hospital with me tomorrow?"

"Okay," Nate replied tenderly.

"Are you pregnant?" I asked, looking at Lily in horror.

She nodded at me and smiled. "Yes, Rita. You're going to be a big sister soon. Are you happy?"

"No way! I won't let you give birth!" I scolded her.

"What are you saying?" My father roared.

Lily leaned on his chest, sobbing.

"Honey, didn't I tell you that she would be unhappy to know that I am pregnant? Even though the baby is still in my belly, Rita hates it so much..."

The more Lily talked, the more aggrieved she pretended to be.

Seeing that, I could not restrain my anger anymore, but just when I was about to slap her, my father stopped me.

"Get out! You are not welcome here!" he shouted at me angrily.

I glared at them, clenched my fists, turned around, and walked out of there.

The more I thought of it, the angrier I became. I took out my phone and dialed a number.

"Keep an eye on Lily, and kill her child when you find an opportunity!" I said coldly before tossing my phone aside.

Janet's POV:

I was sound asleep when I suddenly heard Scarlett's blood curdling scream, so I immediately rushed to her room.

Turning on the bedside lamp, I asked with concern, "What happened, Scarlett? Tell me."

Scarlett rubbed her sleepy eyes and said, "I was having a nightmare."

She wiped away her tears, and hugged me, but I could feel that she was still trembling with fear.

My body stiffened, but I patted on her back to comfort her. "It's all right. You'll be fine."

She let go of me, but she was still shaking.

"It's about time. You should get up and have some breakfast,"

I said before I walked to the kitchen to make breakfast.

After she ate, the Moore family driver came to pick up James.

"Mrs. Moore wants you to move back into the Moore family's house, so that you wouldn't have to be traveling back and forth," the driver said.

"Let's discuss it later," Scarlett answered perfunctorily.

The driver then took James away.

"I want you two to go with them to the Moore mansion," she added all of a sudden.

"Let Tracy go with them. I'll stay here with you," I said in a low voice.

"I want both of you to go with them. I am feeling a little uneasy today, and I am really worried about James," Scarlett said in a firm voice.

Hearing that, I had no choice but to go.

"You be careful, and call us immediately if something happens, okay?" Saying that, I got in the car and left with them.

On our way, some men suddenly stopped our car. They seemed to be well prepared.

"What should we do now?" Tracy asked flatly.

"Call Richard." I then turned to the driver and added, "You stay in the car and protect James."

With that, Tracy and I got off the car.

They all seemed to be experienced fighters. At first, Tracy and I were able to take them on, but soon we were outnumbered and were at a disadvantage.

Just when we were about to lose hope, Richard came with his men. After getting beaten up by us, those men fled in a hurry.

#### [Chapter 177 Terrified](#)

Charles's POV:

Upon receiving a message from Janet that James was fine, I felt so much relief.

Then, I decided to give Scarlett a call. But when the call connected, the one who answered wasn't the person I had been longing for.

"Oh, Charles! Scarlett is busy right now. Can I take the message?" asked Nina.

"James almost got kidnapped. Please tell Scarlett to be extra careful from now on. And tell her I'll pick her up later," I answered. Worry was apparent in the way I spoke.

"What the hell? How did that even happen? Alright, I'll tell her everything you said." Nina sounded

horrified. And her normal cheery voice had become serious.

Once I hung up, I drove to the TV station to pick up Scarlett.

Upon entering the building, I saw her running towards me. I could see in her eyes just how worried she was.

"Charles, how is James? Is he hurt? Oh, my God! This is all my fault. I was feeling something bad might happen earlier, but I didn't keep him company." Scarlett was holding my sleeve, and her hurried voice showed just how agitated she was.

"There's no need to blame yourself. James is fine. In fact, you're the reason he's safe, because you insisted on letting Janet and Tracy look after him." I held her in my arms, stroking her hair in an attempt to comfort her.

I was relieved that Scarlett didn't push me away this time. With trembling hands, she held onto my waist as if she were holding onto dear life.

"It's going to be okay," I muttered. Gently, I planted a kiss on her forehead and waited for her to calm down.

A few moments later, Scarlett finally stopped trembling. The moment she looked into my eyes, all frailty and hesitation she previously had were gone. "I want to see James," she said.

"Come on, then. I'll take you home," I replied with a nod.

Suddenly, Scarlett became tense as though she had realized something. She loosened her grip on my waist and backed away from me. "Sorry, I, um... I was really terrified."

My heart sank at her remark. Oh, how I'd missed how she always threw herself into my arms whenever she was scared and needed comfort.

Not long after, I drove Scarlett back to my family's house. The moment she disembarked from the car, she ran to James' room at once.

I followed her closely and watched as she sat beside James' crib, caressing his soft cheeks.

Our child was sound asleep and he had a lovely smile printed on his face.

Later on, Scarlett left the room. Strands of her hair were covering her face, making her look haggard. It was easy to tell that she was absolutely terrified.

"Are you okay?" I took a step closer to her, attempting to console her. However, I stopped in my tracks when I saw how she looked at me.

I must admit that for a second there, I was scared that she'd push me away again.

"I'm fine," she said. "Let's go downstairs. We haven't greeted Mom and Dad yet," she added. Scarlett didn't even look me in the eye when she spoke to me. And after she had said that, she turned around and left. I could sense that she was avoiding being alone with me.

I didn't say anything this time, and just followed her.

When we got downstairs, we saw how worried Mom and Dad were.

"Scarlett, you need not worry so much. James is fine now." My mother, Alice, approached Scarlett and gave her a hug.

"Indeed. Have faith that we'll find the culprit behind the kidnapping and send them behind bars," my father declared. He then winked at me furtively.

I looked at Scarlett as she hugged my mother, and recalled how agitated she was at the TV station. No matter how strong she might be, she still needed someone dependable to rely on.

Knowing that she needed a shoulder to cry on, I gathered my courage to be there for her and tried to place my arms around her shoulders. But before I could get the chance to do that, she let go of my mother and swerved to avoid me.

"Sorry to have made you worry. I got carried away. Anyway, I'll be going upstairs now to accompany my son." Scarlett gave my parents a smile, and went upstairs without even glancing at me.

"Charles, what are you waiting for? Go after her and comfort her!" my father remarked.

However, I just stood there, watching Scarlett disappear from my sight.

Scarlett's POV:

I went upstairs and closed the door behind me. Then, I gazed at James, watching him sleep safe and sound. It was then that I felt like the world came crashing down around me. Unable to bear it any longer, I burst into tears.

I covered my face, rushing to the bathroom. Now that I was all alone, I let myself be vulnerable and cried myself out.

"God, I almost lost James!" I said to myself. And even though he was safe and sound now, I was still heartbroken.

If I couldn't protect my beloved son, then I didn't deserve to be his mother.

All of a sudden, I heard a click, and then the door opened.

Confused, I looked at the direction of the door. My vision was blurred by tears, but I could tell who it was just based on the person's height.

Charles held my face and wiped away my tears. He was looking at me with such pity and affection.

I did my best to suppress my emotions, but when he held me in his tight embrace, I broke into tears once more. Bitterly, I cried and hugged him back. I didn't even care that my tears were falling down his broad shoulder.

Eventually, I calmed down. Once I had gathered my composure, I felt embarrassed when I realized that I had sullied his clothes with my tears and snot.

I grabbed his clothes tightly. Even though I knew it wasn't right, I couldn't bring myself to let go.

It was then that I wondered why God ever let me meet Charles.

We were madly in love with each other, but we couldn't be together. Now, there was nothing left between us aside from endless pain and heartache.

All of a sudden, I received a call from Nina.

I forced myself to stop crying and calm down. Once I was a little more composed, I nudged Charles away and answered the call.

After a brief conversation, I hung up and turned my attention back to Charles.

"Do you think you can find out who James' kidnappers were?" I spluttered. My heart was pounding in my chest as I recalled what happened today.

"I'll find out everything today. I promise." Charles looked at me with so much determination that it rendered me silent for a moment.

Though I had been trying to distance myself from him, James was dear to his heart as well.

"Nina called me for something urgent. I have to go back to the TV station," I said.

"I'll drive you there," he offered.

"It's okay. I have bodyguards, remember? I'll just ask them to escort me there." Not wanting to be alone with Charles any longer, I decided to leave the room.

But before I could take another step, he grabbed my wrist and effortlessly pulled me back into his embrace.

I struggled to break free from his grasp, but obviously, I was no match to him in terms of strength.

"Your bodyguards are investigating the kidnapping. You won't be able to leave on your own until we find out who's behind this. Scarlett, I'll drive you there. Don't make me repeat myself," Charles commanded.

Albeit reluctant, I decided to take him up on his offer.

Not long after, we arrived at the TV station. However, I didn't get out of the car right away. Instead, I stared at his perfectly chiseled face for a moment. I tried to speak, but I found myself at a loss for words.

Charles looked at me with a piercing gaze. "What is it? Do you not want to get out of the car or is it because you don't want to leave me?"

I willed myself to look into his eyes, and tried to stay as calm as possible. "I, uh... just wanted to ask you to tell me who the kidnappers are the second you find out."

"Of course."

This time, Charles was the one who turned his face away first.

Though he was calm, I could sense that he was just as lonely and worried as I was.

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At noon, Nina and I had lunch together.

She was utterly shocked when she learned that James almost got kidnapped.

In a fit of rage, she pounded on the table. "Do you even need to conduct an investigation? It's obviously Rita! She's the only person I can think of who's capable of doing something so terrible!"

"Charles is already investigating the matter. He said he'll notify me once he finds out the truth." I poked on my food using a fork, and found that I wasn't in the mood to eat.

"Scarlett, you have Charles. There's no need for you to worry. I'm a hundred percent sure that he'll make the kidnapper regret what he did to James!"

"We're divorced," I said in a hushed voice.

"Divorced or not, he's still James' father, Scarlett. You need to understand and acknowledge that he'll do whatever it takes to protect you and your son," replied Nina.

I stared at my uneaten food and sighed.

That night, I returned to the Moore family's house.

Alice was cradling James in her arms and playing with him. My heart softened when I heard the baby's giggling.

"Scarlett, you're back. It feels different to have a child now, doesn't it? No matter how busy you get, you'll want to deal with everything else as soon as possible, so that you can go home and take care of your son," Alice remarked as she placed James into my arms.

"Indeed. I guess it's a mother's intuition, huh?" I commented. A wide grin appeared on my lips. I had to admit that Alice was right. At that moment, James gripped my finger using his small hands, and it made my heart melt.

"James should be living here from now on. You don't need to drop him off in the morning and take him back in the evening everyday anymore. It'll be better for his safety," said Alice, looking into my eyes.

"But I..."

Just before I could refuse, Alice added, "Scarlett, you can also stay here after work. I'll prepare a room for you. After all, we're still family."

"Okay. Thank you, Mom." I decided to just agree with Alice's generosity.

She was right. I had been too busy lately that I barely had any time to take care of James. Staying in the Moore mansion would be good for my child's well-being.

And as for me, all I had to do was to avoid Charles as much as I could.

Alice smiled at my response, and then we chatted for a while. Afterwards, he took James and urged me to go downstairs for dinner.

The moment I arrived downstairs, I saw the butler hurriedly approaching.

"Mr. Charles is back," he reported.

Thus, I strode towards Charles at once. "Have you found out who the culprit is?"

[Chapter 178 Sow Discord](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Trust me. You will get the results today." Saying that, Charles walked back to his bedroom.



He seemed to be exhausted.

I did not want to disturb him, so I went to the dining room to eat.

I sat in at the dining table in a daze even after I was done eating.

"Are you done?" I heard Charles' magnetic sexy voice coming from behind me.

I turned around and saw that he had just stepped out of the shower. His light-colored shirt was tucked in his dark gray suit pants, showing off his firm muscular body. Charles had wide shoulders and a slender waist, which made him look dashing sexy.

"Have you found out the truth yet? Who was it that tried to kidnap James?" I asked before he sat down.

"It was Rita." Charles placed his hand on my shoulder and gently pressed it, as though he was trying to comfort me.

"Aren't you going to tell the police about it?" When I looked into his reluctant eyes, I felt as though a large pair of hands was squeezing my heart.

How could he go to the police? After all, Rita was special to him.

"Please wait for a few days."

Upon hearing that, I looked down in disappointment.

Just as I thought, Charles didn't want to hurt Rita.

"You..." He ate quickly and was about to say something to me when the phone rang all of a sudden, interrupting him.

Seeing that, he frowned.

"Answer the phone first," I said, glancing at his vibrating phone.

It seemed like he really wanted to say something to me, but he was hesitant. In the end, he finally answered his phone, and after saying a few words, he took it, and walked out of the room.

After sitting at the table quietly for a while longer, I went upstairs to be with my lovely son.

The next morning, as soon as I woke up, I saw the news. It showed photos of Charles and Nate with two beautiful women by their sides.

My heart sank as I clicked on it and the photos appeared.

Charles was clinking glasses with Nate, and next to them were Lily and Rita.

Rita was the mastermind that tried to kidnap my son.

I clenched the phone in anger until my hands turned pale.

How could Charles talk and laugh with Rita and Nate after knowing that she tried to hurt our son?

How could he do such a thing?

Thinking of that, I began to tremble with anger. It took a long time for me to calm down.

That whole morning, I was in a daze, unable to understand Charles' reason for doing such a thing.

I went to a cafe that afternoon to interview William.

"You are more beautiful than the last time we met." Saying that, William pulled out the chair for me like a gentleman.

"Thank you for the compliment." I smiled at him and got down to business. "Let's confirm the details of the interview. These are some questions that I have prepared for you. Please take a look at them first."

With that, I handed a document to him.

He looked at me with a helpless sigh before he took it from me and said, "Relax. We're in a cafe, not in front of cameras! It seems like you're more driven than most men I've met."

"Well... It is the only way for me to live up to people's expectations," I said with a smile.

William burst into laughter, and the room became more harmonious. Things went smoothly as we continued to discuss the details of the interview.

All of a sudden, I heard loud familiar voices coming from upstairs.

I immediately recognized that it was Nate and Rita.

They were now under Charles' protection, so why were they still quarrelling with each other?

"Sorry, can you give me a second? I think I need to deal with something." I suppressed my emotions and gave William a pleasant smile.

"Of course, I'll wait for you." William was indeed graceful.

Just when I was about to go upstairs, a waitress walked to me.

"I'm sorry, ma'am. The entire second floor has already been booked by a customer." She seemed to be in a dilemma.

"It's Mr. Lively and his daughter, right? Don't worry, they invited me." With a serious expression, I lied to her.

She then stepped aside to make way for me.

The entire second floor was in chaos when I walked up. There were broken cups all over the floor, and drinks splashed everywhere, leaving almost no place for me to walk on.

Were they the ones that booked the entire floor? Thinking of that, I could not help but feel that they were just causing a scene.

Nate and Rita were in a stalemate while Lily was hiding behind him.

No one even seemed to notice that I was also there.

"Ahem!" I cleared my throat, which made them all turn to me with different expressions.

"Scarlett?" Nate seemed to be overjoyed to see me, but he stepped on a glass shard and almost tripped.

Lily held him just in time, and used the opportunity to hide herself in his arms to avoid eye contacts with me.

"What? Did you see Charles drinking with us on the news? Is that why you came here in panic? Unfortunately for you, he doesn't care about you at all," Rita sneered.

I remained calm as I slowly turned on the recording in my phone.

"Well... It was all Rita's idea. She was the one that made me do it..."

Upon hearing that, Lily immediately looked up at me in shock.

"You asked Lily to drug Abner and stir up trouble between me and Charles, because you were afraid that he loved me too much, right?" I snickered, looking at Rita.

I thought that she might try to fight me, but to my surprise, she ran to Lily, instead.

"What the hell did you tell her? How can you slander my name for something that you did?" Rita sneered as she grabbed Lily's arm.

"What are you doing? Let go of her!" Nate stood in front of Lily and pushed Rita's hand away.

"Are you really my dad? How can you stand up for this bitch and not your own daughter?" Rita roared.

"What are you saying? She is my woman, so you should respect her!" Nate seemed to be really embarrassed, so he pulled a long face, and pushed his daughter away.

Rita fell over the couch, staring at her father in shock.

And I was not in the mood to watch their silly farce. But judging from Rita's reaction, I figured out that Lily was not as easy to deal with as someone would think.

"Listen. Please behave yourself in public, and don't let your family disputes trouble others. You are really loud." I gave them a polite nod, turned around, and walked downstairs.

However, before I could take another step, someone grabbed my arm. I looked back and saw that it was Rita.

"It's really none of my business, but it was Lily who decided to drug Abner on her own! I just mentioned him to her. I never thought that she would take it that far!" Rita seemed to be more horrified than angry.

"You and Lily are the same, and I don't give a damn, anyway." Shaking off her hand, I turned around, and headed downstairs.

I walked to our table and sat down, smiling at William apologetically. "Sorry to have kept you waiting."

"It's no problem. I was enjoying the stunning view here, anyway." Putting down his coffee cup, William stared at me.

"I hope you'll enjoy our cooperation."

"I am sure I will. I want to live here for a while, so I bought a house. If I need any help, I will ask you. I hope it won't annoy you."

"Of course, not. It would be a pleasure," I replied with a smile. Once we confirmed the details of the interview, I said goodbye to him.

As soon as I walked out of the cafe, Janet and Tracy were waiting outside for me.

"Why aren't you with James?" I asked, looking at them with a frown.

"Mr. Moore said that we should be protecting you as your bodyguards," Janet answered.

Although I felt a little helpless, I knew that the Moore family's house was quite safe, so I simply nodded and took them with me.

After I went back to the TV station, I handed over the interview documents. Just when I was about to get off work, Nina held my hand.

"Come on, let's go out for dinner. It's our treat today," she said excitedly.

"Our... Treat?" I was confused.

"Abner and I are treating you! We got married, but we still haven't invited you over for dinner."

"Okay, then! I'll make sure to order the most expensive dishes on the menu." Holding Nina's hand, I walked out with her.

She winked at me and smiled as she escorted me out of the door. We then got in Abner's car.

Soon, we arrived at a restaurant.

"I wish you both a happy, loyal, and long married life." I raised my glass to toast.

I drank one glass after another, slowly losing my consciousness, but I continued to drink.

Nina took the bottle away from me and said in a serious tone, "Scarlett, you'll pass out if you keep this up. What happened now? I can tell that there's something troubling you."

"Nina..." I called out to her, but I met her eyes filled with concern, I could not say anything.

"I'm going to the bathroom." Saying that, Abner stood up and left.

"What happened?" Nina asked again, putting down the bottle.

I embraced her weakly, resting my head on her shoulder as I said, "He knows that it was Rita who tried to kidnap our son, but he is not dealing with her. Does he still have feelings for her, perhaps?"

"That's nonsense!" Nina pinched my cheek hard.

I covered my face, looking at her, confused.

"Isn't it obvious that Charles loves you? You wanted me and Abner to trust each other, but do you even trust Charles?" Nina asked, looking into my eyes, which made it difficult for me to answer her question.

'How could I trust him?

And even if I did, it will be useless. We're not meant to be together, after all.'

By the time we walked out of the restaurant, it was dark outside. The last ray of sunlight in the sky had disappeared without a trace.

Since I was too drunk, I had to take Nina's help to walk out of the restaurant.

Soon, Tracy stopped the car in front of me, and Janet got off. She then helped me get in.

As I leaned against the backseat of the car, I could not help but sense that something was odd about them.

"Scarlett." My brain, which was numbed by the alcohol, was suddenly pulled back to reality when I heard a familiar voice coming from beside me.

I looked sideways and found that there was someone sitting next to me.

"Charles? Why are you here?"

#### [Chapter 179 The Ring Was Los](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I was instantly sobered up, and I shot a cold glance at the man before me.

Charles met my frigid gaze, seemingly confused.

"Mr. Moore's car broke down nearby," said Janet.

"Take me back to the apartment first," I said. In all honesty, I'd rather not speak to Charles, so I just closed my eyes and took a nap after giving a command to my bodyguards.

It was so quiet inside the car that I had forgotten that Charles was there.

Moments later, I felt someone holding my hand, and this person's hand was warmer than usual.

"Do you have a fever?" I asked, frowning at him.

However, Charles ignored my question. He just locked his eyes on my hand and gently stroked my fingers.

Only then did I realize what he was actually doing. I wanted to withdraw my hand and attempt to hide it, but he had already noticed it.

"Where's your ring?" he asked, sounding calm; but to me his tone was frightening.

Instinctively, I covered my fingers, but I accidentally grabbed his hand instead.

We locked eyes with each other at the same time. While he was distracted, I quickly withdrew my hand and leaned against the car door.

"I lost it," I said perfunctorily.

"I see. Where'd you lose it?" he answered. I could tell that Charles was burning with anger based on how he was looking at me as if he would swallow me alive.

'Why is he so mad about the ring?

Is it even important now that we're divorced?'

"If I knew where I lost it, I would've went back to search for it already," I said in a voice laced with sarcasm.

"Find it," he commanded.

"Charles, don't forget that I'm the one who bought the rings. Now that we're divorced, the rings have lost their meaning. You should also return your ring to me," I replied. The way I looked at him now displayed just how indifferent I was towards him. And I was emboldened by the fact that I was inebriated. I reached out my hand to him, as if provoking him.

"Stop the car!" The moment Charles blurted that out, the driver floored the brakes.

Janet and Tracy, both of whom who swore to protect me all the time, didn't even look at me. They opened the door and got off the car, leaving me to deal with Charles' rage.

"Scarlett, our rings represent a lifelong promise! How could you lose yours so carelessly?" For some reason, his eyes showed his vulnerability in the way he was looking at me right now.

"A lifelong promise, you say? That's rich coming from you. You didn't even hesitate when you took off your ring!" I didn't want to show him a shred of mercy, so I stared daggers at him.

"That's because you don't trust me. Scarlett, listen to me. I'm not here to argue with you today. Right now, we're all in danger. My only wish is for you and James to be safe and sound," Charles said with a bitter smile.

I pursed my lips and looked at him in silence.

"Whatever happens, don't get involved in the dealings of Lively Group. Just stay away from their family.

I'm taking care of everything already. You just need to trust me on this."

Having said that, Charles grabbed my wrist and pulled me into his embrace.

"Scarlett, whatever it takes, find that ring and get it back. Otherwise, I will never forgive you," he whispered. The warmth of his breath seeping into my ear made me tremble.

"Bang!" After the door was opened and closed again, Charles left without looking back.

The cold gust of wind entering the car from the window managed to calm me down.

As I watched Charles walk away from inside the car, my heart felt heavy. I was uneasy and sad about how things turned out between us.

When the door opened again, Janet came in and explained, "I called Richard to pick Mr. Moore up. We'll drive you home."

By the time I got home, that conversation I had with Charles earlier still kept resonating in my mind.

'If he's really dealing with the Lively Group, then that would explain the news spreading all over the Internet. But even if he's facing them head on, so what?' I remarked inwardly.

The man's thoughts and plans were so mysterious and I felt really nervous.

After gulping down a glass of water, I accidentally slammed it against my phone while putting it down.

I paused for a moment, unlocked my phone, and found his number on my contact list. However, I couldn't bring myself to call him.

'Just forget it. Let him do what he wants,' I thought to myself.

'He refused to tell me about it before, so even if I ask him now, he probably won't tell me the truth.'

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Time passed by quickly.

Charles appeared to have disappeared without a trace.

After the last time we met, I didn't see him again. I didn't even hear a single news about him.

A week later.

"Scarlett, look at the news I sent you!" Nina said to me over the phone.



I had just finished my shower when she called me. While drying my hair, I clicked on her messages.

It was a photo. In it, I saw Charles amidst the crowd without even zooming it. His jet black suit made him look noble and distinguished among everyone else.

"Charles went abroad to attend a wedding of some noble family. But that's not the point of the story! Check the next message!" Truthfully, I couldn't hear Nina's voice that clearly over the speaker.

For a moment, I was dazed, but I soon regained my composure. The next news article was one about Nate being arrested for suspicion of fraud!

In the picture, he looked so disheveled. He was bent over a police car, and his face looked haggard. This harrowing experience made him look a decade older than his usual self.

"Did Charles do this?" asked Nina.

"Nina, I... I'm not sure," I said. I clicked on the first photo Nina sent me and zoomed in on Charles. When I felt a cold sensation on my shoulder, I realized that I still hadn't finished drying my hair. Thus, I continued wiping my hair using a towel.

"I'm guessing he must've done this. But it's a good thing that evil man finally received his karma. Do you want to celebrate his arrest?" Nina exclaimed with glee.

"Actually, I have an appointment with William later. Would you like to come with me, instead?" I offered.

"That sounds good, too! See you later!" Nina replied.

After hanging up the phone, I sent William a text message. "I'll be bringing a friend along later. It's Nina. You've met her before."

Not long after, he sent me back a response. "I'm more than delighted to have the company of two beautiful ladies."

Once I was dressed, I went to the appointed restaurant along with Nina.

After entering the premises of said restaurant, the waiter led us to our table. Along the way, we bumped into two of our acquaintances; Spencer and David.

Flustered, I looked around, but I didn't see Charles.

'He's probably still abroad right now,' I remarked inwardly.

Spencer waved at us and smiled. "What a coincidence! Would you like to join us?" he suggested.

"Maybe next time. We're actually here to meet someone," I answered. Afterwards, I chatted with them for a few moments before taking Nina's hand and leaving.

But just as we began to walk away, what David said stopped me. "Scarlett, Charles will be here, soon. Let's have a drink together," he said.

I was stunned at first, but then I shook my head and smiled. "You boys enjoy yourselves. We really can't join you today," I answered.

On our way to our designated table, Nina kept on staring at me, and I met her gaze.

"What is it?" I asked.

"If you really don't like Charles anymore, you're free to find another man. Don't get so upset. It's been so long since I last saw you smile," she replied. Nina got close to me, poking my cheek with her fingertips. She seemed worried about me.

Just then, the waiter pushed the door open.

William entered, wearing a strapping suit and a bright smile.

After we greeted each other, we all sat down.

Seemingly excited, Nina whispered, "Hey, what do you think about William? He's handsome and a gentleman. You two would make a perfect match!"

I glared at her and retorted, "Shut up, Nina! Don't say stuff like that."

"William, are you single right now?" Obviously, Nina didn't seem to get my hint. She was even looking at William with great interest.

"Is that your way of saying you're interested in me?" There was a smile on William's face as he gently cut his steak.

"Of course, not! Why would you think that?" Nina countered.

"Well, Scarlett is married, so why would you ask me such a question? Do you happen to have another friend who is single?"

"No, Scarlett is already divorced! Can't I ask a question on behalf of her?" Nina winked at him.

My head began to hurt. I called out to Nina to stop her from playing matchmaker.

"I've always admired Scarlett, and I think highly of her. What about you, Scarlett? What do you think of me?" asked William.

"Sorry about that, William. Let's not entertain such jokes." I let out an exasperated sigh, grabbing Nina's wrist under the table to serve as a warning.

Nina just shrugged it off and clammed up.

"So, William, why did you ask me out tonight?" I decided to change the topic.

"Honestly, it's because I feel lonely eating alone." William raised his glass to me.

I felt awkward because of this.

All of a sudden, the door was pushed open, and I was shocked to see a familiar face striding towards me.

The person who barged into the room was so dashing that he appeared like he came straight out of a painting. His beautiful tailored suit, sharp gaze and intimidating aura captured everyone's attention. From every angle possible, he looked impeccable.

"Oh, shit! Did he hear what I just said? I'm so screwed!" Nina gasped in astonishment. She grabbed my hand, hoping for the best.

Charles swept his gaze across the room, still wearing a stern look. Finally, he walked to my hand, placed one hand on the edge of the table, and the other on the back of my chair. He looked into my eyes and said, "Scarlett, let's talk after we're both finished eating dinner."

His frigidly intimidating aura almost froze me.

I swallowed, feeling too fearful to meet his gaze. "Got it. I'll send you a message once I'm done."

'Damn it! Why do I feel guilty right now?' I asked inwardly.

Charles leaned close to my ear. The warmth of his breath tickled me. "Drink some more. I'll take care of you once you're drunk," he whispered.

His face was so close to me, and I knew in that moment that I must be blushing. This man knew that my ears were the most sensitive part of my body, and he was deliberately seducing me.

"Anyway, I won't disturb your lovely dinner anymore."

Having said that, Charles went on his way.

As I watched him walk away, my head was teeming with a myriad of emotions.

#### [Chapter 180 Wanted To Be Close](#)

Nina's POV:

"You guys go first." Scarlett asked us to leave as soon as we had dinner.

"All right, then. Be careful." Shaking my head helplessly, I left with William.

"What do you think of Scarlett?" I asked William while I walked out of the restaurant with him.

"Scarlett is a good person, and she kind of resembles a family member of mine, who passed away," William said after a long pause.

But I could clearly sense that he had a crush on her.

After saying goodbye to him, I went to meet Abner.

As soon as I saw my husband I immediately told him everything that happened in the restaurant. He listened to everything with great interest while sipping on his coffee.

"Abner, William said that Scarlett resembles his dead relative. Can you believe that? I think that he has a crush on her." Saying that, I looked at him expectantly, waiting for him to agree with me.

"That's none of your business! Why can't you care more about your husband?" With that, he finished his coffee, held me in his arms, and kissed me.

As the bitter taste of the coffee spread in my mouth, I couldn't help but indulge in his warm embrace.

Charles' POV:

I was waiting for Scarlett's message.

Thirty minutes passed...

An hour went by...

'Does it really take this long to have dinner?'

Just when I was about to lose my patience, I got a text from her.

"I'll wait for you at the door."

I put my phone back on the table after I read the message. Her text seemed to have dispelled the depression in my heart.

However, I was still annoyed that she made me wait for so long while she so daringly ate with another man.

"Aren't you going to Scarlett? Didn't she text you back? Why are you still here?" Spencer asked, waving his hand in front of my face.

"Relax." While pretending to be calm, I raised my hand to check the time on my watch.

"Hurry up! I heard that she's been working overtime lately. I am sure she is really tired by now and wants to go home to rest..." Spencer persuaded me.

"She's been working overtime? Nah, I think she's having a good time." The thought of Scarlett having dinner with another man continued to linger in my mind.

"Hello, sir. I have been keeping an eye on that lady like you asked me to, but she seems to be leaving now," a waiter said to me politely.

'What? Scarlett is about to leave? Is she really going to leave me behind?'

Thinking of that, I got up at once and ran out.

"Wait!" I saw Scarlett getting in the elevator as soon as I entered the restaurant, so I rushed over to her at once.

We were alone. I tried to calm down and steady my breath as I contemplated what I was going to say to her.

"What happened to Nate, does it have anything to do with you?" she asked.

"Yes."

The moment I uttered those words, the elevator fell silent again. I peeped at Scarlett, who was expressionlessly staring at the elevator doors.

Why wasn't she looking at me?

"We're alone now. Won't you at least look at me?" I became furious, like a child that had his favorite candy taken away.

"Well, no." Scarlett finally spoke up, but her brief reply only made me feel worse.

"What? Do you like someone else now? Scarlett, you are really something!"

"You probably forgot that we're divorced."

Scarlett stayed silent for a while, and the mention of our divorce jolted me back to reality. Stunned, I felt like there was a wet ball of cotton blocking my throat, making it impossible for me to utter even a single word.

Scarlett got off the elevator as soon as it stopped at the first floor. Unwilling to let her go so easily, I rushed out to catch up with her.

"Charles, help me!" A familiar sharp voice came to my ears, and I turned around subconsciously, only to find Rita and Liam there.

"What's wrong with Rita?" I asked coldly.

"I don't know. Apparently, she was forced to drink a lot, and that's the reason I brought her outside. She doesn't seem to be feeling well. She told me that she needed to go to the hospital," Liam explained.

"Didn't you know that she had gone through a heart transplantation? Why did you let her drink so much?" I asked, staring at Liam discontentedly.

All of a sudden, Scarlett said, "Not everyone knows her as well as you do!"

There was a strong sense of sarcasm in her tone. I thought for a moment, and realized that it was jealousy.

A wave of happiness crashed into my heart.

"Take Rita to the hospital. Here, use my car." Saying that, I handed Liam my car keys and turned to Scarlett. "Scarlett, come to the hospital with me."

"I'm going home." With that, she turned around and left coldly.

I tried to catch up to her, but Rita grabbed my sleeve and pleaded, "Charles, please take me to the hospital. I feel like I am about to die."

"What are you waiting for? Take her to the hospital," I shouted at Liam impatiently.

Rita was so drunk that she kept touching me on our way to the hospital.

"Charles, I feel terrible. Can you please hold me and kiss me?"

"Liam, keep her under control!" I stifled my disgust as I drove to the hospital.

"Take care of Rita. I'll leave now." I dropped them off at the hospital, turned my car around, and immediately drove to see Scarlett. She was the only one that I could think of.

A while later, I stopped my car in front of her house, turned off the engine, and got down.

Even after ringing the doorbell for a long time, she did not answer. Noticing that the lights were still on, I knew that she was inside.

I quickly entered the password, and the door opened. I was surprised to see that she had not changed the password.

A figure then stood in front of me in the dark hallway. It was Scarlett.

"You are not welcome here, so please leave." She tried to push me away in a fit of pique, but she could not match up to my strength.

I easily walked past her and went straight in.

"I'm warning you, trespassing is against the law. Believe it or not, I'll call the police if you don't leave now." Standing in front of me, she took out her phone from her pocket.

"I just came back from the hospital, so I want to take a shower."

"There's no way I am going to let you do that!" Scarlett said firmly. Seeing her blush, I could not help but burst into laughter.

I unbuttoned my shirt, unbuckled my belt, and took off my trousers...

Soon I was only wearing my underwear. Scarlett was staring at me with a flustered expression, looking so cute.

I pulled my underwear down a little. "Want me to continue?"

The moment she heard that, she ran away shyly like a little rabbit.