

## **Warning 181**

### [Chapter 181 The Truth](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles stripped his clothes right in front of me until he was naked. He then threw his clothes on the floor, and walked into the bathroom. A while later, I heard the sound of running water.

'How can he be so shameless? How can he act like he was in his own house? We're divorced, aren't we?'

Annoyed, I picked up his clothes from the ground and put them away.

I suddenly sensed a unique scent.

It was the smell of tobacco, alcohol, and perfume, coming from his coat.

Was that Rita's perfume?

My heart sank to the depths as I thought of that. No matter how much I tried, I could not control the anxiety that I was feeling in my heart.

All of a sudden, I heard the sound of the bathroom door opening, so I quickly threw his coat on the sofa, but it was too late. When I turned around, I saw Charles looking at me with a smile. There was just a towel around his waist.

Wiping his hair with another towel, he walked towards me. His strong muscles and his defined abs were making my insides scream.

My heart was racing and I could not help but blush. Panicking, I looked away.

Charles slightly leaned closer and looked at me seriously. "Don't misunderstand. I didn't sleep with Rita. I was just pretending when I was with Rita and Nate in the past few weeks. Don't worry. I will not let them anywhere near me in the future."

"Why were you pretending?" I asked, forcing myself to calm down.

"I have always felt that your father's death was somehow connected to Nate, and I approached them to find hard evidence."

Upon hearing that, I was speechless. My father's death left me emotionally crippled and caused me to divorce Charles.

"So you have been trying to avoid them lately? Is that the reason you haven't been in the city?" I asked.

"Yes. They keep looking for me every day, and it is really annoying! I don't want you to misunderstand me ever again!"

"Actually, there is no misunderstanding at all. We're divorced, so you're totally free to do whatever you want with whomever you want. I..."

"Don't say such things."

The next second, Charles pulled me to him. Before I could react, I found myself in his arms.

His scent mixed with the fragrance of the body-wash made me want to indulge in his embrace. I fell into a trance because of the familiar smell.

"Charles, let go!" However, I came to my senses in just a few seconds and struggled.

After all, we were divorced. He had no right to touch me now.

Charles seemed to have guessed my thoughts. "Scarlett, I only agreed to divorce you because I cared about you and our son. Back then, you were emotionally unstable. The doctor said that you couldn't be stressed out, or both yours and the baby's life might be in danger, that's the reason I was left with no choice..."

Saying that, he continued to hold me warmly. I could feel his steamy breath brushing against my ear, and droplets of water fell from his wet hair, wetting my collar.

Shivering, I tried to dodge him, but he stopped me in one swift move.

My eyes felt a little dry as I said in a hoarse voice, "Let me go."

"I only took Rita to the hospital to make you jealous. Because not only did you lose your wedding ring, you also flirted with other men," he seductively whispered in my ear.

"It's none of your business!" With that, I pushed him away.

I knew that my heart would jump out of my chest if I continued to be around him.

"Scarlett, will you give me another chance if I find out the real cause of your dad's death?" He suddenly seemed very serious and earnest, unlike his usual playful and cynical self.

However, I stayed silent. I didn't know how to answer his question.

He suddenly grabbed my hand, and added, "Just give me some time, and I will find out the truth."

I could feel his affection as he stared at me with his tender gaze. There was sincerity in his tone as he

waited for my response.

"You should leave." Saying that, I turned away from him, unwilling to look at him.

"I have felt it, you know?" Instead of leaving, he continued to talk to me in his deep, sexy voice.

"What did you feel?"

"I feel your love." Upon hearing those words, I felt like I wanted to laugh and cry at the same time.

I was so confident that our time apart would heal my wounds, but that was not the case at all.

"That's your imagination." Denying it, I bit my lip hard.

"Scarlett, if you are willing to give me another chance, then I am looking forward to seeing our wedding ring on your finger the next time we meet."

Tears filled in my eyes, and I was afraid that I might end up crying in front of him if he stayed there any longer.

"I'll take your silence as a yes. That's my cue to leave. Well, have a good night, then. Sweet dreams!"

I had to bite my lips harder to force myself from shedding tears. And I did not cry until he walked out of the door, and closed it.

Rita's POV:

"My darling, you're finally awake!"

The moment I opened my eyes, I felt a splitting headache. The air was filled with a distinct smell of disinfectant. It took me a while to blink the dizziness away and see that the woman in tears in front of me was my mom.

"Mom, what happened to me?" I asked, struggling to sit up.

"You were suffering from alcohol poisoning. Fortunately for you, Liam brought you to the hospital right on time. The doctor gave you a gastric lavage, after which you fell asleep." Wiping her tears away, she held my hand.

'Last night...

Some people forced me to drink a lot. Damn it! It must be Lily's doing.'

Thinking of that, I kicked the edge of the bed angrily.

Mom exclaimed, "You should not be moving now. I am sure you're starving. Come and have breakfast." With that, she quickly brought me some milk and oatmeal from the table.

After I had a few spoonful of food, I felt a little better.

"Give me my phone. I want to call Richard."

My mother handed me my phone, and I skillfully dialed his number.

"Richard, come to the hospital. I have something important to tell you."

Before I was done eating, Richard walked into the ward.

"What do you want from me?" he asked indifferently.

"Richard, you are the only one who can help me now." I tried to use my most pitiful voice to plead with him. I was quite confident that no man would resist my charms.

"Yeah, what is it?" However, he spoke to me in a very flat way.

"I want you to help me find evidence that proves that Lily was the one that set me up yesterday." After I met his cold attitude, I did not want to beat around the bush.

"You'd better check your family's property details first. Nate is over. If Lily succeeds in making him write a will in her name beforehand, then you will lose everything."

"What?"

Both my mom and I were startled.

I quickly said, "So what if he makes a will? I'm his daughter while Lily is just an outsider!"

"As far as I know, she is pregnant with Nate's child. Unless..."

Richard did not have to say any further for me to understand what he meant.

'Unless Lily miscarries, or the child is proven to be not my father's, she will get everything.'

"Mom, you can go home. I have to talk to Richard about something."

After my mother left, I got out of bed, and approached Richard.

"Richard, you still have feelings for me, don't you? Otherwise, you wouldn't have told me about this..."

"Stop it. If you hadn't aborted our child, I would have done anything for you. I would've even risked my life for you! Now, it's too late."

My heart froze and my face paled when I heard those words.

"Take care of yourself," Richard sneered. He then walked out, without even turning back.

Only then did I realize that I had lost him for good.

### [Chapter 182 Don't Give Up On Him](#)

Nate's POV:

The lawyer helped me get bailed out, but I could not go home as I was afraid of facing Susan and Rita.

After wandering the streets for what seemed like hours, I finally plucked up the courage to go to the TV station. Perhaps, Scarlett was the only one who can help me get through it.

Knowing that she would not want to see me, I stood outside, waiting for her.

After a long time, I finally saw her.

Taking a deep breath to gather my strength, I stopped her before she walked into the building.

"Scarlett, let's talk. It'll only take a couple of minutes. Help me, please!"

She seemed to be stunned for a second before she looked at me coldly and said, "I can't help you, so please leave."

"Have you forgotten that our families have been friends for generations? I often visited your family when you were a kid, so try to help me for the sake of my friendship with your dad! Could you really bear to see me go to jail?" Ignoring my pride, I knelt down before her.

"I am actually looking forward to seeing a scumbag like you meet his end!" With that, she strode into the TV station.

Her cold and ruthless words rendered me desperate.

With nowhere else I could turn to, I eventually went home.

Susan opened the door and said in a grieving tone, "You're finally back."

Not wanting to talk, I walked past her, sat on the sofa, and took off my coat.

"Nate, are you going to leave your money to me and our daughter?" Susan asked as she followed me to the sofa.

I found it really annoying that she cared more about the money than me.

Furious, I instantly sat up. "Susan, I am not dead yet."

"Don't be mad at me! I am your wife, after all. Shouldn't I know about such things?"

"I am going to give you this house, so you won't have to worry about finding a place to live in the future. As for my money, I have decided to give it all to Lily!"

"What did you just say?" Susan roared.

"Lily is pregnant with my child, so I am leaving all my money to her." For some reason, I felt happy when I saw how enraged she was.

"But Rita is also your child, isn't she?" Her eyes were red as she continued to question me.

"Rita is really ill, and she might die anytime. My money won't be of any use to her in her condition." Saying that, I took out a pack of cigarettes from my pants and lit one.

"You've taken this too far!" Before I could react, Susan grabbed the glass of water from the table and splashed it all over me, extinguishing my cigarette.

"Susan, what are you doing?" I was choking and could not stop coughing.

"I am trying to wake you up! We still haven't divorced yet, so Lily is not going to get anything from you! Besides, I advise you to do a DNA test once the baby is born. Do you really think that you can get a woman pregnant at your age?" Her words felt like needles stabbing me.

Without even giving me a chance to react, she left the room, slamming the door shut behind her.

I tried to calm down, but my mind was a mess. However, I could not help but ponder her words. After Rita had been born, I always had unprotected sex with Susan, but she had never gotten pregnant again, so how could Lily get pregnant now?

I quickly changed my clothes and headed to Lily's villa.

As soon as I entered the living room, I heard Lily talking on the phone with someone. "Honey, are you going to have dinner with me tonight?" she asked in a sweet voice.

Her words immediately made my blood boil.

"Bitch, who are you talking to on the phone?" I roared as I rushed forward and pinched her chin. I was like a lion, attacking its prey.

Lily immediately ended the call and explained, "It's... It's just a friend."

Anger rose within me like a tide when I saw how flustered she was. I slapped her so hard that she tilted her head and a drop of blood oozed out of her mouth.

"Tell me, is the baby in your belly mine?"

"It's yours." She seemed to be in a hurry to explain as she covered the left side of her face with her palm.

"Can you swear that it is mine? If you lie, then you'll be sending yourself to hell!"

"I swear!" Lily said in a tearful voice before she kissed me.

"Let's go to the hospital tomorrow for a paternity test," I said coldly. By then, my anger dissipated a little.

"Okay, we'll do it. But honey, it really is your child. I know that Rita must have said something bad about me again. She looks down upon me the most. Before, she wanted to make Charles and Scarlett divorce, so she made friends with me. And in the end, her plan failed, so she put all the blame on me. Now, she is even trying to separate us..."

Seeing her cry bitterly, my heart softened. "Did I hurt you too much?"

"I'm fine. I will be okay as long as you don't misunderstand me. I love you more than anything, you know?"

Lily nestled in my arms and gently stroked my chest, arousing me instantly.

"How about we go to the mall and get you a new bag tomorrow?"

"Aren't we going to the hospital for a test?"

"Silly girl, I know whether it's my child or not."

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as I got off work, I went to the Moore family's mansion to see James.

Alice opened the door and greeted me with a warm smile. "Scarlett, you are here! Come on in. James

has been such a lovely kid."

I walked into the living room, and when I saw that Charles was not home, I felt a little relieved.

Alice carried my son in her arms as she walked to me. I took him from her arms, and teased him a little. When he saw me, he smiled and laughed, gurgling cutely.

I freshened up and coaxed my son to sleep. He was a very cute and calm baby, so he fell asleep soon, sucking his thumb.

Looking at the sleeping James, I could not help but feel that he resembled his father. If we had not divorced, then Charles would have helped me put our son to sleep before we slept together, cuddling warmly.

It was so late now. Why wasn't he back yet?

'Is he at a bar again? Or is he having fun with girls? I am sure that's what he's doing!'

Thinking of that, my heart ached and I felt like the distress was making it hard for me to breathe.

'Damn it!'

It was a long night, and I stared at the dark ceiling the entire time, unable to fall asleep.

I was thinking about the man who had divorced me. 'Why do I miss him?'

The next morning.

James was still sound asleep when I woke up.

I got dressed, walked out of the room, and saw Charles coming out of the guest room.

"Good morning."

All of a sudden I felt so embarrassed. Charles had to sleep in the guest room because I had slept in the master bedroom with James!

In other words, he had not been in a bar the night before.

Thinking of that, an odd sense of happiness came to my heart.

"Good morning. Did you sleep well?" he asked, looking at me with loving eyes.

I nodded and went downstairs quickly to avoid him from seeing through me.



The family was having breakfast.

"Scarlett, wait after you have breakfast. There is something that I want to show you," Christine said to me with a smile.

I nodded and smiled back at her. "Okay, Grandma."

After I finished eating, I followed her to her room.

She opened a delicate wooden box and took out a ring. She then held my palm and gently put the ring in it.

"Grandma, whose ring is this?" I asked in confusion.

"This is my gift for you." Christine was getting old that sometimes even a simple action made her feel breathless, so I had to free one hand to pat her on the back.

"Thank you, Grandma." I looked at the ring carefully. It had a beautiful diamond on it that glowed as bright as the sun.

"Charles loves you. Please don't give up on him so easily, okay?" Saying that, she took the ring from my hand and put it on my finger.

### [Chapter 183 The Heir Of The Lively Group](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Thank you, Grandma." After Christine put on the ring for me, I was moved.

"You're a good girl, Scarlett. You should head off to work now!" she said.

"Okay, Grandma. See you tonight!"

When I got downstairs, I found that Charles was still sitting at the table.

"Janet is a little busy today, so I'll drive you to work instead. Don't refuse my offer, or else I'll follow you every day from now on!" Charles' childish behavior had rendered me speechless.

I decided to ignore him and just went straight to the car to open the door.

Charles grabbed my hand and stared at the ring.

"Did Grandma give you that?" he asked.

"Yeah." As I spoke, I shook off his hand.

"If you like it, go ahead and wear it. That ring is the heirloom of the Moore family." Charles got in the driver's seat and started the engine.

"Grandma gave me this, so of course, I'll wear it!" I shot him a cold glance, looking smug. "You don't even have one!"

"What's yours is mine," he said. With a smile on his face, Charles stepped on the accelerator, causing the car to speed away like an arrow out of a bowstring.

The moment we arrived at the entrance of the TV station, I noticed a tall man standing at the door from a distance.

It was William.

I waved at him and smiled.

"Why are you so happy to see him?" asked Charles, seemingly annoyed.

"Stop speculating. William and I have work to talk about." After getting off the car, I slammed the door behind me.

But before I could fully walk away, Charles grabbed my hand. When I turned around, I saw him looking at me with knitted brows.

I tried to break free from his grasp, but he was too strong that I couldn't even make him budge.

Thus, I decided to stop struggling.

"Scarlett, it doesn't matter if you've lost the wedding ring. I've already asked someone to make a new pair. For the time being, you can wear the ring that Grandma gave you. But once your new ring is ready, you'll have to wear that one." While Charles was speaking, I noticed that he seemed to be looking at somewhere behind me.

Curious by the reason, I turned around and saw William standing behind me.

'Did Charles say that to me in front of William on purpose? How could he be so childish?' I exclaimed inwardly.

"Scarlett, I'll be waiting for you inside." William flashed me a smile before he turned around and left.

"Well, he's gone now, so you can drop the act." I withdrew my hand right away.

"I'm not pretending or anything. I really am jealous. You've become a producer now. Why is the first person you're introducing in your show William, and not me?" said Charles.

At this point, I didn't know what to tell him.

"I hate it when other men try to get close to you. It makes me feel jealous, and I feel like I'll go insane. So, please, Scarlett, just stay away from him, okay?" he continued.

'What's the matter with him today? He's being so unreasonable!'

"This is my job. My relationship with William is strictly professional," I explained patiently.

"Really, now? In that case, let me pick you up after work." At last, a smile appeared on Charles' lips.

I wanted to tell him no, but he had already driven away before I had the chance.

'How did he manage to slip away so fast?' I wondered.

Rita's POV:

I went to Charles' company and waited for him downstairs.

When I finally saw him enter the building, I approached him at once.

"Charles, I want to talk to you. It's about the Lively Group."

"There's nothing for us to talk about," he said. Charles wouldn't even dignify me with a glance. He walked on so fast that I had to speed up just to keep up with him.

"Charles, please! This is really important to me. I really need your help this time. In return, I'll do anything you ask of me in the future!" I cried. Finally, he stopped, turned around, and looked me in the eye.

"Rita, I don't need anything from you. You're worthless to me," he grunted.

"But..."

"No buts. Just stay away from me, okay?"

Having lost his patience, Charles gestured a few of his bodyguards to block me.

I never imagined that he would be so cruel to me.

'No! I can't just give up. I have to find some sort of bargaining chip to make Charles help me willingly!' I remarked inwardly.

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Later on, I went to the Lively Group and went straight to my father's office.

Tim, my father's private lawyer was there, but I didn't expect that Lily would be there, too.

It suddenly occurred to me that Richard once mentioned that my father was about to formulate his last will and testament. The mere idea of it made me feel uneasy.

"Rita, aren't you supposed to be resting at the hospital? Why are you here? Are you feeling better now?" my father asked as if he really cared about me.

Truthfully, I'd rather not look at his hypocritical face. I walked to Tim's side and grabbed the laptop from his hand.

And the moment I saw what was on the screen, I found out that this man was actually helping my father draft a will!

Nervously, Tim got up from the sofa and attempted to take back his laptop. However, I cast him a stern glare to scare him off.

"It's fine, Tim. She deserves to know about it," said my father as he walked towards me.

I shot him a cold glance. 'To think that I once called this pathetic man 'father', ' I thought to myself.

"Rita, Lily has gone to the hospital for a checkup. The child in her womb is a boy. You're going to have a younger brother soon. I sincerely hope that you try your best to help him manage the Lively Group in the future," he remarked.

"Help him? My younger brother? Are you seriously going to hand over the Lively Group to the bastard in Lily's womb? Are you crazy?" In a fit of rage, I slammed the laptop onto the ground.

"I know you don't like me, Rita, but whether you like it or not, this child in my womb is unmistakably your younger brother. How can you say that he's a bastard? If you refuse to believe me, I'm going to get an abortion!" 'Ugh, Lily is really a great actress when it comes to this,' I remarked inwardly. Her eyes were bloodshot, and she looked so pitiful that anyone would believe that she was wronged.

I was amused by her reaction so I burst into laughter.

"Lily, there's no need to be angry. I believe that the child inside you is my child, too." My father embraced Lily and shot me a glare. "I've made my decision, Rita. You'd best do as I say, or else I'm going

to strip you of everything!"

Having said that, he left along with Lily and his doofus of a lawyer.

I was the only one left in the office.

All of a sudden, I felt weak and collapsed to the ground. In my despair, I noticed a safe beside the desk.

I was aware that all the valuable documents and important information that my father kept were all in this safe, including information of his illegal businesses.

'My dear father, since you're so cruel to me, don't blame me for showing you no mercy!' A smile appeared on my lips again.

#### [Chapter 184 Quarrel In The Car](#)

Charles' POV:

Despite running into Rita, it didn't sully my good mood.

I wanted to pick up Scarlett from work on time, so I asked Amy to cram my schedule for me today, so that I wouldn't have to work overtime.

While I was focused on working, I heard a knock on the door.

"Come in," I said.

Amy pushed the door open and entered the office. "Mr. Moore, Mr. Valdez is here to see you," she said.

"Let him in. By the way, Amy. One black coffee for me, and one with cream for Mr. Valdez," I ordered.

"As you wish, sir," said Amy.

It was then that Valdez entered the room with a smile on his face.

"Ah, Charles! Long time no see, old friend."

He was wearing a tailored suit today. His jet-black diamond watch was particularly eye-catching.

"It has been a while, hasn't it, Valdez?"

Soon, Amy brought the coffee in.

"Take a gander at this. The coffee was bought from Colombia. This year's freshly roasted beans."

After taking a sip, Valdez nodded eagerly. "My, my, Charles! This coffee is quite good. But I do imagine that you didn't ask me here for coffee, did you?"

I nodded at him and chuckled. "Actually, I wanted to ask you about something. It's about Nate."

Valdez put down his mug and said, "Ask away. I'll tell you everything I know."

Scarlett's POV:

When I entered the company, I saw that William was already waiting for me on the sofa. After flashing him an awkward smile, I led him to the meeting room.

When we passed by the washroom, I heard someone mention my name.

"How did that bitch, Scarlett, become a producer?"

The topic piqued my curiosity, so I stopped in my tracks.

"Did you know that her backer is the CEO of Moore Group? They say that she's given birth to a boy for him. With a backer like that, I'm sure she can do whatever she pleases."

"Indeed! We don't have any backers, so all we can do are the most basic jobs. Alas! I'm not sure if I'll ever have that kind of luck!"

"I'm sure we can learn from Scarlett's example. Give birth to a child for someone wealthy and you'll get whatever you want!"

I asked William to wait for me for a moment, and then I went into the washroom.

Those people slandering me were actually my female colleagues!

Every time I ran into them, they would always greet me with a smile. I never thought that they were talking behind my back like that!

"Why don't you focus on your own jobs and stop gossiping about others behind their backs?"

When they met my gaze, they immediately turned away with a guilty conscience.

With that, I walked out of the washroom and said to William, "Sorry to have kept you waiting."

He looked at me, seemingly worried. "Aren't you upset?"

"Getting upset won't do me any good," I said, shrugging at him.

Once I was done with my task, it was already lunchtime. William invited me to have lunch together, and I accepted.

We went to a restaurant near the TV station.

During lunch, I picked out all the onions from my food.

"Don't you like onions?" William asked with a smile.

I frowned at the question and said, "I'm not very fond of them. I forgot to tell the chef not to put any onions on my dish."

"You know, Scarlett, you're a lot like my sister," he said.

"Really? Does she hate onions as well?" I asked tentatively.

"Yes, she does. And your eyes look so similar, especially when you're smiling." Having said that, William took out his phone and showed me a picture of his sister.

"I don't see a resemblance between me and her." I stared at the girl in the photo for a long time, but I still couldn't find any similarities between us.

"Maybe it's just because I miss her too much," he remarked. William rubbed his nose, smiling sheepishly.

"Is that so? Well, I wouldn't mind letting you treat me as your sister," I said. I put a piece of beef into my mouth. It had been a while since I had such a pleasant lunch.

After we finished eating lunch, I bade William farewell and went back to the TV station to get back to work.

Time fleeted by, and soon, it was time to get off work. All of a sudden, my phone rang.

"Hello?"

"It's me, Rita," said the person on the other end of the line.

"What do you want from me?" I asked.

"Let's meet up and talk," Rita said in a hushed voice.

"I don't want to talk to you," I responded in a listless voice. And truthfully, I didn't want anything to do with her again.

"Scarlett, I want to make a deal with you. I'll help you investigate the truth of your father's death, and in exchange, I want your help to get the Lively Group."

"Sorry, but I'm just a producer at a TV station. I can't help you with that," I countered.

"As long as you ask, Charles will help out. I swear to you, Scarlett, I'm going to do my best to find out the truth of your father's death." I could hear just how agitated, yet determined Rita was from the sound of her voice, and it made me reconsider for a bit.

"Fine. I'll think about it. Bye." After hanging up the phone, complicated emotions crept into my heart and I was no longer in the mood to continue working. Thus, I packed up and prepared to go home.

It suddenly occurred to me that Charles mentioned that he'd pick me up after work. After a moment of hesitation, I decided to call Janet.

"Janet, come pick me up at the TV station's entrance. No, wait! I'll meet you at the back door instead," I spluttered.

"I'm at the front door already," said Janet.

'How did she get here so fast?' I wondered.

When I walked out of the building, Janet's car was indeed already there.

I trotted over to open the door, only to find that Charles was also in the car.

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

"My car broke down. So I need a ride," he said cheekily.

"Your car has been breaking down too frequently," I argued.

Charles' face turned red. I was amused by his reaction. 'Why is he always making up such clumsy excuses?' I wondered.

"I told you that I'd pick you up after work. Why did you have to call Janet?"

he asked, seemingly annoyed.

I felt guilty because of this.

"Did Rita come to you today?" To ease the tension, I decided to change the topic.



"She did," said Charles, nodding.

"She called me just moments ago, asking me to help her get the Lively Group. Then, she told me that she'd help me investigate the truth of my father's death." I decided to tell Charles exactly what Rita told me earlier.

"Did you tell her you'd help her out?" asked Charles.

"Not yet," I said.

"Why? Is it because you don't want to ask me for help?" Charles leaned over with a smug smile on his face.

I sat farther away from him, and said, "I'm worried that Rita might be playing me for a fool."

"So, you're certain that I'll help you, huh?" Charles asked.

He was starting to get on my nerves. 'Does he really have to make me admit it?'

Not wanting to talk to him anymore, I turned my attention to view outside the window and ignored him.

### [Chapter 185 Possessiveness](#)

Charles' POV:

Grandma was more than happy to see me and Scarlett return to the Moore family mansion together. She even gave me a wink when she saw us together.

Looking at her, I shook my head helplessly.

Upon seeing that, her smile faded away, and she muttered, "You really are useless!"

What had I done now? Besides, it was really hard for me to figure out what was on Scarlett's mind. I had already told her a million times that I really loved her, but she kept refusing to believe me.

Grandma waved to Scarlett and said, "Scarlett, come have dinner with us."

"Okay, Grandma."

The dinner spread was indeed quite sumptuous, from simple sandwiches, pies to exquisite steak, and lamb chops, everything was prepared to perfection.

Looking at me, Grandma motioned for me to sit next to Scarlett.

"Where did you have lunch?" I took the initiative to make conversation with Scarlett.

"I had lunch with William at a restaurant near the TV station." Scarlett seemed to be deliberately emphasizing the fact that she had lunch with William, just to piss me off.

"Didn't you say that you aren't that close with him? Why did you have lunch with him, then? It might cause people to misunderstand your relationship, don't you agree?" I retorted, feeling a little jealous.

"Charles, it's none of your business!" Scarlett scolded.

I wanted to say more, but Grandma walked out of the kitchen with a dish in her hands. "Scarlett, Charles sent me a message mentioning that you are coming tonight for dinner, so I specially cooked a few more dishes. Try them and see if you like them."

"Thank you, Grandma. I am sure I'll enjoy them," Scarlett replied happily, which was completely different from the way she treated me.

Grandma seemed to notice that, and said with a smile, "Scarlett, why don't you stay here with James tonight? Surely, he wants to be with his parents."

"That would be completely pointless, because Scarlett doesn't want to stay here," I said indignantly.

"I'll be with James in the nursery tonight. After all, Charles and I are divorced, so it won't be appropriate for us to sleep in the same bed," Scarlett said bluntly.

All of a sudden, the air in the room felt unusually cold.

Hearing her cruel words, I felt my heart ache.

"Grandma, I'm full. I'll go upstairs to check on James. Enjoy yourselves." With that, Scarlett stood up and left the table.

I put down the tableware. Watching her receding figure, I felt powerless.

'Scarlett, what on earth do I have to do to make you forgive me?' I thought to myself.

A while later, my father's voice brought me back to reality. "Charles, why are you sitting there in a daze?"

"Dad..." I said to him sullenly.

"Is Scarlett back?" he asked, sitting down at the table.

"Yes, she came to see James."

"What's going on between you two? Did she find out about the fake divorce?"

"Dad, how do you know about it?" I was stunned.

"The lawyer told me, of course!"

"Please keep it a secret for me. I don't want her to know the truth yet."

"Why so?"

"I've done a lot of hurtful things to her in the past. Consider this as my way of making it up to her. I just hope that she will accept me again someday."

Without saying more, my father nodded at me.

"Don't tell anyone about it," I added, glancing at the servants.

"Understood, sir." The servants understood my warning immediately.

"You may leave now. I want to talk to my son in private." There seemed to be something on my father's mind.

"Dad, what's the matter?"

"I heard that Nate is going to hold a banquet at the MC Hotel tonight. Do you know the guests he's inviting?" My father asked in a low voice.

"Dad, don't worry. There is no one who can save him now. He deserves everything he gets!" I promised him.

"That helps put my mind at ease. You should go upstairs. Scarlett and James are waiting for you," he urged me.

"Alright, then. Enjoy your dinner, Dad."

Saying that, I walked to the master bedroom upstairs, and pushed open the door, but no one was inside. Seeing that, I immediately walked to the nursery.

I gently pushed the door open, and saw Scarlett standing beside the crib, playing with our son while he was pulling the buttons on her shirt playfully.

"My darling, Mommy loves you." Scarlett leaned over and kissed James' tender face.

I couldn't help but walk to the crib. Scarlett turned to me and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I came here to see James." With that, I tenderly pinched my son's face.

I glanced at Scarlett and reminded, "Your shirt buttons are open."

She immediately buttoned up her shirt, blushing.

"Get out."

"I have the right to stay here with my son."

Looking at her blushing face, I had an urge to pull her into my arms and kiss her.

"If you don't leave now, I am going to call the others and tell them that you're trying to molest me!" Scarlett was standing, but because she was so short, she had to look up at me.

I ignored her and asked, "James, tell me, would you like daddy to be with you tonight?"

James looked at me blankly. A while later, he opened his cute mouth and blew out a bubble.

While I was caught off guard, Scarlett pinched my face with her left hand. It was the first time that she had done such a bold thing to me ever since we separated.

I was stunned for a moment, but a second later, I felt the pain and hissed, "Woman, do you know what you are doing?"

Scarlett let go of my cheek and said, "What? My son and I don't want your company tonight!"

She then pushed me out of the room, and closed the door on my face. Feeling reluctant, I walked back to the master bedroom, rubbing my face.

#### [Chapter 186 Fake Resul](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The next morning, I got up and walked downstairs when my son was still asleep. I rubbed my sore eyes and yawned as I walked.

When I heard the sound of news on TV, I immediately jolted back to reality.

"Scarlett, come here! Look at this. The news says that Nate had something to do with your father's death!" Christine said in an excited voice, waving at me while she sat on the sofa.

I rushed to her side and saw that a reporter was interviewing Nate on TV.

"It's all just rumors. People are trying to slander me. I can swear that I have never done such a thing! And I know that the police and the judge will also agree with me!" Nate swore with his hand in the air, looking righteous and awe-inspiring.

"What a hypocrite!" I sneered.

All of a sudden, I heard a noise coming from behind me, so I turned around and found Charles.

Our faces were so close that I could even see my reflection in his shiny eyes.

"Don't worry. No matter how much he tries to justify himself, the truth will come out," Charles said in a serious tone, looking at me.

I gave him a nod before I stepped back to put a safe distance between us.

Charles' words seemed to work like magic as they calmed me down instantly. When I looked at Nate, who was acting so righteous on TV again, I felt like he was being ridiculous.

He looked like a weak mouse that had been cornered by the cat.

After I had breakfast, Janet drove me to the TV station.

Lily's POV:

I was lying down on the sofa in the glass greenhouse at Nate's villa, resting as I enjoyed the gentle morning sun and a crisp fragrance of the dew.

All of a sudden, I heard a loud sound.

I immediately sat up, panicking, and found Rita pushing open the door and storming towards me, accompanied by many burly-looking men.

"Rita! What do you think you're doing? This is my home!" While attempting to stop her, I accidentally slipped and fell from the sofa.

Rita looked down at me and sneered, "Your home? What? Do you really believe that you're the hostess of the Lively family now?"

"No, don't get me wrong. Obviously, you are the princess of this family, after all, you are Nate's daughter..." Knowing that her intentions might not be very nice, I tried to coax her while I quietly reached for my cellphone to call Nate.

But to my surprise, Rita saw through it, approached me, and snatched the phone away from me.

With a disdainful smile on her lips, she looked at the screen before she turned to her bodyguards and signaled to them.

"What a hypocritical bitch! You don't deserve to give birth to my father's child at all. Hurry, take her away!"

As soon as she gave the order, two bodyguards immediately approached me with an unfriendly look in their eyes.

Frightened, I took a step back and screamed in a shrill voice, "Rita! Does your father know about this? He would never allow you to treat me this way!"

"I don't care what he thinks. We'll see how he reacts when he finds out, won't we?" Rita cast a cold glance at my belly, making me shiver.

"My son is the heir of Lively Group. If you dare to hurt me or him, Nate won't let you go!" I struggled to free myself from the bodyguards' grip, but I was no match for their strength.

"Let's go."

Rita turned around elegantly, making the hem of her white skirt flow with the wind, like a row of white flower petals. On the outside, she looked beautiful and pure, but on the inside, she was truly a vicious demon!

Her bodyguards dragged me to the hospital, and she asked the doctor to do a paternity test for my baby.

"Help! Can someone please help me?" I shouted.

And the next moment, one of the bodyguards rudely pinned me against the chair and covered my mouth with his rough hands.

A long time later, I saw the doctor handing a report to Rita.

Reading it, Rita looked at me with a gloomy expression. "What? I can't believe that she's actually carrying my father's child in her belly!"

I shrank back in fear, sensing an ominous premonition.

By the time I was sent back to Nate's villa, it was in the afternoon.

I collapsed to the floor in a daze, and stayed there for a long time before I finally came to my senses and staggered back to my room. I wanted to pack up and leave as soon as I could.

But when I pushed open the door holding the suitcase in my hand, I was stunned to see Rita's bodyguards standing outside, separating me from my freedom.

I immediately shrank back again and felt my legs go soft before I fell to the ground weakly.

With a flat look in their eyes, the bodyguards glanced at me before they reached out to close the door behind them. "You can't leave without permission."

Upon hearing that, I immediately crawled to the bodyguard, held his feet as I looked at him pitifully. "Wait! Please let me go. I'll pay you twice as much as Rita does!"

But my words had no effect at all as the man continued to pick me up, threw me back inside the house, and slammed the door shut.

As I slumped to the floor, I looked at the closed doors with a sense of despair in my heart.

Rita already had proof that my baby was indeed Nate's, so what more could she possibly want now?

I wanted to call for help, but I suddenly realized that Rita still had my phone.

I couldn't help but tremble as I prayed that she would never find out the secrets in my phone.

After a long time, the door made a creaking sound as it was pushed open.

Nate was standing at the door. I couldn't see his expression in the darkness, but I wanted to hug him and pour out the grievances in my heart.

To my surprise, I was not greeted with his comforting soft voice, but a hard slap against my cheek.

It was so loud that it echoed in the villa.

Covering my cheek, I looked at the man in front of me in disbelief. "What are you doing? Rita bullied me all morning, and now you're slapping me?"

"Rita bullied you?" Looking into his cold eyes, I was immediately reminded of Rita's indifferent glance from that morning.

Their coldness was identical, proving that they were both from the same family, indeed.

However, looking at him being so cruel made my heart sink.

"Tell me the truth. Who is the father of the bastard in your belly?" Nate roared, approaching me with a furious look.

"How can you call our son a bastard? He is our child, after all!" I was on the verge of a breakdown. Rita got the paternity test results! Did she not tell Nate about it?

Before I knew, Nate grabbed me by my neck and threw me on the table.

"Ah!"

I felt like my body was cut in half and let out a painful scream. Subconsciously, I touched my belly.

While I was still in a trance, Nate picked up something and threw them on my face, causing me pain.

Many photos were scattered on the floor in front of me. I widened my eyes in horror when I saw the photos. They were all pictures of me, naked, with different men.

"No! Please trust me, Nate. I have always been on birth control until we met, so it is impossible for me to be pregnant with their child!" I explained at once, understanding his suspicion.

However, Nate continued to look at me coldly as he grabbed me by my collar, lifting me up, and pressing my head against the table.

"You lying bitch!" he cursed.

"I am not the one lying to you! Rita got a paternity test done today, and the result proved that the baby in my belly is indeed yours!" Horrified, I grabbed his hand with tears gushing out of my eyes.

Nate's breath came into short gasps as he glared at me fiercely, making my hair stand.

"Moreover, I have only slept with you ever since we met, and I haven't even been in contact with anyone else." I summoned my courage to look into his eyes while I begged for his trust.

"Is that so? Look at this!" Sneering, he loosened his grip on my hair and threw a report in front of me.

Hesitating for a moment, I opened the report and saw that my child was not related to Nate at all.

"How is this possible?" I was stunned.

"What else do you have to say for yourself, bitch?" Nate roared before he threw another punch at me and kicked me.

"No, Nate... That report is faked! It's a fake!" I was really hurting, so I could not hold back my tears at all.

"Shut up! I don't want to hear your lies!" he shouted at me again and kicked me on my belly.

Feeling a sharp piercing pain, I instantly lost consciousness, and let the darkness swallow me.



## [Chapter 187 I'm Drunk](#)

Nate's POV:

With a sneer at the corners of my mouth, I looked at Lily, who was unconscious on the floor. Her body was covered with wounds, and her dress was stained with blood. I smiled with satisfaction as I stared at the misery and degradation before my eyes.

I heard footsteps coming closer. I looked up and saw that it was Rita and Susan.

The latter glanced at me, her body trembling like a leaf. Susan looked away from the bloody scene in front of her and clutched Rita's arm tightly.

Rita caressed the back of her mother's hand and reassured her, "Mom, it's okay. She deserves it."

She helped Susan to a chair. Then, she walked up to me and held up my hand.

The sequins on Lily's dress had scratched the back of my hand, making it bleed.

"Why do you have to do it yourself? It's not worth the trouble. Look at you. You've hurt yourself." Rita looked at me with pity. Without another word, she fetched the first aid kit and treated my wound.

I could not help but recall the past as I gazed at my daughter, who was bandaging my hand. I often said harsh words to her for Lily's sake. And now, I regretted it.

"Is she dead?" Susan asked, terrified.

"I'll call 911. It'll only cause us trouble if she dies here." Rita closed the first aid kit and calmly took out her phone to call the emergency hotline.

A few moments later, the siren of the ambulance came from outside the villa. The bodyguard then carried Lily, who had been lying on the floor like a ragdoll, out.

Rita pulled Susan up and then turned to me. "Mom and I will go to the hospital and keep an eye on Lily. Dad, do you want to come with us and have your wound checked?"

I waved my hand in refusal.

Once they were gone, the villa fell into dead silence again.

I looked at the mess in the room. My eyes fell on the nude photos scattered on the floor, and I felt a headache coming on.

She was barely a B-list celebrity. How could she betray me?

I unconsciously clenched the armrest of my chair. It aggravated the wound on the back of my hand. Blood oozed out of it, staining the gauze red.

Beep. Beep.

My phone suddenly rang, breaking the silence.

I took out my phone and saw that I had received an email.

My eyes widened in shock when I saw the subject. "The DNA result shows that there is a parent-child relationship."

The result of the paternity test was totally different from the one Rita had given me.

In a fit of anger, I stood up abruptly. My chair got knocked over, and the sound of it echoed in the house. I was so furious that my anger beclouded my reasoning.

"Rita, how dare you lie to me?!" I roared.

I picked up the car key, rushed to the garage, and drove to the hospital.

Scarlett's POV:

It was now time to get off work. As I walked out of the company, I saw Charles waiting for me across the street. Although the area was bustling with people, I recognized him at a glance because of his handsome appearance and excellent demeanor.

Several women were staring at him not far away. For some reason, I was a little uncomfortable with the way they were looking at him.

At that moment, Charles walked towards me and offered, "Scarlett, let me drive you to the Moore mansion."

I shook my head in refusal. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that the women, who had eyes for Charles, turned around and left dejectedly. I felt happy deep inside.

But I immediately caught myself. What was I doing?

So what if some women had a crush on Charles?

"What's wrong?" Charles worriedly asked, seeing that I was lost in thought. It was only then that I came to my senses. I raised my head and saw that he was leaning over to me and looking at me with concern.

We were so close that our breath intertwined with each other. Not only that, the atmosphere between

us had suddenly become warm and romantic.

I looked away. "I want to go home now."

Charles pursed his lips and looked me in the eye. "Don't you want to go to the Moore mansion and see our son?"

Our son?

I was stunned.

There was "our" in the past. Not anymore now. There was no need for me to get close to him, even if it was because of James.

Instead of asking more questions, Charles changed the subject. "I heard that Lily had a miscarriage."

"What? How could it be?" I asked, bewildered.

"Rita had made trouble between Nate and Lily and manipulated Nate into killing the baby," Charles replied in a cold tone.

Without waiting for my response, he grabbed my hand and pulled me into the car. "Enough about her. I'll drive you back to Garden Street."

"You don't need to drive me back yourself. Janet will drive me home." I withdrew my hand and walked quickly to the parking lot.

Charles jogged to catch up with me. Then, he stopped in front of me and asked, "You don't have to avoid me even if we really divorced."

"Even if? We have divorced!" I corrected him.

Charles opened his mouth to speak, but his phone suddenly rang.

"It seems that you have something to do now. I won't hold you up any longer." I smiled politely and walked past him.

But just after taking a step, he grabbed me with one hand and answered the phone with the other.

Charles only said a few words over the phone then hung the call up.

Judging from his words, I figured that it must have been Spencer.

I took the opportunity to withdraw my hand. "How could you decline your friend's invitation? Don't

waste your time on me. Go and meet with Spencer. Maybe he has something important to talk to you about."

Charles's eyes darkened. "Aren't you afraid that something will happen to me when I get drunk?"

"Oh, come on. You've been drinking a lot with him and David all the time. If something were to happen to you, it would've happened already," I retorted.

Charles fell into deep thought. After a moment's silence, he promised, "I know. I will restrain myself from drinking with them in the future."

I looked at him in a daze. He did not seem to understand what I had meant. Nowhere in my sentence did I ask him to restrain himself from seeing his friends.

"Drinking too much isn't good for me and our family. Scarlett, have you calculated how many days we can be together in a year?"

I forced a smile. "No. I haven't calculated it, and I don't think I will. Just go."

Charles's face turned dark and gloomy. He took a step closer to me and asked aggrievedly, "Do you hate me that much?"

"Yes," I answered without missing a beat. Fortunately, Janet had finally arrived. I pushed Charles and opened the door of my car.

Once I was seated, I cast a glance at Charles, who was looking at me with a gloomy face, and then ordered Janet, "Go to the Moore mansion."

Charles usually would not go back to the Moore mansion after drinking. I might as well go and see James while Charles was away.

Charles's POV:

I stood frozen in the spot as I watched Scarlett's car drive away.

That woman was so cruel.

Even though I knew that there was nothing I could do about our situation, I clenched my jaw in exasperation.

As I did not have anything else better to do, I decided to meet with Spencer.

I arrived at the meeting place several minutes later. Just as I was about to enter the private room, the door opened from the inside and Vivian stormed out with an angry expression.

In the private room, Spencer was sitting on a high stool and drinking alone sullenly.

With a sigh, I walked over and sat down beside him. "What happened?"

Spencer jumped at me excitedly. "You're finally here! Listen to my story and tell me what you think."

I pushed him away in disgust. "If you have something to say, just say it. Don't touch me."

"Vivian said she was short of money, so I immediately lent her some. I didn't ask her to pay me back right away, but she insisted that she'd make a living through singing in the bar." Confusion was written all over Spencer's face as he spoke.

I leaned back on the sofa and answered casually, "You can fire her if you want. I'll just hire someone else to be your private doctor."

Spencer was silent.

His silence amused me. Of course, I knew that he did not want to fire Vivian at all.

At that moment, the door opened yet again. This time, it was David who came in. "Charles, didn't you say you wouldn't come here today?"

"I planned to accompany Scarlett, but she refused."

"You deserve it!" David exclaimed.

"Where is Cathy? Why aren't you accompanying her?"

"Well... she threatened me with her resignation if I kept on pestering her."

I sighed heavily. No wonder we were friends. We were all miserable when it came to courting a woman.

After several rounds of drinks, Spencer and David were still drinking nonstop. I, however, was starting to feel bored. I missed Scarlett. I would rather be with her than be with these idiots.

All of a sudden, something occurred to me. I put down my glass and asked, "Spencer, call Richard and ask him to pick me up."

Spencer looked at me with narrowed eyes. "Why don't you call him instead?"

"How can I? I'm drunk. Also, tell Scarlett that," I said with a sly smile.

Spencer was taken aback. He pointed at my nose and remarked, "You're so cunning! You want to take

advantage of Scarlett's trust in me!"

I merely shrugged my shoulders at him. I handed my phone and asked, "Are you gonna call him or not?"

Spencer and I stared at each other for a moment. In the end, he conceded.

### [Chapter 188 A Cruel Woman](#)

Scarlett's POV:

James waved his hands happily as we both played with his toy. His sweet laughter was like music to my ears, and it brought happiness to my heart.

While we were having fun, my phone rang. It was from Spencer.

As soon as I answered the call, I heard him speak. "Scarlett, Charles is drunk. I've already asked someone to send him home. Is he there yet?"

Before Spencer could finish his sentence, the door of the nursery was opened. The following moment, Charles walked in, staggering to the side.

Instinctively, I helped him out. When I came to my senses, I found myself in his arms, and the putrid odor of alcohol filled my nose.

"Why did you drink so much?" I rebuked him, showing my displeasure.

Charles shook his head and embraced me tightly. "Weren't you the one who asked me to be there? And besides, I only drank three glasses of wine. Spencer and David were the ones who urged me to drink more after that."

I shoved him, causing him to stagger on the bed beside the crib.

I quickly walked towards him to pull him up. "Get up, go back to your own room and get some sleep. You reek of alcohol, Charles. You're going to make James uncomfortable."

Upon hearing my remark, Charles immediately rolled to the other side of the bed and distanced himself from James.

Since I was still grabbing his sleeve, I was pulled over as he rolled. Fortunately, I managed to prevent myself from falling on top of him by using my hands as support.

"Scarlett." Charles stared into my eyes, cupping my cheeks. The warmth of his hand startled me, and I quickly sprang to my feet, ready to leave.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

"I heard some noise. What happened here?" Alice opened the door and entered the room. Upon seeing Charles, she frowned. "Oh, my God! Charles, what happened to you? You reek of alcohol! How could you go to James' room after drinking? What were you thinking?"

"Because Scarlett is here," Charles murmured.

His words flustered me and I felt like my ears were burning.

"You know what? Forget it." Alice strode in and picked up James from his crib. "You made James' room stink of alcohol. It won't be good for the baby to stay here any longer, so I'm going to take him out for some air."

"Thanks, Mom." I felt bad about what happened, and decided to follow Alice out.

However, Alice stopped me at the door and smiled. "Look, Scarlett, Charles is obviously drunk. Could you be a doll and look after him tonight?"

I was taken by surprise because of her request, but she had already closed the doors before I could react.

Thus, I had no choice but to turn around and focus on Charles.

The bed in the nursery wasn't big enough for a grown man like him. He was exceptionally tall, so he had to curl into a ball. I could tell that he was uncomfortable based on the frown on his face.

"Charles, don't sleep there. Come on. Get up." I tried to nudge him awake, but he didn't respond.

Left with no other choice, I straddled his arm over my shoulder to try and help him up.

But even after attempting to get him up for a long time, I couldn't even move him. Trying to lift him up accomplished nothing, and it only left me exhausted.

"Charles!" I shouted.

Charles opened his eyes just enough to look at me. The way he was looking at me right now was so attractive.

Suddenly, he grabbed my hand and pulled me into his arms.

His embrace was so tight that I couldn't get rid of him. Thus, I had to say, "James peed on the bed earlier, and it still hasn't been cleaned up!"

Right after I finished my sentence, Charles bolted away from the bed with me still in his arms.

His reaction was so funny that I ended up laughing.

Charles squinted at me and grunted, "Are you kidding me?"

"Were you just pretending to be drunk?" I glared back at him, showing no sign of fear. It would be impossible for him to react that fast if he were drunk.

Charles scoffed, staring at me in silence.

I felt uneasy because of his gaze, and my eyes wandered around the room. It wasn't until I saw myself in the mirror that I realized that Charles was still holding me.

Upon seeing it, I struggled to free myself.

"Anyway, go back to your room, Charles! The bed in here is small. It won't be comfortable for you to sleep here." I turned my back to him, and began to tidy James' quilt to hide my embarrassment.

"Are you really worried about me or are you just fulfilling my mother's request?" I could sense that Charles' lips were getting closer and closer to my neck, and he hugged me from behind.

As I held onto the quilt, my mind was left in shambles.

Truthfully, I had already noticed it, but I was confused why I didn't dodge him.

"Scarlett?" The sound of Charles' voice brought me back to reality.

I moved away from his arms and pushed him to the door. "Are you going to leave or not? Don't you think you've filled James' room with the smell of alcohol enough?"

While I was pushing Charles to the door, he stopped in his tracks and turned around to look at me.

"Get the hell out!" I shouted, glaring at him.

But to my surprise, he just smiled at me. "Good night, Scarlett."

My face felt a little hot. I forced myself to look at him calmly, and to my surprise, my voice was softer than usual. "Good night."

After smiling at me one last time, Charles left.

With that, I closed the door and touched my face.

'What is the matter with me? I've seen Charles' face for years on end. Why am I blushing right now?'



All of a sudden, I heard a knock on the door. I was so startled that I almost jumped up.

"Who is it?"

"What do you want for breakfast tomorrow morning?" asked Charles. "I'll make breakfast for you."

Upon hearing that, my eyes welled up with tears. What woman could resist such affection from a man?

"You are so bad," I murmured to myself.

Charles' POV:

I got up early, drove the cook out of the kitchen, and personally made breakfast for Scarlett.

Meanwhile, my mother was standing outside the kitchen and teasing me. "My, my... are my eyes deceiving me? Is my son really cooking right now?"

"Are you going to make breakfast for all of us?" My father chimed in.

"You wish! Can't you see that these are all Scarlett's favorite food?" My mother said as she pulled my father away.

Throughout the entire process of preparing a hearty breakfast, I was silent.

Later on, the rest of the family sat down at the dining table one after the other, but Scarlett didn't show up.

Upon tasting my cooking, my mother seemed impressed. "Wow, Charles! This is heavenly. I must say, you're really talented in everything."

"I must've inherited your cooking talents, Mom," I answered absentmindedly. Based on her reaction, she was amused by my answer.

Grandma glanced at me and asked, "Why aren't you eating?"

"Because I'm waiting for Scarlett to arrive," I said.

"You should stop waiting," my father said. Based on the look on his face, he seemed to have bad news for me. "Scarlett already left. She's not going to show up no matter how long you wait, boy."

Right after he finished his sentence, the atmosphere became tense, and the dining room fell silent.

Panic coursed through my veins, and I felt like I was being suffocated.

'Does Scarlett not love me anymore?' I wondered.

This time, I was no longer in the mood to have breakfast.

Suddenly, I felt someone tugging on my hair.

I looked up and saw that my mother was standing next to me with James in her arms. James was smiling at me, and grasping the strands of my hair.

"James," I muttered. My eyes softened and I smiled back at him.

"Come on, hug your son, Charles." My mother handed James to me without demur.

The boy pulled my tie and pinched my cheeks as he nestled in my arms.

After breakfast, I took James back to his room. But the second I put him in his crib, he began to cry. In a moment of panic, I picked him up and tried to cradle him in my arms to appease him.

For the next few minutes, James cried whenever I put him down. My mother noticed that something was wrong. "I think James doesn't want you to leave. He's so adorable, isn't he?"

As I held the baby in my arms and looked into his big, innocent eyes, my heart softened. I asked a servant to prepare the things that James needed, for I was planning to take James to work.

Along the way, I called Janet. "Where are you right now?" I asked.

"We just arrived at the TV station," she replied in a hushed voice.

"Didn't you go out this early morning?" I asked.

After a moment of hesitation, Janet responded, "Yes, but Mrs. Moore took us out for breakfast before going to work."

Annoyed by what I heard, I decided to hang up on her.

James was mumbling something that I couldn't understand. I held his tiny hand and said, "Gosh, you mother can be really cruel sometimes."

### [Chapter 189 Spreading Scandals](#)

Scarlett's POV:

When it was almost noon, I was at a meeting when I suddenly received a call from Charles. I just glanced at it before hanging up on him.

And the second I rejected his call, he called me again. After a moment of hesitation, I walked out of the meeting room to answer the call.

"Scarlett, I'm with James right now... I think it's a fever..." Charles spluttered from the other end of the line.

"What? Where are you?"

"We're in the hospital," he said.

"Okay. Hold on. I'll be right there."

I told my colleague about the situation and hurried to the hospital.

But when I arrived at the hospital, I found out that Charles was actually the one who had a fever.

"Why didn't you make it clear to me?" I asked, visibly infuriated.

Weakly, Charles leaned against the bedside and replied, "You hung up before I could finish my sentence."

"Why are you bringing our child with you when you have a fever?" I asked.

Charles coughed. The mere sound of his voice made him appear weary. "This morning, just before I could go out, James grabbed my hand; he cried, and wouldn't let go, so I had to take him to the company."

I glanced at James, noticing that he was asleep, and gently held him up.

"Well, considering that you're sick right now, it's best that I take James with me, lest you infect him."

I was about to walk out, but Charles stopped me.

"Why did you leave so early this morning?" He stared at me with forlorn eyes. "You know that I have a fever, and yet you still want to just leave. It's like you don't even care about me."

"I'm busy," I responded listlessly.

Instead of looking at Charles, I turned to Richard. "Richard, stay here and look after him."

Richard nodded in agreement. Then, I left along with my baby.

As soon as I arrived at the hospital hall, I bumped into Lily. I noticed that she looked quite pale. It was

then that I remembered that Charles mentioned Lily had a miscarriage just the other day.

Lily stood in front of me and said, "Do you think I deserved what happened to me?"

I took a few steps back, and held James tighter.

"My child may be gone, but I haven't lost yet. My war with Rita has just begun. No matter the cost, I'm going to make her pay," she continued.

"I'm not interested in your business," I told her as I shielded my child away from her.

Lily suddenly bent down, covering her belly with her hands. "This is all Rita's fault, and Nate's!"

Seeing that she was getting more and more agitated, I said to her, "Lily, if you're not feeling well, you should go see a doctor."

Lily was stupefied by my words and she looked at me with a blank stare.

Not wanting to talk to her anymore, I left with Janet and Tracy.

Lily's POV:

When I saw the cute baby in Scarlett's arms, I subconsciously touched my flat belly and it made my heart ache.

If my child were still alive, he would've been just as cute as hers.

But now, I had lost everything, all because of Rita and Nate.

After I calmed myself down, I went to the doctor's office.

"What symptoms are you currently experiencing? Have you been passing blood? How serious are your stomach pains?" the doctor asked gently.

Just before I could answer his questions, a group of reporters suddenly broke in, and they aimed their cameras at my face.

When I gathered my composure, I immediately covered my face.

The doctor stood up, pointing at the group of reporters. "What the hell do you people think you're doing here? This is a hospital, for God's sake! Show yourselves out," he shouted.

However, the group of reporters ignored him.

"Lily, what are you doing in the gynecology and obstetrics office? Are you pregnant?"

"They say that you seduced a married man and got pregnant out of wedlock. Is that true? Who's the father of your baby?"

The barrage of questions overwhelmed me to the point that I began to hyperventilate.

"Shut up! All of you! Otherwise, I'm going to sue all of you for slander!" I growled. Everyone fell silent for a moment, but then chaos ensued once again.

"Are you feeling guilty over what happened, Lily?"

"I already told you that I'm not!" I sprang to my feet and slammed my hands onto the table.

"Do you intend to hit us?"

"No, I... I didn't mean that," I stammered.

The reporters didn't leave me alone until the hospital's security came to drive them away.

During the afternoon, reports spread all over the city like wildfire.

Pregnancy, miscarriage and all sorts of demeaning words were on the headlines. Those reporters must've spread rumors about me. And the netizens voiced out their self-righteous comments online, accusing me of being a shameless bitch.

At the same time, all of my endorsements and advertisements were cancelled, and I even had to pay a large amount of moral damages.

In a fit of rage, I destroyed everything I could get a hold of in my room, but even that couldn't calm me down.

'Who on earth asked those reporters to go to the hospital? And who the fuck revealed my pregnancy and miscarriage to the media?'

It was then that I recalled that I happened to run into Scarlett at the hospital today.

'Did she do it?' I wondered.

I quickly denied the idea. Even though I didn't like her, I must admit that Scarlett wasn't that kind of person.

'But if it wasn't Scarlett, who else could it be?'

It has to be Rita! Nobody else would be as devious! If she wants to back me into a corner, then I won't let her have the last laugh!

Then I remembered a person that could probably help me with my problem.

I took out my phone and dialed a number. "Honey," I muttered.

"What's the matter, baby?" The sound of Calvin's voice resonated from the other end of the line.

"Honey, I need your help with something. You're the only person I can rely on now," I cried.

"Oh, my poor girl. Don't cry. Tell me how can I help you?" Calvin sounded like he pitied me.

"Can you arrange some people to follow Rita around? I have little conflict with her."

Right after I said that, I heard his lewd laughter. "No problem! But... what do I get in return?"

I felt tense when he mentioned that, but I soon put on a smile. "I'll be at your disposal," I answered.

#### [Chapter 190 Being Alone And Helpless](#)

Nate's POV:

Rita was nowhere to be found after Lily's miscarriage.

Just when I was trying to look for her again, she showed up in my office.

"Did you forge the paternity test results?" I asked her as soon as I saw her.

With a surprised expression, she looked at me and asked innocently, "How could that be? Our family doctor was the one who tested Lily. Do you not believe him?"

I could not help but sneer as I retorted, "Back then, you even bribed the doctor to hide the fact that your cancer was healed, and you even fooled Charles. How can I know that you're not trying to trick me in the same way now? Someone has already sent the real paternity test report to my e-mail. What do you have to say about that?"

"Dad, I think you misunderstood me, because that really has nothing to do with me." Rita chuckled before she continued, "Lily is a scheming woman. She approached you in order to get control over your company. She doesn't love you at all. If that was not the case, then why would she have gotten pregnant with another man's child while she was still with you? I am quite certain that she was the one that forged the so-called real paternity test report to make sure that the baby in her belly would be born and inherit your company in the future."

Rita then handed me a document with a smile.

"What's this?" I asked with a frown.

"Please read it," she said with a smile. "And sign the document after you're done."

"A share transfer agreement?" I looked at her sullenly and added, "You want me to give you all the shares of the company? I am not dead yet, Rita. Just drop that thought, will you?"

"Rather than making the company go bankrupt, I think that it would be better if you transferred all the shares to me and let me run the company. You don't want your lifelong efforts to be destroyed completely, do you?"

I glared at her coldly and said, "I think you should leave now."

With a regretful look in her eyes, she closed the file, looked up at me, and said, "Dad, can't you see reality? This time, you're going to end up in jail, no matter what you try to prevent it."

I continued to glare at her in silence.

But I knew that she was right. The lawyer had also said that I would definitely lose.

I wanted to ask for Charles' help, but he did not seem to want to see me at all.

Who else could I turn to now?

Perhaps, I could go to Spencer and David. They were just as powerful as Charles, so they might be able to help me.

I immediately stood up, turned to Rita, and said irritably, "Get out of here at once!"

"Where are you going?" she asked, with a curious look.

"None of your business," I said coldly before I headed out.

With a snort, she followed me.

I was really annoyed with her. "Don't follow me!"

She shrugged helplessly and said, "Well, this is the only way out of the company."

Leaving her behind, I drove away from there.

However, she continued to follow me in her car, and it took a long time before I was finally able to get

rid of her.

After making sure that she was not following me anymore, I made my way to Spencer's bar.

When I saw Spencer sitting with a beautiful woman, I walked to him with a smile and asked, "Is she your girlfriend? She is so pretty."

Spencer looked up at me and said, "She is a staff in the bar, and not my girlfriend."

I gave him an awkward smile. "Are all your female staffs as pretty as her? I almost thought that she was a star! Spencer, you're so lucky to have such beautiful women working for you."

Spencer glanced at me indifferently and did not say a word.

But the woman smiled at me.

Feeling a little embarrassed, I continued, "Spencer, I actually came here to..."

Before I could say another word, Spencer interrupted me bluntly. "Save it! I am not helping you."

My smile froze, but I did not want to give up, so I tried to plead, "At least for the sake of my friendship with your father, please help me. I have no one else I can ask now."

Spencer interrupted me again and sneered, "Nate, first I want to know if you did something bad to Scarlett's father."

Why was he suddenly asking me about Scarlett's father?

I put on my best act as I explained, "We were really good friends. Why would I have done anything bad to him?"

Spencer chuckled and retorted, "You know whether you did it or not."

Wiping away the sweat on my forehead, I tried to force a smile.

"Is there anything else you want to say to me?" he asked with a smile.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll take my leave, then."

Since he was really unwilling to help me, I had no choice but to turn around and leave.

Spencer's POV:

After Nate left, I took out my phone called Charles.



"Guess who came to see me today."

"Stop beating around the bush," Charles said in a hoarse voice.

Why was he sounding so strange?

My curiosity was aroused, and I could not help but make fun of him. "What's the matter with you? Why do you sound so weak and frail? Are you tired from having too much sex?"

"I have a fever," Charles replied irritably.

I burst into laughter as I continued to mock him so boldly. "Serves you right for pretending to be drunk to deceive Scarlett!"

"If you don't have anything else to say, then I'll hang up now," Charles retorted in an unpleasant tone.

"Don't hang up yet! Nate came to see me just now." I sighed. "Nate and Alex used to be really good friends, and if he really betrayed Alex, then I'm afraid I am going to lose all my faith in true friendships."

After a long moment of silence, Charles said in a low voice, "David, you, and I are always going to be really best friends."

Upon hearing his heartfelt words, I was a little surprised.

"Since you're not feeling too good, you should take care of yourself. Don't overexert yourself. And don't worry, even if you end up dying, I will be more than happy to take over the company and look after your wife and son for you."

"Fuck off!" Charles snorted before he hung up.

I couldn't hold back my laughter as I stared at the phone screen.

"You are so childish!" Vivian looked at me as though she was disgusted with me.

"Charles and I are really best friends. What do you know about us?"

"And you like your best friend's wife..." Vivian smiled and added, "Don't you think that Charles might sever relations with you because of Scarlett?"

"If I wanted to win Scarlett over, then I would have made a move a long time ago."

Vivian glanced at me, stood up, and patted me on the shoulder. "Don't be too sad. You don't deserve her anyway."

Taking a deep breath, I gritted my teeth and hissed, "I... I wish I could just bite you to death."

Vivian moved her finger in front of me with a smile. "It's a crime to murder. Moreover, I am sure that your teeth can't even sink into my thick skin."

"If you dare to say even one more word, I am going to bite you to shreds!" I said, staring at her fair neck.

"I'm leaving, then. Enjoy yourself." With a warm chuckle, she turned around and left.

Watching her receding figure, I could not help but smile to myself.