

Warning 201

[Chapter 201 Pestering](#)

Charles' POV:

"Yes, Charles. Please go ahead." Casting a glance at me from the corner of her eyes, Scarlett was also driving me away, but for some reason I felt that she didn't really mean it.

"Okay, I'm leaving, then." Saying that in a gentle tone, I stood up, and lowered my head to whisper in her ear, "I don't have a driver to take me home, so please wait for me after you've had dinner. I would like you to give me a ride back. Besides, I might get drunk. You know how clients can be, right?"

Scarlett nodded in response.

With a satisfied smile, I gave her a peck on the cheek before I left.

I heard her shouting behind me in an angry voice, "You bastard!"

Once I was out of the private room, I took out my cellphone and deleted Nina's text. It was thanks to her message that I was able to manage to rearrange my dinner appointment with my client and meet Scarlett at this restaurant.

In fact, I was looking forward to going home with Scarlett later. Perhaps, I could use the excuse of being drunk to hold her in my arms and do something naughty.

Although my heart was filled with the excitement of anticipation, the reality of it was a lot crueler.

After seeing my clients off, I returned to the private dining room, but to my surprise, only Richard was there.

"Why are you here?"

"Janet asked me to pick you up." Richard seemed to be nervous as he stood by the door.

"Where is Scarlett?" Looking around the empty room, my expression darkened at once. She lied to me again!

"She has already gone back to the Moore mansion," Richard replied.

Upon hearing that, my anger dissipated a little. At least I would be able to see her at home. I quickly left the restaurant and went to Scarlett's favorite dessert shop.

My mother was delighted to see the desserts in my hand when I got home, and she held out her hand to me. "What a good boy!"

Feeling a little guilty, I subconsciously hid the box of desserts behind my back and said, "I'm sorry, mom. These are for Scarlett. I'll buy you some next time."

"You brat!" She glared at me and added impatiently, "Go upstairs. Scarlett is in the nursery."

I walked up to her and gave her a hug. "Thanks for understanding, mom."

However, she pushed me away coldly.

As soon as I went upstairs, I saw that the room to the nursery was closed. It was probably even locked from the inside.

"Scarlett?" I tried to knock on the door several times, but there was no response at all. With a frown, I took out a key and tried to open the door, but to my surprise, it did not work, so I could not help but wonder if the lock was broken.

I called out to Scarlett, but she did not respond.

Frowning, I walked downstairs and asked my mother, "Mom, did you see Scarlett enter the nursery?"

"Yes. And I also saw her asking someone to change the lock. I can't believe that Scarlett is so wary of you. What did you do?" she teased with a smile.

Feeling a headache, I massaged my forehead. Clearly, women were really complicated things, and they were the most unpredictable ones.

The next morning, I woke up early, and waited outside the nursery.

Since it was a weekday, I knew that Scarlett would have to come out of the room to go to work.

Not long after, she opened the door and walked out. She seemed to be sleepy. Her hair was loosely hanging over her shoulders, contrasting her fair skin. I found it so hard to take my eyes off her and focus.

"Scarlett." At first, I wanted to confront her, but after seeing how beautiful she was, I could not help subconsciously softening my tone.

Startled, she looked at me and stammered, "Ch... Charles? Why are you up so early?"

"Yes, since I did not find you at the restaurant after my dinner last night, I got up early to wait outside the nursery door to see you." I approached her, and she stepped back until her back was against the door.

She was trying to avoid my gaze.

"Why did you change the lock?" I questioned her, pinching her chin.

She fluttered her eyelashes and answered in a loud voice, "Of course, it was to prevent someone from sneaking into the room their ex-wife was sleeping, in the middle of the night."

"Ex-wife?" Those words really infuriated me as I pinched her soft cheeks and continued, "Believe it or not, I'll go to the TV station and put up a banner that says, producer Scarlett ruthlessly abandoned her husband."

"How dare you! Quit messing around!" I could tell that she was anxious by the way she shook off my hand.

However, I entwined my fingers with hers, unwilling to let go.

Stunned by my moves, her face turned red.

"Didn't you promise that you would wait for me last night? Why did you leave before me?" I took her hand and gently bit it.

Scarlett tried to take her hand away, but I did not allow it.

She struggled for a long time to free herself, but our hands only clasped more tightly. Staring at me with a helpless look in her eyes, she asked, "Why should we go home together? You are my ex-husband, so there is no reason for me to wait for you."

When I heard those cruel words, I immediately felt like there was a hand, squeezing my heart, draining the life out of it.

"You can't just disassociate yourself from me, Scarlett." I quickly lowered my head and kissed her lips. Although it was just a peck, she was not able to dodge it.

As her face turned red again, she stomped on my foot and ran away.

"Your favorite dessert is in the fridge," I shouted after her, watching her leave.

Scarlett stopped for a moment, and I noticed that her ears were red. She then quickened her pace and walked out of my sight.

Scarlett's POV:

Only after arriving at the TV station did I take out my phone. I saw that there were so many missed calls from Charles last night. I then suddenly remembered him kissing me that morning, and I could not help blushing.

"Scarlett!" Nina screamed, frightening me. My hands slipped, and I dropped my phone on the desk.

"You scared me," I complained.

Clicking her tongue, she poked my cheek. "I have been calling your name for a while now. What are you so busy thinking about? Your face is so red. Were you thinking of something dirty?"

"No!" I retorted loudly, attracting the attention of everyone around me. I immediately lowered my voice in embarrassment and continued, "I'm just thinking about the dessert I had for breakfast."

"Was it something that Charles bought for you?" I found it very shocking that Nina was able to see right through me just by a glance.

After a long pause, I finally asked, "How did you know?"

"I know you well enough, my friend." Nina pulled up a chair and sat down beside me before she whispered in my ear, "What's going on with you and Charles right now?"

I thought for a long time before I finally said, "Well, I never even thought that such a thing was possible in the past. And I have never once imagined that he would treat me like this. He was the one who filed for a divorce, and now he's the one that's pestering me. I keep trying my best to avoid him, but I can tell that it is not a permanent fix to the problem at all."

Nina nodded in agreement. "He can surely find you no matter how much you try to hide, too."

Before I could realize, I found myself glancing at my phone.

"Scarlett, if you really don't have feelings for him anymore, then why don't you take my suggestion from earlier, and find yourself a man?" Nina held my hand and added tentatively, "If he sees that you're in love with someone else, then maybe it will be easy for him to move on, right?"

"Well, knowing the kind of man he is, I am sure he will make my boyfriend move on before he does," I said with a wry smile.

Nina thought for a while and smiled awkwardly. "You are right. I've run out of ideas. What's your plan? Are you going to let him continue to pester you?"

Before I could answer, I suddenly heard someone calling me.

I turned around and saw the receptionist walking towards me with a bunch of roses in her arms.

All of a sudden, I felt like there was an alarm that just went off in my heart.

"Scarlett, you are so popular! Your pursuer keeps sending flowers to the TV station." Under everyone's intense gaze, the receptionist put the bouquet in my hands.

Nina raised her eyebrows with a curious expression. My other colleagues also started teasing me.

Pretending to be calm, I thanked the receptionist before I narrowed my eyes at my colleagues. "Looks like you're all free at the moment. How about we have a meeting?"

Hearing that, the colleagues immediately scattered. Nina looked at me with eagerness in her eyes as she asked excitedly, "Who sent them?"

Who else could it be except Charles?

I looked down at the flowers. The roses were as bright as fire, and it reminded me of the irresistible charm of Charles.

All of a sudden, my phone rang. But Nina reacted faster than I did. She took the phone and put it in my hand. "It's a call from Charles. I guess he was the one that sent you the flowers."

I pushed the phone back to her and said, "Answer it for me."

She shook her head in response, but I blinked my eyes at her, looking so pitiful.

"Damn it! It's not a surprise that Charles can't give up on you. Your doe eyes make even my heart flutter!" Nina covered her chest exaggeratedly, hesitated for a moment, before she finally answered the phone.

Holding the bouquet in my hands, I looked at her without even blinking my eyes.

After a few words, Nina hung up and looked at me with dissatisfaction. "When Charles heard my voice, he became as cold as ice."

Hearing that, I hugged Nina to comfort her.

"He's the one that sent the flowers, and he asked me to tell you that if you don't like them, you can throw them away," Nina said with a sigh.

I was in a dilemma as I stared at the beautiful blossoms in my hand, feeling a little helpless.

[Chapter 202 Trying To Get A Sponsorship](#)

Charles' POV:

I finished my work ahead of time, so that I could go to the TV station and wait for Scarlett.

Unexpectedly, William showed up in front of me. From the looks of it, he had carefully picked out his attire. He wore a suit and tie, a dandy wristwatch, and cufflinks that suited him well. He also wore a pair of thin-frame glasses on, making him look even more debonair.

We immediately caught sight of each other, but neither of us turned our gazes away.

Suddenly, Scarlett came out, so I averted my eyes from William.

I must admit that in her office attire, she had a completely different vibe. She was sharply dressed and elegant to boot. Her charisma alone was enough to make anyone follow her with their gaze.

I stared at her, fascinated by her beauty. But to my surprise, she went straight to William.

William greeted Scarlett with a smile, and then he shot me a defiant glance.

I was so angry that I grunted and glared at Scarlett before storming away. But before I could enter my car, I heard a hurried set of footsteps in high heels.

'Scarlett?'

I looked back, hoping that it was her, but I was disappointed to see that it was a woman I didn't know.

The woman was short of breath. She was looking at me with a grin on her face. "Mr. Moore, would you do me the honor of having a drink with you?"

"Pass." My face turned grim the moment I saw her face and then I left without hesitation.

Seconds later, I slammed the door of my car shut.

The chauffeur was staring at me, visibly nervous.

I leaned against the backseat, removing my tie in a fit of rage. And then I told the chauffeur to take me to Mint Bar.

"Richard, figure out that woman's identity," I said, pointing at the woman outside.

Richard nodded in response and immediately made a phone call.

Soon, we received an e-mail with an attached document. The woman's name was Lucia, one of Scarlett's colleagues in her department. She once competed with Scarlett for a program, but she lost because she wasn't as good as Scarlett.

It wasn't surprising to me, for I knew that Scarlett was an excellent and competent individual.

I decided to stop thinking about Lucia.

After arriving at the private room of the bar, Spencer and I drank away our sorrows.

Sadly, we couldn't enjoy ourselves just yet, because someone knocked on the door and entered the room. It was Lucia.

"Who are you looking for, Miss?" Spencer asked, staring at her.

"I'm looking for Mr. Moore."

I took a sip of my scotch, staring daggers at her. "You followed me? Tell me, what do you want from me?"

"I'm terribly sorry if I've offended you, sir. That's not my intention!" Lucia waved her hands, standing at the door of the private room meekly. She then looked into my eyes and said, "I have no intention of getting in the way of your relationship with Scarlett. I just need your help."

I swiveled my glass, letting the ball of ice roll around, and creating a crisp sound.

"Listen, lady, Charles isn't a philanthropist. Why in the world should he help you? And who are you?" Spencer asked in a voice laden with sarcasm.

"I'm not asking to be helped for free. I believe that this opportunity will also benefit Mr. Moore." Lucia blushed, seemingly abashed. "I'm a colleague of Scarlett. The program I was supposed to take over was given to her instead. And now, I'm on thin ice. To make up for it, my boss has asked me to find sponsorship for another program. Sadly, I'm just a commoner. I don't have any connections. The only person I could think of that could help is you, Mr. Moore. I'm willing to accompany and drink with you if you're willing to help me."

"Who do you think you are? You're not even qualified to share a drink with Charles, let alone ask him to pay for your sponsorship. Are you doing this because you sensed that Charles and Scarlett are on a rocky relationship, so you figured you could seize the opportunity to gain a foothold?" Spencer rolled his eyes at her. Then, he slammed the glass onto the table just to show his contempt, regardless that he caused some of his liquor to splash out.

Tears welled up in Lucia's eyes and she shook her head in response.

"Spencer, don't be so hard on the woman. She just wants to have a drink." I pointed at an empty glass and said, "Give her one."

Spencer seemed shocked by my answer, and then I looked at him in silence.

"Fine. But she has to leave after drinking this whiskey," he remarked, glancing at Lucia. Spencer looked

away, but he still poured a glass of whiskey for the woman. "Don't try to pull any tricks, got it? Remember, you don't even deserve to be in Charles' presence," he added.

Lucia took the glass and gulped down her whiskey under Spencer's gaze.

She then glanced at me. Now that she had finished her drink, Spencer pushed her away and said, "You've had your drink, now leave! Don't think you can earn money through this ploy of yours. You're Scarlett's colleague, not a barmaid."

However, Lucia remained silent. She just bit her lip, appearing to be aggrieved.

Her helplessness felt quite familiar to me. It reminded me of how I was chasing Scarlett around, but she would always refuse me.

"What's the program?" I asked.

Right after I said that, both Spencer and Lucia looked at me in astonishment.

It seemed that he couldn't believe I said that.

Lucia, on the other hand, was over the moon and she immediately told me all about the program.

By the time she finished her explanation, I had finished my scotch. I stared at the remaining ice in the glass, casually agreeing to help her.

"Wait! What? Charles, are you serious, man? Are you drunk? Why did you say yes?" Spencer walked towards me, grabbing the glass from my hand.

I turned a blind eye to him, and waved at Lucia. "You may leave now."

At first, Lucia was bewildered, but then she thanked me afterwards and left the room at once.

"What the hell is the matter with you, Charles? Do you even know what you're doing?" Spencer roared.

I stood up, casting him a stern glare. It seemed that he was intimidated by my gaze that he had to take a step back. "Scarlett doesn't even want my help. Is it not allowed for me to help others instead?" I asked.

Spencer seemed confused by what I said. "Did you and Scarlett fight again? And even if you did, that doesn't mean you can be so nice to other women! If Scarlett finds out about this, your relationship will become even worse. Try to put yourself in her place, will you? How would you feel if Scarlett agrees to another man's request right now?" he asked.

I gritted my teeth, visibly displeased.

When I thought of how Scarlett came to William right after work, I lost my temper. And with every passing moment, I could feel my anger becoming more intense.

While Spencer was still chattering, I left the room and slammed the door behind me, unable to stifle my anger any longer.

Scarlett's POV:

William had invited me to dinner, saying that he wanted to talk about the show with me while eating.

Normally, we would discuss the program in the meeting room, but it was fine with me to have a change of venue. Thus, I accepted his invitation without thinking on it too much.

In the middle of our conversation, my phone rang.

The second I answered the phone, I heard Spencer's loud voice. "Scarlett, help! I've offended Charles defending you!"

"Spencer, get a grip! What happened?"

I could tell from his reaction that Spencer was filled with indignation. He then told me that Lucia had asked Charles for sponsorship.

I acted as though I didn't care, and I even comforted Spencer for a time.

But after hanging up on him, I realized that my hands were trembling.

"Scarlett, are you okay?" William sounded worried about me.

I put down my phone, placed my hands on my lap and smiled at him. "I've just received some bad news. I'm going to have a rival."

"Scarlett, I'm sure this won't be a tough nut to crack for someone like you. I believe in you." William seemed sincere with his praises. "But if you ever need my help, I'll always be on your side."

"Thank you, William. You're a great partner." Having said that, I put some distance between us and said, "I think I can handle these problems by myself. You don't have to worry about me."

[Chapter 203 I Miss You Every Day And Nigh](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After dinner, William and I chatted all the way to the parking lot.

While we were walking, my car, which was being driven by Janet, stopped in front of me. I turned to

William to say goodbye, but I saw that his face had turned dark and gloomy. "I forgot to call my driver. I shouldn't have drunk," he said glumly.

"Still, you can call your driver now," I reminded him.

William looked at me and sighed. "Actually, I'm meeting someone later. I'm afraid I'll be running late if I call my driver over now. Would you be so kind as to give me a ride? Our meeting place isn't far from here."

I was hesitant at first, but I agreed in the end.

William got into my car and told Janet the address. Just as he had said, it was not that far.

His eyes were glued to his phone along the way. Neither of us spoke the whole ride.

A few moments later, we stopped at a red light, and a brightly lit ice cream parlor caught my attention. I had seen many netizens' recommendations for this shop. They said that it was a nice place to hang out.

William must have sensed what I was thinking. "Do you want to go there?" he asked with a gentle smile.

I shook my head. "I don't think now's the right time. You're meeting someone, remember? Let's get you there first."

William raised his phone and explained, "Well, the person I'm meeting will arrive an hour later. Flight delays. Why don't we eat ice cream first?"

Well, it was not a bad idea, so I nodded in agreement. I turned to look at Janet and said, "Let's go to the ice cream store."

We sat by the window and chatted while we ate ice cream.

William was very knowledgeable. Apparently, he had been to many countries. And now, he was telling me enthusiastically the fascinating things he had encountered abroad.

"I envy you. You've traveled the world," I said with a sigh.

Charles shrugged. "You can do it too."

"Sadly, I have lots of things to worry about, so I can't just go." I took a spoonful of ice cream and put it into my mouth absentmindedly.

"Scarlett..." William called me.

I looked up and looked into his eyes. "What is it?"

"You're so careless. Look. You have ice cream at the corner of your mouth." Then a hand wiped the melted ice cream off my mouth, and the warmth of his hand brought me back to my senses.

My heart fluttered wildly in my chest. I raised my head and saw Charles standing beside me. "Charles, what are you doing here?" I asked, bewildered.

As soon as I uttered these words, I realized that I had said them so many times these past few days. Charles was everywhere.

"Well, I happened to see you when I passed by." He sat down next to me, took my spoon, and ate my ice cream. His handsome face was very close to mine, and his gaze were tantalizing. "Wow. This is good. If you want, I can buy the whole store for you," he added.

Buy it? Was this man out of his mind? Was he that rich that he could buy the whole store just because he liked the product?

However, what Spencer had said back then crossed my mind, ruining my mood in an instant.

To answer my question: Yes, Charles was that wealthy. He could burn money as he pleased. In fact, he had agreed to sponsor Lucia. A small ice cream store would not make a dent in his wealth.

For a moment, we stared into each other's eyes. His eyes were telling me that I could be the hostess of this shop in a snap of his fingers.

While we were looking into each other's eyes, William's phone suddenly rang.

He answered the phone at once. "You're here now? Alright. I'll be right there."

As soon as the call ended, William said goodbye to us and then left in a hurry.

"Don't look at him." Charles held my chin with his thumb and index finger and made me look at him. Then, he leaned over and pressed his forehead against mine. "I'm waiting for your answer, but you're ignoring me,"

he said in an aggrieved tone.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that the customers were staring at us. Embarrassed, I pushed Charles away from me. "No. I don't want you to buy this shop for me."

"If you say so. By the way, do you have any tissue? My hand is sticky." Charles leaned back and looked at me leisurely. He was calm as usual, but I was not. My ears were red and hot from embarrassment.

I rummaged in my handbag, looking for a tissue. Suddenly, Charles pointed at something in my bag and

asked, "Didn't you say you lost that?"

It was my wedding ring, shining brightly in my bag.

"Well, I thought I had lost it." I closed my bag and put the tissue in front of him. I forced myself to be calm and not let myself be flustered by his overtures.

Charles did not say anything anymore. Well, he did not have to. He looked as though he had read my mind, which was annoying.

Unable to take it any longer, I stood up from my seat abruptly. "I'm done. Bye." Just as I was about to leave, Charles held my hand.

"What is it?" I asked crossly.

"I have something to tell you. I've agreed to sponsor your colleague, Lucia." He looked intently into my eyes as he spoke.

His piercing gaze made me uneasy, but I tried my best to keep my cool. "Whatever. You can do whatever makes you happy."

Charles's eyes narrowed in displeasure. Without a word, he put his hand on my shoulder, forcing me to sit back down.

I slapped his hand away. "What's your problem?!"

Instead of answering my question, Charles bent over and put his arms around my waist. I struggled to get out of his arms, but he held me tighter. What was more, his towering figure obscured the light overhead, casting a shadow over me. "Do you know why I've decided to sponsor Lucia?"

I gazed at his flawless face with my teeth gritted in anger. Although I did not want to admit it, I could not help but think that he was God's favorite. He was not only wealthy, but he was also excellent in all aspects. No wonder a lot of women admired him.

Even though my heart was pounding in my chest, I suppressed my emotions and only gave him a curt reply. "I don't care who you're nice to, my ex-husband."

As soon as I said these words, I realized that I should not have said that.

The next moment, I found myself sitting on his lap, and his hands were around my waist.

The customers gasped in surprise.

In an instant, we became the focus of the crowd.

"What are you doing? Are you crazy?" I covered my face with one hand and pinched Charles's waist with the other.

He hissed, but he did not let go of me. Instead, he even hugged me tighter. Then, his deep and charismatic voice rang in my ears, rendering me weak. "I'm not crazy. I've decided to sponsor Lucia because I want to see you jealous. I didn't expect that you wouldn't care."

My body stiffened upon hearing this.

"Scarlett, I'm sad." He kissed my earlobe and whispered in my ear, "You left with William after work and had a date with him."

His warm breath sent a shiver down my spine. I unconsciously turned my face away and reasoned out, "It wasn't a date. We just talked about business—"

Before I could finish my words, Charles kissed me on the lips. With his strong arms around my waist, he gave me a long, lingering kiss.

I tried to push him away, but he would not budge. A moment later, my breath came in quick and heavy.

He held the back of my head, forcing me in his deep kiss.

Unable to take it any longer, I gave in and kissed him back. I had been holding my breath for quite a while that I felt the surroundings were spinning around. Meanwhile, my heart pounded wildly in my chest. I could not think straight. Our kiss was all I could think about.

It was only when we had run out of breath did Charles let go of me. With a gentle smile, he kissed me on the forehead. "Come back to me. I miss you every day and night."

I looked at him blankly.

Charles sighed heavily and held me in his tight embrace.

Time seemed to have stopped. The only thing that I could hear was our breathing. It was as if we were the only one in the world.

"Hi. Excuse me." A stranger walked over to us. It was only then that everything dawned on me. Appalled, I jumped out of Charles's embrace.

The stranger got startled by my sudden movement. But, he smiled at me reassuringly and said, "It's okay. I'm the manager here. You see, our store often holds activities for couples, and we take photos of them as a remembrance. This is for you."

He handed me several photos and then left.

I looked at the pictures, and my eyes widened in shock. The photos were of me and Charles kissing.

"Nice pictures." Charles chuckled, and my heart raced even faster.

I turned around and glared at him. "Shut up!"

"Stop fooling yourself, Scarlett. I know you still love me, and you know it too."

His words made my hackles rise. Infuriated, I stepped on his foot and left in a huff.

[Chapter 204 The Zoo](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The morning on a weekend, I was having breakfast when a knock sounded on the door. Curious, I went to open it. Charles stood outside, with baby James in his arms. He pointed at me and said to James, "Look, James, this is your mother. You haven't seen her for a few days. Do you still remember her?"

James gave me a sweet smile and started cooing happily.

"Charles...? Why are you here?"

"If I don't bring him here, he might forget you."

I hadn't gone to the Moore Mansion for several days, after Charles forced a kiss on me in the ice cream shop that fateful day.

Charles's style of dress today was quite refreshing, to say the least. Often, he would be clad in elegant, finely tailored suits. But today, he only wore a white sweatshirt with a pair of loose blue jeans. His shoes were a pair of simple white sneakers. On his head sat a black baseball cap. He looked bright, casual, and handsome; and dare I say, incredibly charming.

I had to admit, my head began beating rapidly at the sight of him.

"Can't take your eyes off me, can you? Is it because I'm too handsome?"

Charles flashed me a smug smile, eyes twinkling teasingly, before entering the house with James in his arms.

He passed by the dining room. Suddenly, his steps halted and he turned to me. "Scarlett, what did you eat for breakfast?"

"Bread. Didn't you see it?"

"You only eat bread in the morning?"

"I'm eating alone. Why should I be so particular about food?" I retorted, not bothered to be polite.

"I'll make you a sandwich."

So saying, Charles passed James to me. He rolled up his sleeves determinedly and marched into the kitchen.

I didn't say anything more and took James to the sofa in the living room.

James stared unblinkingly at me with his big doe eyes while he sucked his thumb, drooling slightly. He was just too adorable.

"You're drooling again, James. Mommy will get you a tissue so we can wipe your mouth." I gazed affectionately at James, my eyes filled with love and doting.

"Ma!" Unexpectedly, James let out a loud cry. It took me by surprise.

It had only been a few days since I didn't see him, but never did I imagine that James could say "Ma" now!

"You little brat! Get your hands off her." Charles's annoyed voice suddenly rang from the kitchen.

I looked down and discovered that James was trying to pull my collar with his fat, pudgy little hands. My pajamas were low necked, and because of what James had done, my bare breasts now lay exposed for all to see.

This brat...!

Quickly, I pulled his little hand away gently and fixed my clothes.

When I raised my head, I saw Charles staring fixatedly at my now covered chest.

My response was a furious glare, but he just smiled indifferently at me and said, "He's almost one year old. Why does he still want to suckle?"

I retorted, "Why can't he suckle even if he's one year old?"

Charles snickered, "You're right. I'm an adult, but I still want to suckle too!"

I grabbed the tissue that I had used to wipe James's mouth, crumpled it, and then flung it at Charles. This man was vexing!

Charles did make a huge sandwich for me, just as he had promised earlier. He placed his handiwork before me and said, "Eat it."

"I don't have any appetite."

"If you don't eat it up, I'll kiss you!"

This man... He was getting more and more overbearing over time.

Left with no choice, I took the gigantic sandwich and began to work. After swallowing the last bite with much difficulty, I said, "I'm finished. I want to take James out to play by myself today."

"What do you mean, by yourself?" Charles asked, immediately taking a seat next to me. Subconsciously, I moved away from him.

"I mean, I won't take you with us."

As soon as I finished speaking, Charles grabbed James from me, stood up, and walked out.

"Wait, where are you going?" Anxious, I stood up in a hurry and chased after Charles.

"Wanna spend the day with James? Follow me then." Charles said curtly. Then, he left.

This man was terrible!

After that, I changed my clothes as fast as I could and trotted to catch up with him.

Charles placed James in the safety seat at the back of the car before opening the door to the passenger seat. He stared silently at me, but there was a snicker on his lips.

I had no other choice. Helpless, I slid into the passenger seat.

"Where are you taking us?"

"You'll find out soon." Charles flashed me a huge grin and started the car.

We soon arrived at the mysterious destination, which turned out to be a zoo.

When Charles and I were kids, we frequented this zoo often. I didn't expect it to still be here even after so many years. Thinking of this, I sighed in my heart, 'How time flies!'

Just then, my phone rang. I glanced at Charles, and then walked a few distances away to pick it up.

Charles' POV:

"James, your mommy's on the phone. How about we go see the animals first?"

James seemed to understand my words. He waved his fat little fists excitedly at my suggestion, his face shining with eagerness.

And so, I took James into the zoo to look at the animals. It was only after a long while that Scarlett came over.

"Who called you? Why did you take so long?" I was slightly unhappy. It was a rare chance for all three of us to hang out together, yet she spent such a long time answering her phone.

"It's from the director of the press," Scarlett said, beaming with joy.

"Is your book going to be published?"

Scarlett nodded, ecstatic.

"Is there anything about me in it?" I asked expectantly.

"No... The contents of this book focus on parts of my previous interview. I haven't interviewed you before, so..."

All of a sudden, I felt a twinge of displeasure. My unhappiness from before intensified. I held James tightly and strode forward alone, not bothered to wait for Scarlett.

James seemed to have noticed my unhappiness. He put his arms around my neck and looked at me with a cute smile, and cooed sweetly, "Ma, ma..."

"You brat, are you asking for your mother? Don't you also think that she's gone too far?"

"Ma, ma..."

"Let's see if your mother's caught up with us. If she does, I'll forgive her. Okay?"

I stopped and craned my neck to look behind me. Not far away, a petite figure trotted towards us. Seeing Scarlett like that, my stuffy heart softened in an instant.

"Janet, take care of James." I handed James to Janet, my helper, and then strode towards Scarlett.

"Why are you walking so fast?" Scarlett complained, shooting me a gloomy gaze. Her hair was now shining with sweat.

A twinge of guilt struck me. I took her by the hand and led her to a nearby bench. "Rest here."

Scarlett sat down obediently and rubbed her right ankle, which had become sore from running. She pursed her lips and mumbled, "My foot hurts so much. This is all your fault!"

I crouched in front of her and lifted her right foot, bringing it to my knee. As expected, her ankle was bright red. The guilt in me grew bigger and I started to massage her ankle gently.

My gesture made Scarlett blush. Embarrassed, she tried to pull her leg away from my grasp.

"W-what are you doing? There are many people here!"

"I don't care. What's wrong with massaging my wife's ankle?" I looked at Scarlett, whose face was as red as a ripe apple. She looked so sweet and bashful that I felt a strong urge to kiss her.

[Chapter 205 A Family Of Three](#)

Charles' POV:

I leaned in and quickly kissed Scarlett on the lips.

"Charles!" she cried out in anger.

We were just a few inches apart from each other. Her bright eyes and her beautiful delicate face made me smile. Although her hair was wet with sweat, she still looked stunning.

"Scarlett, you should exercise more. How can you get so sweaty after just walking for a while?" Taking a tissue in my hand, I gently and carefully wiped her forehead.

"You're the one that walked too fast without even waiting for me!" Scarlett complained and was about to grab the tissue.

I squinted my eyes at her and warned, "If you are not going to be obedient, then I'll have to kiss you again."

Upon hearing that, Scarlett gave up and sat down quietly.

Seeing that, I immediately laughed, gave her a peck on the cheek, and said, "I am sorry. I shouldn't have walked so fast. From now on, I will wait for you."

She covered her face and glared at me like an angry kitten.

I continued to smile at her as I sat down next to her and held her in my arms. "Do you still remember the things that happened when we were still kids?"

Scarlett snorted, but she did not answer.

"You had no friends back then and followed me around all day long. And when I was busy reading, you would just sit in a corner and gaze at me."

"Who says I don't have friends? Isn't Spencer my friend?"

"Of course, he is." I stroked her hand softly before I intertwined my fingers with hers.

All of a sudden, she gripped my hand tightly, looking at me. "Spencer ignored me at first, but later he told me that someone asked him to take care of me. Was it because..."

"Yes, I was the one that asked him to look after you." I looked into Scarlett's eyes and smiled. There were some complex emotions in her eyes besides just surprise. I gradually moved closer to her and I could even feel her warm breath on my skin.

However, Scarlett tilted her face to avoid my lips as she gently took her hand away from mine.

Seeing that, I could not help but feel a little disappointed.

"We're in public!" Glaring at me, she tried to wiggle out of my embrace.

I looked up and saw some people starting at us from a distance.

The moment they met my eyes, they turned around and left.

At noon, we arrived at a hotel for lunch.

We heard a knock on the door as soon as we were seated.

"Come in, please."

The door opened. A gentleman walked in with a bright smile. He spoke in a strong French accent.

"Charles? It's really you!"

"Long time no see, Henri." I stood up to greet him. I then held Scarlett's hand and introduced her, "This is my wife, Scarlett. Honey, this is Mr. Henri Moreau."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Moore. You look stunning." Henri complimented Scarlett and added, "I'm having lunch with my wife here as well. Mind if we join you?"

I turned to Scarlett, who replied to him with a gentle smile, "It would be our pleasure."

After giving us a nod, Henri went to find his wife.

I caressed Scarlett's hair. "Well, I am glad that you finally admitted that you're my wife."

Shaking off my hand, Scarlett returned to her seat. "Don't mess up my hair."

"Scarlett, can you please put on the wedding ring?"

Hearing that, she turned to me with a puzzled look.

I squatted down in front of her, held her hand, and explained, "I'm developing an important project now and I need to compete other companies for a piece of land. Henri is the one to decide the deal. He loves his wife deeply, and he is the kind of man that values a harmonious familial relationship."

"I thought you two are friends. If this is a business dinner, then I'd better not be here to bother you. If James ends up crying suddenly, it will be really awkward. I'll take him with me and get another table." With that, Scarlett withdrew her hand, frowning, and was about to pick up our son.

However, I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her closer. "Janet, take James to another room and take care of him."

Hearing that, Janet gently put James in the baby stroller and left the room.

Scarlett pushed me away and said, "Charles, there is no need for me to stay here, so let me go, okay?"

"If I get this project done, then you will get half of the profits," I said with a meaningful smile.

"No need. Fine. Think of it as a favor." With that, Scarlett finally sat down.

I took out the wedding ring from her bag, removed the ring Grandma gave her from her finger, and quickly put on the wedding ring for her.

When I looked up, I found her staring at me with glistening eyes and blushing.

All of a sudden, there was a knock on the door. Henri entered the room with a dignified woman.

"This is my wife, Armelle," Henri introduced the woman.

After greeting each other briefly, we sat down for dinner.

We were all chatting casually, and the atmosphere was really harmonious.

"I can see that your wife is great at communicating. Armelle rarely ever talks to someone she has met for the first time." Henri put down the glass. Even though he was talking to me, his loving gaze was fixed on his wife.

I turned around and saw Scarlett and Armelle laughing, whispering to each other.

"After I have the baby, my life truly revolves around him. It is indeed very tiring to be a parent, but it also makes my heart beam with joy and makes my life feel complete." Saying that, Scarlett shared the photos of James with Armelle.

With a hopeful look in her eyes, Armelle held her hand. "James is so cute! It looks like having a baby is really a beautiful thing. We haven't planned of having a baby yet because I am afraid of pain..."

"You might want to reconsider. Even though it is painful to experience childbirth, the moment you see your baby, all your pains will fade away."

I approached Scarlett quietly and saw her touching James in the photo. The photo had been taken right after his birth, so he was so tiny and his body was pink.

Although he was born after our fake divorce, the mental and physical stress that Scarlett went through because of the divorce .were real

Feeling a little heartbroken, I sighed.

I then took Scarlett's hand. She tried to struggle at first, but when she met my eyes, she stopped.

I took the opportunity to intertwine our hands.

"Can James speak now?" Armelle asked.

"That's the thing that makes me jealous. He can only say 'Papa' and not 'Mama'." Scarlett turned away, but she was still holding my hand.

I now felt like it was on cloud nine. We were not alone right now, but at least, she was not refusing me.

After the meal, Henri suggested, "Let's play tennis together next time."

And I could not help but agree immediately.

[Chapter 206 I Can Promise You Anything](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After seeing Armelle and Henri leave, I cast a cold glance at Charles and withdrew my hand. "I won't play tennis with you. Since you're the one that promised him, you should fix it yourself!"

But the next second, Charles grabbed my wrist with a helpless smile.

Although I tried to struggle, my efforts were in vain.

He moved his face closer to mine and gently cupped my face in his hands as he said to me in a sweet whisper, "Scarlett, help me just one more time. I will owe you a favor once this project is sealed."

His words made me excited.

'Well, it is priceless to be owed a favor by him, but I am not good at sports...'

While I was lost in thought, he seemed to have read my mind. He put his arm around my shoulder and comforted me gently, "We are not participating in a competition. We just need to have fun and be happy. We can even just talk."

However, I could not help feeling a little reluctant as I knew that if I made a fool of myself in the court, it would only embarrass him.

"I will give you anything you want as long as you agree to go with me, okay?" His affectionate gaze, his faint smile, and his gentle words made my heart skip a beat.

Suppressing the inexplicable excitement in my heart, I stared at him and said, "Really? You can't go back on your words later."

"Of course, I am being serious. You can ask me for anything, except for not letting me see you."

Hearing that, I threw a contemptuous glance at him. "Forget it, then. I have a program to work on, so I'm busy."

"What if I help you promote your program?" His soft and seductive voice made me go limp in my knees. "I can promote it for an entire month."

I looked away from him and covered my ears to make my smile less noticeable.

"Scarlett." I continued to grin until I heard him pleading me again.

Pretending to be still hesitant, I said, "Fine. I'll play tennis with you."

Charles' POV:

Holding Scarlett's hand, I walked out of the private room with a satisfied smile.

That moment, Janet also walked out of the adjacent room, pushing James' stroller. Upon seeing us, James reached out his arms and smiled.

Scarlett immediately let go of my hand and held him in her arms, making him giggle.

'Damn it! This brat is competing with me again!

But it's fine as long as I can still be around Scarlett.'

Thinking that, I smiled again, and suggested, "How about we take James to the amusement park?"

Scarlett shook her head in response. "No. He is too young for that. Amusement park is for kids, not infants!"

I clicked my tongue. Even though I adored my son, I felt like he was taking away all her attention from me.

All of a sudden, I saw our son yawning, and I quickly said to Janet, "Take him home, Janet. He's tired."

"Okay." Janet took James from Scarlett.

I grabbed Scarlett's hand and walked to the parking lot.

"Aren't we going home?" she asked in confusion.

"Let's go to the amusement park."

"What?"

I quickly walked to my car, and opened the door for her, but she seemed to be a little reluctant.

"Charles, I want to..."

Before Scarlett could say another word, I trapped her between my body and the car. Stroking her soft rosy cheeks, I asked with a smile, "Do you still want me to help promote your program for the next thirty days?"

Scarlett blinked her eyes and corrected me with a pout, "Thirty days? There are thirty-one days next month."

I couldn't help smiling when I saw how cute she was, and said in a soft voice, "Yeah, you are right."

I then lowered my head and got closer to her face.

Lily's POV:

Life had been really peaceful lately. I had a lot of money to squander, and I did not have to serve that old

geezer, Nate.

I had dinner with my friend Emma at a restaurant, and was about to leave when I suddenly saw a familiar car in the parking lot.

It was a glistening dark luxury car.

I immediately remembered that it was Charles' car.

I walked closer to the car and saw Charles holding Scarlett in his arms, kissing her.

Blushing, she pushed him away. She then got in the car and slammed the door shut. But Charles did not seem to be unhappy. In fact, he walked to the driver's seat with a smile.

Even if he was being indifferent to me the entire time, I still could not forget him.

I finally understood that he was not incapable of tenderness, he had just given all of his love to Scarlett.

"Oh my God! Is that Charles?" Emma exclaimed.

I gave her a nod, but I did not want to talk about it, so I pulled her to my car.

However, she continued to gossip about Scarlett and Charles.

But as soon as she noticed my sullen mood, she immediately changed the topic. "I heard that Charles was the one that helped Rita become the new CEO of the Lively Group. It looks like he likes her. I think he might not really be getting along with his wife."

"Don't just make such assumptions. Think about the Lively Group's current situation. If Charles really likes Rita, then why would he watch the Lively Group fall?" I frowned as I did not agree with her opinion.

"You're right."

"On the surface, it does seem like Charles helped Rita, but he did it just to help her fight Nate. His ultimate goal was probably to take down the Lively Group." I turned my car keys, and drove out of there slowly.

With a complicated look in her eyes, Emma remarked, "That's messed up. But for someone like Charles, there are countless ways of destroying the Lively Group, right? Why did he choose to work with Rita? His wife must be jealous."

"Do I look like a psychic to you? How could I know the reason?" I gave Emma a helpless glance, but deep down, I had a hunch. "I heard that Nate is living miserably in prison. He is beat up all the time and he's become mentally unstable. I am guessing that Rita and Charles made some kind of a deal to get what

they each wanted. Anyway, Nate deserves it."

I forced a smile as I clenched the steering wheel unconsciously.

Scenes of Nate kicking and punching me kept flashing through my mind, and whenever I thought of my unborn child, anger rose within my heart like a tide.

I wished that I was able to kill Nate by my own hands.

But then, why would I let him die an easy death?

I hoped that he suffered a miserable life in prison. Only then, my baby's soul would rest in peace.

"Lily! Stop!" Emma screamed.

While I was in a trance, I saw a huge shadow in front of me and slammed the brakes.

The screeching of the tires pierced my eardrums, instantly awakening me.

"Are you okay?" Emma asked, shaking my arm.

Looking at the enormous oil-transporting truck in front of me, I was shaking in fear. I quickly held Emma's hand. "Sorry, I was distracted."

Emma gave me a hug and patted me on the back to help me calm down. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have talked about the Lively family in front of you. Don't think too much of the past, okay? The reincarnation of causality will not lead to good results for that family!"

"Yes, I know." Tears welled up in my eyes as I buried my head on Emma's shoulder. "Nate has already been punished. And in order to save the Lively Group, Rita is hooking up with a rich married man. Certainly no good is going to come out of it. These people deserve it! And I... I will live a good life..."

[Chapter 207 The Password](#)

Scarlett's POV:

In the amusement park...

Charles brought me to the roller coaster.

It began to move and rose slowly, inching towards the top.

Frightened, I subconsciously grabbed Charles's hand and gripped it tight. "Why are we riding the roller coaster? Have you ever rode on one before?"

Charles separated my fingers slowly and clasped our hands together. As the roller coaster was about to reach the highest point, he suddenly turned around to stare deeply at me. He spoke to me, and his voice was a seductive whisper. "Isn't this exciting?"

"N-no. Ahhhh...!"

The roller coaster jerked and took a sudden sharp turn downward, blowing away my words. I found myself screaming at the top of my lungs.

Mercifully, the ride soon ended. After I got off, I felt as if I was floating and walking on air. I didn't have the strength to care about where Charles was taking me to.

"Let's do this." Charles stopped at a certain spot.

I looked up to where he was indicating. Immediately, despair filled me.

It was bungee jumping!

However, I didn't let Charles have his way this time. I dragged him away from there and took him to ride bumper cars instead.

When the staff asked me if I wanted to drive with my friend or alone, I glanced at Charles and chose the latter. The interior of the bumper car was narrow, and I didn't want to sit shoulder to shoulder with him.

The moment I started the car, a huge force banged into me from behind and my car jerked forward violently. I turned around to glare behind me, my eyes burning with anger, only to be met with a playful gaze. Charles was grinning cheekily at me, amused.

"Charles!" I gave him a warning roar.

Charles acted as if he hadn't heard anything and kept running into my car over and over. My car bounced back and forth, attacked from all sides not just by Charles, but also by other players in the ring. All the spinning and jerking around made me extremely dizzy.

When I finally staggered out of the bumper car, I clutched the railings for dear balance. It took me a while to recover from the dizziness and return to my senses.

"Are you okay?" Charles asked concernedly as he hurried over to me.

Annoyed, I pushed him away. "Stay away from me!"

I turned around, about to leave, but my legs were so weak that I almost fell down.

Charles quickly pulled me into his arms and said gently, "Don't force yourself."

I replied with an angry glare, not saying anything. But I was exhausted, so I ended up leaning against his strong and warm chest. I didn't want to move at all.

Charles carried me all the way to his car. He reclined the passenger seat and fastened the seat belt for me.

It was so comfortable, I couldn't help but sigh happily.

Charles then got in the car and took the driver's seat. He looked at me, his eyes narrowed slightly and his lips pursed. The expression gave him the impression of a noble but unapproachable man.

However, I could sense a hidden danger behind the look on his face. Nervous, I inched close to the door. "W-what's wrong with you today? Why were you so crazy?"

The way he acted earlier in the amusement park was as if he was venting his emotions.

What did he need to vent? I pondered about it for a long time, but I couldn't find any answer to it.

After a while, Charles finally looked away. That made me relieved.

He drove away from the amusement park and entered the highway. Fewer and fewer cars were present on the road, and soon, Charles sped up.

The scenery outside the car blurred rapidly. I looked at the dashboard, only to be startled. The speed had reached 120 miles per hour!

"Charles! You're driving too fast!" Fearing for dear life, I clutched my seat belt tightly and looked at the man beside me uneasily.

He had prominent brow ridges, with thick and dashing eyebrows and a pair of deep eyes that seemed to swallow everything. Right now, those deep eyes were looking straight ahead, expressionless. Somehow, I could catch a flash of cruelty in them.

"Charles!" I called him again, but he didn't respond.

The car continued to speed along the sparsely populated road. I grabbed the handrail, holding it tightly as I closed my eyes in fear. My heart beat rapidly in my chest, pounding hard against my ribcage.

"Scarlett." Charles's low and hoarse voice took me by surprise.

When I opened my eyes, I saw that the car had stopped at an intersection. If I got out of the car and took a right, I would be home.

I loosened my grip on the handrail, unfastened the seat belt, and tried to open the door. However, it was still locked. "Open it. I'm getting off the car."

"Not here." His low voice rang once more.

The red light in front of us turn green. The car started again, but it went left.

"Stop the car!" I tried to stop him in a hurry, but he paid no heed to me. Helpless, I had no choice but to fasten my seat belt again. "Where are we going?"

Very soon, I got the answer.

Charles finally stopped at the gate of the Moore mansion.

I clenched my clothes, recalling Charles's strange behavior earlier today. A bad premonition rose in my heart.

"Let's go home." Charles unfastened the seat belt for me and gently took my hand before kissing it.

At this moment, my blood froze. There was something obviously wrong with him. "I can't, I have something else to do today. I want to go back to my own home."

Charles smiled and got off the car. Then, he opened the door of the passenger seat for me.

"Do you really don't want to come with me?"

"No. You don't have to send me..." Before I could finish, he bent down and picked me up. "Ah! C-Charles!"

Ignoring my pleas, he carried me to the villa. All my struggles were in vain. My legs were tightly locked in front of him. His huge hand spanked my buttocks slyly.

"Be good."

My cheeks turned bright red as shame and anger filled me. "What are you doing?! Put me down now!"

To my surprise, he did put me down. I took a deep breath, about to scold him, but he suddenly closed the distance between us and stood right in front of me.

The dim lights outside the villa shone on him, outlining his handsome profile. My heart began to beat quickly as a sense of anticipation rose in me.

Charles caught me off guard and wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me into his arms. The next

second, he grabbed my lips for a fierce kiss.

Stunned and shocked, my mind stagnated, and my voice was broken by the kiss. "Charles..."

Charles pushed me against the wall, kissing me with ferocious desire. The tip of his tongue pressed against my teeth and soon intertwined with my tongue. He kissed me so violently, the pain made me wince. I wanted to push him away, but he grabbed my hands and pressed them over my head, leaving me no room to resist.

He was literally taking my breath away!

I gasped and opened my mouth, trying to breathe in more air. Yet, Charles grabbed my jaw and kissed me more ferociously than ever.

He only let go of me when he saw that I almost suffocated. Breaking the kiss, he then picked me up again and made his way to the door.

"Charles, I won't go in." I still had a shred of reason remaining. His desire for me was so strong, I couldn't imagine what would happen after we entered the house.

"Then, we can do it here..." Charles whispered, his voice deep and hoarse with desire.

So shocked I was, my body stiffened.

Charles leaned against my back suggestively. Suddenly, the air between us turned ambiguous. I watched nervously as he entered the lock password. A small beep followed, and I was stunned.

The password turned out to be the date of our wedding.

Back then, whenever I came here, it was always the butler who opened the door for me. I never expected the lock password of the Moore mansion to be our wedding date. My heart began to waver as mixed feelings surged in me.

[Chapter 208 I'm Sorry](#)

Charles's POV:

I opened the door without letting go of Scarlett. Then, I closed the door behind me, and the Moore mansion fell into silence. The only light source was the dim yellow lamp on the side. My piercing gaze became softer the longer I stared at her. Her red and plump lips looked so alluring to me. At this moment, there was nothing in the world that I wanted more than to kiss her.

Although I did not drink, I felt like I was intoxicated. Without thinking, I lowered my head and kissed her. Our lips intertwined with each other. And when we touched, I felt a strong urge to get more of her.

Scarlett tried to push me away. "Stop... Grandma and the others might see us," she said breathlessly.

"Don't worry. They took James to the park." I held her by the waist with one hand and held the back of her head with the other. Once again, I indulged myself in her lips. I could smell the scent of her body as we kissed, and excitement washed over me. At this moment, I took a look at her. I was disappointed to see that while I was enjoying myself, she was just staring at me with her eyes wide open.

"Close your eyes when we kiss," I grumbled.

Scarlett mumbled something in response, but I did not hear what she had said because of my fervent kiss. I could not seem to get enough of her.

But then, I suddenly let her go. I was afraid that I would not be able to control myself if this went on.

"I'm hungry," Scarlett complained.

I was stunned. But then, an idea occurred to me. With a sly smile, I moved closer to her and whispered in her ear, "Do you want to have dinner or have sex with me first?"

Her eyes widened in shock.

Our faces were only an inch away from each other. I could hear her breathing. But for some reason, she was holding her breath.

A deafening silence fell between us. A few moments later, Scarlett looked away and said, "I... I don't want to eat. Get off of me."

Albeit reluctant, I decided to let her go. But just as I did so, she ran away from me. Her actions piqued my annoyance, so I trapped her against the wall.

"Charles, I want some warm water. The roller coaster and everything still made me feel sick," she asked while looking at me her doe eyes.

However, her eyes betrayed her.

I pressed my forehead against hers and looked into her eyes. "I don't believe you. You just want to run away from me, do you?"

Her face turned redder. All of a sudden, I felt an urge to kiss her again. Just as I was getting closer and closer to her, she suddenly looked behind me and screamed in horror.

"AH! Charles, there's a big spider on the wall! Look!"

"A spider? Are you sure?" I asked in disbelief. How could a spider enter my house?

"Yes! Quick! It's crawling towards us. Hurry up, and kill it!"

The terror on Scarlett's face was convincing. Thinking that what she had said might be true, I turned around to look at the said spider. But the moment I looked away, she pushed me.

Before I could process what had just happened, she had already run to the door. I did not know whether to laugh or cry. But no matter what tricks she played, I would not let her get away from me. With that, I strode forward and pulled her into my arms, like an eagle catching its prey.

"Where's the spider? Are you thinking of escaping again?"

Scarlett laughed awkwardly and reasoned out, "Oh, sorry. I thought it was a spider. You know what? Why don't we eat dinner now? I'm starving." She tried to talk her way out, but I remained unmoved. Her red face was quite amusing, though.

"Really? But you sound like you want to have some fun with me first." I grabbed her waist and carried her on my shoulder.

"Charles, what are you doing? Put me down!" Scarlett pounded on my shoulder in protest, but it aroused my sexual desire even more.

I carried her all the way to the bedroom. When we reached the door, I kicked it open and then threw her on the bed. She must have realized what would happen next. She crawled to the foot of the bed in an attempt to get away from me. In my eyes, she looked adorable. With a chuckle, I pulled her back and pinned her to the bed.

"Scarlett, please... I've really missed you..." I whispered in her ear.

Scarlett did not struggle anymore. She just looked at me in the eye with her beautiful eyes.

Without another word, I lowered my head and kissed her again, leaving her no chance to say no. But this time, I was gentle. I indulged myself and let the fire inside me burn.

Even though Scarlett had been trying to push me away, there was no way she could resist me. I held her tightly and kissed her more passionately, giving her no chance to refuse. Before I knew it, my hands had wandered on her body and begun to tear her clothes.

All of a sudden, I tasted blood in my mouth. It was not until I felt a strong sense of pain did I let her go.

'Damn it! How could she bite me?!' I exclaimed inwardly.

With her body trembling slightly, Scarlett looked away and reminded me, "Charles, we're already divorced..."

"Please don't reject me. You know how much I want you." I looked at her intently, trying to find her true feelings in her eyes. However, she still pushed me away.

Although it hurt, I held her in my tight embrace and reassured her, "I'll take responsibility for you."

I kissed her earlobe as I spoke. A few moments later, I felt her body relax, so I finally loosened my grip on her. Unable to take it any longer, I took off my coat and then my trousers.

"Hang on." I reached out to the bedside table and took out a condom from the top drawer.

We already had James. To me, one child was enough. I did not want to have another child who would only disturb our precious time together.

The anticipation was killing me as I tried to tear the condom packet.

But no matter how hard I tried, I could not tear the packet.

I took a look at Scarlett and found that she had bolted to the door yet again.

She had tried to slip away from me every chance she got. Unfortunately for her, I would not let her.

I merely took two strides, and I caught her in my arms again. "I won't let you escape."

Scarlett's face was a little red in embarrassment, but she still looked up at me defiantly. "We're already divorced! You can't touch me anymore!"

"I don't care. You'll always be mine."

"You're wrong!"

"I'm not," I argued stubbornly. We were like a child fighting over a toy.

The next moment, I gave her a long and lingering kiss again. She tried to punch me, but I nimbly blocked her attacks. She could only twist her body in protest, but her struggles were all in vain.

"Scarlett, you're mine," I announced with a triumphant smile.

Perhaps Scarlett had gotten tired. Or maybe, she was moved by my words. She finally stopped punching me. At this moment, I was content. In my eyes, every second with her was worthwhile.

While we were immersed in each other's presence, my phone suddenly rang. I held her in one hand and answered the call with the other.

"What is it?" I asked impatiently.

"Boss, we're now at the Moore mansion," Janet said respectfully. She was implying that the happy time was over.

"Got it." I hung up the phone as soon as I finished speaking. My excitement and elation burst at once.

"Is James back?" Scarlett asked in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I see. I'll bring him here now."

"No. Just stay here with me for a while." I did not want to let her go just yet. I wanted her to stay with me a little longer.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles was half-naked. His warm body was pressing against mine. I had stopped struggling and just let his hands wander on my body to his heart's content.

But the more intimate we became, the more uneasy I felt.

Instead of letting my desire get ahold of me, my mind wandered off. The scene where my father was desperately begging Charles before he died crossed my mind. It still bugged me to this day, especially when I recalled how heartless Charles was at that time.

At the thought of this, I pushed Charles away with all my might. The bewilderment on his face brought a pang to my heart, but I had already made up my mind. "We should keep a distance from each other."

"What are you saying?" Charles asked in a hurt tone.

"I'm sorry." I wanted to remind him that we were already divorced, but I stopped myself when I saw his dejection. Even if I did not tell him, I was sure he knew what I was talking about.

After a long period of silence, Charles finally let go of me. "I'm going to take a shower."

I was in a daze as I watched him let go of me and go to the bathroom. I unconsciously touched my sore lips, and my eyes fell on the condom packet on the bed. Perhaps Charles and I should not see each other in the future. We would only torment each other in the end.

It took me a while before I got ahold of myself. And when I did, I hurriedly put on my clothes and went downstairs at once.

[Chapter 209 He Would Keep The Ring](#)

Charles' POV:

Standing by the window quietly, I watched Scarlett leave.

I could tell that she was still mad at me because I had not helped her father.

Thinking about it, I found myself drowning in regret. Why hadn't I helped him back then?

If I hadn't turned a blind eye to her father's dilemma, then there would not have been as many obstacles in my relationship with her.

Clenching my fists tightly, I made up my mind.

I was determined to make her come back to me one day.

Scarlett's POV:

I got home, but I could not fall asleep at all, despite the fact that I was tired. Whenever I closed my eyes, I ended up thinking of Charles.

The next day, I went to the TV station, but I was absent-minded all day long, and when someone suddenly bumped into me from behind, I almost tripped and fell.

Nina, who was standing beside me, caught me right in time as she looked at me with a frown, feeling worried. "Scarlett, are you okay?"

I nodded in reply.

I then saw a woman rushing away, stomping her foot as though she was enraged.

"Who is she?" I asked Nina.

After looking at the woman for a while, Nina replied, "It's Emily."

"What happened to her?"

"She was supposed to host a program with Lucia, but..." Nina clicked her tongue and hesitated for a moment before she continued, "I don't know what tricks Lucia played to get the sponsorship from Charles. Ever since she did that, Emily has been cast aside."

Her words felt like heavy stones pressing on my heart.

Although money was not omnipotent, it was indeed impossible to do anything without it. It could easily change things for people who are trying to climb their career ladder. Money made it easier for some

people and harder for others.

Emily's case was a good example of how money could affect one's career.

The thing that seemed more ridiculous was the fact that it was Charles, who sponsored Lucia.

Several days passed since. Charles seemed to have disappeared because he had not contacted me since then. He only sent me a text a day before he was supposed to play tennis with Henri, reminding me of the time and place. However, his words felt a little cold and brief.

So, I didn't reply to him.

But since I had already promised him, I did not want to go back on my word.

The next morning, I woke up earlier than usual and freshened up. I put on my wedding ring right before I left my house. The diamond glowed in the sun, dazzling me.

Charles was waiting outside for me.

He was dressed casually, which made him look youthful, and handsome.

The rising sun cast a golden glow on the horizon, but Charles looked more dazzling than the sun.

After getting in the car, neither of us said a word.

The gap between us wouldn't disappear so easily. Besides, there was no point in talking too much.

The car stopped at the tennis courts, and wanting to catch a breath of fresh air, I quickly got off.

"Scarlett."

I turned around, and saw Armelle and Henri walking towards me. They were dressed in sportswear. They already seemed to have finished warming up, and their foreheads had tiny beads of sweat. But they smiled and were quite active.

Charles and I, on the other hand, were not as energetic as them.

Suddenly, Charles intertwined his fingers with mine, and I looked into his eyes, surprised. At first, my heart skipped a beat, but then it began to race so fast.

"You came so early!" Holding my hand, Charles walked to them to greet them.

"Let's play doubles." Henri seemed to be very enthusiastic. He picked up the racket and took Armelle to the court, leaving no chance for me to refuse.

Charles looked at me and said in a seemingly considerate yet cold tone, "You don't want to be my partner? If that's the case, then I can play on my own."

I was stunned for a second, but I picked up the racket. "I can play doubles with you."

Now we were on the court, ready to begin the match.

Although I made many mistakes, there was an inexplicable strange feeling in my heart.

At least for now, Charles and I were together, as a team. We worked hard for the common goal, made up for each other, and fought together.

Thinking of that, tears welled up in my eyes.

It was undeniable that I really wanted to be happy with him, but it was harder than it seemed.

And for some reason, I was a little distracted. When I finally came back to my senses, I saw the ball flying towards me.

Just when I was frozen, I felt a tall figure appear in front of me. It was Charles! With a wave of his hand, he hit the ball with his racket.

He then dropped his racket to the ground, grabbed me by the shoulder, and examined me nervously. "Scarlett, are you okay?"

I looked at him blankly. My throat was completely parched. "I... I'm fine."

Henri and Armelle also rushed to my side, looking worried.

"I'm sorry that you almost got hit by the ball. I was so excited that I accidentally used too much force when I hit the ball," Henri said guiltily, looking at me.

"Thank God, Charles was there to protect her just in time!" Armelle said as she pinched Henri's arm.

Henri looked at her with a grin. "Ouch! Baby, please be gentle!"

"It was not your fault. I was the one that was distracted," I comforted Henri.

"Take a rest." Saying that, Charles dragged me away from the court and made me sit on a bench.

He then continued to play with Henri, while Armelle sat down with me and talked.

Time passed quickly, and soon, it was noon.

Armelle held my hand all of a sudden. "It's too early to go home. My friend is hosting an art exhibition. Why don't we go there this afternoon?"

We all agreed, so after having lunch, we went to the art exhibition.

Armelle was holding her husband's arm intimately and talking to him sweetly while we were at the exhibition.

I looked down at my hand and saw that Charles was holding my hand tightly, but since my palms were a little sweaty, I pulled my hand out, feeling a little uneasy.

"My hand is sweaty," I explained.

Hearing that, his expression turned cold and he pursed his lips. There was a strange coldness between us.

After we were done watching the art exhibit, I let out a sigh of relief.

We all had dinner together, and Charles drank a lot.

On our way back, I turned to the driver and said, "Go to the Garden Street."

Charles glanced at me and remained silent.

Soon, we arrived at the destination.

I opened the door and got out of the car, but the next second, he pulled me back inside.

I turned to look at him in confusion. "Anything else?"

Charles lowered his head and touched my hand softly, his slender fingers scratching my skin.

His fingers brushed over my wedding ring. "Are you going to take off your ring after you get home?"

I don't know why he asked that, but I nodded in reply.

Seeing that, he took off the wedding ring from my finger.

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

Charles looked at me with a deep gaze that made my heart ache. "I will be keeping the ring from now on."

Upon hearing that, I did not know what to say, so I looked at him in silence.

Actually, the ring was not too expensive.

I had purchased our wedding rings from a small independent brand back then, and even though it was not from a luxury brand, Charles seemed to cherish our rings a lot.

While I was lost in thought, he leaned in and kissed me on the lips.

He put his arms around my waist and pulled me closer with great force as though he was trying to embed me into his body, but his kiss was very gentle.

He then licked my lips before he finally let me go.

Even though I did not drink a lot, I still felt drunk after that. And if he had not hugged me like that, I would have fallen down to the floor.

Somehow, tears rolled down my cheeks. Charles narrowed his eyes at me, tempting me and pulling me into a dark abyss. I suddenly felt like the whole world had gone silent, and the sound of our kiss was the only thing that could be heard.

Charles pressed his forehead against mine with a cold look in his eyes. "Scarlett, you will regret your decision, sooner or later."

"You are drunk."

"If I was drunk, then I would have carried you upstairs to have sex," Charles sneered and loosened his grip on me.

I took two steps back and saw him turn around. He got in the car, and slammed the door shut loudly, making me shudder.

Confusion filled my heart as I watched him leave.

It was indeed hard for me to read Charles' mind now.

[Chapter 210 Sending A Bunch of Red Roses](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After what happened last night, I thought Charles wouldn't want us to get back together anymore. Because I kept refusing him again and again, I assumed that perhaps, he had completely given up on me.

But when I woke up this morning, I saw a bunch of red roses in a vase on the table.

The roses were displayed prominently, looking bright and warm.

"Good morning, Scarlett." Tracy placed breakfast on the table.

I sat down to eat, though I didn't say a word about those roses.

Tracy faked a cough and tried to attract my attention. She asked, "Aren't the roses lovely?"

I threw her an indifferent look and replied on purpose, "Didn't you put them here a few days ago?"

"What? There were no red roses before! Mr. Moore brought them here this morning."

"You don't have to give the credit to Charles, Tracy."

Flabbergasted, Tracy tried to explain the situation to me in a hurry. "You have to believe me, Scarlett! Mr. Moore put the roses in the vase when you were asleep. He went to the rose garden before dawn to pick them, all by himself. If he finds out that you think I'm the one who gave you the roses, he'll fire me..."

I turned to look at the roses, somewhat dazed. Yesterday, Charles told me that I would come to regret my decision one day. Yet today, he sent me roses.

What was he thinking? I couldn't understand him at all.

After I was finished with breakfast, I went to work and arrived at the TV station on time.

The moment I got past the gate, I noticed Lucia walking towards me from afar. Her well-done makeup was stunningly gorgeous, accentuating her beauty.

"Hi, Scarlett!" she greeted me with a wide smile. She suddenly turned around and clung to my arm, as if we were the most intimate of friends. "I really wanted to thank you. Thanks to Charles's sponsorship, I'm back on TV! I'm at the center of attention again!"

"Then you should go thank Charles. You don't need to come to me." I pulled my arm slowly out of her grasp.

"Well, you two are a couple! I thought I should ask for your opinion first before coming to him. You won't misunderstand me, will you? I know that there are rumors about me and Charles in the workplace recently. Some people even said that they saw Charles with me yesterday!" Lucia's face lit up as she spoke. I knew she was doing this on purpose.

At this, I couldn't help but laugh. "He went to the art exhibition with me yesterday. I don't think he had any time to see you."

In that instant, she froze. She quickly changed her expression and gazed at me with a pitiful look. "There's really nothing between Charles and me! He won't come to see me anyway. Trust me, Scarlett. The only reason he agreed to sponsor my program was because he thought I was pitiful."

Lucia's fake airs annoyed me. I didn't say much and left.

I thought that was the end of it. Contrary to my expectations, Lucia appeared in front of me frequently.

Whenever we met, she kept mentioning Charles. She pretended to apologize sincerely to me, but in truth, she wanted to imply to me that she and Charles had a close relationship.

Finally, I reached the limits of patience. I slammed the script on the table and turned coldly to her. "Since you've apologized so many times, I assume this sponsorship must have caused you a lot of trouble. So much, that you feel indebted to us. I have a way to help you solve this little problem of yours for good. Do you want to hear it?"

Lucia's face paled in nervousness. She looked at me warily, and stammered, "What... what?"

I slowly took out my phone and looked up Charles's number in my contacts list. "I'll call Charles right now and ask him to withdraw the sponsorship for your show. Then, you don't have to apologize to me humbly again and again."

So saying, I dialed the number right before her eyes.

"N-no! Wait!" Lucia got nervous at once. Her shrill voice pierced my eardrums, making them ache.

She grabbed my phone in a hurry and hung up the call immediately. Then, she turned back to me with a flattering smile and handed my phone back to me. "I'm sorry, Scarlett. If you don't want to see me, I promise, I won't show up and apologize anymore."

"Good. Next time, use your brain before you do anything." I picked up my phone and the script, and left without sparing another glance at her.

Without Lucia's persistent interruption, my work went smoothly.

After I finished work, William called and asked me out for dinner. He said he got some problems and could use a friendly listener.

From the tone of his voice, I could tell that he was frustrated. I hesitated for a while, but in the end, I accepted his invitation.

When I arrived at the appointed restaurant, William was already there. He was standing at the entrance, waiting for me. He opened the door for me like a gentleman.

I got out of the car, thanking him politely for the gesture. I entered the restaurant with him, but I didn't expect to meet an acquaintance.

It was none other than Spencer, who was walking towards us with a frown.

William greeted him. Spencer then looked at me, as if he wanted to say something to me.

"What's wrong? You don't have money to pay the bill?" I joked.

"No!" Spencer sighed and immediately told me the truth. "Charles is having dinner in room 808. Lucia's also there with him."

At this, my brows rose. So Charles sent me roses in the morning, and then had dinner with another woman in the evening?

I tried my best to control my facial expression, pretending not to care the slightest. "Really? The dishes in this restaurant must be very good."

"You seriously still have the mood to eat?" Spencer pushed me to the elevator in a hurry, snarling angrily all the while, "Lucia's well dressed and looks really sexy. She obviously wants to seduce Charles! If you don't go to him now, you'll regret it in the future!"

"We're divorced. He has freedom to love anyone he likes. Why should I interfere in his personal life?" I explained to Spencer coldly, stopping in my tracks. But the words were also for me, so that I could remind myself to remain sober and in control of my feelings.

Spencer flashed me a bitter smile. "Divorce? Scarlett, you better go talk to your lawyer to confirm that."

"Wait, what do you mean?" I was bewildered.

"I never said anything!" Spencer waved his hand, sighed, and then left.

I stared dumbly after his receding back, frowning deeply.

"Didn't you already got a divorce?" William was just as confused.

I shook my head and said, "I have no clue. I'm sure I went to the lawyer's office with Charles to complete the divorce procedures. How could we not get divorced?"

Yet, Spencer's mannerisms were so odd. He wouldn't say things like that for no reason.

What was the real truth?