

## **Warning 211**

### [Chapter 211 Divorced Or No](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Could the divorce be fake...?

Thinking of this, suspicion grew within me. I asked William to order food for us first. After that, and I took the elevator upstairs to where Charles and Lucia were.

In my haste, I had forgotten to knock on the door of Room 808 and directly pushed it open. Unexpectedly, I was met with a steamy sight.

Lucia was dangerously close to Charles, a coquettish smile on her dolled-up face. She leaned forward seductively and raised a glass of wine. Her full chest almost touched Charles's arm.

Charles didn't refuse Lucia's approach. He leaned back on his chair in a relaxed manner and clinked glasses with Lucia casually. There was even a faint smile on his lips, as if he was taking delight in her attention. He seemed to be enjoying the moment very much.

When he met my eyes, his face suddenly changed and his relaxed look morphed into shock. "Scarlett...!"

By now, my face was as cold as ice. "What a coincidence."

Lucia turned and saw me as well. She hurriedly put down her glass, panic coloring her face, and burst into a nervous explanation. "Don't get me wrong, Scarlett! Nothing happened between Charles and me. I was just making a toast. The reason I invited him to dinner was because I wanted to thank him for the sponsorship..."

"Don't worry. Scarlett won't care who I drink with." Charles drank without a care in the world, as if no one was around. He rubbed his thumb against the glass in his hand lazily.

With his sharp and good-looking features, he looked extremely handsome. He had drunk a little too hastily just now, and a small spot of red wine remained at the corner of his mouth. It gave him the impression of a vampire who had just satiated his thirst with blood. He looked ruthless and condescending, attractively so.

Anger, depression, suspicion, and countless other emotions filled me, combining into a large lump that blocked my windpipe. Suddenly, I found it difficult to breathe.

Just like that, I was no longer in the mood to question whether the divorce was true or false. When I took another look at Charles, discomfort crept on me.

"I entered the wrong room. Sorry to bother you. Have a good time." I put on a fake smile and bade them

goodbye as calmly as I could, but in reality, my mind was in a mess.

The moment I turned around to leave, I ran into Spencer, who had just come back.

He quickly stopped me and demanded, "Scarlett, are you going to leave just like that?"

I patted him on the arm and comforted him, "William's waiting for me downstairs. Don't worry about me."

Then, I walked past him and headed downstairs.

I returned to the private room I booked with William. All kinds of tasty dishes filled the table, but I had no appetite. William poured me a glass of red wine, which I picked up and drowned in an instant.

"Scarlett?" William looked at me, surprised. A frown colored his face and he advised, "Don't torture yourself because of anger. You're more likely to get drunk if you drink too fast."

"I'm not angry at all." That was a lie.

William seemed to see through me with just one glance. He swapped the red wine in front of me with non-alcoholic juice.

"Every man would act according to the circumstances. You have to learn to distinguish between what's real and what isn't. Don't take things seriously easily and anger yourself for no reason."

I had no choice but to nod. "Yes, I know, Mr. William. Can I have a glass of wine now?"

William poured me some wine in a glass, but was soon interrupted by a knock on the door.

Right after that, who should come in but Lucia. She pushed the door open and marched in, then took to staring at us with an unreadable look. "Am I interrupting you?"

"What's the matter?" I put down my wine glass, shooting her a cold but composed stare.

"Scarlett." Lucia looked slightly drunk. She staggered to me and mumbled pitifully, "You can't be angry. There's really nothing going on between Charles and me."

I was annoyed. "You've already explained things to me just now. It's meaningless to repeat it."

"How could it be meaningless?!" Lucia ignored my annoyed look, going as far as to sit next to me. She flashed me a dazzling smile that was almost blinding. "I heard Abner used to be infatuated with you. But what happened after that? Now, he's become Nina's husband!"

William pulled a rare, uncharacteristic long face at this. He cast a sharp glare at Lucia, his eyes narrowed

in warning. "Stop it! You are not welcome here. Please leave now."

"What? Looks like Scarlett's new lover doesn't welcome me! Do you want me to leave too, Scarlett?" Lucia inched closer and closer to me, overwhelming me with the stink of alcohol. I frowned, growing more annoyed.

I pushed her away, and she staggered back to her seat. Her face was slightly red, but her eyes were very clear and sober.

I sneered derisively at her. She was probably just pretending to apologize, but I knew that her real purpose was to show off to me. "Lucia, are you trying to say that Charles is just like Abner? That even if he was once loyal to me, he'd eventually leave me and choose you?"

"No, no, no! You're thinking too much. Do you really think Charles will lose his affection for you and abandon you sooner or later, too?" Lucia drawled as she crossed her arms over her chest, her eyes full of provocation. She was trying to get a rise out of me, no doubt.

"No, I just wanted to remind you that there's a difference between a dream and wishful thinking." I stared coldly into her eyes, not backing down. Sparks flew as our gazes met.

The next moment, William stood between us, separating her from me.

With him shielding me from Lucia, I could only see his broad shoulders and back.

He warned in a severe tone, "Miss, do you need me to call the security for you to leave?"

Lucia shot me a scornful look before leaving haughtily.

The second she stepped out, William closed the door and turned to me.

Unable to help myself, I flashed him a bitter smile. "Even a woman like her dares to show off to me now."

William tried to comfort me during our entire meal, but I didn't listen to him.

After our meal, we went out of the private room together.

From the corners of my eyes, I noticed Charles standing by the elevator. When our eyes met, I looked away quickly and held William's arm tight. "I'm feeling too full. Let's go for a quick stroll."

While William and I were walking, Charles kept ringing me. I ignored him completely and muted my phone.

William teased me with a smile, "You're cute when you're jealous."

"I'm not jealous. We're divorced."

"But your friend just asked you to talk to your lawyer, right? Are you really sure the divorce procedures have been completed?" William asked tentatively, worried for me.

I carefully traced my memories for a while before muttering vaguely, "Maybe."

"Maybe...?"

I shook my head. "I'm not sure. I was about to give birth at that time, so I didn't have the energy to ask about it."

"I think there is something wrong."

William's words kept ringing in my ears.

I returned to the Moore mansion and then coaxed James to sleep. As I did so, my mind pondered over his words.

Had I really divorced Charles?

#### [Chapter 212 Kiss Me](#)

Scarlett's POV:

It was late at night, but try as I might, I still couldn't fall asleep. I tossed and turned restlessly in bed, feeling very conflicted.

A gust of wind suddenly blew over. I looked up by instinct and realized that the door of the nursery wasn't closed properly.

I stood up and walked over to close the door. All of a sudden, a dark figure appeared outside, scaring the wits out of me.

"You...?"

Before I could react, the dark figure suddenly took me in his arms. In that instant, a familiar unique scent entered my nose. It was Charles's smell.

"Charles...? You're back?"

He did not reply to me. Instead, he took me by the hand and entered the room.

"Don't wake James up," I said in a low whisper.

"I'm here to see my wife." Charles let go of my hand and took a seat on the sofa in the nursery. He threw something in his hand aside, which I found to be a bag with a rope in it.

Why... why did Charles bring a rope?

"Charles, you're drunk. You need to go back to the master bedroom and sleep."

"Scarlett, you're so gentle. Are you smiling at me?" To my surprise, Charles reached out his hand to stroke my face gently.

"Exactly how much did you drink tonight? Did you drink with Lucia?" I couldn't stop myself from asking that question. Envisioning how intimate Charles and Lucia could have been when they fed each other wine with their lips was enough to drive me insane.

"Who's Lucia? I... I don't know her. Scarlett... your face is so smooth." Charles continued to touch my face, ignoring my question.

"Lucia's the woman you insisted on sponsoring!" I didn't want him to change the topic.

"I don't care about other women. I just want you." With that, Charles grabbed my hand and pulled me to the sofa.

"I drank with Spencer tonight. He said he'd get me drunk. But look, I'm still sober." He then put my hand on his chest, letting me feel his heartbeat.

"Okay, okay. You're the best." My voice softened, despite myself.

"I can drink more!" Charles muttered defiantly.

"You are already drunk. You can't drink anymore." I tried to stand up and walk away, but he stopped me. The next second, I stumbled and fell on his lap.

I turned to Charles and asked in a hushed voice, annoyed, "Charles, what are you doing?"

He smiled at me and said softly, "Kiss me."

That stunned me.

"Kiss me," Charles repeated stubbornly, after seeing that I didn't reply.

'This drunkard is really shameless!'

I straightened up and rose from his lap, and gave him a gentle peck on the lips. It was just a peck, yet, it

caused my heart to ripple with strange emotions.

"Again."

His command took me by surprise. Helpless, I gave him another peck. Then I blinked my confused eyes and asked, "Is that enough?"

"One more kiss," Charles demanded bossily. I kissed him again, but this time, he didn't let me go. He held the back of my head before pushing me into a deep kiss.

It was so possessive, it took away my breath in an instant. I struggled, but that made him kiss me even harder. Because I was afraid of waking James up, I had to endure it.

His mouth carried a strong scent of alcohol that consumed me, making me drunk as well.

After a long while, he finally let go of me. "Scarlett, I want to drink with you. Okay?"

I replied helplessly, "I'll go downstairs to get some wine. Wait for me in the master bedroom."

Of course, I wouldn't bring him any more wine. Instead, I brought two glasses of water with honey that could alleviate his hangover.

Charles sat on the edge of the bed in the master bedroom as he waited for me. I handed a glass to him, which he stared at for a while. "Honey, do you plan to get me drunk and then have your way with me?"

"Will you drink or not?" I handed the glass to him.

He drank it all in one breath before placing the glass on the bedside table. Then he burst unhappily, "This wine's not as sweet as you."

Immediately after, he pulled me into his arms possessively.

"Honey." His voice rang softly from above my head.

"I'm not your honey. We're divorced."

"No, you're my wife. That will never change, not in my entire life."

"So, the divorce is a bluff? We didn't really get divorced?" I finally made up my mind and braved myself to ask.

"You've found out?" I looked up to see him smiling complacently, as though he had succeeded in pulling somebody's leg.

"Answer me directly, Charles. We haven't really divorced, right?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You really are something!" My compliment was dripping with sarcasm, but it didn't seem to get through him. He continued holding me in his arms, and then kissed me hard.

"It's impossible for me to divorce you, Scarlett. I said it, didn't I? That I'd love you more and more..." Charles tried to kiss me again, but I cleverly dodged his lips.

"I'll get you a glass of water with honey to make you feel better."

"Alright. My wife is so kind to me!"

Finally, he let go of me. Released from his grasp, I tiptoed my way to the kitchen.

I never expected that we really didn't divorce.

Charles lied to me! How dare he!

Fury burned me. Suddenly, a brilliant idea came to my mind.

"Is my honey water ready yet?" Charles's voice suddenly came from behind me. He pulled me into a hug, and his warm breath made me tremble.

"Yes, yes. Drink it." I spun around and handed the glass to him.

"Feed me."

"Okay." I brought the glass to his lips.

"Call me honey, or I won't drink it." Charles started to act like a spoiled child.

"Honey, please drink this." Left with no choice, I was forced to deal with him obediently.

"That's it." Charles opened his mouth obediently and drank everything.

"Let's go upstairs after this. We shouldn't wake Grandma and the others up."

"It doesn't matter. The rooms are all sound-proof. They can't hear us." Charles picked me up and whispered in my ear, "Let's go upstairs."

He then carried me into the master bedroom and gently put me on the bed. He also got on the bed and lay beside me, and then caressed my face affectionately. His hands moved downwards, but I quickly

stopped their descent.

"What's wrong?" Charles muttered discontentedly, like a child who had lost his candy.

"Charles, let me do it today." Charles didn't expect me to take the initiative and stopped speaking immediately.

I got up and straddled over him. Then, I bent down and kissed him again and again. Charles returned my kisses, though he was more aggressive about it. After a while, he finally couldn't hold it anymore and fell fast asleep.

I patted Charles on the face several times to make sure he was truly asleep. When I had confirmed it, I removed myself from him and stood back up.

I went to the nursery, and took the rope that Charles had brought back to the master bedroom. Then, I got on the bed and began to work.

"How dare you lie to me? How dare you bring the rope back? You wanted to tie me up? Well, let's see who's going to be tied up."

I worked hard for quite a long time until I finally got it done. Satisfied, I retreated to the nursery.

Tonight, I could finally enjoy a good sleep.

### [Chapter 213 An Intimate Quarrel](#)

Charles' POV:

When I woke up the next morning, my body felt so sore.

I heard some noise, so I opened my eyes, staring at the direction the noise was coming from.

Janet appeared to be frightened. She took a step back, raising her hands. "It's me, Janet."

I frowned, wanting to sit up, but then I found myself having difficulties moving a muscle. I looked down, realizing that I had been tied up.

"What the hell happened?" I asked through gritted teeth.

In a trembling voice, Janet replied, "I found the door of your room wide open. When I came in to check, I saw you tied up. Do you not remember anything that happened?"

The intimate scenes from last night popped up in my head one after another. I recalled how Scarlett got on top of me and kissed me passionately.



She was so patient last night. It was as if she was waiting for an opportunity or something.

"Go and ask Scarlett to come here. Now!" I grunted.

"Tracy has already gone to Scarlett's room to wake her up. Allow me to untie you first," she said.

"No." I refused, and then stared at the door. "The one who tied me up should do it."

Moments later, another person walked into the room.

"Mr. Moore, I can't seem to wake Scarlett up. She's in too deep of a sleep," Tracy said, visibly apprehensive.

I was so angry that I broke into a manic laughter. Scarlett had bound me for an entire night, but she was sleeping like a log.

Janet looked at me, curious to know what I was thinking. "Sir, I think it's best that we untie you. Do you mind?"

I gnashed my teeth and finally agreed.

Janet and Tracy removed the ropes from me.

I moved my aching joints and clenched my fists. "Tracy, Janet, take James out to the park or something. Make sure not to come back before lunch."

Janet and Tracy exchanged glances in silence before they left the room to carry out my order.

Meanwhile, I changed into a fresh set of clothes and tidied up before going downstairs.

Both my mother and grandmother were already drinking tea and chatting in the garden. As usual, I greeted them a good morning, and then I made a request. "Hello, my beautiful ladies! Are you in the mood to go shopping today? I've prepared a surprise for Scarlett, so I'm going to need some time with her alone today."

They readily agreed to my request, and were happy to hear about my surprise for Scarlett.

Before leaving, Grandma held my hand and said, "Charles, it's good that you're paying more attention to Scarlett. With time and effort, she'll forget all about the unpleasant things that went on between you two."

I promised to do as she had told me, and watched their car leave before going to the nursery.

"Now, let's see if you can escape me!"

Scarlett's POV:

I was sleeping soundly until I was awakened by the sound of running water from the bathroom.

"Janet? Is that you? What's going on?" I opened my eyes, still a little drowsy.

"Were you having a nice dream? Is that why you didn't want to get up?" It was then that I heard Charles' voice.

Startled, I bolted upright only to find him half-naked in front of me.

Charles had only a bath towel on to cover his lower body, and his bare upper body was still damp. His broad chest and well-toned abs were a sight to behold. There were still some dribblets of water on his skin, running down his body and passing through his muscles until they disappeared into the edge of the bath towel.

My heart felt like it was about to leap from my chest, and I could feel that my ears were burning up.

By the time I got ahold of myself, Charles was already on the bed. "Are you so enticed that you can't take your eyes off me?" he bantered.

Hurriedly, I got up to try and escape. Unfortunately for me, he was quick to press me down on the bed.

"Where do you think you're going, Scarlett?" Charles leaned over, looking at me from above. His eyebrows were raised and there was an impish grin printed on his lips.

The mere sight of him made my heart race and my face blush.

I pinched my fingers, trying to calm down. "Charles, get a hold of yourself!"

But before I could finish my sentence, Charles stopped me from talking by kissing me.

He pinched my chin in order to force me to accept his kiss. Perhaps this was some sort of punishment. He then nibbled on my earlobe, and planted a hickey on my neck. I could feel my body heating up, and I was starting to get aroused.

Within less than a minute, he had crawled under the sheets with me and clung to my skin.

Suddenly, he removed the bath towel. I was so shocked that I couldn't avert my gaze from him.

He looked into my eyes while running his fingertips along my neck. Then, he slipped into the quilt.

I grabbed his hands and tried to warn him. "Charles, stop! We're in the nursery!"

"Oh, don't worry about that. I told Janet and Tracy to take James out for some fun." He leaned even closer to me. The distance was enough for me to feel the warmth of his breath. "What did you add to the honey water you gave me yesterday? Scarlett, you've become a naughty girl now."

I was surprised to know that he caught on, but I still feigned ignorance. "Well, I added some honey into the water," I replied.

"Yes, but besides the honey, what else did you add?" he asked again.

"Nothing," I muttered.

"Then why can't you look me in the eye? You're lying!" Charles grabbed my chin, forcing me to look into his eyes.

"Believe it or not, I'm telling the truth!" I didn't want to admit to what I did last night.

Charles scoffed at me and shot me a cold glance. "I've been so tolerant of you lately. How could you still be so cruel to me?"

When I saw that he was about to kiss me again, I immediately tried to avoid him. "Charles, stop! We've already..."

"We're not divorced yet." Charles' resolute voice canceled out my excuse. Gently, he pinched my cheek and chuckled. "Don't even think for a second that I was drunk enough to forget what happened last night."

I slapped his hand away. "Then why did you do that? Even Spencer, an outsider, knew that the divorce was fake. Only I, the person involved, was foolishly kept in the dark! Charles, do you enjoy making a fool of me or something?"

As soon as I said those words, tears fell down my cheeks.

Seconds later, Charles kissed my cheek. He looked guilty, but he didn't seem regretful. "Like I said last night, you're going to be my wife forever. And you belong to me forever."

Having said that, he held my face and kissed me.

Different from the aggressive kiss he planted on my cheek just now, his kiss felt tender and gentle this time.

The feeling was like an electric current that coursed through my veins, making me feel numb in an instant.

Perhaps it was because of his kiss, or maybe his words, but either way, I felt like something in my mind had snapped. I decided to stop thinking and just accepted his physical form of love.

However, when I felt that Charles was unbuttoning my clothes, I grabbed his hands to stop him.

"No," I said, shaking my head.

"Scarlett, you didn't refuse me last night," Charles replied, creasing his eyebrows at me. "But then you drugged me and interrupted our intimate moment. Shouldn't you try to make it up to me?"

I was surprised that he actually knew about it!

As I looked into his eyes, I retorted, "If that's how you want to play it, then let's dig up all the things that happened earlier, shall we? You faked our divorce and even threatened to tie me up last night!"

"I never threatened you. I bought that rope for you. Did you enjoy using it last night?" asked Charles, wearing a devilish grin. "Do you want me to fetch it so I could use it again?"

I was so anxious that tears rolled down my cheeks again.

Charles was taken aback. He immediately dialed back his flirtation and patiently tried to appease me. "God, I'm so sorry, Scarlett. Don't cry. It was all my fault."

Unbeknownst to him, his affection made it all the more difficult for me to control myself. My emotions surged and I could no longer stop myself from crying.

His pleased moans came along with his soft kisses. "I'm not asking for too much, Scarlett. I just want to be with you. I won't allow us to get divorced."

I nestled in his embrace, indulging in his tenderness. In the end, I agreed to him and sobbed.

Overjoyed, Charles began to kiss me harder. The sound of his voice almost dispelled the intimate atmosphere. "I love you so much, Scarlett."

I couldn't resist the urge to smile after hearing that.

The following moment, the smile on my face disappeared as I saw his face. He gnashed his teeth at me and said, "How could you drug me and leave me tied up for a whole night? If something had gone wrong..."

At once, I said, "How is that possible? I didn't put that much sleeping pills into the water. It was just a normal dose for insomnia patients. Besides, I even tucked you in before I left to make sure that you wouldn't catch a cold. Don't try to use that scenario to threaten me! You deserved it."

I shot him a fierce glare, but it didn't work. On the contrary, Charles just chuckled. "You're right. I did deserve it. I shouldn't have provide you the tools and the opportunity to tie me up. I just never imagined you to be into BDSM, you know!"

"Shut up!" My face was as red as an apple. I turned over, got on top of Charles, and covered his mouth with my hands.

He pulled my hand down to his naked chest and grinned. "Touch me," he muttered. "All the way down," he added.

I grabbed a pillow and used it to hit him.

"Haha!" Charles broke into laughter, and then he pounced on me again.

After a while, we heard a sound that caught our attentions.

I looked at the direction it was coming from, only to find that the bottle of sleeping pills that had been hidden under the pillow had rolled down to the floor.

Charles picked up the bottle, raised an eyebrow and looked at me. "Did you prepare this just for me?"

I took the bottle from his hand, and stashed it into the drawer of the bedside table. "Don't be ridiculous!"

'Doesn't he even know why I dosed him with sleeping pills?

It's because he's been testing my patience again and again!'

I looked back at him and put on a straight face. "Charles, what annoys me the most is that you keep lying to me!"

#### [Chapter 214 We Both Need To Vent Our Emotions](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles fixed his eyes on me for a long time, but not a word fell out of his lips. Gradually, I lost my patience and got out of bed to put on my shoes.

However, a strong force pulled me back and I found myself in Charles's arms. He hugged me so tightly, I couldn't even move a muscle to look up at his face.

Then, he whispered in a low and hoarse voice, "I'm sorry, Scarlett. At that time, I was just too afraid of losing you. I knew that no explanation could change your mind, so I came up with this. Please don't

leave me again, okay?"

I brought my teeth down on his shoulder and bit as hard as I could. He trembled all over from the pain, but didn't move at all.

A long time passed, and he touched my head affectionately. "Have you stopped being angry?"

I didn't answer. Instead, I traced my teeth marks on his shoulder.

"Scarlett, why are there sleeping pills in our house?"

His question stunned me for a moment. After a while, I finally answered in a low voice, "I bought them for myself."

Charles's grip on me tightened considerably. Looking at him, I saw that he was staring quietly at me, his lips pursed into a deep frown.

Flustered, I explained hurriedly, "Don't get me wrong. I didn't buy sleeping pills to hurt myself. I was always sleepless. Even when I could fall asleep, I couldn't sleep well. As time went by, I was always in a trance. I was so tired, I couldn't deal with anything. In the end, I had no choice but to buy some sleeping pills to help me sleep."

"It's bad for your health in the long run to take sleeping pills so frequently, Scarlett."

"I know. Well, recently, I haven't been taking them as frequently as I used to."

At this, Charles asked sternly, "You used to take them frequently?"

"Yeah. I was under a lot of stress and had to deal with a lot of things, so..." Thinking of the past, I couldn't help but sigh dejectedly. "I often stayed up late at night. I tried hard to squeeze in some time to sleep, but when I did, I found that I couldn't fall asleep at all. There's nothing more painful than that. I didn't like it, but only sleeping pills could help me."

Charles gazed at me sorrowfully, his eyes filled with pity. After hesitating for a while, he asked carefully, "Since when? Was it... was it because of me?"

"No... It's not."

Charles' POV:

It was rare for Scarlett to stay so quiet in my arms. When she spoke, her voice was soft and whisper-like. "It was a long time ago."

I looked down at her, unspeaking. Our little tangle moments ago had disheveled her clothes. Her

beautiful neckline was laid bare, revealing her fair skin and her cleavage. The hem of her nightgown was lifted slightly, and her long slender legs were crossed against mine.

The stimulation instantly threw my mind into a mess.

"You're really torturing me..." Unable to stop myself, I bit Scarlett's ear.

Scarlett lowered her head shyly and hid in my arms.

I held her tight, lost in thoughts.

Ever since she returned, she had mostly been with me and I never saw her use drugs. Plus, she wouldn't dare take any sleeping pills when pregnant.

Then...

It must have happened in the three years she studied abroad.

Thinking of this, gloom and depression filled me. Suddenly, the air in the room seemed to have run out, making me suffocating.

During those three years, Scarlett was completely out of my sight. What on earth had happened to her that made her so upset, to the point she needed to rely on medicine to sleep?

"I'm sorry," I murmured, apologizing from the bottom of my heart.

Scarlett turned around to give me a look of astonishment. "Why are you suddenly apologizing?"

"I should've fallen in love with you earlier, Scarlett..." My voice faded away as I placed my lips on her and pulled her into a loving kiss. Then I spoke to her, my voice sporadic and my words vague, "Maybe... we both need to vent our bottled emotions."

Scarlett stared at me with a blank look, her eyes unreadable. Her pretty long eyelashes were drooping slightly over a pair of crystalline eyes. The delicate and charming expression hidden in them intoxicated me, igniting my desire for her.

Feeling excited, I soon found it hard to suppress my desire. I deepened our kiss and took off her clothes eagerly, sliding my palm down to her waist to feel her smooth, supple skin.

Alas, my phone rang and cut short my moment of ecstasy. Scarlett shivered, and shrank backward. "Charles, it's your phone."

I held her hands tightly and mumbled in a hoarse voice, "Ignore it."

"But... Ah!"

I grabbed her slender waist and pulled her up suddenly. Grasping her body firmly, I kissed her hard on her delectable red lips.

Scarlett gradually lost her strength in face of my aggressive kiss. She linked her arms around my neck and clung to me tightly. A while later, she took the initiative to respond to me and even beg in a hoarse voice, "Charles, hurry..."

Her pants filled me with a strange thirst. Sweat dripped from my forehead. After a while, her moans of pleasure echoed in the room...

Later, I held Scarlett in my arms, satisfied. Happy, I teased her, "Don't you feel more relaxed after venting your emotions?"

"Hurry up and check your phone!" Scarlett kicked me, face red with anger.

I simply burst into laughter. Scarlett was just too adorable.

I took out my phone, and realized that the caller was Amy.

When I called her back, Amy briefly told me that there were several urgent problems with the project that I needed to deal with personally in the company.

I hung up and turned around, seeing Scarlett leaning against the bed lazily. She was looking at me, not bothered to hide her gaze.

I approached her and stroked her delicate neck. "Do you want more?"

"Aren't you going to the company?" Scarlett retorted, glaring at me.

"So if I'm not going, you want more?"

Scarlett's face flushed a cute red from my flirting around. Embarrassed, she yelled, "No! Just get out of here!"

Her reaction make me chuckle. Happy, I kissed her on the forehead before picking up the bath towel. "From now on, don't stay alone in your apartment anymore. It's unsafe. Besides, isn't it more enjoyable to sleep on the same bed with me here, just like what we're doing now?"

Scarlett's face turned redder, but she was silent and didn't rise to my taunt.

I wrapped myself with the bath towel and went back to my bedroom to put on my clothes. Then, I fished out a delicate box from the drawer.



When I returned to the nursery, Scarlett had just come out of the bathroom. She looked at me in surprise. "Why haven't you left yet? Didn't Amy say it was an emergency?"

"Yes, but you're the top priority in my heart." I held her hand and took out our wedding ring, right before her confused eyes.

Just as I was about to put it on her finger, Scarlett pulled away resolutely. Her soft, warm eyes suddenly turned freezing cold, and the tone in her voice was severe. "Charles, I don't want to wear that."

"We haven't divorced. How can a married couple not wear their wedding rings?" I stepped forward, gazing at her gently.

"But, we..."

"Scarlett," I whispered in a lowered voice, my eyes dead serious. "I know you have a grudge against me because of your father, but we weren't together at that time. If I had another chance, I would definitely protect him, even if I had to go to jail."

Scarlett blinked her pretty eyes and bit her lips. Through it all, she remained silent and unmoved.

Noticing that she was no longer resisting, I slowly took her hand and slipped the wedding ring on her ring finger gently.

"Scarlett... I love you." Satisfied, I smiled and kissed her ring finger. "I'll never give you a chance to take off this ring."

#### [Chapter 215 Self-inflicted Retribution](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles's lips brushed my fingers in a soft kiss, before pulling away slowly. Then, he stood up to look affectionately at me, his eyes filled with love and warmth. "I've taken off my ring once, and you've also taken off yours once. Now, we're even."

I felt helpless, but I couldn't say anything to retort. Left with no choice, I pushed him to the door disgruntledly. "Go to your company now. You have work to do, Mr. Moore!"

Charles let go of my hand obediently. He gave me another kiss to bid me farewell, and soon left. I watched his receding figure, my sight gradually blurring after a while.

"I really... can't escape from you." I turned my sights to the ring on my finger. Without realizing it, tear drops fell from my eyes and on the ring.

After lunch, Charles's grandmother and mother came back, their hands laden with a lot of bags.

Obviously, they had gone on a terrific shopping spree. Janet and Tracy also returned with James.

It was obvious who had sent all of them away at the same time.

Later that afternoon, Janet drove me to the TV station.

"Scarlett?"

I looked up to see the person who had called for me, and discovered it was none other than Linda. She had a high position, and her words held sway over the entire TV station. We barely had any interactions with each other, especially in recent times. I found it a little strange for her to come to me so suddenly.

"Hey, Linda. What's up?"

Linda sighed sadly and looked at me, guilt written all over her face. "I heard that Lucia did something terrible and offended you yesterday. I'd like to apologize on her behalf. I'll ask her to apologize to you in person when I see her later."

That left me confused.

As soon as Linda left, Nina's voice rang next to me. "Why did Linda come here all of a sudden? Is she making trouble for you?"

"Say, Nina. Does Linda have anything to do with Lucia?"

"What, you don't know? Lucia's her niece." Nina furrowed her brows with righteous indignation. "Was she here to back Lucia up? How dare she!"

"No, no. Actually, she was here to apologize for Lucia," I replied, trying to calm down the agitated Nina.

However, my words puzzled Nina, whose indignant expression morphed into a look of suspicion.

"Apologize? No way. I don't believe it."

A thought occurred to me. If Lucia really was Linda's niece, why would Lucia go and ask for Charles's help?

That led to only one possibility. Lucia's aim was not sponsorship, but something else.

"Forget it. Just ignore her! By the way, more than one hundred audience and guests have been invited to the studio for the program this afternoon. You have to personally keep watch there."

I nodded. "No problem."

The program later that afternoon was successfully recorded, with all of the guests having performed

well. So much, the audience was unwilling to leave.

After that, I informed the director to do the tail-in work. I intended to leave first, but was stopped at the sight of Lucia walking towards me.

Lucia looked me in the eye, her gaze rather sinister, and threw me a challenging smile. Then, she picked up a microphone on the stage and turned it on.

"Lucia? What are you doing?" I stared at her, dumbfounded.

Lucia brought the microphone to her lips and said, her voice magnified in volume, "Don't be anxious, Scarlett! I'm here to apologize to you, aren't I? I'm really sorry. I drank too much yesterday."

I frowned, annoyance stabbing into me like tiny pinpricks. This was no apology.

Lucia's malicious voice resounded through the microphone in the whole studio, just as she had planned. "Oh, dear! I accidentally interrupted your date with your interviewee! Please convey my sincerest apologies to William, Scarlett. I really didn't mean to disturb your intimate moment with him!"

As soon as her words trailed away, the remaining audience and staff who hadn't left the studio all turned to me with curious stares.

I shot a cold look at Lucia. "Linda's your aunt, right? She came to apologize to me at noon, and wanted me to spare you."

"Apologize?" Lucia let out a grim cackle before glaring icily at me, haughtiness exuding out of her every pore. "I didn't do anything wrong! Why should I apologize to you? Is it because I drank with Charles? I just went to see him for business, but Charles liked me. He wanted to hug me and drink with me, so of course I couldn't refuse him!"

Her usually delicate and pitiful voice was distorted by the equipment, sounding like sparks falling on cotton. Just like that, my anger was ignited.

All of a sudden, there was a commotion at the door.

Curious, I looked at the direction of the noise and saw the door of the studio swing open. Charles strode in, dressed sharply in a handsome suit. His eyes bore into mine meaningfully the instant he entered the studio.

I spun around to glance at Lucia. With Charles here, her face grew as pale as a sheet.

I made my way to Charles and greeted him with a warm smile, "Honey, you're here."

Charles walked toward me and took my hand. "Call me honey again."

My response to this was to roll my eyes to the high heavens.

Just then, a loud noise crash resounded. Startled, I shrank in fear and hid in Charles' arms.

Charles wrapped his arm around my waist protectively and said, "Don't be afraid."

When I looked aside, I saw that Lucia was sitting on the stage, looking incredibly embarrassed. She was holding her ankle with one hand, seemingly in pain. It seemed the loud noise was a result of her falling, and she had sprained her ankle in the process.

Lucia reached out to Charles, sporting an anguished look that attracted pity. "I... I didn't mean to say that just now! It was Scarlett who forced me..."

Charles took a step back, still shielding me in his arms with ferocious protectiveness. "Filth."

This one single word from him turned Lucia's face deathly pale. Her whole body shook.

I was quick to expose her clumsy lie and snarled coldly, "I asked you to say that my husband liked you and wanted to hug you in front of so many people? You may be insane, but I'm not."

"I... I...!" Lucia hemmed and hawed, fumbling in panic. Flustered, she was unable to utter even a complete sentence. Her eyes turned red and she burst into tears.

Charles' POV:

I held Scarlett tighter, pulling her into my protective arms.

For a long time, I had been waiting for her to call me honey. It was just an ordinary word, yet to me, it carried a magical energy that made me fall in love with her all over again.

"I was just joking, Charles! You've helped me a lot. How could I ever make things difficult for you? You know me..." Lucia's voice buzzed in my ears like a cumbersome fly I longed to swat.

I tilted my head to the side to look at Scarlett. She was leaning against my chest, busy fiddling with a cufflink on my suit. She looked quite bored.

"Let's go home, okay?" I suggested warmly.

Scarlett tore her eyes away from the cufflink and stared at me, anger flashing in her gaze. "Didn't you hear that? Lucia said you knew her. So, what is it that you know about her?"

"That's not true. I'm not familiar with her at all."

"Why did you sponsor her program if you're not familiar with her?" Scarlett glared at me, but I couldn't help smiling at that. She was obviously jealous.

I held back the urge to kiss her as we were in public. Pressing the corners of my mouth, I explained seriously, "I sponsored the program for the sake of business and mutual interests."

Scarlett's face softened when she heard my reply. "Lucia has always said that you sponsored the program for her sake. I guess I've misunderstood you."

"For her sake? No, she's wrong. She doesn't deserve my money."

"Did you hear that?" Scarlett cast a brief glance at Lucia.

Lucia collapsed weakly on the stage once more.

"Let's go home. I'm a little tired." Scarlett did look quite exhausted.

I was about to leave with her in my arms, until I saw Nina waving at her from a distance to grab her attention.

"I need to go there for a bit."

"I'll wait for you here."

I watched Scarlett leave, and then took out my phone to dial a number.

As I was dialing, Lucia's voice came from behind me. "Charles...? I'm sorry I made Scarlett angry. Please don't blame me, okay?"

I turned around and looked at her expressionlessly. My eyes were devoid of any emotion.

Immediately, tears sprang into Lucia's eyes. She stared at me with her teary eyes, willing me to take pity on her, but I only looked back coldly. Oddly enough, she then flashed me a bashful expression and tried to grab my clothes. "Charles... You know, I'm still a virgin..."

I took two steps back, avoiding her hands, and said on the phone, "Did you hear that, sir?"

### [Chapter 216 An Exciting Ending](#)

Lucia's POV:

The moment I found out that our director was the one who was speaking with Charles over the phone, I grew so frightened that my whole body shook uncontrollably.

"Charles, I'm so sorry! I never meant to offend you. Please forgive me this time! It was all my fault. You

can punish me and do as you like to me, but please let me keep my job!"

"You're the one who asked for it, Lucia." Charles showed me no pity. He sneered, then spun on his heel and strode out. He didn't bother sparing me a single glance even as he left.

A deep sense of despair overwhelmed me, pushing me into darkness. I collapsed and lay on the floor, panting anxiously, feeling like my soul had flown out of my body.

However, I had no time to dwell on my loss. The next instant, the phone in my pocket buzzed.

The sound startled me. My fear intensified, and I didn't have the courage to pick up the call. I glanced at the number and instantly knew it was the personnel manager. A horrible feeling rose inside me.

"Lucia, you're fired! Please pack up your belongings and leave the TV station right away. We will complete the rest of the procedures in three days."

"No, no! I'm sorry! I apologize for everything I've done! I'll accept any punishment, but please don't fire me...!"

But before I could finish, the personnel manager hung up immediately. My body froze as an icy sensation spread throughout me. I felt cold physically and mentally, like I had fallen into freezing waters. I knew I was in desperate circumstances.

All of a sudden, I thought of someone who could help me. With this small ray of hope, I struggled to get up from the ground. My ankle ached terribly, but I had no time to care about the pain. I limped to a chair and quickly dialed Linda's number.

"Aunt Linda, you have to help me! The personnel manager fired me!"

"What's going on? How did that happen?"

"I... I offended Charles."

"What? Idiot girl!"

"Stop swearing and just help me! You're my aunt, aren't you?!"

"Alright. Go and find Spencer. He's Charles' best friend, and he's still single."

"What of it?"

"I heard that he's fond of beautiful women. You might be able to attract his attention and gain his favor. He should be able to help you then."

At Linda's suggestion, I decided to go to see Spencer that very night.

I went home and took a shower. I dolled up my face with layers upon layers of make-up, ensuring that my face looked perfect. I carefully curled up my hair and put on a short, tight skirt. My feet were still in pain from my fall before, but I endured it and wore high heels to complete my look.

'You won't be able to resist me, Spencer!'

Scarlett's POV:

After the debacle was over, I exited the TV station with Charles.

He held my hand tenderly and said, "Scarlett, why don't we go to the Mint Bar tonight? Just the two of us."

In view of Charles's good behavior today, I nodded in agreement.

Later that evening, Janet drove us to the bar.

As soon as Charles and I got out of the car, I noticed a familiar-looking woman standing at the entrance. Her skimpy short skirt was particularly eye-catching, sticking to her curves sensually.

Is that... Lucia? She had cried so bitterly earlier during the day, but now, she had already dolled up and was going to spend her time in a bar. It was all very strange to me.

I tore my eyes off her and ignored her, and entered the bar with Charles. There was no need to concern myself over her.

It was very noisy inside, the ambience resembling a loud carnival. Men and women were on the dance floor, shaking their heads and twisting their bodies to the booming music. People shouted and screamed in manic joy as the DJ played the beats, the sound growing louder and louder by the minute.

Charles promptly took me to the dance floor. I couldn't stand the noise, which was threatening to make my eardrums bleed from how loud it was. After dancing for a while, I took Charles to the second floor to find Spencer's private room.

Vivian was standing at the door. When she saw us, she greeted us.

"Hi, Vivian. Why aren't you going inside?" I was confused as to why she was standing out here.

"Apparently, Spencer's talking with a woman called Lucia inside."

Immediately, I frowned.

Why was Lucia coming for Spencer? And why was she dressed so unnecessarily promiscuously?

As I wondered, the door suddenly swung open and interrupted my thoughts.

Spencer popped out and grabbed Vivian's arm, and promptly dragged her into the room.

Curious, I poked my head inside the room for a peek. My eyes fell on Lucia, who for some reason had unbuttoned her blouse. One could easily see her full cleavage and black bra.

Spencer swung his arm around Vivian's shoulder and sneered at Lucia, "This is Vivian. She's more beautiful than you, isn't she? But I don't even care for her, let alone a woman like you who's trying so hard to seduce me. I like beautiful women, but I'll have you know that I'm also picky about them!"

Lucia's face was scrunched up with complicated emotions. From her unsightly expression alone, I could tell that she was feeling pathetic, doubtful, and ashamed.

Just then, our gazes met. Instantly, shame colored her ashen face. She hurriedly buttoned up her top, grabbed her bag, and limped away.

Spencer turned to look at Charles and me. Smiling sardonically, he asked, "Are you two here to watch a show?"

He was still as flirtatious as ever. Charles and I ignored him, and went straight into the room.

Vivian, meanwhile, struggled to free herself from Spencer's vice grip. "Well, she's gone and the show's over. Can you let go of me now?"

"Can't you be my date for a while longer? Look, they're a couple, but I'm all alone." Spencer continued to hold Vivian in his arms, flirting shamelessly.

However, Vivian didn't buy it at all. She hissed in a low voice, "Let go of me!"

"Why should I? I need to let those stupid girls see the kind of woman who truly deserves my love."

"Didn't you just say you didn't even care for me?"

"That was a lie. I said that to her because I wanted her to know how difficult it is to win me over."

Seeing that he wouldn't budge, Vivian jabbed him viciously with her elbow.

"Ouch!" Pained, Spencer was forced to release Vivian. He then looked at me with a cheeky smile and pleaded mournfully, "Scarlett, help me! I'm injured."

Spencer stretched out his hand to me, but Charles kicked him to the ground before he could reach me.



"Argh!" Spencer raised his head to glare at Charles and shouted grumpily, "Why did you kick me? What's the deal?"

Charles replied calmly, "No reason. I just wanted to tell you that we'd like to change rooms. Scarlett doesn't want to stay in the same room Lucia was in."

"Then just say it! You don't need to kick me!" Spencer's voice was full of grievance, which amused me. I was close to laughing out loud.

"Take your time. I'm leaving," Vivian said, about to leave.

Immediately, I took her hand and stopped her. "Don't leave yet. I have something to ask you."

I led her to the next room and sat down in a corner. Then, I whispered something in her ear.

A few moments later, Charles and Spencer entered.

"What are you two talking about?" Charles asked, curious.

"Scarlett wants to buy some medicine that turns men impotent," Vivian told him loudly, without an ounce of hesitation.

All of a sudden, silence filled the room. The whole world seemed to have stopped turning, and all sounds had disappeared.

### [Chapter 217 Go Home With Her](#)

Charles' POV:

Vivian's words sparked my fury.

Immediately, I glared at Scarlett and dragged her forcefully out of the bar.

"Charles..." Scarlett muttered fearfully and shrank her neck, like a timid rabbit that had been caught by the predator.

I was about to say something, but I saw Janet and Tracy walking towards us with James.

"What happened?" Janet looked at us, confused.

James was in her arms, smiling sweetly at Scarlett and me. He looked so cute and innocent.

Poor little baby! He didn't know what his mother wanted to do to his father.

I waved my hand in annoyance and told Janet and Tracy to wait for us outside. Then, I opened door and let Scarlett go into the car. I followed her in and slammed the door shut.

Scarlett blushed, trying her best to stay away from me.

Seeing that her head was about to hit the window, I quickly reached out to protect her head. However, my hand ended up hitting the window, putting me in a world of pain.

Scarlett, stunned by this, hurried to touch my hand, albeit very awkwardly. "D-does it hurt?"

"If you care about my manhood as much as you care about my hand now, I'll be happier." I caressed her cheek, flashing her a sarcastic smile.

"I just wanted to consult Vivian. I don't mean anything else." Scarlett lowered her voice, looking away.

She looked extremely cute when she felt guilty. Without her noticing, her blouse had unbuttoned itself. Her breasts could be easily seen from this angle, looking incredibly seductive and erotic in my eyes.

Eager, I leaned over to her neck, and then licked her skin as punishment.

"Scarlett... Whenever I look at you, I can't control myself. Don't you like me treating you this way?"

The mood in the car suddenly turned erotic. Without waiting, I kissed Scarlett. Being so close to her, I could hear her breathing.

I placed my hand into her collar, and touched her body slowly. In response, Scarlett let out a low moan of delight. She was obviously turned on. I was excited to know that I could still sate her lust with ease.

But as I was about to take further action, Scarlett suddenly changed her attitude and gave me the cold shoulder. It was baffling.

"Do you treat other women the same way, Charles? Lucia told me that you hugged her when she drank with you that day, no? Was it also because you couldn't control yourself?"

Damn it! I cursed under my breath. Why did she have to mention that woman now?

"What does Lucia have to do with me? Even if she got raped and thrown into the mountains, it has nothing to do with me!" The topic made me fly into a rage. Why couldn't Scarlett understand? She was the only woman who mattered to me.

I had zero interest in other women's affairs. None!

However, my response caused Scarlett's face to turn pale. She bit her lips and asked quietly, "When my

father was desperate and helpless and begged you for help, you treated him just as indifferently, didn't you?"

Her question left me stunned. I sat there, frozen. I couldn't fathom how she managed to associate Lucia's affair with Alex's.

"Honey, you're too sensitive. Don't overthink, okay? When you're with me, can't you stop talking about other people?" I gently touched her ear, trying to get her back in the mood.

"Let me go, Charles!" Much to my disappointment, Scarlett refused my caress. She kicked violently, swinging her legs and hitting my knees without mercy.

The pain in my knees made me automatically loosen my grip on her.

Scarlett took the opportunity to push the door before bursting out in a hurry. I got up to chase after her, only to quickly find that she was limping as she ran.

"What's wrong with your foot?" Worried, I squatted down to check her right foot. As I had expected, her ankle was red and swollen.

Scarlett, upset, tried to get rid of me.

I ignored her efforts and insisted coldly, "You're hurt, Scarlett. Calm down."

In response, Scarlett glared at me as if blaming me for her injury. She endured the agony, and then took James from Janet's arms.

"I want to go home." She raised her voice on purpose and emphasized, "Right now!"

At her behest, Janet immediately went to start the car.

Meanwhile, I returned to my own car gloomily. I still couldn't understand why Scarlett was suddenly so angry at me. The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. Seeing her car leaving, I pushed down the clutch and followed it as fast as I could.

Janet realized that I was chasing her, so she drove faster and faster, doing her best to leave me biting the dust. Scarlett probably ordered her to do so.

I wasn't about to give up, and continued to follow stubbornly. Along the way, my car and hers kept racing. It came to the point that I reached a speed of 200 miles per hour. Our childish game only ended when we finally approached Scarlett's house.

Scarlett's POV:

I was amused to see Charles' car running stubbornly after mine, determined to follow me. Despite everything, he was still so childish and domineering.

"Janet, stop the car. You take James back to the Moore mansion. I'll spend the night here."

I handed James to Tracy, and then got out of the car alone. Almost at the same time, I saw Charles park his car and march towards my house.

I stopped short of opening the door, and turned around to face him with a cold glare.

"Charles, this is my house. You're not welcome." I didn't bother to hide my hostility. "Go back to your own house!"

This man could always make me lose my senses with ease, and lead me into making irrational judgments.

"Are you afraid of staying with me alone? Why is that?"

Charles looked at me with a smug half-smile. He was so tall, his impressive height towering over me, so much that I felt a lot pressure just by standing near him.

He leaned against the door with one hand, and approached me slowly. Whenever he spoke, I could feel his breath blowing hotly against my nose.

"No matter what you say, I won't leave. I'm going to stay here with my wife." Charles was unwilling to yield, as he stared into my eyes determinedly.

I let out a small, helpless sigh. "Whatever. But first of all, don't touch me."

I knew how stubborn Charles could be. If I didn't let him in, I probably wouldn't get any rest tonight. I pushed the door open, went inside, and took my pajamas as I walked to the bathroom.

"Why are you so angry, Scarlett?"

I heard Charles' voice from behind. He sounded calm, but he was in fact very aggrieved.

Why...?

I didn't know how to answer that question. Maybe it was a mistake for me to be with him from the very beginning. Even if we had James, there was no way we could still be together.

I didn't reply, and simply left him hanging.

After taking a relaxing shower, I felt less tired. I looked around, but I couldn't find Charles anywhere.

Had he gone home?

Somehow, this left me quite disheartened.

With that, I went to bed alone and soon fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, as I lay between a state of half-sleep and half-wakefulness, I found myself hugged tight to a startlingly warm chest. A man's hot breath brushed my ears, making me tremble. I could feel his lower region poking me.

It was Charles! As it so happened, he never left. Instead, he slept with me the entire night!

"Honey..." Charles mumbled subconsciously in his sleep, calling for me.

My heart began to beat faster than ever. I closed my eyes, not daring to make a single sound.

"Why do you still pretend to be asleep when you're already up?" Charles's voice was filled with desire. "Or do you want me to wake you up this way?"

He put his eager hands into my pajamas and touched my body from top to bottom, gently and skillfully.

"Charles, please don't..." I couldn't stop myself from crying out.

"I know you like it, Scarlett." Charles proceeded to kissing my earlobe gently and affectionately, luring me into throwing away my sense of self and indulge in a banquet of lust with him.

Every time I wanted to reject Charles, no matter how firm I was at the beginning, I always ended up falling straight into his honey trap.

But I had made up my mind! I shouldn't get close to him anymore!

After several moments of painful internal struggle, I pushed Charles away decisively.

"Let go of me! What are you trying to do?"

#### [Chapter 218 Nothing To Lose](#)

Charles's POV:

Instead of getting angry, I laughed and held Scarlett tighter. "I want to do something fun with you," I whispered in her ear.

Embarrassed and annoyed, Scarlett twisted her petite body in protest. "But you promised you wouldn't touch me!"

"Think it over. Did I promise you that before I entered the house yesterday?"

"You're so shameless!"

Scarlett was too mad to refute my words.

I could not help but chuckle at her reaction. Well, I never said I would not touch her.

I had kept my word. Besides, I was just following my heart.

It was not a secret that I wanted Scarlett for myself all the time. But, of course, I also had to take her feelings into consideration. I would only do what I wanted if I had her consent.

At this moment, I put on a straight face and looked into her eyes. "Scarlett, I'm sorry for what happened last night."

I recalled her hurt expression last night when she brought up the topic of her father. I felt that I really owed her an apology.

"You know I can never be cruel to you. This I promise you."

"I don't need your promise. In fact, I don't care about any of it, Scarlett replied indifferently.

"You don't care?" I laughed as if she had just said a funny joke. "Then why are you resisting me again and again? Tell me. What's on your mind?"

Scarlett was lying.

I could see in her eyes that she cared about me. However, I could not understand why she was always insecure. Every time a rumor arose, the first thing she would do was get away from me.

Scarlett did not answer my question. She just lowered her head, lost in thought. After a moment of deafening silence, she sighed heavily and replied, "Charles, you're a good man. I don't deserve you."

I noticed that her hands were clasped too tightly that her fingertips had become pale. It seemed that it took her a lot of courage to say that.

Scarlett raised her head and looked at me with eyes brimming with tears. "I don't deserve you," she repeated.

My heart ached upon hearing that.

There was no woman in the world more worthy for me than Scarlett. I needed her in my life. And yet, she could not see how important she was to me.

She was a fool for thinking that she did not deserve me. But what was ridiculous was that I kept pushing myself to her.

"Stop it." I lowered my head, kissed her forehead, and wiped her tears away. "You're the only one for me."

Scarlett was stunned. It seemed that she never expected that I would still want to be with her after what she just said.

The look on her face made me want to prove to her more that we were perfect for each other. But before I could do so, she prised my arms and got out of my tight embrace.

"I have to go to work," Scarlett mumbled.

"Okay." I let her go. But just as she thought that she would finally get away from me, I pulled her back and pinned her to the bed. "Then let's finish it as soon as possible," I added.

I kissed Scarlett passionately. Then, I licked her earlobes, which sent shivers down her spine. My lips then trailed to her neck and then down to her breasts. I played with her nipple and sucked on the other.

Scarlett gasped and trembled in anticipation.

Her moans added fuel to the fire on my body. Before I knew it, I had inserted my manhood into her beaver. The lust that I had suppressed for a long time finally burst out. God knew how hard it was last night to resist the desire to touch Scarlett.

Because she was responding to me warmly, I thrust my hips harder.

When we were done, Scarlett curled up under me, panting. I tucked her hair behind her ears lovingly. Then, I checked the time on the bedside table and figured that I should get moving.

"I'll make you breakfast," I said as I got up the bed.

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Once Scarlett's breakfast was ready, I asked her to come downstairs to eat.

Then, I returned to the kitchen to make mine. When I went to the dining room with my food, I saw Scarlett, eating fried eggs and sandwiches.

As she ate, her cheeks bulged like a cute squirrel. For a second, I was stunned.

"Your appetite is good today. Are you perhaps pregnant again?" I jokingly asked.

Scarlett choked upon hearing what I said.

I quickly handed her a glass of water and continued, "Well, it looks like my cooking is just that good."

Scarlett and I went out after breakfast.

Janet and Tracy brought James over. My mood improved the moment I saw my son's cute smile. With a smile, I reached out to hold him.

I lowered my head and teased James in a low voice, "Do you want to go to work with Dad today?"

James grinned and said, "Papa."

"Take good care of James, okay?" Scarlett did not object to me bringing our son to work. With a smile, she leaned over and kissed James's head. "Be a good boy when you go to the company with Dad, okay?"

After bidding goodbye to Scarlett, I finally went to the company with my son.

At about noon, James, who had been quiet and behaved, suddenly burst into tears.

I immediately put all my work aside and walked up to him to coax him.

James looked at me with eyes brimming with tears and lips trembling. For some reason, he looked sad and pitiful.

And even when I was by his side, he did not stop crying. I tried every means to make him happy but to no avail. "Mama... ma..." he cried out.

It did not take a genius to know that he missed his mother.

Without further ado, I picked up my phone to call Scarlett. But before I could dial her number, Amy came in with a stack of documents.

"You're a good father," she remarked with a sigh.

Scarlett's POV:

I had spent my entire morning doing work. Thankfully, it was all done.

I did a little stretching to ease my fatigued limbs and then got up to go to the bathroom. There I saw Lucia standing in front of the sink and staring at herself in the mirror.

Her makeup was ruined. Her smudged mascara told me that she had been crying. At this moment, she



looked like she had aged ten years older.

"Are you happy now? I'm here to complete the resignation procedure. I'm going to be kicked out of the TV station today!" Lucia scoffed.

"Happy resignation then. I hope you find a great job somewhere else," I retorted. Truth be told, I felt sorry for what happened to Lucia. However, this was not my fault. She brought this upon herself.

I turned around to leave. But, Lucia strode over and backed me into the corner.

"Charles could've saved me!" she said through gritted teeth. Her voice was sharp, and her eyes were bloodshot. "You're the reason why he didn't."

I leaned against the cold wall, helpless as Lucia had forced me into the corner. She looked terrible, almost like a ghost crawling back from hell. She looked like she would pounce on me and kill me the next second.

All of a sudden, something dawned on me. She did not 'look' like she would kill me. She probably would.

With that in mind, I furtively put my hand into my pocket and dialed my emergency contact.

When James was almost kidnapped last time, I listed Charles as my contact in case of emergency. I did not expect that I would soon use this for myself.

Lucia's madness state continued. "Scarlett, you bitch! What's happening to me is all because of you! If it weren't for you, Charles would've accepted me. He was kind to me! But as soon as you appeared, he changed..."

She roared in between sobs. I knew very well what was about to happen. She was about to lose control.

"Lucia, calm down. We're in the company's washroom, remember? Besides, there are cameras outside. Don't do anything that you'll later regret."

Unfortunately for me, there was nothing else I could do but try to calm her down and hope that Charles would answer my call before it was too late.

"I lost my job and got raped. But you... you ended up with Charles and are having the time of your life. It's unfair! It's so fucking unfair!" Lucia paused for a moment and looked into my eyes. "Scarlett, I have lost everything. And now, I have nothing to lose," she added with a devilish smile tugging at her lips.

"What? You were raped? What happened?" I changed the subject to try and buy some time.

But the next second, a light flashed in front of my eyes.

It turned out that Lucia had been holding a sharp knife the whole time. She raised it, and my life flashed before my eyes. I could only watch as the knife pierced into my abdomen.

Suddenly, a sharp and excruciating pain swept over my body.

#### [Chapter 219 No Will To Survive](#)

Scarlett's POV:

'It hurts...'

I endured the scathing pain coming from my abdomen and applied pressure on the wound. Warm, thick blood oozed out from my wound, and it dyed my clothes red through the gap between my fingers.

Charles' face kept flashing through my mind.

'Charles... Is this going to be the end of us?'

I could feel my life slipping from my fingers. My consciousness was gradually fading, and my vision was starting to blur. Everything in front of me was slowly being covered by a faint layer of shadow. All I could see now was Lucia's blood-stained hands and her fiendish face inching closer towards me.

All of a sudden, someone kicked the door of the bathroom open.

Janet arrived just in time to save me, and she kicked Lucia, knocking her down.

The loud bang caused by Lucia hitting the wall made it seem like she was just a piece of garbage being thrown away. Not long after, the sharp knife in her hand fell to the ground.

Panicking, Tracy ran to my side. "Scarlett, hold on! We've already called 911!"

'I'm safe...'

As the thought emerged in my mind, I gradually felt relieved. My vision soon faded and I lost my consciousness.

Charles' POV:

Upon receiving Scarlett's urgent call for help, I felt like all the blood in my body froze over. Panic overwhelmed me like a tide.

I was so scared that I would never see my beloved Scarlett again.

I floored the accelerator, speeding the car to its maximum speed. The car was so fast that it felt like I was flying. Everyone else along the road was frightened by the speed I was going that they moved aside

or hid away.

The other drivers rolled down their windows and cursed at me, but I didn't care.

I didn't even bother to wait for the traffic lights at the intersection to turn green and just ran the red light.

Finally, I arrived at the door of the ward. There, Janet and Tracy had been waiting for me with worry painted on their faces.

"What the hell happened? How Lucia get the chance to hurt Scarlett? Were you even watching over Scarlett like I told you to?" I vented all my anger at them, for I was practically boiling already when I got here.

"Mr. Moore, we got there as soon as we received your call. But even then, we were still too late," Janet said with her head down, appearing to be apologetic.

I could tell that Janet and Tracy had indeed tried their best. Moreover, this wasn't the right time to blame anyone. What we needed to focus on was Scarlett's safety.

"Go to the elevator and stand guard. Whatever happens, don't let any reporters in," I commanded.

With that, I cautiously opened the door and walked to Scarlett's bedside.

She was lying on the bed with her eyes closed. Her face was so pale that it almost looked like she was a ghost. Her long eyelashes were trembling along with her feeble breath. And it seemed like the only evidence that proved she was still alive.

Gently, I touched Scarlett's face. Her face used to be full of life and held countless emotions, but now, there was only rigid calmness.

It was the kind of calmness that was frightening. She had completely lost her former vitality.

Oh, how I wished she would regain her former vigorous self. Even if she would just goad me, ignore me, or even get angry with me. I wouldn't care. All of those were so much better than to see her lying on the bed, practically lifeless.

"This is how you're punishing me, right?"

I said, moving closer to her with a bitter smile on my face. "Scarlett, I'll do anything you want as long as you wake up."

I remembered how James cried nonstop earlier for no apparent reason. Perhaps he knew that his mother was in danger, and it was some sort of telepathic communication between mother and child.

"So, James was trying to warn me at the time, huh? Damn it. I was too foolish understand his meaning," I said, mocking myself.

"James is waiting for you right now, my love. Are you really going to let him lose his mother?" I stared at Scarlett and planted a kiss on her forehead. "Please... wake up and look at me!"

But no matter how hard I tried, she wouldn't respond. Only my voice could be heard inside the empty ward.

I felt as though my heart was being torn apart. Feebly, I stumbled out of the ward and went to the office of her attending doctor.

"How's Scarlett doing right now?" I asked, burning with anxiety.

"I will speak frankly, Mr. Moore. The patient is in bad shape. She's lost too much blood and has fallen into a comatose state. The worst part is that she seems to have no will to survive. You need to encourage her somehow. Otherwise, nobody can save her," said the doctor.

His words were like an invisible hand, strangling my neck and suffocating me. I was so disheartened that I could barely breathe.

'Why would Scarlett want to die?

Isn't there anything in this world that she'll miss? How could she want to leave me and James behind?

No! I won't accept this!

Scarlett is my wife. She's not allowed to die without my permission!

As I went back to the ward with a heavy heart, I saw a familiar figure inside the room. My mother was standing in front of Scarlett's bed, visibly worried.

Upon seeing me come in, she grabbed my hand at once. "Charles, what happened? What did the doctor say? How in the world could something this horrible happen in the TV station? In broad daylight no less!"

While my mother was speaking, her chest was heaving violently. I was scared that she might have a heart attack or something because of anger, so I hurriedly comforted her. "Scarlett will be fine, and the person who hurt her has already been taken to the police station. I'll stay here until she wakes up. Mom, you should go home and take good care of James. Otherwise, Scarlett will worry the second she wakes up."

Thankfully, my words were enough to appease my mother.

"God, please... wake my dear Scarlett up! She's a good girl. She doesn't deserve this," she prayed with tears.

Once she had left, Nina and Abner came in.

Nina's eyes were red and there were traces of tears on her face. I inferred that she must've cried on her way here. With reckless abandon, she tried to rush into Scarlett's ward.

"Scarlett needs all the rest she can get right now," I said, standing in front of the ward.

Nina was so furious at me that she grabbed my collar. Her eyes flared up with anger, and it looked like she was ready to burn me at the stake.

"Charles, where were you when it happened? Why didn't you protect Scarlett?" she growled.

My heart felt like it had been hit by a spear. I looked down, clenching my hands into fists.

Nina was right. I failed to protect Scarlett. If I had been more careful and didn't let Scarlett out of my sight, something this tragic never would've happened.

I would give anything just so I could be the one lying on that bed, wounded, instead of my Scarlett.

"Calm down, Nina. Nobody expected this to happen. It's not entirely Charles' fault." Abner embraced Nina from behind and pulled her away from me.

#### [Chapter 220 She Finally Woke Up](#)

Lucia's POV:

When I stabbed that bitch, Scarlett, with my knife, I felt so happy that I laughed maniacally.

But soon, the police arrived.

They took me back and locked me up.

In the corner of the same room, there was a tall man and shorter man. The moment they saw me being thrown into the cell, they eyed me up and down with obscene eyes. Slowly, they inched closer towards me.

Disgusted by their appearances and putrid odor, I backed away. When I saw their faces clearly, a terrible memory flooded into my mind.

'I can't believe it. It's them!'

That night after I left Mint Bar, it was these two bastards who dragged me to a dark alley and raped me.

They tore my clothes apart and treated me like a toy.

The thought of what happened that night made my legs go limp, and I wanted to throw up.

"Help! Don't lock me up with these rapists! Let me out of here!" I shouted and banged on the iron door of my holding cell.

"Don't pretend like you're some innocent virgin!" The short man spat on the ground.

"Hey, little missy, you were moaning with much more excitement that night." The tall man smacked his lips, looking even more perverted. "Why are you here at the police station? Have you come to solicit business here? You're really something, aren't you?"

"Shut the fuck up! I'm not a prostitute, you assholes! I'm a good woman. You bastards raped me that day!" I was so humiliated and angry that tears were about to burst from my eyes. I begged the police to give me the justice that I deserved.

The policeman walked over, only to shoot me a frigid glance. "How come a good person would be locked up for murder? Now behave yourself! And shut the fuck up!"

"Did she kill someone?" Upon hearing what the police said, the two men were startled.

"No, I didn't. Scarlett is still alive!" I said, attempting to defend myself. I merely stabbed Scarlett. She was still alive when her bodyguards came to her.

"You should count yourself lucky that she's still alive. Otherwise, you'll be given a life sentence for first degree murder." The policeman took out his baton and used it to hit the iron fence heavily.

'No, Scarlett isn't dead! I'm not going to let my life be ruined because of her; absolutely not!' I cursed inwardly.

Trembling, I squatted down and found that my hands were still stained with Scarlett's blood, and that they couldn't be wiped clean.

I had no idea for how long I had been waiting in the holding cell. All of a sudden, I saw Linda appear before me.

"Aunt Linda, please help me!" My eyes lit up with hope. Surely, she must have some way to get me out of here.

Linda glared at me before she walked towards the policeman on guard.

They were standing far enough that I couldn't hear what they were talking about. But in my heart, I believed that Linda must be doing something to save me.

After their brief conversation, she walked towards me.

It seemed as though I managed to escape imprisonment by the skin of my teeth. "Aunt Linda, please. Take me away. I want to leave here," I pleaded.

"The police told me that the evidence was damning, and bailment isn't allowed."

The news was so shocking that I gritted my teeth and roared, "What the fuck? Why am I not allowed to be bailed out?"

"Enough! Don't be stupid! Who the fuck told you to kill Scarlett, huh? Crying won't do you any good now. Save the rest of your energy. I've already thought of someone who might be able to help you. He has some connections with Charles." After giving me an earful, my aunt left without even offering me some words of comfort.

As I watched her walk away, I felt my legs go numb, and soon I dropped to my knees and fell to the floor.

Not long after, the two disgusting rapists surrounded me.

"You tried to kill Scarlett? Isn't she Charles Moore's woman? Jesus Christ, how did you have the fucking audacity to hurt her? I thought you were just some random whore, but it turns out you're insane!" said the short man.

"I think she has no idea what it means to offend Charles Moore. I heard that the Lively family got on his bad side, and now the entire Lively Group has gone bankrupt," the tall man added.

"Just wait, you bitch. Charles is going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!"

They were both staring at me as though I were dead to them.

Trembling with fear, I completely lost control of my body. I didn't even notice that I had pissed myself.

Within seconds, the putrid smell of my pee pervaded in the air of the holding cell. The two rapists broke into a weird laughter. "I can't believe she got so scared that she peed herself!"

As I stood on the messy floor, I began to suffer from dizzy spells.

Scarlett's POV:

All I could see before me was a vast, unending span of darkness.

I could hear someone uttering my name affectionately.

It was Charles. His gentle voice was like a glimmer of light in the dark night, slowly guiding me and helping me regain my consciousness bit by bit.

"Charles..." I muttered in a hoarse voice. At long last, I managed to open my eyes, albeit with difficult.

Seconds later, a blurry figure rushed to my side. "Scarlett, how are you feeling?"

Charles asked with concern. However, I couldn't see his face clearly.

At this moment, my hands felt like they weighed a ton, and it was too difficult for me to even raise them.

Just before I gave up, Charles held my hand and placed it on his face.

"Scarlett, there's no need to be afraid. I'm here."

When I touched his warm face, I finally felt that I had come back to life. Gradually, Charles' face became clearer to me. Through feeble movements, I brushed my fingertips against the stubble on his chin.

Upon gazing into his eyes, I gathered that he had been worried sick about me. He must really care about me.

It was then that I felt a strong sense of security.

Sadly, exhaustion and pain came to me again. As I closed my eyes again, all the fear and doubt I had been feeling had all but dissipated.

"Scarlett? Scarlett!"

Before I lost consciousness again, I heard Charles' anxious voice. Soon, I drifted into slumber. Every memory I had of him replayed in my mind.

Some of the memories we shared were bitter; most of them were sweet. I remembered our wedding ceremony, and the first night I had with Charles. I also recalled countless disputes and how we slowly drifted apart.

And then... James was born.

I could never forget how it felt to hug my baby for the first time. He was so small and cute. I had suffered and endured astronomical pain just to give birth to him.

'No! James won't be able to live without me. I must hold on for the sake of my child!' I thought to



myself.

After a long time, I finally regained consciousness once more. Upon opening my eyes, I saw Charles sleeping beside the bed. Even though he was asleep, he was still holding my hand.

I tried to pull my hand out of his, but he frowned and held me even tighter. He was still asleep while doing that.

Even in his dreams, Charles was still as bossy as ever.

In an attempt to wake him up, I pinched his fingers. Just as I had expected, he opened his eyes almost immediately.

"Scarlett, you're awake!"

He was still half-asleep, but the joy on his face was evident.

"Where is James? Is he okay?" My utmost concern was my little angel.

"Mom is looking after him. Don't worry."

"Can I see James tomorrow?" I asked in a soft voice.

"Sure!" Gently, Charles fed me some water. "I'll do anything for you as long as you're fine."

I had no idea what sort of experience he had during my coma, but he had suddenly become so sweet and considerate of me.

Dazed, I stared at Charles' face. There were dark circles under his deep-set eyes, and his face was pale. He looked a little haggard, but he was still quite dashing. This was the first time I had seen him so disheveled.

'Why is he still wearing the suit he had on during the morning I was stabbed?

How long had Charles been accompanying me? A day or two? Is it possible that he never left my side while I was in a coma?' I wondered.

"Didn't you sleep well?" My heart ached when I saw him at his current state.

"I'm fine," Charles replied, touching my head.

"For how long have I been unconscious?" I asked.

"Over twenty hours. I was so worried about you," he responded. Then, Charles planted a kiss on my

forehead.

"Where are Janet and Tracy? Are they okay?" I recalled the horrific fight that ensued in the bathroom. Just thinking about it made my heart race.

"I fired them," Charles said; his face turning grim. "They didn't protect you well enough."

"Wait, what? Why did you fire them? You shouldn't have done that, Charles! If it weren't for them, Lucia would've killed me already!" I was so agitated by his news.

Suddenly, I felt a dull pain in my lower abdomen. It was as if the wound was popped open, and I had to stop talking.

"Fine, fine. I'll do as you say. Just don't move, okay?" Charles panicked.

"Then get them back! Now!" Enduring the pain, I squeezed out a few words through gritted teeth.

"You know, when it comes to you, I'm always powerless." Charles' shoulders drooped, making him look helpless.

He then went to the balcony to make a phone call. Not long after, Janet and Tracy entered the ward.

"Thank you for saving my life," I said to them as I looked them in the eye. "Don't worry, girls. Charles isn't going to fire you. I won't let him."

Both Janet and Tracy still looked guilty and remorseful. Before I could comfort them, Charles cut me off. "Well, you can go out now. If something like that happens again, you already know the consequences."

Janet and Tracy nodded and left the ward in a hurry.

Now, only Charles and I were left in the room.

Not long after, he tucked me in.

"Scarlett, I can't bear to lose you again. From now on, I'm going to protect you my way, and I'm never going to let anyone hurt you again!"