

Warning 231

[Chapter 231 Ask Me If I Love You](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Seeing that Charles appeared to be lost in thought, I wondered what left him so confused.

I decided to break our silence. "Charles, where are the others?"

"They're at a restaurant having a big meal." Having said that, Charles lowered his gaze and chuckled.

This time, I was the one who was confused.

He looked into my eyes and explained, "Don't you understand? They're giving us some privacy, so that we can do whatever we want."

I immediately understood what he meant, and it made my ears turn red. Then, I flipped my hair to hide my burning ears.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" asked Charles.

After finishing my dinner, I cast him a stern glare before going upstairs to escape his gaze.

And as soon as I got to the bedroom, I washed my face with cold water to soothe my nerves. But when I looked at the mirror again, I saw that I was still blushing.

"Ugh, you're pathetic!" I said to myself as I poked my image in the mirror. Then, I took off my clothes, went to the shower and opened the faucet, letting the water wash over me.

The sound of the running water was loud enough to drown out any other sound. I had no idea when Charles came into the room, but when I looked back, I saw him slowly unbuttoning his shirt. His chest was already half-exposed.

Startled, I covered my breasts and glared at him. "Charles! What are you doing in here?"

"Your wound is still fresh. Try not to get it wet." Charles glanced at my body, and I saw the lust in his eyes.

I pointed at my bandaged wound and gritted my teeth. "I already covered it with a waterproof film. Anyway... get the hell out of here!"

"Really? Let me have a look." Having said that, Charles took off his shirt and threw it away, and made his way towards me.

Embarrassed and annoyed, I was forced to retreat to a corner.

Charles' body gradually got wet. There were streams of water rolling down his chest, making him look incredibly sexy.

Resisting the temptation, I pushed him away. "Can you please leave?"

However, Charles stood firm. His towering figure exuded a daunting pressure. "I'm already wet. Let's just take a shower together, shall we?"

Soon, he unbuckled his belt.

Embarrassed I grabbed his pants before he could take it off. "No! I want to shower by myself!"

The following moment, Charles grabbed my wrist and placed my hand on his thick, hard cock.

I heard his deep, pleased moan as I stroked his penis. "Hurry, let's take a shower. They will come home soon."

Slowly, my entire body felt hot. The thought that Grandma and the others might see us doing this together in the bathroom made me feel even more light-headed.

In the end, I decided to pull my hand back and compromise. "Fine. Let's just hurry up and finish this shower!"

"It's a little difficult," he said.

"Then get out already!" I grunted.

A cunning smile appeared on Charles' lips. "Alright, alright. Let's just take a shower."

After we finished taking a shower, he grabbed a bath towel and wrapped it around me.

I already had a bad feeling about this. "What are you doing?" I asked.

Charles picked me up and strode out of the bathroom. "Now that you've finished your shower, we can move on to the next phase."

I instantly figured out what he meant and began to struggle. Sadly, I failed to escape Charles' grasp. Consequently, the bath towel wrapped around my body went loose, causing me to lay naked in his arms.

My body tensed up as I raised my head to look up at him. And just as I had expected, he was staring at me with lustful eyes.

I decided to leave things to luck this time. "My towel fell," I said.

Sadly, Charles turned a deaf ear to my remark. He didn't respond until he had placed me on the bed. "You're not gonna need it."

He then reached out his arm and turned off the light.

Suddenly, the room became dim, and all I could feel was the warmth of his breath on my face. I wanted to hide beneath the quilt, but he pulled me back the second he noticed me retreating.

His slightly cold fingertips stroked my skin, and I felt that my body had been longing for his touch. In that instance, my body involuntarily responded to his caress and my breathing became rapid. The lust was so overwhelming.

Soon, a pleased moan escaped my throat.

The following second, Charles kissed me and stuck his tongue into my mouth.

His warm palm brushed across my waist and landed on my breasts. Gently, he began to fondle them and played with my nipples.

My entire body trembled with pleasure.

Moments later, he moved his lips down to my breasts and began to lick my nipples. Afterwards, he started sucking them, one at a time. The anticipation for pleasure compelled me to arch my body just so I could get even closer to him.

"Charles," I moaned.

Charles held me tighter as he nibbled on my earlobe. "Scarlett, did you think of me when Lucia attacked you? Even for a moment?" he asked.

At last, I had taken off my disguise and gave into the pleasure of his touch. "I... The only person I thought of before I lost consciousness was you, Charles," I said.

He kissed my lips once more. "You do love me." The sound of his voice was faint, yet firm.

I didn't correct him.

"Why don't you ask me?" Charles asked in a hushed voice.

"What do you want me to ask you?" I replied.

"Ask me if I love you," he said.

I curled up in his embrace and tried to say something. But I found that I couldn't utter a word.

Eventually, I let out a sigh. "Charles, bring James in here," I told him.

"Do we really have to sleep with him?" The sound of Charles' voice was laced with displeasure.

"You agreed that all three of us would sleep together," I nagged.

After a moment of silence, he loosened his grip on me, put on his clothes, and left the bedroom.

Charles' POV:

I took the sleeping James back to our bedroom.

Upon my return, the light inside the room had been turned on. Scarlett was already in her pajamas, covering her beautiful body.

"Don't you want me?" I asked, implying something.

Scarlett cast me a stern glare before taking James from me. "James will sleep between us today."

Displeased by this, I frowned and lay at the edge of the bed in silence. I was tossing and turning, and I couldn't fall asleep.

After a long time, I heard Scarlett's steady breathing.

It was then that I got up, carefully picked James up, and put him back into his crib.

Then, I lay beside Scarlett and embraced her.

It was so comfortable to sleep next to my wife!

Scarlett opened her drowsy eyes, staring at me with confusion. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Good night!" I planted a kiss on her forehead.

After that, Scarlett closed her eyes and nestled in my arms.

I stared at her sleeping face and breathed a sigh of relief.

Today, I still wasn't able to tell her just how much I loved her.

[Chapter 232 He Was Unique](#)

Charles' POV:

The sound of my son's crying jolted me awake.

Upon opening my eyes, I saw James, the source of the noise, staring at me with his innocent eyes. He was looking at me through the fence of the crib.

To be honest, he looked like a miniature version of me. The only difference was that his eyes were similar to Scarlett's. They were like quiet lakes that pulled people in with just one stare.

"Where is your mommy? Why are you on your own, little man? Hush now, stop crying." I looked around, but Scarlett was nowhere to be found.

"Ma!" James began to suck on his thumb as tears ran down his eyes. "Mama... Ma!"

"Fine, fine... I'll take you to your mother." I picked James up and brought him downstairs.

There, I saw Scarlett talking over the phone.

When she turned around, her eyes met mine. Instantly, she tensed up, acting a little strange.

"Who are you talking to? And what were you talking about? You didn't even notice me going downstairs." I approached her with James still in my arms.

Scarlett finally hung up the phone.

"Something's wrong with the press. I'll have to go on a business trip once I'm fully recovered," she said, cautiously waiting for my response.

"I see," I replied. I lowered my head and began to play with James.

"Aren't you going to ask me any details about it?" Scarlett appeared to be surprised.

"If I ask you questions, will it stop you from going?" I walked towards Scarlett with James still in my arms. James was staring at her with his beady, innocent eyes. Her face softened and it became incomparably gentle.

"No." Scarlett planted a kiss on James' forehead and looked up at me. "But I can promise you that I'll call you every day."

I was pleasantly surprised to see her being quite obedient today, and there was a glimmer of joy in her beautiful eyes.

My heart skipped a beat as I raised my eyebrows. "I want a kiss, too."

I wanted her to seal her promise with a kiss.

"Go wash up. James is getting hungry." Scarlett pretended not to hear me, intending to take the baby from me as soon as possible.

I had no choice but to pass James onto her, and I pretended to leave. But when Scarlett wasn't looking, I took the opportunity to lean in and kiss her on the lips.

She was taken aback by what I did. "Charles, stop it!"

"Dop! Dop!" said James. His eyes wandered between me and Scarlett. And he clapped his hands, mimicking the words that he didn't even understand.

Both Scarlett and I were so amused that we broke into laughter.

It was a wonderful morning.

Spencer's POV:

At long last, I was discharged from the hospital.

For the past month, I had been lying in bed, feeling extremely bored because of my injured leg. The most annoying thing was that Vivian had reached an agreement with my mother, while I was incapacitated. She would take some strange women into my ward from time to time.

After going through the discharge formalities, I stepped out of the hospital. Somewhere nearby, there was a gorgeous, sexy lady with heavy makeup on. She was waving at me from in front of a luxurious car.

"Spencer!"

she shouted.

It was Lilith.

"Surprise! I'm here to pick you up." Lilith walked closer towards me and said, "Get in the car. Where would you like to celebrate your discharge from the hospital?"

I took a step back, feeling incredibly disappointed.

'Even Lilith knows that I've been discharged from the hospital. Where is the woman who should be here today?' I asked in my mind.

"Who are you waiting for?" asked Lilith.

As I looked around, I saw a familiar car pulling over in front of me.

It was Vivian!

She rolled down the window of her car, staring at me in silence.

"Are you here to pick me up?" I pretended to be cool and composed.

Before Vivian could answer, Lilith clung to me and held my arm. "Didn't I tell you that I'd be the one to pick you up today? You can't run off with someone else!"

After glancing at us, Vivian rolled up her window.

And before I could shake off Lilith's hands, Vivian had already driven away and soon disappeared from my sight.

'Oh, fuck! She probably got jealous.'

With no other choice, I reluctantly got into Lilith's car. "Take me to Mint Bar."

Lilith started the car and kept on talking throughout the entire journey. All I could think of was the bitter smile on Vivian's face when she left.

'Damn it! She's the one who pushed me to another woman. What right does she have to react like that?'

"Spencer, did you even hear me?" Lilith pouted with dissatisfaction. "I told you that I want a membership card of Mint Bar."

"Fine, fine. I'll get one for you," I replied perfunctorily.

After getting out of the car, I asked one of my staff to take Lilith away and take her through the formalities.

I went to Vivian's room there to wait for her, but she didn't show up the entire afternoon. Sadness and anger tortured me, and I didn't even realize that it was already nine in the evening.

Fortunately, David arrived to accompany me. As soon as we sat in the private room, the bar manager opened the door and came in.

"Boss, Vivian is here. But there's some handsome guy with her," he said.

Almost everyone in the bar knew that I'd been waiting for her for practically the entire day, and yet she had the audacity to bring a date with her here.

"Tell her to come here at once. I want to see her!" I was so pissed off.

"Spencer, are you jealous?" David bantered. "You know, considering that you're Vivian's boss, I figured it would be easy for you to win her over. Boy, was I wrong!"

I let out an exasperated sigh. "Work and love are two separate things."

It was already midnight when Vivian finally came to my room. When she saw me drinking, her face changed dramatically.

"Why the hell are you drinking? You've only just got discharged! Do you want to die or something?"

I swiveled the glass of wine in my hand. "Why isn't that man with you?"

"Weren't you the one who asked me to meet you here?"

"I didn't!" I was so angry that I wanted to smash the glass into pieces.

David nudged me. It was then that I noticed that Vivian's eyes seemed a little red.

"I just want to ask you why you left me behind at the entrance of the hospital earlier today," I complained.

"Because I didn't want to be a third wheel," said Vivian, crossing her arms.

"You took my mother's money. That's why you introduced Lilith to me, didn't you?"

"If you already know the answer, why do you have to ask?"

Vivian grabbed a bottle of wine, poured a glass for herself, and clinked her glass with mine.

"Congratulations. You're finally discharged from the hospital. I will never disturb you again."

Having said that, she turned around and was about to leave.

I hurriedly tried to catch up with her, but my leg was still not fully recovered. Seeing that Vivian was about to run away, I shouted, "Ack! My leg!"

Just as I had expected, she stopped and came back to help me. Her face displayed just how worried she was about me. "Are you okay?" she asked.

I took advantage of this opportunity and placed my arm on her shoulder. Then, I shifted some of my weight on her, bellowing in pain. "Quick, help me up! I'm falling!"

Vivian held onto my waist with both hands to help me stand. I smiled complacently, knowing that my plan had worked. 'This woman can be stubborn, but she's still a softie,' I remarked inwardly.

She was about to help me back to the private room, but then I saw a familiar face in the corner of the bar. It was someone I hadn't seen for a long time.

It was Rita. She was drinking with another woman.

"Is something the matter?" Vivian stopped as well, following my gaze.

"Take a picture of them and send it to Scarlett. That woman right there talking to Rita, I think that's one of Scarlett's workmates. They might be scheming against Scarlett!" I nudged Vivian and she did as I said.

Scarlett received our message quickly. "Thanks for the warning," she replied.

Vivian sent her a voice message. "You're welcome. Spencer asked me to do it. He really cares about you."

"Why did you have to mention me to her?" I frowned with displeasure.

"Did I say anything wrong? It's true that you care about her, right?"

Vivian thought that she had seen right through me.

"If you're so smart, can you see who I really care about?"

I maintained eye contact with Vivian.

After a brief pause, she replied, "I don't want to know."

[Chapter 233 Blue Sand](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Now that my wound had completely healed, I decided that it was high time to get back to work. I went on a business trip to another city, following the suggestion of the press I was working with.

During the break, I received a message from Vivian.

It was a photo. Rita and Linda, both of whom hadn't been showing up lately, were sitting at the same table and drinking together. Needless to say, I figured that something bad was bound to happen.

However, I decided not to focus all my attention on this matter.

Vivian immediately sent me a voice message after the photo she sent. She told me that Spencer was the

one who asked her to take the photo.

Upon hearing it, I broke into laughter.

"Scarlett, why are you so happy?" Janet asked curiously.

"Spencer has found his match!" The joy I felt was beyond words.

Considering how Vivian obeyed Spencer's suggestion, I gathered that something must be going on between them.

Actually, I had already noticed several signs that they had feelings for each other. Today, Vivian's message convinced me even more that things were about to heat up between them.

"Sounds like you and Spencer are on good terms, huh?" Tracy looked like she had been influenced by my glee.

"I've always thought of Spencer as my brother. He's like a guardian angel or something. He always appears exactly when I need him."

I remembered that Spencer had been taking care of me ever since we were kids. In my memories, he was always smiling at me, and it felt so warm that it could dispel my sadness and inhibitions.

Vivian was a smart, tough, and courageous woman. In my honest opinion, she and Spencer were a perfect match.

"What about Charles?" asked Janet.

'Charles...'

His incomparably handsome face appeared in my mind.

Clearly, he was different from Spencer. Charles was aloof and withdrawn most of the time, and it was rare to see a smile on his face. But beneath his seemingly cold exterior, he had a child-like sincerity and forthrightness.

His entire personality was a paradox. At times, I couldn't even tell which one was the real Charles.

But I must admit that even if he wasn't doing anything, he could easily affect my emotions. His mere existence had a huge impact on me.

"Charles is special."

This was the only answer I could think of. And he was indeed unique and special in my heart.

Just then, my phone rang. It was Charles, requesting a video call with me.

Charles' POV:

Today was the second day of Scarlett's supposed business trip. I had been holding back my urge to call her for a long time. But now, I could no longer resist the urge to do that, so I video called her.

Scarlett answered my call, seemingly flustered.

Her reaction made me wonder if she was doing something bad just now.

"Are you not happy to see me, honey?"

"Charles, can't you put on some clothes before you call me?"

I looked down at my bare chest, thinking that there wasn't anything wrong with being half-naked in front of my wife. "You've already touched every inch of it. Why are you so flustered to see it now?"

"Just get James on the phone, please?" Scarlett requested, visibly blushing.

"He's asleep right now. Why don't you just look at me instead?" I suggested.

"Ugh! Charles, if you keep doing shameless things like that, I'm going to hang up on you," she replied.

"Wait!" With no other choice, I picked James up at once. "Don't hang up, okay? Here's James!"

Scarlett's bad temper cooled down, and she greeted our son with glee.

"Mama!" In my arms, James reached out his arms, touching the screen curiously. It was as if he was wondering why his mother had been trapped inside my phone.

"Did you go somewhere tonight?" I asked. I noticed that Scarlett was all dressed up, and she was even wearing makeup.

"I had an appointment," she replied listlessly.

"Did you drink? How much did you drink? Did some guy try to flirt with you?" Anxiously, I barraged her with several questions.

"Yep, I drank, but just a little bit. And who on earth would try to flirt with the wife of the fearsome Charles Moore?"

I must admit that her answer was satisfying to hear.

Scarlett had finally realized that she was indeed my woman. Even when I wasn't with her, she could protect herself solely on her identity as my wife.

James kept on touching the screen, fiddling with the phone for a while until he got tired. Soon, he buried his face in my chest.

"Let him sleep," Scarlett remarked in a gentle voice. "And it's high time you get some rest, too."

"I'm not tired yet. Just so we could video call you, I refused Spencer when he asked me to drink with him tonight."

It was because I wanted to see Scarlett, even if it was just for a little longer.

She had only left for two days, but it already felt like I hadn't seen her for a whole week.

"How are Spencer and Vivian doing? Are they starting to get serious with each other?"

As Scarlett spoke of Spencer and Vivian, her face lit up with excitement.

Seeing her like this made her even lovelier than ever. "Oh, you noticed that as well, huh? Sooner or later, they're gonna get together. I'm betting on it."

There were some things that onlookers saw more clearly than people involved.

Just as Scarlett and I were destined to be together, the same could be said for Vivian and Spencer.

Meanwhile, James was murmuring in his sleep. I looked down and saw that my boy was giggling. He must be having a good dream right now.

"Is he asleep?" asked Scarlett.

"He's dreaming," I said. After tucking James in, I looked at my phone again, only to find that Scarlett wasn't on the screen.

"Let me show you something."

I could hear her voice outside the camera.

The window behind Scarlett was left open, and the breeze of the sea was blowing the curtains open.

She had gone on a business trip to a small seaside town. The window of her room was facing the beach. Circassian blue waves were surging one after another, dyeing the long coastline in a pale blue color.

Beneath the quiet night sky, the sea reflected the light of the stars in the sky. They were like colorful fireworks blooming before my very eyes.

"It's blue sand." Along with the sea breeze, I heard Scarlett's voice on the other end of the line. "It's so breath taking here, Charles. I wish you were here too."

It was so quiet around that I could hear the excitement from my heartbeat.

"I wish I was there, too," I said. "Let's go there together when we're both free," I suggested.

I had heard that loving someone meant that you had to give all the beauty in the world to that person.

At the very least, in this moment, Scarlett and I were infinitely close to what defined love.

[Chapter 234 Retribution](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After my business trip, my new show officially went on the air.

And my first book was set to be sold on bookstores.

In today's book signing session, the place was teeming with people. After signing the very last book, my wrists felt so sore and numb that it felt like they didn't belong to me anymore.

"Scarlett! Congratulations on the huge success!" My colleagues gathered around me and hugged me with glee.

Affected by their enthusiasm, I also jumped for joy.

My first book had been published!

"Scarlett, you'll definitely be a huge success in your career!" Nina exclaimed.

She planted a long, lingering kiss on my cheek. The sound of her loud kiss attracted everyone's attention, and then they burst into laughter. They all began to make fun of me and wanted to kiss me as well.

When I saw that they were coming for me, I ran away with Nina. "Stop it!" I shouted.

"Calm down, everyone! Abner, help! Stop these crazy people," Nina exclaimed.

Moments later, the farce ended and everyone went to the restaurant we booked to attend the celebration banquet. Hand in hand, Nina and I walked towards Abner's car.

But before we got on the car, I heard William's voice from nearby. "Scarlett," he said.

William walked towards us, holding a large bouquet of flowers. He looked so debonair.

He then presented the flowers to me with sincerity in his eyes. "Congratulations! You've achieved something truly great in your career," he said.

"Thank you." I happily accepted the flowers from him.

In a polite manner, Abner suggested, "We're on our way to the celebration party. Would you like to come with us, William?"

William nodded in response and smiled. "It'll be my honor," he answered.

Upon our arrival at the private room of the restaurant, Nina and I went to the bathroom together.

On our way to the bathroom, the door of the next private room happened to open. Then, someone flew out of the door and fell to the floor heavily.

"Argh!" the person bellowed.

I took a closer look and saw that it was a young girl. She propped her body up, looking at the room, humbled and defeated.

I followed her gaze and saw a familiar face. It was Rita.

At this time, she was kneeling on the floor, lying before a man, seemingly trying to please him.

"Oh, my God! How did she end up like that?" Nina said, holding my hand in shock.

I was also shocked, and I shook my head blankly.

"What's that look?" said the man. His voice displayed his arrogant and bluntness. As he spoke, he gently kicked Rita's chest with his leather shoe.

Meanwhile, Rita clenched her fists, trembling all over.

"Miss Lively, you're the one who's asking for my help. That attitude isn't what someone asking for help should have. If you don't cooperate, who'd be willing to help you out? I'm going to say this one last time. If you lick the wine off my shoes, I'll help you. Otherwise, there'll be no more need for us to talk about your problem." The man was casually sitting on the sofa; his leather shoe, rubbing against Rita's cleavage.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Karma is a bitch." Nina sighed as she pulled my arm. "Let's go. I have to go to the..." I said.

"Mrs. Moore." A trembling voice interrupted me.

I followed the voice and saw that it was the girl who had been thrown out of the room. She appeared to be young, and her eyes displayed how unnerved she was.

However, I didn't know this person.

Frowning, I pulled her up from the floor.

The girl winced in pain as she leaned against the wall. One of her legs were limping. It seemed that she had gotten injured. But she didn't seem to mind it at all. She just thanked me over and over.

I waved my hand, took Nina's hand, and intended to leave.

However, the man inside the room went outside and stared at me, seemingly trying to curry favor with me. "Mrs. Moore? Ah, what a coincidence! I never thought I'd run into you here of all places!"

In silence, I looked back at him. Nina pulled me back.

The man chuckled awkwardly before he turned to the girl and began to scold her. "Why are you still here? Didn't you understand what I said? Get the fuck out of here!"

The girl looked down, limping away.

I creased my eyebrows, staring at the man unhappily. "Sorry, but you're in my way," I said.

The man took a step back. His apologetic and panicked appearance was completely different from the ferocious, wicked face he had on just now. "Sorry, ma'am. It's my bad. I was just teaching these disobedient women a lesson. They were making too much noise and they ended up disturbing you and your friend, Mrs. Moore. As a token of my apology, I'd like to invite you two beautiful ladies for a meal. It's my treat!"

"No, thanks," I refused resolutely. Then, I left with Nina.

Soon, I heard a scream from behind us.

Nina sneered. "Humph! That bitch deserves it."

The sound of a man cursing the woman begging for mercy resonated throughout the corridor. But this time, I didn't turn around.

By the time we came out of the bathroom, I saw a girl sitting by the door and sobbing. It was the same

girl that had been thrown out of the room earlier.

Nina approached the girl, squatted in front of her, and said in a gentle voice, "Little girl, what are you still doing here?"

The girl was choked with sobs as she stammered, "I... I haven't earned enough money to pay for the medical fees. I can't go back yet."

Her words left me shocked. 'Medical fees?' I asked inwardly.

"What happened?" asked Nina.

"My... my name is Jasmine. My mom is receiving treatment at the hospital, and she needs a lot of money every day. Unfortunately, I'm still a student and I don't have any money at all." Jasmine's pitiful eyes wandered between me and Nina. "Miss Lively spoke to me and told me that I could get some money as long as I went to drink with men, but none of those bosses seem to like me. Can you help me? Or you can at least introduce me to a rich businessman."

"Nina, let's go back." I cut the girl off, and went straight to our private room.

As Nina caught up with me, she poked my arm and asked tentatively, "Don't you want to help her?"

I let out a long sigh. "I'd rather not meddle in her affairs. It's her choice, her life," I replied.

Even when we were already in the room, I was still wearing a long face.

"What happened?" asked Abner.

I shook my head and said nothing.

Nina let out a sigh before telling everyone else in the room the story about Jasmine. Upon hearing the story, everyone else fell silent.

Abner crossed his arms, lost in thought. "Recently, some paparazzi have been contacting me. They showed me photos of Rita bringing different girls to the club frequently. Most of the girls looked very young. It's highly possible that they're all students."

"Rita might be targeting girls who don't have any financial resources. After all, just a little bit of money can buy them off." William shook his head, smiling wryly. It looked like he disdained Rita's methods as well.

My colleagues began to speculate, condemning Rita for what she had done.

I concentrated on eating and just listened silently. I had no intention of interrupting their discussion.

After that brief episode, my colleagues shifted the topic to something else, and the heavy atmosphere gradually dissipated.

Once we were finished with the meal, we all walked to the entrance of the restaurant. Gently, William looked at me and offered, "Scarlett, let me drive you home."

But before I could respond, Janet went to my side and stood between me and William. "We appreciate your kindness, Mr. Stevens, but Tracy has already gone to the parking lot to get our car. She and I will drive Scarlett home. You don't need to go through that trouble."

At first, William fell silent. Then, he put on a smile. "I must say, your bodyguards are quite vigilant," he said.

I smiled and let out a helpless sigh.

At this time, a luxury car pulled over nearby. The driver's door opened, and a tall person came into view.

Charles made his way towards me. His handsome face and affectionate gaze caught my attention.

At this moment, there was only one person I could see, and everything else seemed to have been blurred out.

I could hear the sound of my heartbeat getting faster and faster.

By the time I regained my composure, Charles had already wrapped his arms around me.

"Scarlett, I'll be taking my leave then," said William.

[Chapter 235 A Jealous Man](#)

Charles's POV:

I leveled an irritated glare at William and replied coldly, "Goodbye."

Right after that, I left with Scarlett in my arms.

On the way back, Scarlett drowsily leaned against the seat.

When we arrived at Garden Street, I unfastened my seat belt and leaned over towards her. Her beautiful eyelashes trembled slightly, and it was obvious that she wasn't asleep.

"We're arrived, Scarlett." I placed my tongue near her ear and deliberately licked her earlobe.

Scarlett shivered at that, her eyes snapping open immediately. The moment she opened her eyes, our

gazes crossed. She looked out of the window uneasily, and then asked in surprise, "Why aren't we back at Moore mansion?"

"Didn't you always come here before? Why are you unhappy to be here now?" I gave her no opportunity to react, and instantly pulled her out of the car.

Scarlett looked at me, her brows furrowed in confusion. Then, she asked tentatively, "Are you unhappy?"

"You found out so quickly this time." I narrowed my eyes at her.

"Charles..."

"So, did you have a good time at the celebration party?" I wrapped my hand around Scarlett's waist possessively with one hand and caressed her hair with the other, staring at her quietly all the while.

Scarlett flashed me a helpless look, and replied exasperatedly, "It was a celebration party with my colleagues, and we just had dinner together. Nothing special."

"Oh? Why was William also there?" My eyes narrowed further, showing my discontent.

Scarlett glanced at me, blinking a few times in astonishment, before bursting into amused laughter. "Oh, Charles! You're so cute when you're jealous."

I frowned at her reaction.

"After the book signing session, William came to congratulate me. Abner invited him to the celebration party out of politeness, but unexpectedly, he agreed." Scarlett spread out her hands, still amused, blinking innocently. "I don't care!"

I snorted in disbelief, but held her tightly all the same. "When can you spare some time for me?"

Recently, Scarlett was getting busier and busier. She was in charge of making new shows, held a signing session, and was involved in more and more social engagements.

"Aren't we together every day, though?" Scarlett asked, puzzled.

"When you're home, I'm already asleep. And when I'm about to go to work, you're still sleeping." My tone grew fierce as I blurted out my discontent, and I bit her earlobe gently. "And you have the audacity to say we're together every day?"

Scarlett whimpered when I bit her ear. She hurriedly covered her ear and stared at me innocently, as if she had done nothing wrong.

My heart softened immediately at her expression, but on the outside, my face was still calm. I raised my hand and placed it on her chest, feeling her heartbeat. "Scarlett, I feel that we're gradually drifting apart. Deep in your heart, do you still care about me?"

Scarlett was stunned once more, and took to staring at me in a daze.

I took her by the arm, and opened the door. "Forget it. Drink with me."

Scarlett's lips instantly made a displeased pout. "Why don't you look for Spencer if you want to drink?"

I didn't want to say anything more, and pushed her into the room wordlessly.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles pushed me into the room, and darkness greeted me. As I was about to switch on the lights, he suddenly grabbed me by the waist, turned me around, and pressed me against the door.

He raised my chin with one hand, and crashed his lips on me.

His kiss caught me off guard, so I had no time to react. His soft tongue had already slid into my mouth before I could come to my senses. My heart beat faster as he deepened the kiss eagerly. Suddenly, all my strength was exhausted, and my body grew limp and numb.

The overbearing power of a mature man filled his strong, passionate kiss. In an instant, waves of pleasure swept all over me. Unable to stop myself, I began indulging myself in his tender, insistent possessiveness.

As our lips locked tightly together, he pressed me against the door. He breathed a mischievous chuckle and said, "Do you still want me to go to the bar now?"

I gasped for breath, feeling suffocated. Before I could answer, my lips were covered again.

He nibbled my lips softly, and the tip of his tongue swept past my lips. Then he sucked my tongue, biting and licking it gently in his mouth.

My eyes closed involuntarily, and I could only hear his desire-filled pants.

A strange heat slowly washed over me, making my heartbeat rise frantically. This strange feeling made me groan with pleasure.

Charles's kiss suddenly became more passionate.

I knew what it meant. My remaining sanity made me turn my face sideways.

"Scarlett..." His voice was full of desire. I knew he wanted me.

I quickly gave him a soft peck on the cheek to calm him down.

"Fine, you don't have to go to the bar. You can drink at home if you want," I said.

"Will you drink with me?" His hot breath sprayed my face, and his low and hoarse voice was full of temptation.

"Fine, I'll take a shower and then drink with you."

"Okay."

Charles released his grip on me and took a step back, satisfied.

I switched on the lights, but I didn't dare to look into his eyes. Then, I picked up my clothes in a hurry and rushed to the bathroom.

I looked at myself in the mirror, and my red face greeted me. Embarrassed, I cupped my blushing face.

Why oh why couldn't I resist his temptation?

After I finished with my shower, I opened the door, and was greeted with the sight a familiar tall figure standing by the door.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" Charles stretched out his arms, showing off his pajamas proudly. They were the same style as mine, making us look like a couple wearing matching pajamas now.

[Chapter 236 Longing For Each Other](#)

Charles's POV:

Scarlett looked me up and down, raising her eyebrows at my pajamas. However, she said nothing about them.

Her face was pure and innocent, her eyes exceedingly enchanting and charming. Even though I was with her almost every day, her beauty still fascinated me.

I approached her and closed one arm around her soft waist, while the other hand snuck on her full chest. I said meaningfully to her in a low whisper, "I've taken a shower next door, Scarlett."

However, Scarlett shoved my hands away and grabbed my arms instead, as if she was clueless to my hints.

She suggested, "Let's go downstairs to drink. We can eat something along the way."

Her words made me froze, and I stood rooted to the spot. Scarlett, who had taken a step forward, was forced to stop in her tracks. She turned around and shot a sharp glance at me, annoyed. "What are you doing, Charles? Didn't you ask me to drink with you at home? I agreed, but why are you still unhappy?"

I hugged her and mumbled softly, "No, I'm not unhappy. I'm fine"

I didn't want to just drink at such precious time...

I stared at her, my eyes filled with affection and eagerness. But the moment Scarlett's gaze fell on me, I immediately put on an innocent look. "Let's go downstairs."

I warned myself again and again to take things slow and be patient. Otherwise, I might scare Scarlett away and render all my previous efforts vain. If I wanted to win her over, I needed a lot of patience.

When we reached downstairs, Scarlett grabbed some red wine and goblets, and placed them on the table.

Seeing her busying herself, I couldn't help smiling. Then, I turned around and brought out the cream cake I had bought previously.

"When did you buy that?" Scarlett asked, surprised.

I put the cake on the table and took a seat beside her. "Before I picked you up, Tracy told me that you liked the cream cake I bought before."

Scarlett glared at me, though she looked quite flirtatious. "You have the nerve to say that!"

I knew she was referring to the conflict we had back then.

"I didn't mean to upset you at that time. I promise I won't do that again." I closed our distance, and licked her tender red lips gently.

Scarlett blushed instantly, her appearance so cute and adorable.

I saw that she was going to be angry again, so I quickly let go of her and stood up. "Let me cut the cake for you."

I grabbed a knife and cut the cake into neat pieces. Then, I put one piece in front of Scarlett and handed her a dessert fork.

Scarlett took the fork eagerly and scooped one bite of the cake. Her eyes curved like crescent moons as she relished in the taste. "Yummy!"

"Let me have a taste." I leaned over to grab a small bit of the remaining cake that was still on her fork.

Looking up, I realized that there was still some cream on the corner of Scarlett's mouth. She was staring at me dazedly, stunned by my actions.

Unable to help myself, I let out a small laugh before kissing her lips. As I did so, the cream on the tip of my tongue melted.

I whispered in a hoarse voice, "So sweet."

Scarlett's ears turned red instantly. She pushed me away, embarrassed, and yelled, "Just drink your wine!"

"Okay." I sat back calmly, grabbed some wine, and clinked glasses with her.

Scarlett glanced at me briefly before looking away immediately and gulping down the wine in her glass.

I raised my eyebrows and snickered to myself. I had no intention to stop her at all.

"We won't go back to Moore mansion today. What about James?" Scarlett poured more wine into her glass, but she didn't let go of the wine bottle. Instead, she looked at me questioningly with her head tilted slightly.

"Don't worry. Mom and Grandma are there," I comforted her softly, hoping to reassure her.

However, she replied with a frown. I had no choice but to take out my phone. I opened an app before giving it to her. "This is the real time surveillance video of the nursery. Do you want to see it? See? James is sleeping."

"Wow! I can't believe you can check that on your phone!" Astonished, Scarlett took my phone and glued her eyes on the screen with a happy smile. "Oh my god! My son is so cute even when he's sleeping!"

"That's because he inherited the best genes from us."

"God, you're so smug." Scarlett flashed me a small smile and held my hand, trying to please me. "Let's go back later. I can't sleep well if I don't hug James before going to bed."

I turned her hand over and slowly separated her fingers, and then interlocked my fingers with hers lovingly. "Okay."

Though I agreed on the outside, deep inside my heart, I was unwilling to go home.

Every time we returned to the mansion, James would sleep between Scarlett and me. I could never be intimate with Scarlett. Only when Scarlett was fast asleep could I put James back to the crib and sleep

with Scarlett in my arms.

If Scarlett couldn't fall asleep without James, then I couldn't fall asleep without Scarlett.

But at the sight of her expectant expression, my heart softened and I found myself agreeing automatically.

After several rounds of drinking, the wine in the bottle was almost finished.

I poured the rest of the red wine into my glass and gulped it down in one fell swoop.

"Scarlett, I'm done. We should do something else." I stared at Scarlett deeply, my eyes brimming with affection.

She blushed automatically, and staggered to her feet, the cream cake in hand.

"Careful!" Worried that she would fall down, I went to her and held her in my arms.

However, Scarlett pushed me away, looking hesitant. She then walked to a cabinet and stored the cream cake in it. She muttered, "We have to hide the treasure."

I burst out laughing. She was drunk! I approached her gently and held her hand. "It's time to sleep."

Scarlett stared at me for a while, her eyes dazed from the wine. Suddenly, she pulled me to the cabinet and tried to stuff me inside it.

She murmured again, "We have to hide the treasure."

Stunned by this unexpected gesture, I took to staring at Scarlett like a fool.

After a long time, I finally found my tongue. However, my voice was extremely hoarse. "Scarlett, am I your treasure too?"

"What?" Scarlett looked at me in confusion, her hands still tugging me.

Unable to stand it anymore, I picked her up and marched eagerly to the bedroom.

Scarlett's POV:

My mind was in a mess, and I couldn't think straight. I could only see Charles's handsome face, inches away from me.

Bang! It sounded as if the door of the bedroom was kicked open hastily. When I looked back, my head hazy with confusion, Charles put me on the bed and started kissing me.

The sudden kiss snapped my eyes wide open, but I was too numbed by alcohol and had no strength to resist. I slowly closed my eyes, and meekly reached out to him before wrapping my arms around his neck.

Charles tightened his arms around my waist, as if wanting our bodies to be one.

He soon let go of my lips, and exhaled a puff of hot air. "Scarlett... Let's have a good time."

I didn't answer, but raised my head and kissed him instead.

Charles responded fiercely, and the kiss gradually went out of control. The tip of his tongue pressed against my teeth, overbearing and aggressive, invading my mouth inch by inch.

His passionate kiss almost took away all the air in my mouth, pushing me to the verge of suffocation.

"C-Charles..."

When I reopened my eyes, I realized that Charles had taken off our pajamas and had thrown them away.

We hugged each other tightly with our bare bodies.

His lips went down along my neck, and his tongue licked my skin and breasts. The blood in his body boiled and burned like hot fire. Excited, I couldn't help but touch his hot skin.

He locked me in his embrace, forcing us to stay close to each other. The scorching heat instantly merged with the flames in my body, and I let out a soft moan of pleasure.

My moans ignited the fire in him more fiercely. He suddenly lifted up my waist, and pressed hard against me. In an instant, the weight of his body was shifted on me completely.

Charles gasped for breath, the sound highly stimulating.

He bit and sucked my tender breasts, arousing my desires. I couldn't help but respond, and neared my lips to his.

For a long time, the whole room was filled with our sensual gasps...

[Chapter 237 Beating](#)

Charles's POV:

After that, I sat up and leaned against the headboard of the bed as I watched Scarlett lying on the bed motionlessly. She seemed tired and sleepy. It was amusing to see her this way. I reached out and stroked her hair fondly.

"Charles, let's take a shower first before going back to Moore mansion to see James," she said weakly, her exhaustion apparent.

My hand, which was caressing her hair, froze for a moment. I grew slightly jealous. Even at this moment, all she thought about was her son. Didn't I work hard enough just now?

"It's already so late. James has probably fallen asleep. Let's go there tomorrow." I bent over and kissed her forehead gently.

"But it's not even nine o'clock yet. I miss him. And you promised me we'd go there just now," she grumbled, flashing me a disgruntled stare. Her face was still quite red.

"I regret saying that." Her incessant complaints were souring my mood, so I kissed her lips to put a stop to her resistance.

Our affectionate kiss lasted for quite a while.

Scarlett's hot breath blew in my face. She opened her eyes and tried to get rid of me, but I was fascinated by the tenderness in them.

I let go of her and whispered in a hoarse voice, "Scarlett, how about we make love again?"

"No way."

"I promise it'll be the last time today!"

She was silent, but didn't disagree.

Once we drowned into the vortex of lust, we would never be able to escape.

Since the delightful night, I was on cloud nine. My good mood lasted for several days. Even when I was dealing with mind-numbing documents, Scarlett's lovely face from that night would pop in my mind and cheer me up.

I handed the signed document to Amy. Looking at her, I saw that she was staring at me strangely.

"Ask whatever you want to ask."

"Mr. Moore... is Mrs. Moore pregnant again?"

"Why do you say so?" Her question wiped the smile out of my face.

"You seem to be in a very good mood these days, so I wondered if there are any good news in your family."

"...You may leave."

"Yes, sir." Amy scurried out of my office with the document in hand.

After she was gone, I was lost in my thoughts. To be honest, I didn't want Scarlett to have a second child so soon. For that reason, I had been using contraceptives.

James's existence alone was enough to make me jealous. I didn't dare to imagine what would happen if we had one more child. The consequences would be unimaginable!

My thoughts were interrupted when my phone rang. I shook my silly thoughts away and answered it quickly.

Spencer was calling me.

"What's the matter?"

"Are you busy, Charles? Do you want to have lunch together?"

"Okay." After all, I had refused Spencer's invitations far too many times. If I refused again now, I feared he would be so infuriated to the point he broke off our friendship.

At noon, I made my way to our appointed meeting place, Mint Bar.

Entering the exclusive private room Spencer booked, I was greeted with the sight of a smoke-filled room. Spencer and David were sitting on the sofa leisurely, smoking. The ashtray was already filled with cigarette butts by the time I arrived.

Walking in, I saw that both of them looked distressed, reminiscent of two abandoned and resentful wives.

"Put out the cigarette." I frowned, annoyed.

"You're getting along well with your wife. How can you understand our pain?" Spencer put out the cigarette as told, and cast me a resentful glare.

It was quite funny how these two resembled dogs soaked wet in the rain, pitiful and miserable.

I raised my eyebrows, curious. "If you have something to say, just say it. If you have nothing to say, I'll go away right now."

"Are you seriously our friend? We finally got you to come so that you can listen to our complaints. How could you leave before we say anything?" David put out the cigarette as well, and then swiped a kick at me rudely. His brows were furrowed in distaste.

"What happened? Come on, tell me." I sat down, loosening my tie.

"It's Vivian. She bullies me every day!" Spencer complained, the first to speak.

"She bullies you? You seem to enjoy it very much, though. What about you, David?"

"Icey's going way too far!" She moved to my apartment with the excuse that she's my fiancée, and she's always wandering about in sexy nightgowns right before my eyes. She's doing it on purpose!" David followed his complaint with a grieving sigh, as if he was blowing out his own soul.

"So... you were raped by her?"

"What? No!" David hurriedly denied, flabbergasted.

"I heard Icey could get any man she wants," I teased him with a snicker, grinning wickedly.

"So, I should feel lucky?" David smiled awkwardly.

"Well, you won't lose anything!" Spencer chimed in leisurely.

"Let's have some food, and then play tennis. My treat," I said to them, swiftly ending the topic. Then, I rose from my seat and urged them to leave the room with me.

As soon as we exited the bar, we were suddenly stopped by a group of middle-aged women.

The disgusting stink of inferior perfume wafted to my nose, and my brows furrowed. Upon closer inspection, these women were surrounding a lone woman. One of them even pressed the woman to the ground, pulled her hair, punched, and kicked her without remorse.

All the while, the woman kept screaming in pain.

Before I could see who it was, Spencer, who was beside me, blurted out in surprise, "Rita?"

Rita let out a faint cry, "Help me!"

However, the women around her didn't stop beating her. She covered her face and shook her head as she tried to dodge. Tears kept falling down her face. "Stop it! Stop! It hurts..."

But I simply watched as Rita took the beatings, not bothered to stand up for her. Spencer, however, took

two steps forward, wanting to help her. I quickly stopped him. I cast a brief glance at him, indicating him not to act rashly.

"You shameless bitch! How dare you seduce my man? I'll beat you to death!"

"I should've taught you a good lesson long ago. You're just a shameless tramp! You seduce men everywhere you go, you slut!"

"She sleeps with any man for money! Let's just beat her till she drops dead!"

The infuriated women cursed loudly as they beat Rita together, pulling absolutely no punches.

After being cursed and beaten thoroughly, a heavily injured Rita lay on the ground like a dead fish. There were tears all over her face, and she was trembling all over. She stammered pitifully, "Don't... Don't hit me..."

Rita stretched out her hand at me and begged desperately, "Charles, please help me..."

When the women saw this, they stopped and turned around.

Their gazes met my face, and their ferocious expressions faded slightly.

"C-Charles!" Rita called my name again, desperate to get my attention. Then, unable to hold in her pain any longer, she fainted dead on the spot.

"Mr. Moore, this woman must be pretending!"

"Yes, she was very strong just now! She even scratched my hand!"

The women hurried to explain to me, one after another.

Scarlett's POV:

When I walked out of the private room with Diana, my interviewee, I saw a group of people at the door. Unexpectedly, I saw Charles standing amid the crowd.

He was gifted with a natural charisma, as his presence alone eclipsed everything around him.

I was happy to see him, but then I noticed the severe expression on his grim face. Following his line of sight, I saw Rita lying unconscious on the ground. To my shock, her face was covered with blood and tears.

"Spencer, call an ambulance."

So saying, Charles turned around and looked at me. He had noticed I was there too.

I grabbed Diana's arm and whispered, "There are too many people here. Let's go back to the private room and wait for a while longer."

But as soon as I sat down there, the door of the private room was pushed open.

[Chapter 238 Not My Type At All](#)

Charles's POV:

I pushed the door to the private room open and walked inside. "Scarlett, why are you here?"

Unexpectedly, Scarlett cast a cold glare at me and snapped, "Why do you ask? Did I interrupt you and Rita while you two were talking about the good old days?"

Why was she acting like this?

"If you don't have anything else to say, please leave. I have to talk with Diana about work."

I didn't question her any further and left the private room as told.

Scarlett ended up not contacting me at all the entire day.

Except for some messages about work, my phone remained deathly quiet, as if it was broken. I couldn't hold myself back anymore and was about to call Scarlett, when a news notification popped on my phone and caught my attention.

It was gossip news, the tabloid.

The author of the article described how I stood by and did nothing when my first love, Miss Rita Lively, had been beaten, weaving the whole narrative in a dramatic and exaggerated tone. Despite her being so near to me at the time of the incident, I didn't raise a hand to help her at all.

All of this, the article emphasized, was because I feared my wife.

The author also spent a lot of effort making up how evil and horrific Scarlett was. The article made it seem like Scarlett controlled every aspect of my life, from what I eat to what I wear, and how I should carry myself. She was also said to be the one who forbade me from helping Rita.

As I went through every word, fury surged in me. I was so angry that I laughed. There was not a single speck of truth in this so-called news article.

More importantly, what would Scarlett think when she saw this? She was already furious with me.

Would she be even angrier?

The thought depressed me to no end. I had nowhere to vent my misery, but then, David rang and invited me for a game of tennis.

At the tennis court, I directed all my wrath on the innocent tennis racket, swinging and hitting the ball with all of my might.

For the first few rounds, David was able to deal with me. Very soon, he was unable to defend against my hits. He stopped, and began protesting angrily.

"Charles, did I offend you in some way or other?"

I weighed the tennis racket, not caring about his outburst. "You're just awful at tennis."

"I should've asked the guy who pissed you off to play with you instead." David shook his head helplessly, exasperated.

He fought against me for another half an hour before finally succumbing and losing the battle. By now, he was out of breath.

"I can't take it anymore. Charles, I want a break!"

"No. You're getting weaker recently." I was sweating all over, but I still felt that I hadn't had enough.

David immediately surrendered, not in the mood to play. He called several professional tennis coaches to play with me before leaving the court, exhausted and dejected.

"Come on!" I wiped my sweat, and confronted my new opponents.

Spencer's POV:

Charles's frenzied outburst scared David away.

Fortunately, I didn't play with Charles today, so I wasn't delegated as the cannon fodder. Otherwise, I would've ended up much worse than David.

Just as I was mourning for David's miserable fate, Vivian called me.

"Remember, you have a blind date at seven o'clock tonight. This time, I found a girl that suits your tastes perfectly."

Again?! This was insane!

"Vivian... How many more are there? Why don't you just let them come together?" I snapped crossly, my temples aching in annoyance.

"Well, there are lots more. Spencer, the amount of women your mother found you could form an army. If they come together, I'm afraid you won't be able to handle it," Vivian drawled in a gloating tone. She was taking delight in my misery.

At this moment, I genuinely wondered if she had any feelings for me at all. She was acting like a complete outsider.

"Fine, I got it. I'll be there on time," I answered simply. There was no point in extending our conversation.

"What kind of girl is it this time?" David asked. It seemed he had been eavesdropping on me for a while.

I sighed dejectedly, "I don't know. Vivian said the girl suits my tastes."

"I thought you like girls like Vivian?" David's words were like a knife that stabbed deep inside me.

Yes, I liked her. I liked her, yet she found me blind dates instead!

Damn it! How much did this woman love money? So much so that she would actually betray me for money?

Later that evening...

I arrived at Mint Bar for my blind date, as promised.

The lighting tonight in the bar was especially soft. The colors from the lights shone on the various wine glasses arranged on the tables.

The singer performing that night chose a classic song. Its slow, soothing melody filled the air. The atmosphere was perfect.

"I arranged for all this. Are you satisfied?"

Vivian's voice suddenly came from behind me.

I turned around to look at her. She was dressed in a short, lovely apricot yellow dress, her long hair cascading down her shoulders. Her skin look tender and fair, more than usual. She looked completely different from how she usually wear when she was working.

So much, that I thought she was here to date me in person.

But my hopes were crushed when she said, "Rose is already here. Enjoy your date."

Just like that, I was thrown from heaven to hell in an instant.

I ignored her and turned away, and walked to the reserved table. Miss Rose, my date for the night, was already sitting there. I greeted her politely.

"Hello, Spencer," Rose said softly, her voice gentle.

To be honest, she was a beautiful woman. She had a faint bookish but elegant aura. Some way or other, she didn't seem to fit the mood in the bar.

But... she wasn't my type at all.

Why was Vivian so sure that I'm into girls like Rose?

Or was Vivian simply doing as my mother had instructed her?

A hint of joy suddenly spread within my heart. Vivian's unprofessional behavior tonight was unusual. I tried to search some clues from her arrangements, to see if she actually liked me.

The wine that night didn't taste good at all. I even suspected that there was something amiss with the bartender. During the entire date, I didn't listen to a word Rose had said. My eyes wandered aimlessly around the bar, searching for Vivian.

Finally, the date came to an end. Not long after Rose left, I received a call from my mother.

My mother's voice was full of joy. She said that Rose was satisfied with me, and wanted to see me more often.

I was speechless. I couldn't fathom why Rose was interested in an absentminded man that didn't entertain her the slightest during the date.

Before I could figure out the reason, Vivian finally appeared in my line of sight. I approached her, but soon discovered a tall and handsome man sitting next to her.

"Who's that man sitting next to Vivian?" I asked a waiter, trying to sound casual.

"Harris. He's come here with Miss Vivian several times," the waiter replied calmly, having recognized the man at a glance.

I fixed my gaze on Harris, my brows furrowed. Harris then took out a black card from his pocket and

handed it to Vivian.

At this moment, Vivian turned around and locked eyes with me. She flashed me a fake smile, and then took the black card from Harris.

I wasn't that stupid.

I had been deceived once, but I wouldn't be deceived a second time.

Perhaps Vivian was being too enthusiastic all of a sudden, Harris also turned around and noticed me.

The moment our gazes crossed, thunder and fire collided with horrific intensity. It was an aggressive glare, unique to men when they fought over a woman.

The horn for a war was sounded, and my heart was filled with alarm.

Even if Vivian was just acting, she was so smart and wonderful that it was inevitable the actor would genuinely want to be with her.

The two of them continued acting in front of me for a long time, as if on purpose. My eyes stung as I looked on.

I let out a long sigh before walking forward, only to realize that the black card, an important prop for their act tonight, was left on the table.

Great! They screwed up!

I'd like to see how Vivian would wriggle her way out of this.

I picked up the black card, feeling contented, and marched straight to the room Vivian was in.

[Chapter 239 Cold-blooded Or No](#)

Spencer's POV:

I walked swiftly into Vivian's private room, eager. Inside, I proudly raised the black card in front of Vivian, as if I had found something of incredible importance.

"How could you forget such an important thing?"

Vivian stared at the black card, her face turning red steadily.

She immediately reached out to grab the card from me, but I deliberately raised it high up, away from her reach. Vivian jumped several times, swiping her hands for the card, but the difference in our height rendered her efforts vain.

"What's going on? Do you want to destroy the evidence?" I lowered my head and shot a challenging stare at Vivian, my face incomparably smug.

At this moment, Vivian jumped up once more and grabbed my hand.

The distance between us was immediately shortened, and the tip of my nose almost touched hers. Vivian's long, curly eyelashes fluttered gently in front of me, like a butterfly flapping its wings. The sight made my heart itch with longing.

"Do you want it that much? Then I'll give it to you." Vivian let go of my hand and took two steps back, suddenly looking embarrassed. "Spencer, can you please leave now? I'm still working."

I responded by throwing the card into the trash can right in front of her eyes. Then, ignoring everything, I sat down and remain unmoved.

"You seem to have forgotten something, Vivian. I'm your boss. I have the right to supervise my employee's work."

My words were too powerful for her to retort.

Vivian was rendered speechless, too angry to speak.

"Wow, you're such a responsible boss." She bit her lips and rolled her eyes, and tried her best to pretend I wasn't there.

Never had I imagined that it would be this entertaining to make fun of her. It was so fun, I almost burst into laughter.

The entire time, I just sat there and watched Vivian work quietly.

She deliberately turned to the computer on the desk, which covered her frame and shielded her from my eyes, as if she didn't want me to see her at all.

Unfortunately, as her concentration grew, she gradually relaxed her vigilance. I watched silently, appreciating the concentration she put in for her work.

When Vivian didn't smile, she looked elegant, like a lone white swan that stood out proudly from her peers. Yet, for some reason, she had a melancholy look to her.

I wished I could turn into the files in her computer, so that she would concentrate on me the same way she concentrated on her work.

About half an hour later, Vivian finally rose from her seat, about to get some water. Standing up, she

noticed that I was still sitting on the sofa.

"Dear boss, don't you feel this is enough? Have you realized that I work hard and your money isn't wasted on me?"

Though she spoke casually, there was a trace of anger in her voice.

"I'll pay you more money if I can keep watching." But then I raised my hands in surrender, and hurried out of the private room as fast as my legs could carry me.

If I continued to stay here, I'd really piss her off! I didn't want that.

The air in Mint Bar was very hot during the middle of the night, as usual.

Wanting to get a glass of wine to quench my thirst, I went to the bar counter. When I arrived there, a particularly eye-catching woman on the dance floor caught my attention.

She had a perfect figure and danced with incredible grace, becoming one with the music. Her steps were akin to dancing keys, giving the dynamic rhythm a soft bounce, but without any sense of frivolity.

She was no doubt the most beautiful woman in the bar tonight.

The men around her knew how to appreciate beauty, just like me, and stared fawningly at her. They stayed for a long time, refusing to leave, their eyes never straying away from the beautiful dancing woman. From time to time, they would approach her and flirt with her.

As the light fell on the woman, her face was revealed to me. Immediately, I grew livid.

The woman was none other than Vivian!

What was wrong with this woman? Why was she so cold only to me? Why was she dancing with so many men passionately?

Even though she might be acting, I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Is she insane...?" I slammed my wine glass on the table, seething. The bartender at the bar counter was taken aback by my sudden outburst of anger. He agreed with my sentiment and said, "Vivian's a little crazy in the first place. No one can read her mind."

I didn't even drink my wine and returned swiftly to my private room. I wanted to check my phone and find something to relieve my boredom.

To my surprise, the topic of the news was a gossip claiming that Charles Moore was afraid of his wife, so much that he didn't help his first love, Rita.

The comments below all condemned Charles's coldness, and started making stories on how tough Scarlett could be to tame Charles in such a way.

Reading the comments, a myriad of thoughts raced through my mind.

True, Charles was indeed cold-hearted. He only showed tender affection to Scarlett. Once he confirmed his feelings, he would show no mercy to those he didn't love and gave them the cold shoulder.

Rita's biggest regret was probably the fact she lied to Charles about having cancer, so that he would be with her.

All of a sudden, my curiosity reared its head. I wondered if Charles would feel regret if Rita really died because no one helped her.

Charles's POV:

Night fell, plunging Moore mansion into pin-drop silence. When I walked out of the bathroom after my shower, Scarlett had already coaxed James to sleep.

"Let him sleep by himself. Men should learn to grow up." I picked James up from the bed.

"James is just a child." Scarlett pouted and protested defiantly, "I haven't seen enough of him as a baby."

This was, of course, a very lame excuse.

Still, I couldn't stand seeing Scarlett's energy getting sapped by her heavy work and our child. At least, for tonight, I wouldn't allow anyone to compete with me for her.

Despite her protests, I brought James back to the nursery.

When I returned to our bedroom, Scarlett was already lying in bed, deliberately showing her back to me. The wide quilt was covering her petite body.

Nonetheless, I lay beside her and hugged her from behind.

Although Scarlett's eyes were closed, she was obviously holding her breath when I closed in on her. She was pretending to be asleep again, so that she could avoid talking to me.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were going to Mint Bar today?" My fingertips gently traced her collarbone, and my breath brushed past her earlobe.

Scarlett took a deep breath, seemingly giving up struggling.

"I went there for work. There was no need to report my schedule to you, was there?" Though her body was soft and warm to the touch, her voice was cold. There was even a hint of anger in it.

Was she still furious at me?

Just then, my phone on the bedside table suddenly buzzed. I picked it up, and realized that it was a message from Spencer.

He was actually asking me if I would feel any regret should Rita die today.

My reply was simple. "No."

Scarlett's curious face was lit up by the light from my phone screen. Unable to reel in her curiosity, she turned to me. Without hesitation, I showed her the phone.

"It's Spencer. He asked me a boring question."

Scarlett glanced at the message, and frowned.

"Scarlett, do you think I'm cold-blooded?" I reached out my hand to smooth the frown on her lips.

"No, I don't. I never will. Kindness should only be used on someone worthy," she replied simply.

"Do you know the way they're describing you on the Internet now?" I searched for the comments under the gossip news and displayed them for Scarlett to see. "They're all saying that you're a terrible woman, a wicked witch who manipulated my mind."

Scarlett read a few comments and giggled. She was so amused, she almost burst into tears of laughter.

"Is it that funny?" I took my phone back. I didn't expect showing her the news to be so effective.

Scarlett wiped the corner of her eyes. Unexpectedly, she actually took the initiative to press herself against me.

A few strands of her dark hair fell on my face. Her full cleavage reminded me of her soft breasts, hidden under the thin nightgown. They were close to popping out of her dress...

"Watch out! The wicked witch is coming for you!" Scarlett made several threatening gestures at me, and pretended to be fierce.

She opened her mouth and flashed her pearly-white teeth at me mischievously, intending to bite my

neck.

The moment she reached me, her feigned viciousness turned into an affectionate kiss. She even used the tip of her tongue to lick my chin.

"Are you scared?" She looked up at me, so cute and charming.

"Are you hungry? Do you want to eat me up?" I pinched her chin gently, and rubbed her wet lips with my finger. "Why, I've never seen such an anxious witch."

Her soft tongue tip swept over my finger, and she licked it slyly. "You know, Charles, I think you have gotten worse in bed. If it were in the past, you would've..."

But before Scarlett could finish her words, I drowned her with my deep kiss.

It would be a long night. I had plenty of time to correct her cute misunderstanding of me.

[Chapter 240 Vivian's Distress Signal](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles pressed me under him, and took off his top in a hurry. He stared at me, his eyes bright and clear. I looked away in panic, but I couldn't avoid his perfect jaw line and well-built figure. Oh my god! My chest was burning, and my entire body felt hot.

"I have to show you how great I actually am in bed today." Charles's hoarse voice rang in my ears, making me tremble all over.

"Charles, I'm sorry. Please, put on your clothes..." I tried my best to shrink away, regretting my words. In the first place, I shouldn't have provoked this man, whom I knew had a strong desire to win.

"No." Charles lowered his head and kissed me on the lips. At the same time, he hugged me tightly in his arms.

He quickly got the initiative in kiss, hooking my tongue and sucking it into his mouth, as if he was trying to take control of my everything. His hands didn't stop, either. He slid one into my nightgown and began to caress my breasts, with the other hand carefully protecting my head. I couldn't help but indulge myself in his foreplay. His movements were so wonderful, my eyes blurred and my body went limp and numb. I had no strength left in me, unable to resist anymore.

His overwhelming male hormones surged over me, lingering everywhere on my body. After a moment of indulgence, Charles quickly took off my nightgown and unhooked bra, and then my panties. He was enthusiastic and passionate. My body softened, and I could not resist his advances. His warm tongue made me limp and numb, and finally, I gave up all forms of resistance. I followed my heart and let my instincts guide me. Soon, I groaned with pleasure and panted breathlessly.

"I have to satisfy my wife today." Charles pressed me against his chest, rubbed his erection against my wet privates, looking at me affectionately all the while. He then went straight in, opened the private place that I had closed for a long time, and thrust into me enthusiastically.

"Hmm..." I let out a happy moan. His hotness slid in me, and all the nerves and cells in my body felt like they were burning. I was in pleasure, but my body was numb and I couldn't move. I stretched out my hands and wrapped them around Charles' neck, moaning happily under him.

After the sweet love-making, I closed my eyes and snuggled up in his arms. For some reason, I wanted to cry. I never wanted to shed tears, but he could always "bully" me into crying.

It seemed I had become addicted to Charles again.

The next morning, after breakfast, I took James out to bask in the sun. Janet and Tracy walked beside me, as per usual.

As soon as we exited the mansion, James began to swing his little fists excitedly, wriggling hard in my arms. He was so cute!

"Let's take a walk at the park." Seeing that James was in high spirits, I proposed to go to the park across the road. That park had many more entertainment facilities and plants.

"Yes, Mrs. Moore."

Just as I just crossed the road... I heard someone a familiar voice calling me from behind. "Scarlett!"

I turned around, and saw that it was Vivian.

"Hi, Vivian. What a coincidence!"

She was in a car while she waved at me. Then, she got out and walked towards me.

"So, is this your son? He looks just like Charles." Vivian looked at James in surprise, and stroked his round and adorable head.

"So cute!"

"Yes, his name is James."

I looked to the car she had been in. The driver inside turned his head away at once, which was odd.

What on earth was he hiding from?

"Where's Spencer? Didn't he come with you?"

"Nah."

I turned my attention back to Vivian, who was playing happily with James. I wanted to see if there was anything strange in her expression, but I found nothing.

Then, she suddenly looked up at me, a bright smile on her face. "I'll treat you and Charles to dinner at Mint Bar tonight. See you there."

Before I could say anything in reply, she lowered her head and looked at James in my arms. Then she said hurriedly in a low voice, as if she didn't want to be heard, "If you don't see me at Mint Bar by then, tell Spencer to look for me at the Johnson residence."

Wait, the Johnson residence...?

I wasn't sure why Vivian said so, but I still replied loudly, "Okay, see you tonight."

"Right. See you tonight, Scarlett." Vivian pinched James's face again before returning to the car.

When the car left, I turned to Tracy and Janet, and asked, "Did you see the driver in that car?"

"Yes. He looks like a hitman. I've memorized the license plate number. I'll investigate it later," Tracy said firmly.

"If he's really a hitman, then Richard may know something about him." Janet's eyes brightened.

"Go ask him immediately."

"Yes, Mrs. Moore."

I walked to a few pots of flowers, with James in my arms. I picked up a leaf and put it on his small palm. James seemed liked it very much. He immediately cooed joyfully, and bubbles began to form in his mouth.

"Richard said that the driver might be Justin. He's been working for the Johnsons," Tracy replied after she finished looking up the information.

"But I can't find any information about this person on the Internet. It's as if everything's deleted on purpose."

Janet's words aroused my suspicion. "Let's send James back first. After that, you'll follow me to Mint Bar

to look for Spencer."

Mint Bar.

When I found Spencer, he looked a little listless.

"Scarlett? Why are you here so early?"

I didn't intend to beat around the bush, and told Janet to inform him of my encounter with Vivian earlier this morning.

"Are you sure Vivian's referring to the notorious Johnson family?" Spencer furrowed his brows as he listened the story. He couldn't believe his ears.

"Vivian said that if she didn't show up at Mint Bar at eight o'clock tonight, you need to go to the Johnson residence and save her right away. I think it's a distress signal from her," I said to Spencer, my tone grim.

At this, Spencer took out his phone in a hurry.

"Charles, I need to borrow Richard from you. Vivian might be in trouble. By the way, come to Mint Bar when you finish your work. Your wife's also here."

After Spencer hung up, I rolled my eyes at him. "If I had known it earlier, I would've gone straight to Charles."

"Of course. In terms of tactics, no one could beat your husband!"

"Are you still joking around?" Spencer was as nervous as an ant on a hot brick, but still pretended to be calm. It was quite amusing.

"I-I'm not worried about her!" The stubborn expression on his face was ridiculous. Anyone with a discerning eye could see that he cared about Vivian very much. Perhaps he was the only one who didn't know that.

We waited at Mint Bar for about an hour. Just then, Charles and Richard rushed over.

Richard said quickly, "I've sent someone to investigate that man Tracy enquired."

"So, what happened? Tell me!" Spencer rushed towards Richard, his agitation obvious.

"Justin did take Vivian to the Johnson residence."