

Warning 241

[Chapter 241 The Hero Saved The Beauty](#)

Spencer's POV:

"Are you certain?" I asked, looking at Richard with confusion.

He nodded in response. "It's all true."

Upon hearing his answer, I creased my eyebrows and felt a splitting headache. "I don't get it, man. Why did Justin take Vivian to the Johnson residence?"

Charles turned his attention towards me. "Spencer, I think Vivian looks like someone we know."

I was perplexed as to why he brought that up all of a sudden. "And who could that be?" I asked.

"The hostess of the Johnson family, Emily Johnson," he answered.

"Wait a second. You mean Ethan's stepmother, Emily Johnson?"

Charles patted me on the shoulder. "I seem to recall that Emily had a daughter with her ex-husband before she married into the Johnson family."

I understood what he meant, and I looked at him with a wide-eyed gaze. "Are you saying that Vivian might be Emily's daughter?"

Vivian had never told me about her true identity before. And I never once thought that she'd have anything to do with the Johnson family.

That family's business was currently in big trouble. And it worried me that it might affect Vivian, too.

"Scarlett, when did Vivian get picked up?" Charles' voice jolted me back to reality.

After a brief silence, Scarlett answered, "Around nine in the morning, I think."

With a straight face, Charles shot me a glance. "Spencer, we need to hurry. The longer we wait, the more likely it is that Vivian will be in danger."

I turned to the door, but I couldn't bring myself to move towards it, for I was feeling conflicted. "Vivian was willing to get in the car, right? Maybe she did it for the money. If I go there, I might end up spoiling her plan," I said.

All of a sudden, I felt someone hit me on the back heavily.

When I turned to look at who did it, I saw that it was Scarlett.

She was glaring at me and her nostrils were practically flaring. "You idiot!" she shouted. "If Vivian went into the car willingly, would she have asked me for help? And if you keep on hesitating like that, you're gonna regret it for the rest of your miserable life!"

Before I could respond, I saw that Scarlett was intending to hit me again.

Fortunately, Charles came to stop her. In a soft voice, he said, "Hey, Scarlett, be careful not to hurt your hand."

I was staring at them in a daze, but in my mind, images of Vivian's face kept flashing. 'If something happens to her, I can never forgive myself.'

I didn't dare to think of what might happen to her, and decided to run out of the place at once.

Soon, I arrived at the Johnson family's mansion along with numerous bodyguards.

"What are you people doing here? Go away!" The guard was vigilantly looking at us through the iron gate.

With a stern face, I issued the command. My men carried out my order and rushed forward. They easily scaled the gate and subdued the guard.

And while the guard was screaming, my men managed to open the gate.

Once we were on the other side of the gate, I entered the house and rushed into the living room. Meanwhile, my men scattered throughout the premises of the Johnson residence to look for Vivian. The servants of the Johnson household screamed and ran away in fear of us.

Moments later, I found Vivian's phone on the stairway.

Quickly, I went up the stairs. Upstairs, I heard a familiar and faint voice coming from behind a half-closed room. "Help me," the voice groaned.

My heart skipped a beat as I kicked the door open.

The loud noise startled the person on the bed, causing him to bolt upright, followed by his angry voice. "Do you want to die? How dare you disturb me?" It was Ethan, the eldest son of the Johnson family.

I shot the man a cold glance. His upper body was naked, and his trousers were already half-open. The exposed underwear beneath the pants were bulging up, and it made me feel sick to see it.

Most importantly, the woman half-naked on the bed and visibly in pain was Vivian.

She was lying weakly on the bed, with tears in her barely opened eyes. "Spencer... help me," she muttered.

All the remaining rationality I had disappeared without a trace. I roared at the top of my lungs, charged forward, and kicked Ethan's chest with all my might.

"Argh!" Ethan bellowed as he flung towards the wall and then fell to the floor. Upon impact, he wheezed and whined like a wounded dog.

Showing no mercy, I mounted him and began pounding on his ugly face. "Ethan, you piece of shit! Go to hell!"

"Fuck!" Ethan cursed. He had barely gotten the curse out of his mouth when I pummeled him with my fists, and the words turned into muffled screaming.

With reckless abandon, I vented all my anger on Ethan by beating the crap out of him. And with every hit, my rage only became more intense.

I didn't stop until I realized that Ethan had lost consciousness.

It was then that I went to Vivian's side.

"Vivian, I'm so sorry. Forgive me... I should've come earlier..." My body trembled as I stood at the bedside, having no courage to even look her in the eye.

"I'm so glad that you're here." The sound of Vivian's voice was choked by her sobbing.

My heart felt so painful that I could hardly keep myself standing.

I did my best to stifle my emotions, wrapped Vivian in a blanket, and carefully lifted her up.

"I'm taking you out of here this instant." Then, I planted a kiss on her cheek, accidentally kissing some of her tears. They tasted bitter on my tongue.

Vivian didn't respond, and her head drooped as she lost consciousness.

Startled, I gently placed her down to examine her breathing. Once I was certain that she just fainted, I breathed a sigh of relief. However, my heart was still racing.

When I walked out of the room with Vivian in my arms, I saw a beautiful woman heading towards me. Her face looked so much like Vivian's.

As her eyes met mine, anger appeared on her face and she began marching towards me, seemingly

ready for a confrontation. "Who the hell are you? And how dare you break into the Johnson family's household? Put Vivian down!"

My face turned grim, and my voice became cold. "Vivian is my woman. Who do you think you are to question me like that?"

"I am her mother!" she countered.

"Prove it," I sneered.

While Emily was stunned, I walked past her. "How could a mother hurt her own daughter? You're probably lying!"

"Stop!" Emily shouted from behind me.

I turned a deaf ear to her and just kept on walking downstairs. But as soon as I got to the door, I found that all my men had been subdued by the guards of the Johnson household.

"Let go of Vivian! Otherwise, none of you will be able to leave here alive!" Emily's voice was drawing closer and closer, and it was even more arrogant than before.

As soon as I turned around, she was taken aback by my daunting expression. "You there! Come over here and protect me," she commanded.

However, the only response she got were screams of horror.

Following the harrowing sound, I turned around and saw that Richard had stormed the place with a group of men. They had incapacitated all of the guards there.

After straightening his collar, Richard said, "Mr. Moore was worried that you might not be able to handle things over here yourself, so he asked me to bring some men over to help out."

"Thanks," I said, giving him a nod. I ignored Emily despite her incessant screaming and left the Johnson mansion, still carrying Vivian in my arms.

Soon, the car arrived at the bar. I took Vivian back to the room, gently placing her on the bed. The blanket accidentally slipped down, revealing her delicate collarbone.

I asked one of the waitresses to help Vivian change her clothes, and then I went out to call Charles.

"So, what happened, man?" he asked.

"I've brought Vivian back to the bar. Thanks for the help, Charles," I answered. I really meant that. If Richard had brought his people to help me, they would've subdued me already, and kept me and

Vivian in the house.

"No problem, man. Scarlett is the one you should thank. She was worried you might not be able to handle it on your own. After all, the Johnson family probably has a lot of men on their payroll."

"Scarlett is so considerate. Please thank her for me."

Charles scoffed and said, "My wife should be considerate towards me, and me alone." "It's because you're too pathetic that Scarlett has to worry about you."

Upon hearing his remark, I furrowed my brows. "Charles, can you stop being so jealous, dude?"

Before I could even finish my sentence, the call was already over.

When I heard he hang up, I let out an exasperated sigh. "Ever since he made up with Scarlett, he's become more narrow-minded than ever. He even got jealous that I wanted to thank Scarlett, jeez!"

Soon, the door opened and the waitress came out quietly. "Sir, I've finished changing her clothes," she said.

"Thanks. I'll give you a bonus this month."

After that, the waitress thanked me with glee in her eyes, and left at once.

I stared at the door, hesitating to go in. I even had to deceive myself by making up an excuse to go in. Once I had gathered enough courage, I opened the door and entered. "I have to check if the waitress actually put on her clothes probably," I told myself.

[Chapter 242 We Wouldn't Have Another Baby In Three Years](#)

Charles's POV:

After hanging up on Spencer, I put my phone away and went back to the living room. There, Scarlett was in the midst of playing chess with my grandmother.

I sat next to Scarlett, held her waist, and then whispered in her ear, "Spencer and Vivian are fine."

My affirmation made Scarlett relax. She leaned against my chest and heaved a sigh of relief, happy for the two. "That's good. I was so restless just now!"

"Everything's fine now." I kissed her on the cheek. Looking up, I saw my grandmother and mother's mischievous gazes on Scarlett and me. I ignored them and asked calmly, "So, you're playing chess?"

Scarlett immediately shoved me away, disgruntled. "Grandma said she wants to play chess with me."

"Are you two betting on anything?"

Grandma rolled her eyes exasperatedly at me and said, "What's with that look? Are you afraid that I'll eat your wife alive just by playing chess?"

Her words confused me, and I automatically touched my face. I didn't think there was anything wrong with my current expression.

"If I lose, I'll promise Scarlett one thing." Grandma slammed down a chess piece with great strength, the sound deafening. "But if Scarlett loses, she has to give me a granddaughter!"

I frowned instantly, and glanced at Scarlett. "Did you agree to that?"

Scarlett clenched the chess piece in her hand and pursed her lips, but said nothing.

"Oh, Charles. Why are you so angry? Even if Scarlett does agree, your Grandma might not win." My mother's gentle voice coaxed me, trying to smooth down my rising anger. It was enough proof that Scarlett had indeed agreed to my grandmother's bet.

I fixed a stern glare at my grandmother and mother, my lips a thin line. "We don't want another child. At least not in three years."

At this, Grandma pounded the table with great displeasure. Her face was scrunched in horrible discontent, and she glared at me crossly. "What nonsense are you blabbering, Charles?!"

My mother hurriedly went to my grandmother's side and comforted the old woman. Then she shook her head disapprovingly at me and muttered in a low voice, 'Stop it.'

"Charles..." Scarlett took my hand and squeezed it, trying to calm me down.

I held her hands tightly, but my attitude did not soften. I was unwilling to yield, no matter what. "I won't interfere with your bet, Grandma. But even if Scarlett loses, we won't have a child anytime soon. That's final."

Grandma was so angry, her eyebrows rose and disappeared behind her hairline. She pointed at me with trembling fingers for a long time, speechless with fury. Suddenly, the anger on her face morphed into a look of pain. "Oh! I feel so dizzy..."

"Is it the hypertension? Where's the medicine?!" My mother got so anxious that she immediately stood up. She held my grandmother's hands steadily as her eyes swept around nervously.

Scarlett quickly rose from her seat and went to find the medicine. The initially peaceful living room had instantly fallen into chaos.

I held Grondmo's hond, concerned for her health, but she shook me off ongrily. The poin on her face intensified, and she looked like she was in ogony.

Seeing this, I didn't dore to opprooch her ogoin. I wotched silently os she took her medicine, and then asked o servont to toke her to bed so she could rest.

Groduolly, Grondmo's condition stobilized. My mother sighed in relief. Then she pushed me out of the room, shooin me owoy. "Hurry up and get out first. Don't upset your Grondmo ogoin."

Left with no choice, I wolked out and took Scorlett bock to our bedroom.

I closed the door. Once inside, Scorlett roined down o borroge of heovy criticisms on me. "Grondmo's old and hos high blood pressure! Even if you object to whotever she soys, you can't just controdickt her openly and make her ongrly!"

I was scolded repeatedly, and I bore her horsh words silently. With o long face, I took Scorlett in my orms and held her. My voice was soft os I soid sulkily, "They're oll my fomily, so I don't wont to lie to them. Is it wrong to tell them the truth?"

Scorlett's tense body softened in my orms, and her horsh voice grew gentler. "It's okoy to be honest, but you should've been more toctful."

"But I've olwoys been straightforword."

"Chorles!" Scorlett pushed me owoy and moved bock. Her onger returned, and she glored ot me.

She looked so cute whenever she octed this woy.

I couldn't stop myself from pinching her chin, and I bent over to get close to her.

"I'm on my period now," Scorlett declored confidently, feorless.

My eyes narrowed slightly os I looked ot her with o wicked store.

Not to be outdone, she stored bock ot me with bold eyes. "Don't even think about it!"

I kissed her hord and held the bock of her heod with one hond, cutting off her unfinished words.

My blood boiled and surged oll over my body os our lips locked tightly. I picked up the struggling Scorlett, and threw her to the bed. I pressed her body, sucking her wet, hot lips and tongue. I explored deeply and greedily, eoger for her breath.

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Scarlett quickly rose from her seat and went to find the medicine. The initially peaceful living room had instantly fallen into chaos.

I held Grandma's hand, concerned for her health, but she shook me off angrily. The pain on her face intensified, and she looked like she was in agony.

Seeing this, I didn't dare to approach her again. I watched silently as she took her medicine, and then asked a servant to take her to bed so she could rest.

Gradually, Grandma's condition stabilized. My mother sighed in relief. Then she pushed me out of the room, shooing me away. "Hurry up and get out first. Don't upset your Grandma again."

Left with no choice, I walked out and took Scarlett back to our bedroom.

I closed the door. Once inside, Scarlett rained down a barrage of heavy criticisms on me. "Grandma's old and has high blood pressure! Even if you object to whatever she says, you can't just contradict her openly and make her angry!"

I was scolded repeatedly, and I bore her harsh words silently. With a long face, I took Scarlett in my arms and held her. My voice was soft as I said sulkily, "They're all my family, so I don't want to lie to them. Is it wrong to tell them the truth?"

Scarlett's tense body softened in my arms, and her harsh voice grew gentler. "It's okay to be honest, but you should've been more tactful."

"But I've always been straightforward."

"Charles!" Scarlett pushed me away and moved back. Her anger returned, and she glared at me.

She looked so cute whenever she acted this way.

I couldn't stop myself from pinching her chin, and I bent over to get close to her.

"I'm on my period now," Scarlett declared confidently, fearless.

My eyes narrowed slightly as I looked at her with a wicked stare.

Not to be outdone, she stared back at me with bold eyes. "Don't even think about it!"

I kissed her hard and held the back of her head with one hand, cutting off her unfinished words.

My blood boiled and surged all over my body as our lips locked tightly. I picked up the struggling Scarlett, and threw her to the bed. I pressed her body, sucking her wet, hot lips and tongue. I explored deeply and greedily, eager for her breath.

Scarlett's slim body clung to me. I could feel her tremble slightly. I caressed her slender waist and breasts through her clothes, eager.

Scarlett's low groan soon reached my ears. She gasped and swallowed, her chest heaving violently.

I ended the kiss reluctantly, and put my forehead against hers. With a deep voice, I threatened, "Get ready. When your period is over, I'll get it all back."

Scarlett grinned back defiantly. "Let's talk about that later. Anyway, you have to endure it now!"

"Bed girl." I bit her neck, and then hugged her tightly.

Scarlett whispered in annoyance, "You're holding me too tightly! Let go."

"No." I let out a long sigh, disappointed.

Scarlett chuckled, and said, "Charles, look at me."

"What's wrong?" Confused, I propped up and looked at her.

Her pretty long hair was wrapped around my fingertips, and her eyes looked particularly charming.

She raised her hands, and wrapped them around my neck seductively.

"Scarlett, don't tempt me like that." I warned her seriously, my eyes burning with lust.

Scarlett flashed me a coquettish smile. She pulled my neck closer to her, and then gave me a kiss. She licked and bit my lips gently, and our tongues intertwined.

Soon, she retreated. However, I didn't give her a chance to end the kiss. I hugged her and pressed on her hard, deepening the kiss. She screamed in protest, but I ignored it.

I didn't let go of Scarlett until she was finally out of breath. I gritted my teeth and pretended to threaten her, "Do you want to tempt me again?"

"No, I don't!" Scarlett turned her face away awkwardly as she pushed me away, and leaned against the bed. "I'm going to take a shower."

I pulled Scarlett into my arms, gave her buttocks a brief squeeze, and then jumped out of bed.

"Charles!" Scarlett blushed, embarrassed, but her legs remained tightly wrapped around my waist.

"I'll take you to the bathroom."

Seeing Scarlett's relieved face, I added slowly, "How about we take a shower together?"

Scarlett snorted and retorted loudly, "No!"

"Fine..." I replied curtly, but I grabbed her nonetheless and took her to the bathroom, closing the door in our wake.

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[Chapter 243 Good Night, Hubby](#)

Spencer's POV:

I sat on the edge of the bed and held Vivian's hand. I could not help but admire her quiet sleeping face. She looked so beautiful.

But when I touched her, she frowned slightly and tightened her grip on my hand. It appeared that her sleep was not as deep as it seemed.

"Vivian," I called her name worriedly.

Her eyes fluttered open when she heard my voice. She looked at me with sleepy eyes. But then, she turned over and continued to sleep.

I could not help but sigh. When it came to her, I always end up feeling so helpless. "What a careless girl you are!"

Vivian suddenly sat up. My words seemed to have startled her. Her gaze then fell on our intertwined hands, and panic flashed across her eyes. Slowly, her eyes trailed from our hands to my face.

For a moment, the air seemed to be frozen.

It was me who first regained composure. I let go of her hand and said comfortingly, "Vivian, you're safe now. You're in my bar."

Vivian withdrew her hand and hugged herself. I must admit, her action brought a pang in my heart.

All of a sudden, her phone rang, breaking the awkward silence between us.

I handed her phone to her and asked, "Do you want to answer the call?"

Vivian just looked at me. Then, without a word, she slowly reached out and took her phone.

She answered the call in a hoarse voice.

While she was on the phone, I draped a coat over her shoulders. Then, I sat next to her and waited for her.

The call ended shortly after. She put her phone down and wrapped herself tightly with the coat.

"Vivian, what happened today?" In the end, I could not stop myself from asking the question that had been bothering me for the longest time.

But instead of answering my question, Vivian lowered her head and asked back, "Why did you do that to Ethan?"

"Because he was hurting you!" I bellowed without thinking. I could not control my emotions when I recalled what Ethan had done to her. "Do you seriously think I wouldn't do anything after seeing him hurt you? What I did to him wasn't enough. How I wish I could beat him to death!"

Vivian seemed to be frightened by my reaction that she looked at me with wide eyes full of panic.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down. "Vivian, why did you get in Justin's car? You knew he'd take you to the Johnsons. Why did you still go with him?"

Vivian averted her gaze and replied perfunctorily, "Thank you for saving me."

I looked at her in confusion as she deliberately avoided my question.

Did she not know that Emily was up to no good?

"Vivian, don't you have anything else to say to me?"

Vivian hugged her knees and answered, "None."

I stared at her in bewilderment. Truth be told, I had a lot of things to say to her. However, they all

turned into a helpless sigh. "Get some rest."

It was apparent that Vivian had no plans of telling me the truth. That could only mean one thing: She did not trust me.

Without waiting for her response, I turned around and left without looking back.

Scarlett's POV:

James only fell asleep at about midnight. And when I returned to my room, Charles was still doing work.

A few moments later, he stood up, pulled me into his arms, and kissed me. "I just finished my work. Let's sleep together."

Alarmed, I immediately reminded him, "Wait! I have—"

"I didn't forget that. I just want to sleep on the same bed as you. That's all," Charles grumbled.

I was happy deep inside. Just as I lay down on the bed, my phone beeped.

I fumbled for my phone and saw that Vivian had messaged me. "Scarlett, can you come to the bar tomorrow night? I have a gift for you," the message read.

"Who is it?" Charles asked in a low and hoarse voice. His warm breath tickled my ear and sent a shiver down my spine.

I thrust the phone in his hand and pushed him away. "See for yourself."

After reading the message, Charles threw my phone aside and wrapped his arms around my waist. "What kind of gift will she give you? Why did you have to go to the bar?"

I spread out my hands. "I have no idea. Vivian is an oncologist, so maybe—"

Charles moved closer to me and whispered in my ear, "Maybe you're conspiring with her to murder your husband." As soon as he said these words, he licked and bit my earlobe.

I could not stand it anymore. I turned my head and covered his mouth. "Behave yourself, and I won't do anything to you."

With my hand on his mouth, Charles looked at me sharply.

I could not help but chuckle. The look on his face was priceless. With a smirk, I slowly stroked his eyes and eyebrows and raised his chin coquettishly. I was seducing him, more like provoking him, for the fun of it. "Be good, Charles."

In o blink of on eye, he grobbed my hond ond wropped his orm around my woist. "I con't help but notice thot you like to provoke me when you hove your period," he soid through gritting teeth.

I chuckled ond soid with o hint of sorcosm. "How did you know thot? You're so smart!"

Chorles olwoys mode me exhousted in bed ond only let me rest when I wos on my period. So during those doys, I would vent my onger on him ond torture him. How could I not seize such on opportunity to moke fun of him?

Suddenly, he let out o snort, ond my hoir stood on end. Uh oh. For some reoson, I could feel thot I wos wrong on something.

"Scarlett, do you honestly think thot I con't do onything to you?" Chorles asked with molice. I struggled to get out of his orms but to no ovoil. His orms were like steel. He did not even budge even when I wos using oll my strength to get owoy from him.

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In a blink of an eye, he grabbed my hand and wrapped his arm around my waist. "I can't help but notice that you like to provoke me when you have your period," he said through gritting teeth.

I chuckled and said with a hint of sarcasm. "How did you know that? You're so smart!"

Charles always made me exhausted in bed and only let me rest when I was on my period. So during those days, I would vent my anger on him and torture him. How could I not seize such an opportunity to make fun of him?

Suddenly, he let out a snort, and my hair stood on end. Uh oh. For some reason, I could feel that I was wrong on something.

"Scarlett, do you honestly think that I can't do anything to you?" Charles asked with malice. I struggled to get out of his arms but to no avail. His arms were like steel. He did not even budge even when I was using all my strength to get away from him.

At this moment, Charles placed his hands on my waist and tickled me.

"AH! NO! LET ME GO! STOP!" I exclaimed at the top of my lungs.

I wriggled like a worm as he tickled me. Ironically, the more I tried to get away from him, the deeper I sank into his arms. There was no escape.

I stopped trying to break free and instead shouted for mercy. "Charles, stop! Please stop!"

But Charles remained unmoved and just continued tickling me.

I leughed end cried, fleiling end twisting like crazy. "Fine! I was just kidding! Hubby! HUBBY!"

When I seid those words, Cherles stopped, end the room quieted down in en instent.

He looked et me incredulously. With his eyebrows furrowed, he gently held my chin up with his thumb end index fingers end stroked my lips. "Whet did you just cell me?"

Only then did I reelize that my body wes hot, elmost es if I wes burning with fever.

Oh my God! How I wish I could hide in e hole right now. How could I sey thet word out loud? I kept my mouth shut end did not respond.

Cherles moved closer to me end put his foreheed egeinst mine. "Scerlett, cell me thet egein."

I could see cleerly the eletion end longing in his eyes.

His eyes were bewitching. When we looked into eech other's eyes, I felt like en electric current wes flowing throughout my body. I felt so week in my knees. And yet, my heert wes beeting wildly in my chest.

But then, I closed my eyes end stubbornly refused him. "No!"

Cherles did not sey enything more end kissed me.

I opened my eyes in surprise. Cherles's eyes were closed, end his curled eyeleshes fluttered slightly. I let myself get immersed in his tenderness. As we kissed, I could feel his tongue force its wey into my mouth. His lust end longing were obvious in his every move, forcing me to succumb to his needs.

The tempereture in the room seemed to rise by e notch es our bodies rubbed egeinst eech other.

A few moments leter, he finelly let go of my lips, though his lips were still touching mine. "Do you went it?"

I glered et him to show my refusel. But, it did not prove much es my legs were intertwined with his.

"No wey." Cherles leughed meniecelly. With e mischievous grin, he bit my lips end edded, "Cell me hubby egein, or else I'll meke you creve for more end leeve you hending."

I wes flebbergested, but I hed no choice but to do es he seid. I rolled my eyes et him end mumbled, "Hubby."

"I'm here." Cherles wes smiling from eer to eer. Obviously, he enjoyed being celled thet.

I drew e deep breeth in ennoyence. "I'm tired," I compleined.

"Go to sleep, honey. Good night." He lay down with me in his arms and kissed me on the cheek. But instead of closing his eyes to sleep, he looked at me expectantly.

I knew very well what he was waiting for me to do. However, I was afraid of his cruel tactics. So, although reluctant, I said what he wanted to hear. "Good night, hubby."

I wriggled like a worm as he tickled me. Ironically, the more I tried to get away from him, the deeper I sank into his arms. There was no escape.

I stopped trying to break free and instead shouted for mercy. "Charles, stop! Please stop!"

But Charles remained unmoved and just continued tickling me.

I laughed and cried, flailing and twisting like crazy. "Fine! I was just kidding! Hubby! HUBBY!"

When I said those words, Charles stopped, and the room quieted down in an instant.

He looked at me incredulously. With his eyebrows furrowed, he gently held my chin up with his thumb and index fingers and stroked my lips. "What did you just call me?"

Only then did I realize that my body was hot, almost as if I was burning with fever.

Oh my God! How I wish I could hide in a hole right now. How could I say that word out loud? I kept my mouth shut and did not respond.

Charles moved closer to me and put his forehead against mine. "Scarlett, call me that again."

I could see clearly the elation and longing in his eyes.

His eyes were bewitching. When we looked into each other's eyes, I felt like an electric current was flowing throughout my body. I felt so weak in my knees. And yet, my heart was beating wildly in my chest.

But then, I closed my eyes and stubbornly refused him. "No!"

Charles did not say anything more and kissed me.

I opened my eyes in surprise. Charles's eyes were closed, and his curled eyelashes fluttered slightly. I let myself get immersed in his tenderness. As we kissed, I could feel his tongue force its way into my mouth. His lust and longing were obvious in his every move, forcing me to succumb to his needs.

The temperature in the room seemed to rise by a notch as our bodies rubbed against each other.

A few moments later, he finally let go of my lips, though his lips were still touching mine. "Do you want it?"

I glared at him to show my refusal. But, it did not prove much as my legs were intertwined with his.

"No way." Charles laughed maniacally. With a mischievous grin, he bit my lips and added, "Call me hubby again, or else I'll make you crave for more and leave you hanging."

I was flabbergasted, but I had no choice but to do as he said. I rolled my eyes at him and mumbled, "Hubby."

"I'm here." Charles was smiling from ear to ear. Obviously, he enjoyed being called that.

I drew a deep breath in annoyance. "I'm tired," I complained.

"Go to sleep, honey. Good night." He lay down with me in his arms and kissed me on the cheek. But instead of closing his eyes to sleep, he looked at me expectantly.

I knew very well what he was waiting for me to do. However, I was afraid of his cruel tactics. So, although reluctant, I said what he wanted to hear. "Good night, hubby."

[Chapter 244 Unprecedented Trouble](#)

Scarlett's POV:

In the morning, I opened my drowsy eyes and reached out my arms to embrace Charles. But then, I realized that he wasn't beside me. The cold touch of the bed sheet jolted me awake.

I still remembered how sweet we were last night. I wondered if it was just a dream.

Still dazed, I went downstairs. There, I saw Christine and Alice sitting at the dining table and eating breakfast. When they heard me go downstairs, they both turned to look at me.

"Good morning, Scarlett. Did you sleep well last night?" Christine asked, smiling at me.

"Sure did, Grandma," I answered listlessly.

"Come and have breakfast with us, dear! I specially made your favorite apple pie today. Charles had to go out early because something urgent needed to be dealt with in the company. But before he left, he made this heart-shaped fried egg, and told us that nobody is allowed to touch it, because it's for his beloved wife." Alice grinned as she said that.

I felt ashamed and annoyed by how foolish I had been. It caught me off-guard that I didn't know since

when I had been so easily swayed by Charles' every move.

This dawning realization made me panic. It worried me that this current happiness was but a fleeting dream. But, there was a voice in my heart that said I wanted to be with Charles and that I wanted to have the happiness I once dreamed of.

There was a variety of breakfast food on the table; fresh milk, fruits, pastries, and an apple pie that Christine carefully prepared. They all smelled so good, and mouth-watering.

Compared to these delicious foods, the heart-shaped fried egg that Charles made wasn't even worth a glance. But even so, I still savored every bite of it.

While we were having breakfast, none of us mentioned the dispute yesterday about having a second child. But I knew that the issue wasn't over.

And sure enough, after breakfast, Christine brought me to her room. She then held my hand and said earnestly, "My dear Scarlett, I'm getting old. The future of the Moore family depends on your shoulders and Charles' now. I don't really care about his opinion that much, but I want you to give us an answer. Can I expect a great-granddaughter anytime soon?"

The sight of her expectant eyes made me reluctant to say no.

"Of course, Grandma."

"Great! I knew that you'd share the same opinion as I do, my dear!" Christine nodded with relief, still holding my hand.

At this time, Alice also came in. Apparently she had heard what I said just now.

"Scarlett, are you really willing to do that?" It sounded like she couldn't believe it yet.

"Of course."

As soon as I said that, Alice rushed towards me and hugged me with excitement on her face.

"Oh, Scarlett! You truly are the best. Once my granddaughter is born, I'm going to give you a big gift!"

The promise I made to these two women made them very happy, and it might've dispelled an oncoming storm in the family. However, I had no idea what might happen in the future.

Now that I had comforted them, I could finally go to work.

Not long after I sat down, Nino rushed into my office.

"Scarlett, do you have a moment? I've pondered about this for a long time, and I figured that it's necessary for me to tell you about this matter." Her eyes lit up.

"Is something the matter, Nino?" I was really confused.

"It's not really that big of a deal. Do you remember that poor girl we met at the bar last time? The one goes by the name Josmine."

Upon hearing the name, I remembered the girl's tearful pretty face.

"You mean that girl who wanted to make money to pay for her mother's medical fees, but was forced by Rito to please those rich guys?" I asked.

"Yes, exactly. Actually, she came to see you just now. She said that her mother was dying, and she's pleading to you for help. However, Jonet and Trocy drove her away," said Nino. After a moment of hesitation, she asked, "Scarlett, do you think you could help her out?"

In all honesty, I was surprised. I had only met Josmine once, so how come she knew that she should go to the TV station in order to ask me for help?

It all sounded so suspicious. After all, she had once been in contact with Rito. It worried me that this girl was just a way for Rito to lure me into one of her traps again.

But at the same time, I thought of how helpless and desperate Josmine looked. It was hard not to sympathize with her. I knew that only those who had fallen into the deepest pits of desperation would have such desolate eyes.

'Was my father like her in his moment of desperation? If someone had helped him back then, would his end be less tragic?'

It was this thought that made me reconsider. I decided to help Josmine out. I felt that this could make up for my regrets.

"Nino, you know that I don't want to get involved with anything even remotely related to Rito. But this time, it's a matter of life and death, so I'm willing to make an exception. But know this, I won't do it again," I sighed.

"Scarlett, are you really willing to do that?" It sounded like she couldn't believe it yet.

"Of course."

As soon as I said that, Alice rushed towards me and hugged me with excitement on her face.

"Oh, Scarlett! You truly are the best. Once my granddaughter is born, I'm going to give you a big gift!"

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Not long after I sat down, Nina rushed into my office.

"Scarlett, do you have a moment? I've pondered about this for a long time, and I figured that it's necessary for me to tell you about this matter." Her eyes lit up.

"Is something the matter, Nina?" I was really confused.

"It's not really that big of a deal. Do you remember that poor girl we met at the bar last time? The one goes by the name Jasmine."

Upon hearing the name, I remembered the girl's tearful pretty face.

"You mean that girl who wanted to make money to pay for her mother's medical fees, but was forced by Rita to please those rich guys?" I asked.

"Yes, exactly. Actually, she came to see you just now. She said that her mother was dying, and she's pleading to you for help. However, Janet and Tracy drove her away," said Nina. After a moment of hesitation, she asked, "Scarlett, do you think you could help her out?"

In all honesty, I was surprised. I had only met Jasmine once, so how come she knew that she should go to the TV station in order to ask me for help?

It all sounded so suspicious. After all, she had once been in contact with Rita. It worried me that this girl was just a way for Rita to lure me into one of her traps again.

But at the same time, I thought of how helpless and desperate Jasmine looked. It was hard not to sympathize with her. I knew that only those who had fallen into the deepest pits of desperation would have such desolate eyes.

'Was my father like her in his moment of desperation? If someone had helped him back then, would his end be less tragic?'

It was this thought that made me reconsider. I decided to help Jasmine out. I felt that this could make up for my regrets.

"Nina, you know that I don't want to get involved with anything even remotely related to Rita. But this time, it's a matter of life and death, so I'm willing to make an exception. But know this, I won't do it again," I sighed.

"Sorry to have imposed this on you, Scerlett. I should've stayed out of it. I'm really sorry for bringing you this big trouble." Nine apologized to me and then she promised that she wouldn't do it again.

"It's not your fault, Nine."

Though I had made up my mind to help Jasmine, I still felt uneasy about the whole thing. Thus, I decided to tell Charles about it.

"Honey, why are you calling me at this time of the day? Do you miss me?" Charles' mellow voice came from the other end of the line.

"I need your help on something, Charles. Are you free later?"

"Well, you'd never come to me unless you need a favor. Nevertheless, since you've asked me for help, I'm willing to free up my schedule. See you at my company later, my love." It was fortunate that Charles agreed so readily.

"Okay, see you then." With that, I hung up the phone.

Upon my arrival at the Moore Group, Amy was waiting for me downstairs.

It was then that she let me to Charles' office.

When he saw me enter his office, Charles immediately approached me and held my hand. "Honey, you're here." The sound of his voice was so gentle and comforting.

But as soon as he turned his head to Amy, his expression changed. "You may leave now," he said calmly.

"Yes, Mr. Moore." Without hesitation, Amy left the office.

Charles led me to his desk, set me on the chair, and kissed me.

Blushing, I stood up and turned my face away from him. "Stop it, Charles. I'm here for something serious. Don't be such a flirt!"

I noticed the disappointment on his face. Charles leaned back against his desk, and held me in his arms. "Alright, Scerlett. Let's talk business."

It was then that I told him what happened today. Charles raised an eyebrow at me, seemingly surprised. "Scerlett, why do you want to help a complete stranger?"

"Just think of it as my better nature; a good deed, perhaps," I answered.

"Scarlett, do you believe that it's entirely a coincidence? What if Rite is just using Jasmine to hurt you?" he asked.

"That's why I'm here to speak with you. With your resources, it'll be easy for you to run a complete background check on this girl, right?" I asked.

Charles planted a kiss on my lips and smiled. "As long as you want my help, it's a piece of cake."

"Sorry to have imposed this on you, Scarlett. I should've stayed out of it. I'm really sorry for bringing you this big trouble." Nina apologized to me and then she promised that she wouldn't do it again.

"It's not your fault, Nina."

Though I had made up my mind to help Jasmine, I still felt uneasy about the whole thing. Thus, I decided to tell Charles about it.

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Charles planted a kiss on my lips and smiled. "As long as you want my help, it's a piece of cake."

[Chapter 245 Put On An Act](#)

Charles's POV:

I held Scarlett tightly in my arms, pulling her close to me.

Suddenly, Scarlett's stomach rumbled and a loud sound filled the air around us.

I lowered my head to stare at her. Scarlett immediately buried her head in my arms, just like an ostrich, blushing hard.

"A-ahem! I came here in a hurry, so I haven't had lunch yet," Scarlett muttered, her head hanging low, cheeks red from embarrassment.

"Let's go." I reached out and caressed her belly affectionately. "Come to the staff canteen downstairs with me."

"I don't want to go to the staff canteen. Can we go somewhere else?"

The happy smile on Scarlett's face froze stiff at the mention the staff canteen. Her good mood quickly dropped and her spirits soured.

My heart instantly ached at the sudden change. It then occurred to me that in the past, Rita had made things difficult for Scarlett there several times.

Thus, the staff canteen was probably a place full of bad memories for Scarlett.

"What about Elegant Time? The western restaurant near the company?" I took Scarlett's hand, caressing it, and asked tentatively, "What do you think?"

Relief flashed across Scarlett's face and her mood soared. She nodded joyfully.

"Let's go now!"

But then, Scarlett stopped me.

"Charles, wait. What I just told you..."

"Don't worry, honey."

Right in front of her, I took out my phone and dialed Richard. The line soon connected. "Richard, I have a task for you. Investigate a girl named Jasmine. I'll sent you the details. I want all the information about her."

After hanging up, I looked at Scarlett with a smile. "Alright."

Scarlett nodded contentedly, satisfied, and held my arm sweetly.

"Let's go."

Before we entered the elevator, I told Amy to cancel all my appointments in the afternoon.

"What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I'll keep you company."

Scarlett stared at me in disbelief and said, "But I have work to do this afternoon."

"Then I'll be with you in your office."

"Charles. If you keep doing this, I'm not going to have lunch with you!"

In a fit of anger, Scarlett spun on her heel defiantly and ran into the elevator.

It was rare for her to act like a spoiled little girl, but in all honesty, she was more charming whenever she did that.

I casually followed her into the elevator.

"Scarlett, you have to eat something. Look at your empty stomach! I'll feel sorry for you."

"Well then, let's have another child together. Then my belly will bulge!" Scarlett retorted, shooting me a defiant glare.

Her words silenced me immediately.

When the elevator arrived at the first floor, the doors slid open and a large group of people rushed in.

I grabbed Scarlett's hand instinctively to protect her. I thought she would get rid of me, but she held my hand instead. That surprised me somewhat, but I didn't mind it.

"Oh my! Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore love each other so much."

"I'm so envious!"

Listening to the praises of the people around us, Scarlett turned red in delight and embarrassment.

Despite the crowd in the elevator, she had no intention of letting go of my hand. I was both happy and surprised by her show of intimacy, my heart filled with warmth.

As soon as we walked out of the building, however, Scarlett tried to shake off my hand.

"Ugh, Charles. You are so childish!" Scarlett complained, though her voice was coquettish and she was blushing pink. There was no anger in her tone.

Smiling, I pulled her into a hug. "Seems someone's really cooperative and submissive today."

"Boh! What on earth are you talking about?" Scarlett pretended to be clueless, and tried to struggle out of my arms.

"I'll keep you company."

Scarlett stared at me in disbelief and said, "But I have work to do this afternoon."

"Then I'll be with you in your office."

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Smiling, I pulled her into a hug. "Seems someone's really cooperative and submissive today."

"Bah! What on earth are you talking about?" Scarlett pretended to be clueless, and tried to struggle out of my arms.

"If you keep struggling, I'll kiss you in public. I mean it," I threatened jokingly, and pretended that I was about to kiss her.

At that, Scarlett froze in my arms and stayed still.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles and I soon arrived at the western restaurant Elegant Time.

To my surprise, Lily, who I hadn't seen for a long time, was also there.

When she noticed our presence, she approached us and greeted politely, "Good afternoon, Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore. What a coincidence! I didn't expect you two to have lunch here."

I replied to her greeting with a smile, nodding.

Charles put on a confused appearance and asked with a surprised tone, "Honey, who's this? Do you know her?"

"This is Lily. Don't you remember her? You've met each other before," I answered, trying to hold back my laughter.

"Oh? Do I...?" Charles raised his eyebrows, still feigning surprise and uncertainty.

His Oscar-worthy acting skills amused me greatly.

He was truly number one when it came to mocking people.

"It doesn't matter, Mr. Moore. It's expected that you don't remember me, since you're such a busy man. I won't disturb you anymore. I'm looking forward to our next meeting. Goodbye for now." Charles's sarcasm had no effect on Lily, who didn't seem to mind it. She left calmly, as composed as the still surface of a lake.

I watched her receding figure, and I couldn't help but admire her in my heart. She wasn't very popular in the entertainment circle, but I had to say, she could definitely be called an amazing actress in some respects. She was good at putting on an act in my presence.

Despite Charles's ruthless teasing, she was able to leave without the slightest change in her expression. No wonder she was able to compete with Rite for Lively Group!

"If you keep struggling, I'll kiss you in public. I mean it," I threatened jokingly, and pretended that I was about to kiss her.

At that, Scarlett froze in my arms and stayed still.

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Despite Charles's ruthless teasing, she was able to leave without the slightest change in her expression. No wonder she was able to compete with Rita for Lively Group!

[Chapter 246 I Would Give My Life To You](#)

Lily's POV:

I made my way back to my seat upstairs, but my eyes still lingered on Charles and Scarlett.

"Charles and his wife are really good at pretending to be innocent." I couldn't help but sneer derisively.

Emma, who was beside me, shook her head.

"Honestly, I think Charles is like a wolf in sheep's clothing. He's intimidating even when he smiles. He may seem calm and collected, but the second the opportunity rises, he'd strike the enemy without hesitation and tear them into pieces, still with that smile."

As Emma spoke, her voice was full of admiration and yearning.

Indeed, Charles was an attractive man, charming and powerful. Unfortunately, there was only one woman who could be with him, and that was Scarlett. This was the conclusion that countless idiotic women was forced to swallow after going through great pains to win over Charles, only to fail.

"Say, Lily. I heard you've slept with Charles?" Emma asked tentatively, eager for gossip.

"I don't know where you heard that from, but it's not true." I cast a cold glance at her and said, "Charles doesn't even like Rita, much less an unknown actress like me! How could I possibly have an affair with him?"

Emma was quite surprised at my reply. "What happened to you? Why are you suddenly talking like that?"

The expectation brimming in Emma's face faded away, replaced with disappointment and surprise.

"What, haven't I suffered enough?" I sneered again, my eyes burning with hate. "It's all because of Rita. All I want to do right now is take over Lively Group and make her completely broke!"

"You say that, but there's nothing left in Lively Group now..." Emma grumbled in a low voice, annoyed. "Why do you have to fight with a loser?"

"A starving camel is better than a horse. Besides, I deserve this." I clenched my hands into angry fists, and my long nails almost dug into my palms.

Lively Group was the reason I lost my son!

He used to be the flesh and blood resting in my womb, waiting to come out to the world for me to see. I was full of expectations. I wanted to meet him so badly.

After I lost him, I couldn't fall asleep. I stood awake for many nights, wallowing in misery. Whenever I closed my eyes, I dreamed of his miserable and bloody appearance as he called for me, saying 'Mother'...

At that time, I swore. I would make Rita pay for everything, even if it was the last thing I do!

"Karma's a bitch. Have you read the gossip news about Rita recently? She got beaten up so badly in the streets, but Charles just stood by and did nothing! Ha, ha, ha!"

Emma gloated, deeply amused. When she mentioned Charles's name, however, her face was filled with yearning once more.

"Rumor has it that Charles refused to save Rita because he was afraid of his wife. That's so ridiculous! Charles doesn't take Rita seriously at all," I explained calmly. I couldn't help but remind her and added carefully, "Emma, let me give you some advice. Whatever you're thinking about Charles, stop it."

After that, I said nothing more.

"Of course I'll listen to your advice!" Emmo then hooked my arm with hers in a flatteringly manner. "Obviously, everyone in the city can see that! If anyone dares to destroy the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Moore, he or she will end up just like Rito! It's practically suicide."

With that, she removed her arm from mine and proceeded to browsing the menu card. It seemed that she had given up the idea of seducing Charles, at least for now.

Recalling Rito's tragic fall in the news, delight spread everywhere in me. I was ecstatic!

But, this was far from enough.

That wretched woman needed to suffer much, much more.

Scarlett's POV:

After we had our lunch, Charles insisted on sending me to the TV station. We soon arrived at the gate, but he didn't have the slightest intention of leaving.

Charles crossed his arms in front of his chest, stoutheaded and defiant. His casual black suit made him look more slender and elegant, giving him a dashing image.

"Aren't you going to work, honey?" Charles urged me gently, a calm smile on his face.

He had always been the focus of the crowd wherever he went, and that fact remained even until now. He was only standing at the door of the TV station, but had already attracted the attention of many colleagues passing by. They kept looking back frequently, unable to tear their eyes away from him.

"Of course I have to work! Look, Charles. The rules of the TV station permit admittance to staff only." I poked his arm, frustrated, and begged in a hurried whisper, "So you better leave now."

"I'm not an outsider here," said Charles, taking my hand. "You don't have a good memory, Scarlett. Let me help you recall something. I've spent a lot of money on this TV station. How about I ask the head of the TV station to prove it?"

He gave me a mischievous and cheeky gaze, as if he was certain that I had no reason to drive him away.

I drew back my hand angrily, past the limits of my patience. "Fine! Then just stay here, Mr. Sponsor. I don't have the time to entertain you."

With a huff, I turned around and strode into my office. Charles followed me quietly, and then sat obediently on the sofa in front of me.

I cost him a cross glare, my annoyance rising. Charles took out his phone and shook it at me, as if trying

to promise me that he would stay obediently in the office and not disturb anyone.

However, there was one thing he didn't take account for.

He didn't know it, but to me, staying in the same space as him interfered with my work.

It was difficult for me to ignore what Charles was doing, even as I tried to concentrate on my job. There was a pile of work in front of me, waiting to be finished, but my mind would involuntarily wander and get attracted to Charles.

After that, I said nothing more.

"Of course I'll listen to your advice!" Emma then hooked my arm with hers in a flattering manner. "Obviously, everyone in the city can see that! If anyone dares to destroy the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Moore, he or she will end up just like Rita! It's practically suicide."

With that, she removed her arm from mine and proceeded to browsing the menu card. It seemed that she had given up the idea of seducing Charles, at least for now.

Recalling Rita's tragic fall in the news, delight spread everywhere in me. I was ecstatic!

But, this was far from enough.

That wretched woman needed to suffer much, much more.

Scarlett's POV:

After we had our lunch, Charles insisted on sending me to the TV station. We soon arrived at the gate, but he didn't have the slightest intention of leaving.

Charles crossed his arms in front of his chest, staunch and defiant. His casual black suit made him look more slender and elegant, giving him a dashing image.

"Aren't you going to work, honey?" Charles urged me gently, a calm smile on his face.

He had always been the focus of the crowd wherever he went, and that fact remained even until now. He was only standing at the door of the TV station, but had already attracted the attention of many colleagues passing by. They kept looking back frequently, unable to tear their eyes away from him.

"Of course I have to work! Look, Charles. The rules of the TV station permit admittance to staff only." I poked his arm, frustrated, and begged in a hurried whisper, "So you better leave now."

"I'm not an outsider here," said Charles, taking my hand. "You don't have a good memory, Scarlett. Let me help you recall something. I've spent a lot of money on this TV station. How about I ask the head of

the TV station to prove it?"

He gave me a mischievous and cheeky gaze, as if he was certain that I had no reason to drive him away.

I drew back my hand angrily, past the limits of my patience. "Fine! Then just stay here, Mr. Sponsor. I don't have the time to entertain you."

With a huff, I turned around and strode into my office. Charles followed me quietly, and then sat obediently on the sofa in front of me.

I cast him a cross glare, my annoyance rising. Charles took out his phone and shook it at me, as if trying to promise me that he would stay obediently in the office and not disturb anyone.

However, there was one thing he didn't take account for.

He didn't know it, but to me, staying in the same space as him interfered with my work.

It was difficult for me to ignore what Charles was doing, even as I tried to concentrate on my job. There was a pile of work in front of me, waiting to be finished, but my mind would involuntarily wander and get attracted to Charles.

I wasn't the only one who was attracted to his charm, however.

During tea breaks, I noticed several young women passing by the door of my office frequently. They were eager to drop by and sneak several glances at Charles, wanting to see more of him.

As I looked at their shy, excited faces, I couldn't help but be reminded of my secret love for Charles in the past, and how I used to pursue him.

And now, he had really become my man and the father of my child.

I found it to be surreal. Everything felt like a lovely dream.

Soon, it was time to get off work. One after another, my colleagues left the place.

Charles was still focusing on his phone, showing no signs of impatience. He looked calm and leisurely.

Having finished my work, I grabbed my chair and set down in front of Charles. I poked my head curiously to look at his phone screen.

As it turned out, he was browsing at the daily photos I posted on my Facebook.

There were pictures of myself and James on my feed.

"Instead of managing the millions of businesses you have in your company, you wasted the whole day here. You should calculate how much money you've lost today, Charles." I shook my head in mock sadness, feigning regret.

"Nothing's more important than accompanying you." Charles's face carried regret as well. He looked sadder than me, in fact. "You didn't post my photos much on Facebook. I'm so sad..."

Charles seldom uttered such sweet nothings.

So whenever he said things like this, it was still quite incredible to me.

"Am I so important to you? More important than your life?" I took out the pen from the pocket of my shirt and twirled it in my hand casually as I waited for his answer.

The next second, I grabbed Charles's tie and pulled him closer to me. At the same time, I pointed the tip of the pen gently against his neck.

"Your wife wants your life. Will you give it to her?"

Unexpectedly, Charles replied by wrapping his arms around my waist and forcing me to sit on his lap. The pen in my hand shook from this sudden movement, and I almost poked him by accident.

"Be careful!" I exclaimed in a fit of panic, alarmed.

However, Charles held my hand and pressed the tip of the pen directly against his artery.

"If you want my life, Scarlett, your hands can't tremble like that." The look on his face was extremely gentle, as if what he intended to give me was merely an unimportant toy.

"Before, I would have hesitated. But now, I'll give you my life without a second thought should you want it." He leveled a deep gaze at me as he spoke. There was no humor in his voice, and he looked dead serious. "I'll give you whatever you want, Scarlett."

This... This crazy man!

Immediately, my grip on the pen loosened and it fell to the floor.

I wasn't the only one who was attracted to his charm, however.

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[Chapter 247 Potion](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Charles, do you even know what you're talking about?"

I looked down to avert my gaze from his passionate eyes.

Charles pinched my chin, forcing me to look into his eyes.

"Scarlett, I swear on my family's name. If there's anyone in this world who could make me willingly hand over my life, it's just you."

"Without hesitations?" I asked.

"Certainly."

Charles picked up the pen on the floor and handed it to me.

Then, he placed his arms around my waist, leaning closer towards me.

"You can try."

His voice was like music to my ears, and it was bewitching.

I furrowed my brows and raised the pen high on purpose, pretending as though I was going to jab his arteries with the pen.

In response, Charles closed his eyes leisurely.

When it came to relationships, he was a bold risk taker who didn't care that much about his own life.

But even so, Charles had won the bed.

I had lost against him, but that didn't necessarily made me feel bad.

It was then that I threw the pen away, gently cupping Charles' cheeks with both hands before I planted a kiss on his forehead.

"Scarlett, you believe me, don't you?"

His wide-eyed gaze displayed his surprise.

I nodded in response to his question.

No woman wouldn't swoon over a man's promise that he would willingly lay down his life for her.

If I had jabbed the pen into Charles' artery, he would've been dead moments ago.

I was so moved by his faithfulness and loyalty to me that I hugged him with every bit of affection I could muster.

"It may not be that difficult to lay down your life," I told him, briefly pausing for suspense. "I'm gonna need you to do something even harder," I continued.

"What is it?" asked Charles.

"I want you to keep living for me."

Charles and I spent the whole day together. When night fell, I suggested that we should visit Vivian.

Upon our arrival at Mint Bar, Charles went to look for Spencer.

Meanwhile, I went to Vivian's room alone.

"Scarlett, I'm so glad to see you here," said Vivian.

"Yup! I've promised to come and see you," I replied.

She looked a lot better than the last time I saw her. On her desk, there were several small bottles of liquid medicine of varying colors.

To sate my curiosity, I went to pick up one of the bottles. The one I had picked up was as clear as water.

Its contents rippled gently as I swiveled the bottle around.

"You picked a good one, Scarlett. You should take that one home and give it a try. It'll be fun. Trust me." Vivian giggled. "I'm sure you'll spend a wonderful night with Charles after taking that."

The way she was looking at me made me blush. And as I held the medicine bottle in my hand, I felt a little embarrassed.

"Charles doesn't need it," I remarked, putting the bottle down. They were all neatly arranged on the desk.

If Charles were to take this drug, I probably wouldn't be able to get a wink of sleep at night, and he'd probably pester me even during the daytime.

Vivian burst into laughter. "Is Charles that great in bed?"

"He restrains himself sometimes," I responded, my face blushing even more.

It was true that Charles would go crazy on me whenever we had sex, sometimes because I would let him fuck me as much as he wanted.

But if I were to refuse him firmly, he would just respect me and my feelings. However, that didn't mean he wouldn't complain like a child. And then, he'd use it as an excuse to ask me to make it up to him the next time we could have sex again.

"Thanks for your help the other day. If it weren't for you and Spencer, I would've been in dire straits." I noticed that Vivian's shoulders were trembling as she spoke. It looked like she was still terrified of that horrible experience she had that day.

Attempting to comfort her, I held her shoulders and said, "You don't have to thank me. Thank Spencer instead. He really cares about you."

That day, Spencer let all hell break loose. He must really care about Vivian. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so furious.

"Does he really care about me?" A bitter smile appeared on Vivian's lips.

"Is everything okay?" I asked.

"Spencer hasn't spoken to me the whole day," she said, still wearing a wry smile.

"If he really cared about me, then why is he ignoring me when I'm by his side? Why did he have to be a hero only in my time of need?"

I could understand why Vivion was feeling insecure and worried.

At times, people could be by your side, and yet they would feel so out of touch.

"Maybe it's still hard for him to process. Just give him some more time, Vivion." I patted her hand and added, "Spencer can be stupid sometimes, but he does care."

"I agree with you on that one." A sly smile appeared on Vivion's pretty face. "But, don't worry! I have an idea," she continued.

I followed her gaze and saw the bottles on the table.

'Wait... is she going to use those on Spencer?

My, my. He's really met his greatest match in love, hasn't he?'

I raised my glass towards Vivion, and grinned. Her plan was indeed wonderful.

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"Then, here's to your success."

We clinked our glasses together with a tacit understanding.

Charles' POV:

I regretted leaving Scarlett.

Ever since I met up with Spencer, he had been complaining nonstop.

"Charles, are you even listening, dude?" He was wearing a pitiful expression. "I think Vivian might've cast a curse on me. I'm feeling dizzy today, and I feel really feeble."

"You were really strong when you beat the crap out of Ethen that day," I remarked with a chuckle.

Out of boredom, I sat on the sofa. I felt as though my ears would explode if I kept on listening to Spencer's nagging.

"That cunt deserved it. He should count himself lucky that I didn't beat him to death," Spencer said proudly.

"Killing him would do you no good, bro. Think about this. Why do you think Emily was willing to marry Vivien off to someone like that?" I asked.

Sometimes, Spencer could be too simple-minded. He would always allow his emotions to cloud his rationality.

'What an optimistic fool,' I remarked inwardly.

"Why else? It's because Emily is a heartless piece of shit! She basically sold Vivien. She doesn't care about Vivien's happiness. She only cares about what benefits she can get out of her own daughter!"

Spencer sprang to his feet, visibly enraged. He was riled up at this point. Each time that he mentioned anyone that wanted to hurt Vivien, his face would display just how badly he desired to murder that person.

"What about Ethen? Both of them must've had a purpose to reach that sort of agreement. There are only two possibilities why Ethen would want to get Vivien through perverse methods. One is that he could benefit a lot if she became his wife. The other is that he just sees her as a piece of meat that he could fuck whenever he wanted."

Now that Spencer had brought that up, I dribbled my fingers on the table.

"Whatever his purpose may be, do you think Vivien would give in so easily?" I asked.

"Of course not," Spencer answered decisively. "She won't, if she's still the Vivien I know."

The decisiveness of his voice gradually faded.

"But do I really know her that well?" Spencer wore a conflicted expression. "Damn it! Sometimes, I really can't figure out what Vivien wants."

This matter was probably not as simple as it seemed.

I let out a sigh and attempted to comfort my friend. "It's too early to give up now."

No matter how bad the situation might be, I believed that it could be overturned soon.

"Then, here's to your success."

We clinked our glasses together with a tacit understanding.

Charles' POV:

I regretted leaving Scarlett.

Ever since I met up with Spencer, he had been complaining nonstop.

"Charles, are you even listening, dude?" He was wearing a pitiful expression. "I think Vivian might've cast a curse on me. I'm feeling dizzy today, and I feel really feeble."

"You were really strong when you beat the crap out of Ethan that day," I remarked with a chuckle.

Out of boredom, I sat on the sofa. I felt as though my ears would explode if I kept on listening to Spencer's nagging.

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"Killing him would do you no good, bro. Think about this. Why do you think Emily was willing to marry Vivian off to someone like that?" I asked.

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"What about Ethan? Both of them must've had a purpose to reach that sort of agreement. There are only two possibilities why Ethan would want to get Vivian through perverse methods. One is that he could benefit a lot if she became his wife. The other is that he just sees her as a piece of meat that he could fuck whenever he wanted."

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[Chapter 248 Don't Be So Obnoxious](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Vivian was a kindhearted woman. She and I had a lot in common, and we had a lovely conversation. While we were chatting and drinking wine, we heard a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Vivian asked loudly.

Afterwards, the door was pushed open.

"Vivian, Harris is waiting for you in the first floor lobby." Having said that, the waitress turned around and left.

I raised an eyebrow, staring at Vivian in confusion. "Who is Harris?"

"It's Emily's lackey," she answered. Vivian let out an exasperated sigh as she stood up. She then straightened her clothes and flashed me a grin. "I'll go meet him."

As I watched her leave, I felt uneasy about this Harris guy. Thus, I followed her out.

As soon as I walked out of the room, I saw two tall men. They were standing before the railing and peering downstairs.

"What are you doing?" When I got close to them, Charles grabbed my hand and pulled me into his arms.

Just before I could tell him to behave himself in public, I found that Spencer looked upset. He was staring downstairs intently and he wouldn't even glance at us.

Confused, I looked downstairs. There were many people in the hall, but it was still easy to spot Vivian's petite figure among them. A man grabbed her arm, but she rudely shook it off. She was wearing an unfriendly expression and seemed like she was chastising the guy.

It was no wonder that Spencer couldn't take his eyes off her.

"That's Harris, and he works for Emily," I explained.

Upon hearing my remark, Spencer finally averted his gaze from Vivian, looking at me in surprise. "Do you know him?"

Suddenly, Charles tightened his grip on my waist and pressed my back against his chest. I could feel the warmth of his body through my clothes.

"Scarlett?" I sensed Charles' vigilance when I heard his voice.

I wasn't sure how to react to that, so I pinched the back of his hand as a warning. "I don't know him, okay? Vivian told me the guy's name before she went downstairs."

Charles loosened his grip on me, rubbing his cheek against mine. It was rare for him to be so clingy.

Until now, Spencer was still frowning.

In silence, we looked downstairs, only to find that Vivian had picked up a glass of beer and poured it over Harris. The latter was practically covered in beer, and the passersby gasped in shock.

Harris glared at Vivian, inching closer towards her. However, the bar staff blocked his path. They immediately stood between Harris and Vivian, and handed the man a towel respectfully.

A moment later, one of the waiters escorted Harris to the door. Not long after, Vivian turned around and left, disappearing from my sight.

Spencer locked his eyes on the stairway. After a few seconds, Vivian came upstairs.

He walked up to her and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No." Vivian shook her head.

"Don't do something stupid like that again," he said.

"Why? What's up?" she asked.

"Vivian, if I'm not with you and nobody's protecting you, it's only a matter of time until you suffer the consequences."

Upon hearing Spencer say that, Vivion glared at him. "It's none of your business. The worst that could happen to me is that I'll get killed."

The moment Spencer looked into her eyes, his daunting aura disappeared without a trace. "But, I..."

"What? You feel sorry for me, is that it?" Vivion walked up to Spencer. Her plump chest was almost pressing against him, but he kept on backing away.

Charles and I exchanged glances in silence.

"I don't care about you at all!" Right after saying that, Spencer fled into a nearby private room. Vivion stood in place, resting her hands on her hips and staring at him.

"Scarlett, I don't think it's a good idea for you to be friends with Vivion," Charles whispered in my ear.

I glanced at him, shaking my head with disappointment. "I'm not a child anymore, Charles. I know how to choose my friends. Besides, Vivion is capable, and she's true to herself. She can do so many things that I want to do but I'm too scared to do. I really admire her," I remarked.

Charles sighed. "Fine. Have it your way."

I scoffed at him, and turned around. Then, I noticed that Vivion was approaching me.

"Hey, Scarlett! Won't you get back to drinking?" She winked at me.

I nodded in agreement. It was then that I pushed Charles away and walked back to Vivion's room, hand in hand.

Before entering the room, I looked back and found that Charles was still standing there. He was leaning against the railing leisurely, and his eyes displayed his affection towards me.

Then, he crooked his finger at me. "Come back here," he said.

I couldn't help but giggle. I made a face at him and dragged Vivion into the room.

Charles' POV:

Scarlett left me behind to drink with Vivion until eleven in the evening.

By the time we left the bar, Scarlett was drunk. She grabbed my tie and said, "Vivion, remember to lock the door! Don't let Spencer slip in and eat you alive," she remarked.

I was rendered speechless. Scarlett had indeed fallen in with a bad influence.

As we stepped out of the bar's entrance, we found Tracy waiting there for us. She approached and said, "Jeez, you reek of alcohol, Scarlett! How much did you drink?"

Scarlett giggled, raising a finger and stuttering, "Just... just one!"

Meanwhile, Janet opened the door of the car and asked, "Gosh, Scarlett is hammered. Should we head back to the Moore mansion today, sir?"

I carefully carried Scarlett into the backseat. "Let's go to Gordon Street," I responded.

Soon, the car started and the scenery outside the window changed.

As she leaned against my chest, Scarlett complained, "Ugh, I feel so horrible, Charles. My head is spinning and throbbing. It's crazy!"

"Don't do something stupid like that again," he said.

"Why? What's up?" she asked.

"Vivian, if I'm not with you and nobody's protecting you, it's only a matter of time until you suffer the consequences."

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Soon, the car started and the scenery outside the window changed.

As she leaned against my chest, Scarlett complained, "Ugh, I feel so horrible, Charles. My head is spinning and throbbing. It's crazy!"

"That's because you're drunk, honey." I frowned, feeling bad to see her in this state.

Slowly, Scarlett raised her head, staring at me with her pitiful eyes. She bit her lower lip, making it look like a crumpled rose petal. She had totally let her guard down beside me. In all honesty, she looked so tempting and charming. I couldn't take my eyes off her, but I was afraid that I'd indulge in the tenderness of her gaze.

I forced myself to look away and said to Janet, "Drive slower."

"Yes, sir."

Gently, I pressed Scarlett's head into my chest while stroking her hair. "Good girl. This way, you won't feel dizzy after getting off the car. Once we get home, get some rest okay?"

Scarlett responded with a nod and nestled in my arms.

After a while, the car pulled over.

I got off the car with Scarlett, and went inside the house.

"I'll run a bath for you," I told her. Then, I put her on the bed, planted a kiss on her forehead, and went to the bathroom.

There, I filled the bathtub with hot water. After turning off the faucet, I heard Scarlett's voice from outside.

I opened the door and went out. When I saw what she was doing, I wasn't sure how to react.

Scarlett was pacing back and forth in the room as if she were looking for something. She shouted, "Hubby! Where on earth is my dear husband? Honey?"

"I'm here." I walked to her side with a smile on my face and embraced her. "Are you looking for me, my love?"

Scarlett looked at me carefully, as though she was making sure it was really me.

It was hard to resist the urge to laugh at her reaction.

"Don't laugh!" She pointed at me, visibly displeased, then leaned back to look at my face carefully again. "You... you're really my husband," she said.

"Say that again," I replied.

With affection in her eyes, Scarlett said without hesitation, "You're my husband!"

It was then that I kissed her wildly. Now that she was drunk, she was more straightforward and passionate than when she was sober.

Perhaps the alcohol had affected Scarlett's reasoning at this point. She kissed me back passionately. Her arms were wrapped around my neck and her body clung to mine.

The last bits of my rationality forced me to stop the kiss. "No, Scarlett," I told her.

Like a spoiled brat, Scarlett complained, "Charles, don't you want to kiss me? Don't you want to have sex?"

"Of course, I do!" I picked her up and brought her into the bedroom. "But right now, you need to take a break and get some sleep."

Scarlett nibbled on my neck and slipped into my arms powerlessly. It seemed that she was really hemmed.

As I stared at the filled-up bathtub, I let out a sigh. Scarlett was the one who was drunk, but I was the one suffering the consequences.

"That's because you're drunk, honey." I frowned, feeling bad to see her in this state.

Slowly, Scarlett raised her head, staring at me with her pitiful eyes. She bit her lower lip, making it look like a crumpled rose petal. She had totally let her guard down beside me. In all honesty, she looked so tempting and charming. I couldn't take my eyes off her, but I was afraid that I'd indulge in the tenderness of her gaze.

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After a while, the car pulled over.

I got off the car with Scarlett, and went inside the house.

"I'll run a bath for you," I told her. Then, I put her on the bed, planted a kiss on her forehead, and went to the bathroom.

There, I filled the bathtub with hot water. After turning off the faucet, I heard Scarlett's voice from outside.

I opened the door and went out. When I saw what she was doing, I wasn't sure how to react.

Scarlett was pacing back and forth in the room as if she were looking for something. She shouted, "Hubby! Where on earth is my dear husband? Honey?"

"I'm here." I walked to her side with a smile on my face and embraced her. "Are you looking for me, my love?"

Scarlett looked at me carefully, as though she was making sure it was really me.

It was hard to resist the urge to laugh at her reaction.

"Don't laugh!" She pointed at me, visibly displeased, then leaned back to look at my face carefully again. "You... you're really my husband," she said.

"Say that again," I replied.

With affection in her eyes, Scarlett said without hesitation, "You're my husband!"

It was then that I kissed her wildly. Now that she was drunk, she was more straightforward and passionate than when she was sober.

Perhaps the alcohol had affected Scarlett's reasoning at this point. She kissed me back passionately. Her arms were wrapped around my neck and her body clung to mine.

The last bits of my rationality forced me to stop the kiss. "No, Scarlett," I told her.

Like a spoiled brat, Scarlett complained, "Charles, don't you want to kiss me? Don't you want to have sex?"

"Of course, I do!" I picked her up and brought her into the bathroom. "But right now, you need to take a bath and get some sleep."

Scarlett nibbled on my neck and slipped into my arms powerlessly. It seemed that she was really hammered.

As I stared at the filled up bathtub, I let out a sigh. Scarlett was the one who was drunk, but I was the one suffering the consequences.

[Chapter 249 Closed Door](#)

Vivian's POV:

It was twelve o'clock at midnight.

I took a deep breath, walked to Spencer's door, and knocked.

A few seconds later, the door opened, and Spencer's towering figure loomed over me.

"Vivian, what are you doing here? It's late. Why haven't you gone to bed yet?" He seemed to be a little surprised to see me. What was more, there was a hint of worry in his eyes.

Seeing that he was concerned about me boosted my courage. At this moment, I closed my eyes, swallowed hard, and threw myself into his arms.

A deafening silence fell between us. The only thing I could hear was his heart thumping wildly in his chest.

"Vivian, what are you doing?" Spencer asked confusedly.

I looked up at him. His face, along with his ears, was as red as a lobster.

It seemed that what I had done aroused something inside him.

The uneasiness in my heart dissipated. I stroked his well-defined chest with my fingers and coquettishly said, "You saved me from the Johnsons. I haven't officially thanked you yet."

Spencer stiffened and took a step away from me. However, I held his waist tightly with my arms and followed him into the room.

However, I tripped on something and lost my footing. As a result, we both lost our balance and fell to the cold hardwood floor.

"Are you okay?" Spencer asked worriedly. I opened my eyes and saw that I had fallen on top of him. He propped on his hand to get up, but I rode on him, stopping him from doing so.

He looked at me in astonishment. Suddenly, an inexplicable look flashed across his face. It seemed that it finally dawned on him my purpose of coming here. "Are you planning on sleeping with me to show your gratitude?"

"Yes." My fists were clenched as I spoke. For a moment, we just stared into each other's eyes. His eyes were deep and bright, and I could clearly see my reflection in them.

He did not say anything in response. Unable to take the silence any longer, I reached out to take off his clothes.

I unbuttoned his shirt with trembling hands. On the third button, his toned pecs were revealed.

Just as the atmosphere in the room had become hotter, Spencer suddenly grabbed my hand. "You don't have to do this, Vivian. This isn't why I saved you."

He looked at me expressionlessly, making me doubt my charm.

"Get up," he ordered in a low voice. His words killed the romance between us.

My heart sank, and a feeling of shame and anger arose inside me. Ashamed, I strode to the door without looking back. "Since you don't want me, I'll arrange someone else for you. Get ready for your blind date tomorrow night at nine o'clock!"

Before Spencer could react, I slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

The moment I stepped out of the room, I felt exhausted. Feeling weak, I leaned against the door and sighed heavily.

I did not sleep well that night. The next morning, I got up listlessly and went to the dining room to have breakfast. However, my day turned even worse as I bumped into a more annoying person.

Dressed in expensive clothes, Emily strutted towards me, followed by Justin.

"What are you doing here?" I asked coldly.

Emily lifted her skirt and sat down gracefully. Then, she looked at me with disdain and retorted, "I'm your mother. Why can't I come to your place? Don't forget that you still owe me."

"How? By selling my body?" I sneered.

Displeased with what I had said, Emily pounded on the table. "How dare you talk to me like that, you uneducated hussy?!"

"Well, I don't have parents nor anyone who could teach me how to behave well."

"You!" Emily was at a loss for words.

Her chest heaved violently in anger. But after a while, she calmed down. She put on a straight face and solemnly said, "Vivian, the truth is, I didn't want to leave you behind. But your father... he's a horrible man. You saw the way he beat me. If I stayed in that house, who knew what he'd do to me? I might've been killed! You're an adult now. You should be able to understand where I'm coming from."

Emily's words were like ice thorns piercing into my body. They stung and made me feel cold all over.

I clenched my trembling hands into fists. Although I was trying my best to calm down, I still failed to suppress the anger in my words. "You're right. My father is violent. You would've been beaten up if you stayed. But what about me? Did you really believe he wouldn't hurt me?"

"You're his daughter. He won't kill you," Emily argued.

"Wow. That's so nice of you to care about me!" I stood up abruptly in a fit of anger, and my chair tumbled backwards. My vision turned blurry because of the tears welling up in my eyes. Because of this, Emily looked like a demon, which was ironic because she could pass as one.

"That's all in the past. What matters now is the future. Help me get the property of the Johnson family. Once I have it, we can live happily together again. Isn't that great?" Emily smiled with a frowning smile.

I wiped the tears streaming down my face and stared daggers at her. "No way!" I roared.

Emily's eyes widened in shock. It appeared that she did not expect I would refuse. "Vivian!"

I turned my back on her, not wanting to talk to her anymore.

But just as I turned around, I saw Spencer at the stairs.

My mind was in a mess. I had no idea how much he had heard from my conversation with my so-called mother. Frankly speaking, I did not want him to know about my miserable past. I hated being pitied.

On the stairs, Spencer was staring at me.

I immediately adjusted my demeanor and walked past him, pretending to be calm.

Spencer's POV:

The vulnerability in Vivian's eyes brought a pang to my heart.

I watched as she went upstairs with a morose expression. When she was gone, I marched to Emily with a gloomy face.

Emily seemed to have recognized me. She immediately stood up and stepped back. Justin strode forward to protect her. The way he looked at me worriedly somehow amused me.

"Mrs. Johnson, you seem to be very confident in this bodyguard. You think him alone is enough to protect you?" With a frivolous smile, I turned to Justin and patted him on the shoulder. "There are more than one hundred hotshot men in my pub. Do you want to spar with them?"

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Emily lifted her skirt and sat down gracefully. Then, she looked at me with disdain and retorted, "I'm your mother. Why can't I come to your place? Don't forget that you still have to pay what you owe me."

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"That's all in the past. What matters now is the future. Help me get the property of the Johnson family. Once I have it, we can live happily together again. Isn't that great?" Emily goaded with a fawning smile.

I wiped the tears streaming down my face and stared daggers at her. "No way!" I roared.

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"Mrs. Johnson, you seem to be very confident in this bodyguard. You think him alone is enough to protect you?" With a frivolous smile, I turned to Justin and patted him on the shoulder. "There are more than one hundred hatchet men in my pub. Do you want to spar with them?"

Emily put on an elegant smile and ordered, "Justin, get out of the way."

Justin immediately did as told.

Emily stepped forward and looked at me with a scrutinizing gaze. "Why are you defending Vivien? Do you want to marry my daughter?"

"It's none of your business," I answered crossly.

"Do you think that that's for you to decide? If the Johnson family doesn't agree, is there anything you can do about it?" Emily's tone was disdainful.

I could not help but chuckle at her audacity. I sat on the sofa with crossed legs and leisurely asked, "Are you proud of being Mrs. Johnson? If my guess is right, before you married into the Johnson family, they made you sign an agreement, forbidding you from having children. Why else would you send your own daughter to Ethen's bed?"

Emily's face changed. Then, suddenly, she burst into laughter. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Are you sure Ethen will marry Vivien? He just wants to have some fun. Would a young man, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, agree to marry such a poor girl? You're dreaming."

Emily slammed her hand on the table. Her freshly-manicured nails chipped, but that was the least of her concern.

"Nonsense!" she shouted in rage.

I merely leaned against the sofa, unfazed. "You know very well whether I'm talking nonsense or not."

Furious, Emily stamped her feet. But then, a vicious smile appeared on her face. "Spencer, you're also from a rich family. You also look down upon poor women, don't you?"

"So what I do? Get the hell out of here!"

Emily let out a snort and left with Justin.

I watched them leave until they disappeared from my sight. For some reason, Emily's last sentence kept ringing in my head. Something was wrong. I could feel it.

Wait a minute.

Upon realizing something, I stood up and looked behind me. Just as I expected, Vivien was in the corridor on the second floor. Our eyes met for a second. Before I could react, she turned around and left.

I ran as fast as I could. Fortunately, I caught up with her at the door of her room.

I grabbed her wrist and called, "Vivien..."

She raised her head and forced a smile. However, her lips were trembling, and she appeared to be on the verge of crying. "It turns out that you're just like them. You know what? You're right. The gap between family backgrounds is like a chasm. You're beyond my reach. I don't deserve a man like you."

After saying that, she tried to prise my fingers.

"I wasn't pertaining about you," I explained in a hurry. Of course, I would not let her go.

But that did not stop her. She suddenly bit my hand, making me gasp and wince in pain. She seized the opportunity to pull her hand back and push me away.

Then, she went back to her room and locked the door behind her.

My heart ached as I stared at the closed door. I could not defend myself. And most importantly, I could not show her how much she really meant to me.

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I could not help but chuckle at her audacity. I sat on the sofa with crossed legs and leisurely asked, "Are you proud of being Mrs. Johnson? If my guess is right, before you married into the Johnson family, they made you sign an agreement, forbidding you from having children. Why else would you send your own daughter to Ethan's bed?"

Emily's face changed. Then, suddenly, she burst into laughter. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Are you sure Ethan will marry Vivian? He just wants to have some fun. Would a young man, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, agree to marry such a poor girl? You're dreaming."

Emily slammed her hand on the table. Her freshly-manicured nails chipped, but that was the least of her concern.

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[Chapter 250 Pestered Again](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As dusk approached, the lights outside the window grew dim. The sunset glow tinted the darkening sky a brilliant red.

When we arrived at Moore mansion, no one was home. The servants told us that Charles' family had taken James along to visit their friends.

I was a little disappointed, since I hadn't seen James for the whole day.

"Isn't it good for us to have some quality time alone?" Charles said, grabbing my hand.

In return, I glared crossly at him. Suddenly, my phone rang.

I took out my phone and saw that it was a message was from Vivian. "What do you think of her?"

Attached was a photo of a woman. She looked beautiful, but seemed to be vulgar in temperament.

I instantly replied to Vivian, "She's not as pretty as you."

"You're such a sweet talker! I bet you can always make your husband happy, right? Or did Charles get angry because you were drunk last night?"

"I don't think so."

After ending our conversation, I put my phone aside and thought about Charles's behavior when we woke up this morning. He acted the same way as usual. On the contrary, I had a terrible headache because of my hangover. My body was in pain and was sore everywhere.

Wait, sore and painful?

I immediately stared at Charles. "Charles. Last night, did we...?"

"I wish." Charles narrowed his eyes at me, his gaze filled with both desire and dissatisfaction. "But since you have your period, I couldn't do anything."

Embarrassed, I quickly looked away, my cheeks flushing. I didn't dare to look at him a second longer.

As it so happened, I received a call there and then. I took the opportunity to shake off Charles's hand and answered the phone. It was the leader of the TV station. "Scarlett, you need to go to France for the interview this Friday. I'm sorry, but honestly, I don't feel comfortable about leaving this task to anyone else."

I gave my agreement and accepted the task without complaint.

"Who's on the phone?" Charles asked, raising his head at me.

"My boss requested me to go on a business trip to France on Friday."

"Business trip? With whom?" Charles furrowed his beautiful eyebrows, his displeasure evident. "Do you really have to go? How many days will you stay there?"

He started shooting questions rapid-fire. I couldn't help laughing. "It's just an interview! Don't worry, it won't take a long time."

Charles gripped my hand with a long face. His lips were pulled into an unhappy frown. "I don't want you to leave me."

"This is my job. You've been on business trips before, but I never stopped you." His reaction rendered me helpless. I didn't know what else to say.

"Well, now, I don't want to leave you," he muttered. My hand was slowly warmed up by his palm, and as he did so, my heart felt warmed as well.

I took the initiative to kiss him on the cheek and coaxed him softly in a gentle tone, "I'll video chat with you every day."

"Okay, but you have to turn on your phone 24 hours a day. We can't lose contact at all, not even for a second!" Charles compromised, looking less gloomy.

"No problem," I agreed readily.

"And..."

Like a child, Charles bombarded me with request upon request. I accepted them all patiently, nodding

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He stroked my belly slowly, ond the wormth in his polm emitted soft heat to me. "Will thot moke you feel better?"

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"No problem," I agreed readily.

"And..."

Like a child, Charles bombarded me with request upon request. I accepted them all patiently, nodding all the while as I placated him.

After a long while, Charles finally gave his assent. He held me in his arms and murmured, "You have to come back quickly."

"Okay."

After dinner, I proposed to pick up James, but Charles pulled me to the sofa and laid down with me. He rested his head on my lap, closing his eyes. "Don't worry. I've sent someone to pick them up."

I relaxed at that, and proceeded to pinch his soft earlobe in a show of discontent. "And why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"Well, I didn't want James to disturb us."

He stroked my belly slowly, and the warmth in his palm emitted soft heat to me. "Will that make you feel better?"

I smiled, amused and touched. "Yes, but my period doesn't hurt much this time. Don't worry."

Charles then leaned over and gave a soft, affectionate peck on my belly. He whispered meaningfully, "Finish it quickly."

I was at a loss, not knowing whether to cry or to laugh. This man was really full of desire!

The next day, I went to work as usual. But just as I was about to get off the car, a group of reporters suddenly rushed towards me.

I closed the door right away, slamming it shut before they could reach me. "What's happening?"

"They're coming for us!" Janet exclaimed, her face darkening.

The reporters surrounded my car, swarming around like nosy flies and blocking my path of escape. They slapped and smacked the car windows wildly, uncaring of their actions.

"Mrs. Moore! Did you really stop Mr. Moore from seeing Miss Lively?"

"Rumor has it that you're a jealous woman! Do you have any words on that?"

"Why are you so cold-blooded?"

Their incessant questions made my head ache. I rubbed my temples in annoyance, disgruntled.

"We can't stay here forever. The reporters will never leave," Treacy grumbled, sighing.

Janet thought of an idea and suggested, "How about we drive to the back door?"

"Let's try that."

Janet immediately started the engine and honked loudly, scaring the reporters. Seeing that the car was about to move, they slowly stepped back to make way for the vehicle. And so, we took the opportunity to leave.

Soon, the car stopped at the back door. But just like before, the reporters reappeared and surrounded us again.

When Janet opened the door, two female reporters who were standing next to the door suddenly collapsed. Alarmed, I hurried out of the car to check if they were injured.

"Mrs. Moore, did you order your bodyguard to hit the reporters?"

One voice questioned. Instantly, all the other reporters pressed the shutters madly at me.

Seeing this, I raised my voice and immediately commended Janet, "Janet, record a video with your phone and send it to Charles. Make sure you have all of their faces."

Janet nodded and whipped out her phone in an instant.

At this, all of the reporters stepped back fearfully.

Treacy then grabbed the chance to pull me away from the crowd, and we fled from the scene as quickly as we could.

As soon as I arrived at the office, my phone rang. It was Charles.

I pressed the answer key, and Charles's worried voice came out. "Scarlett! Are you okay? Were you hurt?"

The minute I heard his voice, the uneasiness in my heart dissipated in an instant. A smile graced my lips, and my spirits rose. "I'm fine, Charles."

"Janet said that she had recorded all of the reporters' faces. The audacity! I will spare none of them!" Charles growled, fury thick in his voice.

"Uh, there's no need to go that far. I was just bluffing."

"Me too."

But it was clear to me that Charles wasn't bluffing, and that he meant every single thing he said.

"Mrs. Moore! Did you really stop Mr. Moore from saving Miss Lively?"

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