

Warning 251

[Chapter 251 Some Quiet Time](#)

Rita's POV:

I dreamt a long, long dream.

In my dream, I was still the distinguished and renowned daughter of the Lively family. I was an extraordinary beauty with no peer, and a superior status to match. I was the object of desire for innumerable men of wealth, all whom scrambled for the smallest bit of attention from me.

In my dream, my parents were healthy and happy. My family was by my side, filled with joy.

I laughed loudly, proudly, with all my strength. I was happy, contented. I was at the top of the world.

But... The moment I opened my eyes, the wonderful scenes from that oh so lovely dream vanished in an instant.

Waking up, I realized that I was still lying on the hospital bed.

Faced with crushing reality, the feeling of helplessness enveloped me. I struggled to get up. Subconsciously, I curled up. However, I had forgotten that I had on a drip. My reckless movement caused the needle to deviate and soon, a lump appeared on the back of my hand.

I stared at the lump in dismay, but I didn't feel any pain at all. Feeling sorry for myself, I hugged myself tightly.

The strong loneliness almost suffocated me. It was difficult to breathe. I desperately wanted to cry, but try as I might, I couldn't shed a single tear.

I bet I looked so ridiculous now.

I gasped, drawing in sharp breaths, just like a dying fish.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Finally, a glimmer of hope had appeared! Unable to help myself, I said eagerly, "Come in!"

Ashley opened the door slowly. She entered, looking back vigilantly for a few times before closing the door as silently as she could.

Anxious, I asked her, "How did it go...?"

"I'm sorry, Rita. Our plan failed. Scarlett didn't bite at all, and we even received a warning letter from our superior." Ashley hung her head low, like a defeated animal.

"How could this be?!" I couldn't believe it! I had so many reporters on my side, but I still couldn't deal a decisive blow on Scarlett! Frustrated, I clenched the bedsheet tightly.

"Rita... How about we just give up? Charles Moore is behind Scarlett. He's even more terrifying! I'm scared..." Ashley slumped her shoulders in fear, her eyes clouded with uncertainty.

"No! We can't give up! Everyone has an Achilles heel. I'm sure of it! As long as you are willing to spend more time on it..." I sat up defiantly from my bed as I spoke. I dug through my bag and took out a bank card, which I then handed to Ashley.

"Here, your reward for this time. Keep an eye on Scarlett like you've always done."

"Got it." Ashley nodded obediently as she took my bank card enthusiastically.

"Inform me if you have any updates. If there's nothing else, you can leave." I lay back on the bed and waved at her weakly, urging her to get out.

When I closed my eyes, I recalled the scene where the old women bonded together to beat me up in public. Then, Charles had been right next to me. He could have saved me! He could, and yet...!

It was all because of Scarlett! That hateful wench... I wouldn't let her off even if I died!

The accumulated hatred in my heart had reached its peak, spreading into every part of me, seeping deep into my blood and bones.

Charles's POV:

While I was working in my office, I received an unexpected call from Richard.

"Mr. Moore, a reporter named Ashley went to see Rito in secret. She told me that the reporters who swarmed Mrs. Moore were all hired by Rito. Ashley has also promised to keep me updated with Rito's movements."

"Got it." I hung up. Just as the call ended, I slammed my phone on my desk, seething.

Rito, that woman! She truly had a death wish!

I spent a few minutes calming myself down. After a moment of pondering, I picked up my phone again and dialed a number.

"Roy, how's the Lively Group doing?"

"It's in bad condition. Rito's been using all kinds of methods to attract investors, but nothing worked."

Aside from that, Lily has arranged for some new people to work there. It seems she intends to grow away from the company all at once."

"So the Lively Group won't last long, am I correct?"

"I guess so. But Rito has been quite cautious recently. Lily's people haven't received any useful information as of yet."

"Really...? Well then, you should give her some assistance."

I hung up, my expression as fierce as ever. This time, I would not be soft-hearted. I would stick with my plan.

After I finished work, I headed straight to Gordon Street.

Scarlett experienced a terrible fright today. What should I do to comfort her?

I opened the fridge and took out the steak, broccoli, and potato. They were all Scarlett's favorite. After that, I processed the ingredients and started cooking a scrumptious dinner.

Just as I was about to fry the steak, Scarlett returned home.

"Oooh! Are you cooking?" She trotted towards me happily, excited for the food. I studied her face, but I couldn't find any trace of hurt on it. She seemed perfectly fine.

"Got it." Ashley nodded obediently as she took my bank card enthusiastically.

"Inform me if you have any updates. If there's nothing else, you can leave." I lay back on the bed and waved at her weakly, urging her to get out.

When I closed my eyes, I recalled the scene where the old women banded together to beat me up in public. Then, Charles had been right next to me. He could have saved me! He could, and yet...!

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"Got it." I hung up. Just as the call ended, I slammed my phone on my desk, seething.

Rita, that woman! She truly had a death wish!

I spent a few minutes calming myself down. After a moment of pondering, I picked up my phone again and dialed a number.

"Roy, how's the Lively Group doing?"

"It's in bad condition. Rita's been using all kinds of methods to attract investors, but nothing worked. Aside from that, Lily has arranged for some new people to work there. It seems she intends to gnaw away at the company all at once."

"So the Lively Group won't last long, am I correct?"

"I guess so. But Rita has been quite cautious recently. Lily's people haven't received any useful information as of yet."

"Really...? Well then, you should give her some assistance."

I hung up, my expression as fierce as ever. This time, I would not be soft-hearted. I would attack with my all.

After I finished work, I headed straight to Garden Street.

Scarlett experienced a terrible fright today. What should I do to comfort her?

I opened the fridge and took out the steak, broccoli, and potato. They were all Scarlett's favorite. After that, I processed the ingredients and started cooking a scrumptious dinner.

Just as I was about to fry the steak, Scarlett returned home.

"Oooh! Are you cooking?" She trotted towards me happily, excited for the food. I studied her face, but I couldn't find any trace of hurt on it. She seemed perfectly fine.

"I was hungry," I said then on purpose, and then carefully added some butter into the frying pan. Soon, the milky fragrance of butter filled the kitchen.

"Wow, it smells so good! Give me your hand, Charles. Let me help you roll up your sleeves." Scerlett squinted her eyes as she took a deep sniff of the delicious scent. A satisfied smile appeared on her beaming face.

I slid the steak in the pan with one hand, while stretching out the other hand to her.

Scerlett rolled up my sleeve with utmost care, her face scrunched up in concentration. I couldn't stop myself from stealing a peek at her from the corner of my eyes. She looked so adorable when she was serious!

I gave her a swift peck on the lips. "Wait for me in the dining room. It's almost done."

"Okay," Scerlett chirped obediently, and left the kitchen soon after. My rapidly beating heart finally calmed down. This woman could seduce me so easily any time she appeared in front of me!

The fried steak was soon done, and I served it on the table. "Wait a moment. I've also made mashed potatoes to go along with it."

"If only James were here! He loves creamy mashed potatoes the most." Scerlett mumbled regretfully, sighing slightly.

"But I want to have some quiet time with you." I cut off a small piece of beef and put it gently into her mouth. "Is it delicious?"

As she munched it, Scerlett's face changed dramatically.

That made me nervous, and my heart skipped a frightened beat. "Is it bad?"

But Scerlett flashed me a bright smile before swallowing the beef with a satisfied gulp. "Just kidding! The beef is delicious."

Then, she fed me a piece of beef and asked with the same bright smile, "Isn't it delicious?"

I raised my eyebrows, savoring the food, and said proudly, "Wow, I'm really good at cooking."

"Sey, Charles. Can we go back to the mansion after dinner? I miss James and Grandma."

"Let's eat first." I put the plate in front of her.

After dinner, I entered the living room with a bottle of wine and two glasses in hand.

"Why did you take out the wine? Aren't we going back to the mansion?"

"No." I set the wine and the glasses on the table. Then, I nestled close to Scerlett and held her in my

arms. She stayed in my arms obediently, like a sweet little kitten.

I lowered my head to kiss her soft cheek. "Tonight, I just want to be with you."

"I was hungry," I said that on purpose, and then carefully added some butter into the frying pan. Soon, the milky fragrance of butter filled the kitchen.

"Wow, it smells so good! Give me your hand, Charles. Let me help you roll up your sleeves." Scarlett squinted her eyes as she took a deep sniff of the delicious scent. A satisfied smile appeared on her beaming face.

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After dinner, I entered the living room with a bottle of wine and two glasses in hand.

"Why did you take out the wine? Aren't we going back to the mansion?"

"No." I set the wine and the glasses on the table. Then, I nestled close to Scarlett and held her in my arms. She stayed in my arms obediently, like a sweet little kitten.

I lowered my head to kiss her soft earlobe. "Tonight, I just want to be with you."

[Chapter 252 Lover](#)

Scarlett's POV:

When I saw the sly snicker on Charles's face, I knew, I couldn't escape my fate tonight.

Sure enough, Charles picked up the glass and flashed me a seductive look. "Honey... If my memory serves me right, your period's ending today, right?"

His words warmed my face, and I shivered involuntarily. I haven't drank the wine yet, but my face was already flushed.

In fact, I myself could no longer stay calm. However, I wouldn't admit that I also wanted to be intimate with him.

I raised my head and drowned all the wine in the glass. As I was about to pour more, a hand suddenly stopped me. "I don't want to make love to a drunkard."

Charles's deep gaze studied me. I could see a storm brewing in them, threatening to swallow me.

Unable to help myself, I indulged myself in his gaze. I felt as if I had fallen into a swamp. I could do nothing but let him kiss me passionately.

Charles pushed my body on the soft sofa, and I felt as if I was trapped in a cage. His big, burning hands touched my body over and over again, and his fierce kiss forced me out of breath.

I was in a trance. All the while, his voice whispered into my ears, "Scarlett... Do you love me?"

He kissed me and asked repeatedly. However, my mind was in a mess. With the remaining trace of reason I had, I struggled to think of an answer.

Charles held me, pulling me into a tide of pleasure. And then, the answer surfaced in me.

Of course, I love him...

We soon finished one heavy round, and I collapsed tiredly, panting.

Charles was still in high spirits, his eyes bright and eager. "How about we do it again, honey? Let's go to the bedroom this time!"

I licked my dry lips, exhausted.

He was still wanting for more action...

Damn it! When I came to my senses, I wanted to run away. Unfortunately, I was lifted up before I could protest.

"Charles, I'm tired..."

"Well, you just need to relax and enjoy yourself..."

The rest of our words drowned away as we kissed passionately. Another round of intimacy followed...

The result of our indulgence was obvious.

When I finally awoke, I was greeted with the sight of Charles looking up at me. It was a warm and beautiful scene that I had only seen in my previous dreams.

My phone on the nightstand suddenly rang and I blurted out, "Honey, what are you doing? Why aren't you answering the phone?"

Charles, who was busy looking up, suddenly froze.

"Yes, honey."

Charles grinned brightly, like a fool. He walked over and answered the phone for me.

"Hello. Unfortunately, my wife hasn't woken up yet. Of course, it was all my fault. Lost night..."

When I heard this, I was stunned. Ashamed into anger, I picked up a pillow and threw it at the ever complacent man. "Hey, don't go too far! What the heck are you saying?"

Just as I was about to get up, Charles pressed me back to the bed and put his fingers gently on my lips.

"Shhh, lie back. Your waist is still sore."

What the hell? What on this good earth was he talking about?!

I raised my hand to cover his mouth and stop him from speaking once and for all.

However, Charles held my hands tightly and continued to speak on the phone as if nothing had happened, "I'm sorry, I wasn't talking to you just now. Yes, my wife hasn't freshened up yet. She might need you to wait another half an hour. No, it might take an hour. Yes, goodbye."

"C-Charles!" I pounced on Charles, my eyes a livid glow.

Charles pressed me and said cheekily, "Don't resist. Otherwise, I fear that an hour might not be enough."

"Charles, I'm tired..."

"Well, you just need to relax and enjoy yourself..."

The rest of our words drowned away as we kissed passionately. Another round of intimacy followed...

The result of our indulgence was obvious.

When I finally awoke, I was greeted with the sight of Charles packing up for me. It was a warm and beautiful scene that I had only seen in my previous dreams.

My phone on the nightstand suddenly rang and I blurted out, "Honey, what are you doing? Why aren't you answering the phone?"

Charles, who was busy packing up, suddenly froze.

"Yes, honey."

Charles grinned brightly, like a fool. He walked over and answered the phone for me.

"Hello. Unfortunately, my wife hasn't woken up yet. Of course, it was all my fault. Last night..."

When I heard this, I was stunned. Ashamed into anger, I picked up a pillow and threw it to the ever complacent man. "Hey, don't go too far! What the heck are you saying?"

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"C-Charles!" I pounced on Charles, my eyes a livid glare.

Charles pressed me and said cheekily, "Don't resist. Otherwise, I fear that an hour might not enough."

Heeding his words, I trembled and stopped resisting.

Charles kissed me softly on the lips and said, "I'll help you freshen up."

We ended up doing the deed in the bathroom...

As Charles had said, one hour was indeed not enough, at least for him.

We finally got into the car after a long time. Upset, I couldn't help but complain, "Ugh! This is all because of you! Now, I'm going to be late!"

"Next time, I'll try my best to finish sooner." Charles winked cheekily at me.

Helpless, I slumped weakly in my seat.

"Lean on my shoulder," Charles said, shifting closer to me.

I did as told and leaned my head against his shoulder obediently. Suddenly, I felt very reluctant to part with him.

Later, we arrived at the airport.

I gave Charles a big hug before whispering tenderly at him, "Wait for me to come back, Charles."

The next second, Charles pulled me close and kissed me fiercely on the lips. I could feel his manic tongue in my mouth as our lips locked. His kiss displayed his strong attachment and great reluctance to leave me.

We were so immersed, that neither of us wanted to end it. We only came to our senses when my phone rang again.

I gasped for breath, and parted from Charles's arms.

"Make a video call every day, or you'll be punished when you come back!" Charles warned me fiercely. Contrary to his stern tone, his hands were gently tidying up my clothes.

What a lovely man he was...

I nodded, and then, took a last look at Charles. Then, I turned around and left resolutely. Jenet, Tracy, and Richard immediately followed me as I started to walk.

After taking a few steps, I couldn't help but turn around. Charles was still standing motionlessly at the same spot, looking at me.

Hearing his words, I trembled and stopped resisting.

Charles kissed me softly on the lips and said, "I'll help you freshen up."

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What a lovely man he was...

I nodded, and then, took a last look at Charles. Then, I turned around and left resolutely. Janet, Tracy, and Richard immediately followed me as I started to walk.

After taking a few steps, I couldn't help but turn around. Charles was still standing motionlessly at the same spot, looking at me.

[Chapter 253 Not Enough](#)

Scarlett's POV:

He was such a fool!

I was so touched, I let go of my suitcase and dashed back to Charles, jumping into his arms. I wrapped my legs around Charles's waist and put my hands around his neck, like a joyful and clingy koala.

Charles was taken aback by my unexpected reaction, but he hugged me tightly all the same.

"Scarlett... I thought you wouldn't look back at me."

Even if I didn't look back, I could sense that Charles had yet to leave.

For some odd reason, I felt like he was holding his sincere heart in his hands for me to look at, for fear that I couldn't see or touch it.

"I'll be back soon. I promise! Don't think too much, okay?"

I lowered my head, and gave Charles a soft, sweet peck on the lips.

Charles nodded silently, but it was obvious that he wasn't satisfied with the kiss. His lips reached mine again, taking my breath away. It was full of passion and affection, and he was completely ignoring the gazes of the people around us.

"Charles..." I mumbled, patting him lightly on the chest to stop him. My cheeks were burning in shame and embarrassment.

Charles stopped kissing me, though very reluctantly. "Take care of yourself. I'll be fine. Don't you remember? I promised you, didn't I? My life is yours."

I nodded, and then separated myself from Charles.

"I didn't expect Scarlett to have such a side..."

"Mr. and Mrs. Moore are truly a perfect match!"

My colleagues' discussion reached my ears, further fueling my embarrassment. I couldn't imagine how Charles could get used to showing off his love in public.

I could only pretend to be calm and put on a composed front, as if I wasn't their topic of discussion.

Right after I got on the plane, I received a message from Vivian.

She had sent me a photo.

I clicked it open, and was greeted with the image a good-looking young lady. Her smile was sweet, and there was a hint of innocence in her pretty eyes.

"She's the new blind date I arranged for Spencer. What do you think?"

How on earth was Vivian able to continue looking for a girlfriend for Spencer?

The woman she found this time was indeed very beautiful, but I didn't think she would fit Spencer's preferences.

In other words... Even if a goddess was to appear before Spencer, he still wouldn't bat an eye.

All for the simple reason that he already had Vivian firmly in his heart.

I replied and typed, "I thought you already conquered Spencer."

Vivian replied immediately without hesitation, "I was just teasing him."

If I said the same thing to Spencer, he might give the same answer.

I let out a long, painful sigh. The two of them were a perfect match, especially when it came to their stubbornness.

Vivian's POV:

A rhythmic knock on the door grabbed my attention.

"May I come in?"

I knew it was Spencer. But before I could answer, he pushed the door open without waiting for my reply and walked in.

"Why did you bother knocking on the door? You didn't get my permission before you come in, did you?" I was displeased.

"Well, you didn't get my permission before you looked for o girlfriend for me," Spencer retorted confidently.

"Whot kind of girl is it this time?" Despite his question, there was no troce of curiosity on his foce. He seemed to hove ocepted his fote, however much he resented it.

Come on, doting young women was o greot thing! Why did he hove to look os if he was facing o severe punishment?

"She's o lovely young lody." I took out my phone, wonting to show Spencer the photo of the new blind dote.

"Lovely? A young lody?" Spencer whined, foce scrunched with discontent. "Eugh! Whot kind of monster did you find for me? Those oren't words thot should be used together ot oll!"

His loud voice onnoyed me. I just wonted to toke bock my phone so he would shut up.

Just then, o messoge come in, distrocting me.

Spencer's eyes lit up ond he stored ot the incoming messoge.

"Hey! Whot ore you looking ot? Thot's my privocy!"

Immediotely, I hid my phone behind me, owoy from his prying eyes.

Spencer chosed me closely ond went behind me. "You showed it to me yourself! I still hoven't seen the kind of monster you found for me!"

"Didn't you soy you wouldn't look ot her?"

"Well, I wont to see her now!"

Despite my protests, Spencer tried to toke my phone owoy, os if he was plying with me. I tried to ovoid him, but foiled to hold the phone properly. It slipped out of my hond ond fell to the floor.

Fortunotely, I was nimble enough to squot down before him ond swiftly picked it up. Spencer was o tod slower, even os he reoched out his hond towards me.

In o flosch, I got my phone bock.

And then, a strange feeling throbbed at my chest. I looked down, and saw that Spencer's hand was groping my chest.

I replied and typed, "I thought you already conquered Spencer."

Vivian replied immediately without hesitation, "I was just teasing him."

If I said the same thing to Spencer, he might give the same answer.

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Vivian's POV:

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"May I come in?"

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"Why did you bother knocking on the door? You didn't get my permission before you came in, did you?" I was displeased.

"Well, you didn't get my permission before you looked for a girlfriend for me," Spencer retorted confidently.

"What kind of girl is it this time?" Despite his question, there was no trace of curiosity on his face. He seemed to have accepted his fate, however much he resented it.

Come on, dating young women was a great thing! Why did he have to look as if he was facing a severe punishment?

"She's a lovely young lady." I took out my phone, wanting to show Spencer the photo of the new blind date.

"Lovely? A young lady?" Spencer whined, face scrunched with discontent. "Eugh! What kind of monster did you find for me? Those aren't words that should be used together at all!"

His loud voice annoyed me. I just wanted to take back my phone so he would shut up.

Just then, a message came in, distracting me.

Spencer's eyes lit up and he stared at the incoming message.

"Hey! What are you looking at? That's my privacy!"

Immediately, I hid my phone behind me, away from his prying eyes.

Spencer chased me closely and went behind me. "You showed it to me yourself! I still haven't seen the kind of monster you found for me!"

"Didn't you say you wouldn't look at her?"

"Well, I want to see her now!"

Despite my protests, Spencer tried to take my phone away, as if he was playing with me. I tried to avoid him, but failed to hold the phone properly. It slipped out of my hand and fell to the floor.

Fortunately, I was nimble enough to squat down before him and swiftly picked it up. Spencer was a tad slower, even as he reached out his hand towards me.

In a flash, I got my phone back.

And then, a strange feeling throbbed at my chest. I looked down, and saw that Spencer's hand was groping my chest.

It was so embarrassing, time suddenly froze for both of us. The two of us were stunned silly, too shocked to react.

I tried to diffuse the awkwardness and said jokingly, "Hey, haven't you had enough?"

Spencer loosened his grip immediately, looking as if he had just woken up from a dream.

"Do you expect this way to your blind dates?" I teased again.

"Stop blabbering rubbish, Vivien." Unexpectedly, Spencer didn't smile at all. "You're different from them."

What did he mean I was different? Was I actually special to him? My heart started racing.

But what followed were actually his cold words. "You are my doctor."

My heart quickly sank at this.

"Well then, dear boss. May I ask for help today's leave?" I set on the sofa and rubbed my chest, pretending to be uncomfortable. "Doctors can't diagnose themselves. I think I need to see a doctor, myself."

"Huh? Where do you feel uncomfortable?" Spencer asked, worrying his tone. He hurried to me and was by my side in seconds.

"Here." I pointed to my heart. "It hurts because you've hit me."

Spencer's cheeks flushed red.

"What's wrong with your face?" I pretended to be surprised and said, "You see, Spencer, I know someone who's fallen in love. The thing is, he's too shy and is unwilling to admit it."

"It's just because my leg hurts!" Spencer quickly turned his head away and refused to look at me.

His leg...?

"Does it hurt a lot? Let me have a look." I knelt, intending to roll up Spencer's trousers to inspect his leg.

However, Spencer stopped me.

I saw the mischievous smile on his face, and immediately realized that I was tricked.

But his smile soon vanished. He held my chin and asked in a low voice, "Why are you so worried about me? Why did you kneel down to check on my leg as soon as I told you it hurts? Have you forgiven me, Vivien...?"

At this, my face darkened.

I knew that Spencer was referring to that morning. However, I also understood that I had no right to blame him. It was true that I didn't deserve him the slightest.

I walked up to Spencer with a sweet smile, and placed my arms around his neck.

"Spencer... A poor woman doesn't deserve to be your wife, but I think it's okay for her to sleep with you, isn't it?"

Spencer frowned immediately. "Why are you talking like this again?!"

It was so embarrassing, time suddenly froze for both of us. The two of us were stunned silly, too shocked to react.

I tried to diffuse the awkwardness and said jokingly, "Hey, haven't you had enough?"

Spencer loosened his grip immediately, looking as if he had just woken up from a dream.

"Do you also act this way to your blind dates?" I teased again.

"Stop blabbering rubbish, Vivian." Unexpectedly, Spencer didn't smile at all. "You're different from them."

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Spencer's cheeks flushed red.

"What's wrong with your face?" I pretended to act surprised and said, "You see, Spencer, I know someone who's fallen in love. The thing is, he's too shy and is unwilling to admit it."

"It's just because my leg hurts!" Spencer quickly turned his head away and refused to look at me.

His leg...?

"Does it hurt a lot? Let me have a look." I knelt, intending to roll up Spencer's trousers to inspect his leg.

However, Spencer stopped me.

I saw the mischievous smile on his face, and immediately realized that I was tricked.

But his smile soon vanished. He held my chin and asked in a low voice, "Why are you so worried about me? Why did you kneel down to check on my leg as soon as I told you it hurts? Have you forgiven me, Vivian...?"

At this, my face darkened.

I knew that Spencer was referring to that morning. However, I also understood that I had no right to blame him. It was true that I didn't deserve him the slightest.

I walked up to Spencer with a sweet smile, and placed my arms around his neck.

"Spencer... A poor woman doesn't deserve to be your wife, but I think it's okay for her to sleep with you, isn't it?"

Spencer frowned immediately. "Why are you talking like this again?!"

[Chapter 254 Don't Play With Fire](#)

Spencer's POV:

Vivian was staring at me with fiery eyes. Her enthusiasm and frankness were like flames, trying to engulf me and it was intimidating.

Suddenly, she sat on my lap and pressed me down.

A gust of fragrant wind wafted into my nose as she kissed me on the lips out of the blue.

I wasn't sure why, but my brain suddenly went overload. It had almost been paralyzed when Vivian sat on me, and now, my brain was completely malfunctioning.

I stared at her face, which was inches away from mine. I felt as though a fire had been ignited in my heart, and my whole body was burning.

For some reason, I was eager to touch her.

However, a sudden knock on the door sobered me up.

"Sir, Miss Nicole is here to see you," said a voice from outside.

Vivian stopped kissing me. She was gasping for air. Her eyes were misty, and her fair face had turned red. There was something strange about her that made my heart beat faster.

Vivian stood up and flashed me a smile. "You should go meet your date, Spencer."

I was so annoyed that I broke into laughter. Vivian was truly a bewitching woman. A few moments ago, she was kissing me as though it would cure cancer, and now she was passing me over to another woman.

We stared at each other for a few more seconds before Vivian finally opened the door and left.

My mind was in shambles at this point. I didn't go downstairs until the waiter reminded me again that Nicole was waiting for me.

I sat down in front of the stranger named, Nicole. She was smiling while she was talking to me, but I couldn't bring myself to listen to her at all. Until now, Vivian's seductive moans were still resonating in my ears.

Distracted by thoughts of Vivian, I looked around in search of her. A few seconds later, she appeared in my sight.

She was leaning against the bar counter nearby, wearing a crop top and sexy shorts. Her exposed long legs and slender waist made me want to hide her. I wanted to hide her even more when I saw how every man within her vicinity were leering at her.

Infuriated by this, I clenched my fists.

Vivian seemed to have noticed my gaze. She picked up a glass of cocktail, and raised it towards me from afar. She then winked at me and smiled provocatively.

I snorted.

"Um... Spencer? Did I say something wrong?" said Nicole nervously as she sat in front of me.

I turned my gaze towards her and saw that she was looking at me, seemingly bewildered. If Vivian was a cunning, seductive vixen, Nicole was like a meek rabbit.

After casting Vivian a glance as she watched my blind date, I smirked and reached for Nicole's hand. "Can you give me your hand?"

After a moment of hesitation, Nicole put her hand in my palm. "Sure, but what's wrong with my hand?" she asked.

I deliberately made sure that my voice was loud enough for other people to hear. "Your hands are so soft. You know, I like it when girls' hands are soft."

"That's very nice of you to say that, Spencer! You're also my type." Nicole smiled at me, gazing into my eyes affectionately.

I let go of her hand with a wry smile, and changed the topic. "How about we go upstairs to have a drink? It's too noisy down here," I suggested.

"Sounds like a plan!" Nicole readily agreed and stood up, carrying her purse.

Then, I took her upstairs into a private room.

Not a minute later, I walked out of the private room and looked downstairs. There, I saw that Vivian was happily chatting with some of the other customers.

Annoyed, I glowered and went downstairs, immediately pulling her out of the crowd.

Vivian was shocked that I appeared. "Spencer? Is your date with Nicole over?" she asked.

"No." My face was grim, and the way I spoke was even worse. "The date has just begun. Miss Nicole and I are going out for lunch, and we might have dinner outside, too."

I observed Vivian's reaction, but she looked away and didn't respond.

"Let's go, Spencer," said Nicole.

Vivian looked at her with a complicated expression. I couldn't seem to read Vivian's mind.

However, I didn't hesitate to walk up to Nicole and whisper to her, "Do you mind going out first? I just have to deal with something troublesome."

"No problem." Nicole flashed me a gentle smile before she went on her way.

The moment I turned around, I happened to meet Vivian's gaze. I walked back to her, and raised her chin to confront her. "You seem upset about the fact that I'm going out with Nicole," I said to her.

"Oh, I'm actually happy. Very happy, in fact." Vivian took a step back, avoiding my hand. The smile on her face seemed stiff. "I hope you have a good time with her."

Having said that, she turned around and left without hesitation. I didn't even get a chance to respond.

I just watched as she walked away, and made sure that she went upstairs. Afterwards, I walked out of the bar.

There, I saw Nicole standing quietly by the door with her purse in hand. She was indeed beautiful, but she wasn't my muse.

"Nicole." I approached her, and apologized for the delay. "Sorry, but I don't think we can go out for lunch. The problem I encountered isn't as easy as I thought it was. Can we reschedule this date for another day?" I asked.

"Um, okay! Do what you have to. I'm sure it's important." Nicole took a step forward, gazing into my eyes intently. "I really hope that we can go out on another date. I really like you, Spencer."

Subconsciously, I looked away and chuckled awkwardly. "Sorry about rescheduling on you."

"Then make it up to me," said Nicole. She took out her phone, looking at me expectantly. "It's not too much for us to exchange contact details, right?"

I didn't refuse her request, but I didn't tell Nicole my phone number. Instead, we just added each other on Facebook.

After she left, I looked at the door of the bar, but I was hesitant to go in. I knew that Vivion would mock me for foiling the blind date again, and she'd probably introduce me to another girl.

Honestly, this whole thing was starting to give me a migraine.

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Charles. "David and I are at a new bar. Do you want to come over and investigate the competitor?" he said.

I asked for the address at once. If I could avoid seeing Vivion for the time being, I would happily go anywhere.

Soon, I arrived at Chronic Bar.

Upon entering the private room, I saw several empty bottles in front of Charles and David.

I raised my eyebrows and sat beside them. "What the hell are you two doing? Why are you guys drinking at noon?"

"Well, Scarlett is on a business trip to France." Charles sighed.

It turned out that his wife wasn't home.

"Charles, we're good friends. Can you please stop bugging us out?" David put down his glass with great strength. The sound of the glass landing on the table was harsh. He pursed his lips, seemingly in pain.

"By the way, David, is Icey still staying at your house?" I asked. I thought that things were getting interesting.

"Stop making fun of me, asshole. Have you gotten Vivion yet?"

I pursed my lips and said, "She's the one taking the move."

"Huh? What does that even mean?" David asked curiously.

I didn't know what to say.

Naturally, I couldn't tell him that Vivion had kissed me first.

I just gave him a vague answer, so that we could move on to a new topic. Fortunately, David didn't

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I just gave him a vague answer, so that we could move on to a new topic. Fortunately, David didn't probe any further.

After eating lunch, we parted.

I called a chauffeur to take me back to Mint Bar.

Just before I could get off the car, I saw Vivien's car passing by. There were men sitting on the passenger seat.

"Wait!" I immediately stopped the chauffeur from leaving and asked him to follow Vivien's car.

The chauffeur looked at me in surprise as his eyes lit up. "Sir, was that your wife? Is she cheating on you?" he asked.

I shot him a stern glare.

My deunting gaze was enough to silence him, and then he started the car.

We followed Vivien's car to the mall, and stopped at a respectable distance away from her. She, wearing a very elegant dress, opened the door of her car and got off. Then, she walked into the mall side by side with the men.

The chauffeur looked back at me vigilantly. "Are you planning to follow them, sir?"

"No, I'll wait here."

I wore a long face, staring at the gate of the shopping mall. A few moments later, Vivien and her companion came out and drove away.

I told the chauffeur to follow them again. I gnashed my teeth as I watched Vivien go shopping, play golf, and finally dine at a western restaurant with the men.

'Isn't this the script that I planned to piss her off with today?'

I clutched my chest and took a deep breath. However, my anger was becoming more and more intense.

"Wait for me here," I said to the driver. Then, I got off the car and strode into the western restaurant.

However, I didn't confront them right away. Instead, I set at a table where I had a clear view of them.

After a while, Vivien stood up and went to the bathroom. I followed her and waited at the door.

Soon, she came out of the bathroom.

I grabbed her hand and led her into the staircase by the side.

The heavy iron door was closed behind us.

"What are you doing here, Spencer?"

"I should ask you the same question." I was practically snarling at her as I approached her step by step. "Who the hell is that man?"

Vivien looked into my eyes and replied, "He's my blind date. Like you, he's also from a rich family. His name is Lee. So, what do you think about him? Is he a good fit for me?"

"Are you kidding me? You're on a blind date?" I was so angry that I gritted my teeth. "Who introduced him to you?"

Vivien paid no mind to my anger and just shrugged at me indifferently. "Excuse me, but does it have anything to do with you?" she asked.

"It has everything to do with me!" I roared.

"Aren't you happy with Nicole? Don't you have any plans of developing a relationship with her? You're here to have dinner with her, right? Well, what a coincidence! We brought our blind dates to the same restaurant." Vivien was smiling frivolously. She was obviously testing my patience.

To suppress my anger, I clenched my fists.

"Why aren't you saying anything? Did I hit the nail on the head?" Vivien chuckled as she suddenly took a step forward. Her red lips were merely inches away from mine. The warmth of her breath was tempting every fiber of my being. "Or did you leave Nicole behind just to follow me in secret?" she asked.

I averted my gaze from her with difficulty. "Don't try to change the subject. You haven't answered my question. Who introduced that blind date to you?"

I tried my best to hold my anger, but at this point, my rationality was on the brink of collapse. I couldn't understand why Vivien had such a huge influence on me. She could easily affect my emotions, and render me unable to extricate myself.

"Answer me first." Vivien was looking into my eyes with such confidence.

I glowered and tried to squeeze out some words through my gritted teeth. "Don't play with fire, Vivien."

Vivien winked at me and didn't respond. She just leaned over and wrapped her arms around my waist.

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[Chapter 255 I Didn't See Any Other Woman When You Were Away](#)

Spencer's POV:

As I held Vivian's soft body in my arms, I fell into a momentary trance. However, her confidence irritated me and quickly yanked me out of my daze.

I took her hands into mine, and then pushed her away gently. "Don't do that. I'm not suitable for you."

The smile on her face vanished in an instant, replaced with a frown. Discontent, she hissed, "Then why the hell did you come to me?"

"I just don't want you to get hurt, Vivian. If you're happy with that man, I promise I won't interfere. I just want you to think things over." I dared not look into her eyes, too nervous to meet her gaze. Having said what I needed to, I spun on my heel and left immediately.

Passing the hallway, I caught a glimpse of the man's face. 'So this is Vivian's type?' I thought to myself gloomily.

Frustrated, I clenched my fists silently and hurried back to my car. I told the driver to send me back to the bar.

On the way, my phone rang. Scarlett's name popped up on the screen.

"Hey, Scarlett. Aren't you on a business trip?"

"Vivian called me just now. She said she's drinking alone at the seaside. She sounded really weird... Is it convenient for you to check on her now, Spencer? I'm really worried about her."

My heart skipped a beat. Anxious, I quickly asked Scarlett for the specific address and demanded the driver to send me there as soon as humanely possible. Worry chewed on my heart, sending me into panic.

Along the way, I kept calling Vivian. To my dismay, she didn't answer at all.

So anxious I was, a second seemed like a century.

After a long and excruciating wait, the car arrived at the destination.

Through the window, I noticed Vivian's car parked at the roadside.

She was really here!

Before the car could even stop properly, I unlocked the door and jumped off without hesitation. I didn't bother to care about the consequences.

Seeing this, the driver shouted in panic behind me.

I couldn't care less and didn't respond to him. My eyes swept around the place, hunting for Vivian. I paced every nook and cranny, calling her name desperately.

Finally, from a distance, I spotted a familiar figure. Vivian was there! She staggered towards me with a bottle of wine in hand.

I ran to her immediately, worried. "Vivian! Where have you been?"

Vivian squinted and stared at me for a long time, unspeaking. All of a sudden, she shook off my hand and pushed me away. "Don't touch me, Spencer. I'm not suitable for you!"

She was telling me the very same words I had said to her earlier...

My heart ached, and I understood her feelings.

Vivian staggered a few steps ahead before collapsing on the beach, going limp. The wine bottle rolled out of her hand.

Alarmed, I hurried forward and picked her up. It was then that I saw her eyes were closed shut.

I soon found Vivian's car key, so I opened the door and gently put her on the back seat. But the moment I got up to leave, she grabbed my collar and held me in place.

"Stay with me," she whispered in a pleading tone. I didn't know why, but I heeded her request and sat in the car with her.

Vivian leaned on my shoulder, and her erratic breathing gradually became steady.

Very soon, she was fast asleep.

I watched her sleeping face silently, until a strong light caught my eyes.

Raising my head curiously, I realized that it had come from Vivian's phone. A new message had appeared on the locked screen, but I could not see the specific content.

Strongly enough, a strong sense of uneasiness suddenly washed over me. Many questions ran through my head.

It was already so late. Who was texting Vivian at such an hour?

Was it the man she dated tonight? Was he interested in Vivian? More importantly, would Vivian accept him...?

"Spencer..." My train of thoughts died away when I heard Vivian's sleep talking.

I looked down at her, but her eyes were still closed.

She was the one who said that she wanted to sleep with me. So why did she go on a blind date with another man?

Recalling the hostile kiss and the intimate goings on earlier, my heart beat faster and faster. Every single

thing was puzzling. I couldn't make heads or tails out of it. What on earth were my feelings for Vivion? How did I really feel about her...?

The alcohol kicked in, turning me drowsy. My eyelids grew heavy as a strong urge to sleep washed over me.

Without realizing it, I passed out. I didn't know how long I was unconscious, until I felt a movement next to me. Immediately, I jerked awake and subconsciously tightened my arm.

Vivion fell into my arms and directed a ferocious glare at me, warning me.

Faced with her sharp eyes, I let go of her right away.

"Why are you here...?" Vivion studied me, confused as to why I was next to her.

I rubbed my shoulder, numb from her leaning on it for a long time, and threw her a sulky look. "My arm's numb, all because of you."

Just then, there was another sound from Vivion's phone. She picked it up and showed the screen to me. It was a short text.

"I was actually prepared to be rejected before I confessed my love for you. I said it because I didn't want to regret later on. I hope you don't feel any pressure. We can still be friends. Horris."

Wait, so the guy was Horris? How dare Emily's lucky fancy Vivion?!

I snorted, derisive.

"Why are you snorting?" Vivion smiled at me, helpless.

"Hoh! That Horris is so shameless. He made a scene and troubled you in the bar. How could you be friends with him?!" I was feeling uncomfortable all over. I quickly opened the door, about to leave.

However, I wasn't able to move as something grabbed my arm. Frowning, I turned around. Vivion quickly leaned over and kissed me hard on the lips before I could react. "Stop making excuses. You're just jealous!"

Ugh... Damn it! When she saw that I wasn't replying, she crashed her lips against mine for another kiss.

Scarlett's POV:

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Scarlett's POV:

As soon as I got off the plane, Charles called me.

"Did you see the person who came to pick you up?"

Surprised, I looked up. Sure enough, I could see someone raising a huge sign with my name on it at the exit.

"Yes, I did. You're so considerate." I spoke with Charles for a while more, smiling happily. After that, I hung up and joined my colleagues.

We got into our designated ride and left the airport.

When I arrived at DK Hotel, a well-dressed man opened the door for me.

"Mrs. Moore, I'm the manager of DK Hotel. Please allow me to walk you to your room." The manager took the luggage from the driver and led us inside politely.

To my surprise, we were taken to a presidential suite.

This was obviously not the kind of room the TV station would book for us!

"Excuse me... Are you sure this is my room?" I turned to the manager, confused and uncertain.

The meneger nodded. "Yes. Mr. Moore errened this for you. By the wey, your colleegues' rooms ere just next door."

I smiled end thenked the meneger politely, end then closed the door.

Once inside end elone, I whipped out my phone end sent e messege to Cherles. "Cherles, how meny more things heve you done for me without telling me?"

Cherles's reply ceme in en instent. His words were cryptic, however. "Surprises ere everywhere."

Just es he texted this, there wes e knock on the door. My colleegue wes celling for me. "Scerlett, ere you free? There's something I'm not sure about the script. I'd like to go through it with you, if thet's elright."

I put down my phone end sterted my work.

It wes e long time until I wes finelly done. I looked et the window, end sew thet it hed gone completely derk outside.

Just es promised, Cherles did e video cell.

I didn't enswer it until I returned to my bedroom.

As I switched on my phone end replied to his cell, his figure ceme into my sight. To my surprise, he wes in the midst of getting dressed end wes slowly buttoning his shirt. Under the open coller ley his solid muscles, the sight meking my fece burn with edmiretion end emberressment.

Cherles reised his heed, grinning knowingly. "Do I look good, Scerlett?"

I tried to push down my emberressment end put on e cool front. I seid nonchelently, "I guess your figure's not bed."

Cherles reised his eyebrows in reply, end undid one of his buttons with e teeing gesture. "Not bed? Just thet? Well then, how ebout I teke my clothes off end show it to you?"

"No. No, no, no. No need!" My heert beet fester end fester et his flirty suggestion. It wes getting herder end herder to keep celm. Fecing the neughtly Cherles, I hed no choice but to chenge the topic. "So, um, did you sleep with Jemes lest night?"

Cherles nodded. He reechd for his tie end begen to put it on. "I go home on time every night, just to heve dinner end sleep with our beloved son. I didn't do anything improper outside when you're not et home, too."

He sounded es if he wes giving me e report, which mede me chuckle. "Well done! I'll give you e rewerd

when I return."

"Did you see the person who came to pick you up?"

Surprised, I looked up. Sure enough, I could see someone raising a huge sign with my name on it at the exit.

"Yes, I did. You're so considerate." I spoke with Charles for a while more, smiling happily. After that, I hung up and joined my colleagues.

We got into our designated ride and left the airport.

When I arrived at DK Hotel, a well-dressed man opened the door for me.

"Mrs. Moore, I'm the manager of DK Hotel. Please allow me to walk you to your room." The manager took the luggage from the driver and led us inside politely.

To my surprise, we were taken to a presidential suite.

This was obviously not the kind of room the TV station would book for us!

"Excuse me... Are you sure this is my room?" I turned to the manager, confused and uncertain.

The manager nodded. "Yes. Mr. Moore arranged this for you. By the way, your colleagues' rooms are just next door."

I smiled and thanked the manager politely, and then closed the door.

Once inside and alone, I whipped out my phone and sent a message to Charles. "Charles, how many more things have you done for me without telling me?"

Charles's reply came in an instant. His words were cryptic, however. "Surprises are everywhere."

Just as he texted this, there was a knock on the door. My colleague was calling for me. "Scarlett, are you free? There's something I'm not sure about the script. I'd like to go through it with you, if that's alright."

I put down my phone and started my work.

It was a long time until I was finally done. I looked at the window, and saw that it had gone completely dark outside.

Just as promised, Charles did a video call.

I didn't answer it until I returned to my bedroom.

As I switched on my phone and replied to his call, his figure came into my sight. To my surprise, he was in the midst of getting dressed and was slowly buttoning his shirt. Under the open collar lay his solid muscles, the sight making my face burn with admiration and embarrassment.

Charles raised his head, grinning knowingly. "Do I look good, Scarlett?"

I tried to push down my embarrassment and put on a cool front. I said nonchalantly, "I guess your figure's not bad."

Charles raised his eyebrows in reply, and undid one of his buttons with a teasing gesture. "Not bad? Just that? Well then, how about I take my clothes off and show it to you?"

"No. No, no, no. No need!" My heart beat faster and faster at his flirty suggestion. It was getting harder and harder to keep calm. Facing the naughty Charles, I had no choice but to change the topic. "So, um, did you sleep with James last night?"

Charles nodded. He reached for his tie and began to put it on. "I go home on time every night, just to have dinner and sleep with our beloved son. I didn't do anything improper outside when you're not at home, too."

He sounded as if he was giving me a report, which made me chuckle. "Well done! I'll give you a reward when I return."

[Chapter 256 I Wouldn't Let Scarlett Know](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I yawned.

"It's late now. Why don't you take a shower and go to bed?" A shadow of a smile appeared on Charles's handsome face, his eyes turning sharp.

"Okay. Goodbye now." I beamed and poked his face on the screen. "All right then. Let's hang up the video call."

But Charles remained on the line.

I raised my eyebrows at him. "What? Do you want to watch me take a shower?"

"That's an incredibly tempting offer."

"Oh, you wish!" I glared at him and, from his background, found that he was still out and about. "Go back to work."

"Don't stay up late, okay? Good night." After saying that, Charles's face gradually enlarged on the screen, and then the screen went dark. He planted a kiss on the camera, and I could not help grinning.

"Good night."

After hanging up our video call, I picked up my clothes and went to the bathroom. Then, my phone beeped. It was a message from Charles.

"I miss you so much," his text read.

I slept soundly the entire night.

Charles insisted that Richard accompanied me to my business trip to France. He told me that he was worried about my safety, and I did not want to fight him about it, so I just agreed.

"Scarlett, do you want to have meals with your colleagues or have a table of your own?" Tracy asked.

I thought for a while and smiled. "I want to eat with my colleagues. But I think I'm going to attract too much attention if I bring all you three with me. You accompany me, Tracy."

Janet frowned. "But what about me? I want to accompany you, too."

"Well, you can go with Richard and find a table of your own, someplace near ours. That way, you can still keep an eye on me. Besides, Tracy likes one of my colleagues. I would like to introduce them." I turned around to look at Tracy who flashed me a confused look. I took her hand and pulled her aside.

Tracy whispered in my ear. "Scarlett, I don't remember liking one of your colleagues. Care to fill me in on what's happening?"

"Just go with it. I'll explain later." I winked at her.

I wanted Tracy to accompany me because I had noticed some subtle tension between Janet and Richard. I wanted them to spend some time alone together.

Charles's POV:

When I woke up in the morning, the first thing I saw was Scarlett's good morning text. I let it fill my heart with so much joy that I started smiling like a dozing idiot.

When I arrived at the office, everyone stared at me like they were witnessing a miracle. I did not care. All I knew was that I was ecstatic.

Amy immediately followed me the moment I entered my office. "Sir, Rita has been waiting for you

downstairs. She wants to see you."

When I heard Rito's name, the happy smile on my face died. "Tell her to go home. I'm busy."

Amy nodded and hurriedly left.

I stood in front of the big French windows in my office, picked up my phone, and called Roy. "How's it going?"

Roy cleared his throat. "I've found a loophole in the Lively Group for Lily's people. They're taking action. It won't be long before the Lively Group is destroyed."

"Time is of the essence. Make something happen and speed things up. I want this problem taken care of as soon as possible, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

When it was time to get off work, I left the company building and climbed into my car. It had been a long day. I leaned on the backseat and closed my eyes for a bit.

Then, the car suddenly screeched to a halt in the middle of the road.

I opened my eyes and frowned. My driver looked at me through the rearview mirror. He appeared as startled as I was. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Moore. Someone just stopped us."

I looked out and saw a car in front of us, which Rito got out of. She started walking toward us.

She rapped on my window.

I ignored her and looked at my driver. "Move her car out of our way."

My driver swallowed audibly. "But, sir, it's in the middle of the road. Innocent people might get hurt if we..."

"Just go with it. I'll explain later." I winked at her.

I wanted Tracy to accompany me because I had noticed some subtle tension between Janet and Richard. I wanted them to spend some time alone together.

Charles's POV:

When I woke up in the morning, the first thing I saw was Scarlett's good morning text. I let it fill my heart with so much joy that I started smiling like a daydreaming idiot.

When I arrived at the office, everyone stared at me like they were witnessing a miracle. I did not care. All I knew was that I was ecstatic.

Amy immediately followed me the moment I entered my office. "Sir, Rita has been waiting for you downstairs. She wants to see you."

When I heard Rita's name, the happy smile on my face died. "Tell her to go home. I'm busy."

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I looked out and saw a car in front of us, which Rita got out of. She started walking toward us.

She rapped on my window.

I ignored her and looked at my driver. "Ram her car out of our way."

My driver swallowed audibly. "But, sir, it's in the middle of the road. Innocent people might get hurt if we..."

"Then have her car towed away. Right now!"

Rita was still knocking on my window.

I sighed, rolled my window down, and met her eyes with a cold stare. "What do you want?" I snapped.

Rite breced her hands on my rolled-down window end looked et me pitifully. "I'm sorry. You left me no choice. You wouldn't talk to me in your office. I'm begging you, Charles. Please save my company. I can't let the Lively Group go bankrupt in my hands."

I looked away end kept my face neutral.

"Only you can help me now. I promise I won't tell Scarlett about it."

I whipped my head toward her again when she mentioned Scarlett's name. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I know you're only refusing to help me because you're worried that Scarlett will find out. You're afraid that us talking is going to affect your relationship. But don't worry. I won't let her know."

"How do you know that Scarlett is not in the city?" I watched Rite carefully. The moment our eyes met, she shivered.

For a moment, she did not know what to say. Then, tears started welling up in her eyes. I could tell that she was going to play the victim again. "You don't have to be so mean to me, Charles."

I shook my head end started rolling up my window.

"Wait!" Rite cried out.

Her fingers were still gripping the glass.

I watched her sit, anxious face through the crack. "What do I have to do to make you help me? Please tell me. I'll do anything."

I lowered the window again a little end said coldly, "Get your hands out of the way, Rite. If you hurt yourself, I won't take responsibility."

As a tear rolled down her cheek, Rite withdrew her hands.

A few moments later, the tow truck arrived to get her car out of our way.

"Let's go."

My driver gunned the engine.

"No! Don't let them tow my car! Charles! Please! How can you be so heartless to me? Charles..." I stared ahead end let the wind behind us drown out Rite's pleas.

"Then have her car towed away. Right now!"

Rita was still knocking on my window.

I sighed, rolled my window down, and met her eyes with a cold stare. "What do you want?" I snapped.

Rita braced her hands on my rolled-down window and looked at me pitifully. "I'm sorry. You left me no choice. You wouldn't talk to me in your office. I'm begging you, Charles. Please save my company. I can't let the Lively Group go bankrupt in my hands."

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For a moment, she did not know what to say. Then, tears started welling up in her eyes. I could tell that she was going to play the victim again. "You don't have to be so mean to me, Charles."

I shook my head and started rolling up my window.

"Wait!" Rita cried out.

Her fingers were still gripping the glass.

I watched her sad, anxious face through the crack. "What do I have to do to make you help me? Please tell me. I'll do anything."

I lowered the window again a little and said coldly, "Get your hands out of the way, Rita. If you hurt yourself, I won't take responsibility."

As a tear rolled down her cheek, Rita withdrew her hands.

A few moments later, the tow truck arrived to get her car out of our way.

"Let's go."

My driver gunned the engine.

"No! Don't let them tow my car! Charles! Please! How can you be so heartless to me? Charles..." I stared ahead and let the wind behind us drown out Rita's pleas.

[Chapter 257 The Mysterious Man](#)

Rita's POV:

I stood there and watched Charles's car disappear in the distance. I swallowed the lump in my throat and wiped away my tears. I could not believe the blinding pain being caused by my breaking heart.

Charles used to love me so much and spoil me. How could he be so cruel to me now? It seemed that everything we had shared and gone through meant nothing to him.

And it was all because of Scarlett!

This was all her fault! She must have bewitched Charles into staying away from me. I could not hate her more.

I gritted my teeth and thought, 'Your day will come, Scarlett. Let's just wait and see.'

Then, my phone rang, interrupting my thoughts.

"Hello?" I answered impatiently.

"Hello, Miss Lively. I'm an employee of the Lively Group." The caller was a man with an unfamiliar voice.

"And why are you calling me?"

"I have a way to save your company," the man said firmly, and my heart leapt to my throat.

"Is this some kind of joke? Who the hell are you?"

"Meet me in booth 502 at the Mint Bar tonight, and I will tell you everything. I can help you."

Then, the mysterious man hung up. Conflicting emotions started swirling in my gut. My reason told me that the man was probably a liar, but a small part of me could not help thinking that maybe he was the glimmer of hope that I needed. What if this mysterious man really had a way to save the Lively Group?

I had nothing to lose and everything to gain.

So I decided to meet him.

The Mint Bar was already abuzz with revelry when I arrived.

The place smelled like smoke and wine. The floor was littered with platforms on which gorgeous, half-naked young women danced. As pieces of their clothing flew in the air and kissed the floor, the men watching them howled, mad with excitement and lust.

I calmly made my way through the raging crowd on the dance floor and saw the man I was meeting in booth 502.

It was a bit dark, but I could tell that he was in his thirties. He was wearing a blue Gucci business suit and a Rolex watch. The hair left on his head was covered in mousse, which reflected the bouncing lights. He quickly spotted me in the crowd, and he curled his lips in a smile that reminded me of every single man who ever hit on me.

I clicked my tongue but kept my face bereft of emotion.

"You said that you have a way to save the Lively Group?" I came straight to the point as soon as I sat down beside him.

"Yes, Miss Lively. If you give me a chance, I'll make sure that your company doesn't succumb to bankruptcy." The man's face was full of confidence.

"So I'm just supposed to take your word for it?"

If there was one thing that I learned in business, it was never to trust anybody. The business world was riddled with snakes, and I was not going to let myself get bitten.

"Yes. I'm not just any employee, Miss Lively. I went from an entry-level clerk to a middle-level manager in less than six months at the Lively Group." The man was bragging, but he was calm.

And I was intrigued.

If I were still the over-privileged daughter of the Lively Group's CEO, I would not have wasted time coming to a bar to meet this mysterious man. But things were different now. I was responsible for the Lively Group, and if this man could help me save it, then I would give him a shot.

"Tell me your name," I ordered.

"Kevin. My name is Kevin."

Aside from the searing self-esteem that shone from his eyes, I saw... Desire.

I smiled contemptuously. Men were always so laughably predictable.

I had met countless men like this one, men who were obsessed with women and who would do

anything for the right incentive.

"Are you single, Kevin?"

Kevin hesitated for a moment and said, "No, I'm married."

I was a little disappointed. "At such a young age? Well, I never would've guessed."

But it did not matter. Charles almost divorced Scarlett because of me.

Kevin should not be so hard to crack. I slid closer to him, reached out, and rested my hand on his thigh.

To my surprise, he stopped my hand and said, "Miss Lively, I just told you I'm already married. Please, let's just keep this professional." His tone was serious.

"So you're not offering to help me to get into my pants?" I felt offended by his blatant rejection.

"Please don't get me wrong, Miss Lively. You're as beautiful as the goddess Athena. But I have a wife and a family. Even if I were a single man, I wouldn't deserve someone like you. You're way out of my league."

What a hypocrite!

After we talked, I asked Kevin to drive me home. He agreed without hesitation and put his hand on the small of my back as we left the bar.

Vivian's POV:

I saw Rito at the Mint Bar chatting happily with a middle-aged man.

What was this bad woman playing at?

I called the waiter over and asked him to eavesdrop on their conversation.

The waiter told me everything he had heard.

I curled my lips. "Wow. That woman is unstoppable. She wasted no time and hooked up with the first man she drank with."

"So I'm just supposed to take your word for it?"

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What a hypocrite!

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Vivian's POV:

I saw Rita at the Mint Bar chatting happily with a middle-aged man.

What was this bad woman playing at?

I called the waiter over and asked him to eavesdrop on their conversation.

The waiter told me everything he had heard.

I curled my lips. "Wow. That woman is unstoppable. She wasted no time and hooked up with the first man she drank with."

Spencer leaned over and asked, "Is she more unstoppable than you?"

I rolled my eyes at him. "What do you mean?"

"Well, she's good at hooking up with men. But you... You are good at finding women for me! Where on earth do you find so many girls to set me up with?"

"Oh, please. There had only been a few. Why? Are you tired of being a ladies' man?" I glanced at his body and drew circles on his arm with my finger.

"You, you, you..."

Spencer did not manage to finish what he was trying to say. He just turned around and left with a red face.

I took out my phone, called Scarlett, and told her what I just witnessed.

As soon as our conversation ended, I saw Emily walking toward me with Justin on her heels.

The moment I laid eyes on her, all the alarms in my head went off, and I straightened my back.

Emily strode straight to me and held my hand. The hypocritical smile on her face made me want to throw up.

"Hi, Vivien. We haven't seen each other in a long time. How are you doing?"

"What are you doing here?" I pushed her hand away and rubbed my hand on my shirt. Her touch made me feel sick.

"Then he's been talking to me about you lately. He wanted to invite you to dinner and apologize for what he did last time."

"Really? Well, you can go tell him that I don't ever want to see him again for the rest of my life." I stared at Emily coldly.

"Vivien, just except Ethen's invitation and repay my kindness for coming here and telling you. After all, I'm still your mother."

I scoffed, "I didn't ask you to give birth to me."

"You ungrateful child! You should count yourself lucky that Ethen likes you. How dare you be rude to him? Justin, get her. Tie her up if you have to. I will take her to Ethen myself."

As I expected, Emily finally showed her true intentions. At her command, Justin approached me.

Before he could lay a hand on me, I took the syringe from my pocket and jammed it into his wrist.

Justin's face twisted in pain. After a few moments, he began shaking. I flashed him a mocking grin.

"Do you still want to grab me and tie me up?"

"You bitch!"

Justin raised his other hand and was about to slap me. But then, the bar's security guards rushed over and hit Justin with a stick, knocking him to the ground.

"Are you okay, Miss Vivien?" The guards looked at me worriedly.

I took a deep breath, shoved down the surging hatred inside me, and ordered them.

"Throw these two out."

Spencer leaned over and asked, "Is she more unstoppable than you?"

I rolled my eyes at him. "What do you mean?"

"Well, she's good at hooking up with men. But you... You are good at finding women for me! Where on earth do you find so many girls to set me up with?"

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"Ethan have been talking to me about you lately. He wanted to invite you to dinner and apologize for what he did last time."

"Really? Well, you can go tell him that I don't ever want to see him again for the rest of my life." I stared at Emily coldly.

"Vivian, just accept Ethan's invitation and repay my kindness for coming here and telling you. After all, I'm still your mother."

I scoffed, "I didn't ask you to give birth to me."

"You ungrateful child! You should count yourself lucky that Ethan likes you. How dare you be rude to him? Justin, get her. Tie her up if you have to. I will take her to Ethan myself."

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"Throw these two out."

[Chapter 258 Welcome Home](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After speaking with Vivian, I frowned and wondered what Rita was plotting again. That woman was always making trouble.

While I was lost in thought, Charles sent me a video call request. I beamed and answered.

"Honey, with whom were you on the phone just now? I tried calling you many times, but I couldn't get through. Was it a man or a woman?"

That tone of Charles's always cracked me up. He was trying not to sound jealous and possessive but was failing miserably.

"Relax. It was Vivian. How are you?"

I wondered if I should tell Charles what Vivian told me.

"Did Vivian tell you that Rita was hanging out with a man named Kevin?"

My eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Kevin is a spy. Lily hired him to approach Rita. They're working together to destroy the Lively Group."

My curiosity was aroused. "And what's your role in this game?"

"My role? An insignificant one. When are you coming home? I'm getting a little fed up with this little guy."

Charles held James in front of the camera. My little boy was very excited to see his mother since we had not seen each other for a long time. He stretched out his chubby little hand toward me and cooed, "Mama."

I put my hand over my chest and sent flying kisses to my little angel. I wished that I could just pack my bags and jump on the first plane home.

"Don't talk nonsense. James is so cute." I got a little annoyed at Charles's comment.

"Cute, huh? Does that mean you want another baby?"

I was taken aback. When Grandma asked us to have another baby, Charles resolutely opposed. Why was he bringing up having another baby now?

I could not help teasing him. "Okay. How about a daughter this time?"

"Really? Okay. You must keep your word!"

Charles's POV:

On the day of Scarlett's flight back home, her plane was delayed because of the bad weather.

I waited at the airport for four hours before I finally saw her. My days and nights of missing her terribly were over.

Scarlett and I looked at each other across the crowd. Seeing her face again, I could not help feeling a little overwhelmed with love and longing. She might be just one woman, but to me, she was the entire universe.

I dashed over and locked her in a tight hug.

Richard and the others took the hint and gave us some privacy.

I crushed my lips onto hers, quenching the thirst in my heart. She struggled under my grip, as if telling me to stop because people were already staring. But I held on. I did not care. I missed her, and I wanted to show her just how much.

"Let's spend the night at Gordon Street. We'll go back to the Moore mansion tomorrow. I want you all to myself tonight." I looked at her pleadingly.

I knew that Scarlett must miss James very much since they had not seen each other for so many days.

But she did not say anything.

She just nodded as blood rushed to her cheeks.

We went straight to the bedroom when we arrived at our Gordon Street home. I kicked the door shut, and my entire body burned with maddening desire. I had been itching to touch Scarlett since we left the airport, and now that we were alone, she was all mine.

We took off all our clothes and explored each other's bodies like we were doing it for the first time. We both surrendered to our primal urges and sent caution flying out the window. When I thrust into her, I

threw my head back and let my return to her paradise consume me completely.

"Really? Okay. You must keep your word!"

Charles's POV:

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I waited at the airport for four hours before I finally saw her. My days and nights of missing her terribly were over.

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I crashed my lips onto hers, quenching the thirst in my heart. She struggled under my grip, as if telling me to stop because people were already staring. But I held on. I did not care. I missed her, and I wanted to show her just how much.

"Let's spend the night at Garden Street. We'll go back to the Moore mansion tomorrow. I want you all to myself tonight." I looked at her pleadingly.

I knew that Scarlett must miss James very much since they had not seen each other for so many days.

But she did not say anything.

She just nodded as blood rushed to her cheeks.

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We took off all our clothes and explored each other's bodies like we were doing it for the first time. We both surrendered to our primal urges and sent caution flying out the window. When I thrust into her, I threw my head back and let my return to her paradise consume me completely.

The next day, I woke up with Scarlett in my arms. Her beautiful face was enchanting in the morning light. She looked tired, but she was glowing. She appeared like something out of a dream. I could not take my eyes off of her at all.

"What time is it? I think it's time for us to get up."

Scarlett stretched her muscles and opened her eyes in a daze. Her voice was a little hoarse after moaning endlessly last night.

Her sleepy look made me hard again. I swallowed, hoping it would help curb my building desire.

"I want another round, honey. Can we do it again?"

I held her in my arms and gazed at her affectionately, trying to achieve my goal by bewitching her with my puppy dog eyes.

"But I'm still exhausted. And it hurts down there," Scarlett refused bluntly.

Absence did make the heart grow fonder. I knew that I might have gone a little too rough with her last night, but I could not help it. I wanted her last night, and I still did.

"Really? How bad is it? Come on, let me see."

As I spoke, I lifted the quilt and stuck my head under it to take a look at her privates. She panicked so instantly that she swatted me off like a fly and hogged the quilt to cover herself completely. She giggled and rolled her eyes at me.

"You're such a naughty, naughty man! Get up and make me some breakfast. I'm starving."

Feeling bad for getting her hurt while making love to her, I gave up teasing Scarlett. I smiled, jumped out of bed, and put on some clothes.

"All right. Wait here. I'll make breakfast for you."

Before leaving the room, I leaned in and planted a soft kiss on Scarlett's forehead. She grinned, and I headed to the kitchen.

The next day, I woke up with Scarlett in my arms. Her beautiful face was enchanting in the morning light. She looked tired, but she was glowing. She appeared like something out of a dream. I could not take my eyes off of her at all.

"What time is it? I think it's time for us to get up."

Scarlett stretched her muscles and opened her eyes in a daze. Her voice was a little hoarse after moaning endlessly last night.

Her sleepy look made me hard again. I swallowed, hoping it would help curb my building desire.

"I want another round, honey. Can we do it again?"

I held her in my arms and gazed at her affectionately, trying to achieve my goal by bewitching her with my puppy dog eyes.

"But I'm still exhausted. And it hurts down there," Scarlett refused bluntly.

Absence did make the heart grow fonder. I knew that I might have gone a little too rough with her last night, but I could not help it. I wanted her last night, and I still did.

"Really? How bad is it? Come on, let me see."

As I spoke, I lifted the quilt and stuck my head under it to take a look at her privates. She panicked so instantly that she swatted me off like a fly and hogged the quilt to cover herself completely. She giggled and rolled her eyes at me.

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[Chapter 259 Fear Of Losing](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I tried going back to sleep. But before I could completely drift off, my phone rang.

I clicked my tongue. Who could possibly call me this early in the day? I didn't want to answer, so I grabbed the quilt and pulled it over my head.

But my phone kept ringing. It seemed that whoever was calling didn't intend to give up.

I groaned and reached for my phone on the bedside table. The call was coming from Vivian.

"Hey, Scarlett. I heard that you're back. Let's have drinks tonight. I have something to tell you."

"I can't tonight, Vivian. I have something to deal with. How about tomorrow night?"

"That works for me. And maybe there will be a good show for us to watch."

"All right then. See you."

After hanging up with Vivian, I couldn't fall asleep anymore, so I decided to just get up and wash up.

While I was brushing my teeth in the bathroom, the heavenly smell of breakfast wafted in from the kitchen. As a response, my stomach grumbled.

After I finished up, I went to the kitchen to see how Charles was doing. He was still cooking when I arrived. He was in boxer shorts and a white shirt, but he still looked regal. Sometimes, his handsomeness still caught me off-guard.

I sauntered into the kitchen, sat at the counter, and watched him cook.

Charles's dishes didn't exactly look exquisite, but given the choice, I would pick his food over those from fancy restaurants. Every time I saw him cooking, I felt like my heart was being engulfed by a sense of comforting warmth.

Charles turned around and stared at me for a few moments. Then, he waved his hand and said, "Come here."

I blinked. "What?"

"Come over here," Charles repeated.

I stood up and strode toward him. I looked at the hamburger with bacon and egg and the blueberry waffle that he made, and my mouth instantly watered. I said with admiration, "Wow, honey. The food looks amazing. I didn't know you knew how to make these."

"It's not that hard. I just followed the recipe." He smiled proudly at me.

"So why am I standing here?"

"Hug me."

"Why? You're cooking. If I hug you, I'll restrict your room for movement." I eyed him carefully and tilted my head to the side.

"Just hug me, Scarlett," Charles ordered in a low voice, trying to sound like a domineering entity. To me, he just sounded like a spoiled little boy.

"Fine." I walked up behind him and wrapped my arms around his waist. He smelled faintly of perfume laced with a bit of tobacco.

Charles tore open a package of oatmeal and continued to cook.

I held him and, after a few moments, moved my hand to his chest.

"Scarlett!" Charles stopped what he was doing and turned to warn me, "Do you want your breakfast ruined?"

I saw annoyance and desire mingle in his eyes. Thinking about how he exhausted me in bed last night, I immediately withdrew my hand.

"Keep your arms around my waist," Charles barked.

When he turned back to what he was doing, I stuck my tongue out at him and then embraced him from behind again.

Charles could be so bossy sometimes, but I couldn't help humoring his overbearing manner. For some reason, I found a bit of tenderness in it.

"See? You want to hold me. You just can't admit it." His teasing smile made me blush.

Charles's POV:

After breakfast, I dressed up and went straight to work.

I wanted to spend more time with Scarlett, but Amy kept calling me.

"Sir, Mr. Potel has been waiting for you in your office for a long time." Amy looked at me carefully.

I nodded and pushed the door open. Spencer turned his head to me and said, "What's with the face, man? I thought Scarlett was home. Why do you look worse than me?"

He disturbed my time with Scarlett and still had the gall to comment on my appearance. Typical Spencer.

"What do you want, Spencer?"

"I'm probably going to get married soon." I whipped my head at him. He looked hesitant.

"Okay. You don't look too thrilled about it, though."

"I don't know, Charles. I've been feeling left out lately. I mean, you have Scarlett and a kid, and David has a fiancée. I'm the only one who's still single. Don't you think that's a little unfair?"

"So why am I standing here?"

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Charles's POV:

After breakfast, I dressed up and went straight to work.

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"I don't know, Charles. I've been feeling left out lately. I mean, you have Scarlett and a kid, and David has a fiancée. I'm the only one who's still single. Don't you think that's a little unfair?"

"So you're going to find someone to marry just so you don't feel left out?" I stared at him. My intuition told me that he was not going to marry Vivien.

"Why don't you ask me who I'm going to marry?"

"Spencer, I'll be happy for you no matter who you marry. Just make sure that you don't regret making such a big decision hastily. Scarlett and I have been through a lot of difficulties in the past. Believe me. I know the mess jumping the gun brings about," I warned him seriously.

"But you two eventually got together, and everything turned out okay, didn't it?"

"It did, but I still feel that something has changed."

"What do you mean?" Spencer looked at me in confusion.

"Scarlett used to stick to me like glue. Now, I don't feel such strong love from her anymore." I touched the ring on my finger, lost in thought.

"Charles, Scarlett loves you very much. We all know that. I think this is just in your head."

"Since she found out that I refused her father when he came to me for help, a gap sprang out between us. Since then, she has rarely asked me for help with anything. I don't like the idea of her not needing me."

I felt upset. So I quickly opened my desk drawer, took out my cigarette case, and fished out a cigarette. I grabbed my lighter and lit up. I took a long, deliberate drag until my throat and lungs were filled with smoke. As I exhaled, I felt fresh with a little sense of calm, but I still didn't feel better.

"Among the three of us, you've always been the happiest one. David and I are so envious of you," Spencer sighed, walked toward me, and patted me on the shoulder.

After taking a few more drags, I crushed my cigarette on the ashtray on my desk. I turned to Spencer and said, "Heed my advice, Spencer. Sometimes, regret is like a snake in the grass that sneaks up on you

when you least expect it. So look carefully and think twice before venturing into a new pasture."

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[Chapter 260 A Fatal Blow](#)

Spencer's POV:

Not long after, I left Charles' company and went back to the bar.

Once there, a waiter ran towards me, catching his breath. "Mr. Patel, come with me please. Vivian is drunk inside her car. We thought it wouldn't be appropriate for us to get close to her, so we decided to lock her in her car for the time being."

I frowned at him and asked, "Why the hell did you lock her in there? Couldn't you have just helped her out?"

The waiter appeared to be embarrassed. I didn't have the patience to wait for his explanation, so I just strode downstairs.

Soon, I reached Vivian's car and opened the back door. It was then that I found that parts of her body were naked. My immediate reaction was to close the door.

"Oh, Spencer, it's you!" Vivian pushed the door open. She was leaning against the backseat, visibly drunk. Her coat and trousers had been casually thrown aside. One of the shoulders of her shirt was falling off, and her breasts were half exposed. I was only a man, so I must admit that they turned me on. The strap of her underwear could be seen faintly under the hem of her clothes. She lifted her long legs, stretching them towards me.

While intoxicated, she said to me, "Do something! If you're not going to make a move, go find me someone else who will."

I frowned, pressing her legs back. Then, I bent down to pick up her coat. "Put on your clothes!"

"Fuck, no!" Vivian shrank into the car, leaning against the other door.

Angrily, I roared, "Vivian, come on! Sober up! You're not in your bedroom. This is the parking lot!"

Vivian blushed, staring at me with her glistening eyes. "That's just an excuse! Am I not sexy enough for you? Aren't you aroused by my body at all? Or perhaps you're just impotent? Just say it, Spencer. I won't laugh at you."

She was so drunk that I couldn't converse with her properly.

I sat in the backseat, gently pushing the coat towards her. "Be a good girl and put on some clothes first. Let's talk about those other things later, okay?"

Vivian grabbed her coat and threw it at me. I instinctively dodged, causing the coat to brush past me and fall outside of the car.

In a stern voice, I said, "Vivian."

At this time, Vivian leaned against the car door, crossed her legs and rested them on my lap. "I don't want to talk about anything else. I just want to know if you're capable of having an erection like a

normal man. Why don't you prove it to me?"

Spancar's POV:

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Once there, a waiter ran towards me, catching his breath. "Mr. Patal, come with me please. Vivian is drunk inside her car. We thought it wouldn't be appropriate for us to get close to her, so we decided to lock her in her car for the time being."

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She was looking at me as if she were challenging me.

I was so frustrated that my head ached.

As I rubbed my temples, I picked up her trousers and intended to put them on her.

However, Vivian kicked me away and withdrew her legs.

She scoffed at me while glaring at me with those dreamy eyes. "You can't even prove yourself, Spencer. You're such a coward! Just go to the bar and find me a real man!"

"Now that I'm here, nobody will dare touch you!"

I had lost my temper completely. I wanted to take off my coat and give it to her. But before I could even take my sleeves off, Vivian wrapped her arms around my waist. I lost my balance and fell on her.

My head began to spin. I was on top of Vivian's body. She was like an octopus, shackling me with all of her limbs.

"You..." Before I could finish my sentence, Vivian began to kiss me.

She was practically sucking on my tongue, biting my lips, and moaning with anticipation.

I tried to push her away, but Vivian suddenly got on top of me.

Her hand slid into my clothes, rubbing it against my skin. My breathing quickened as my chest heaved up and down.

Slowly, her hands moved down. She unbuckled my belt, reached in, and grabbed my thick, hard cock.

I moaned with pleasure, trying to grab her hand.

But Vivian seemed to have sensed my intention. She quickly began to masturbate my cock as she French kissed me. Her supple breasts were rubbing against my body.

All of my rationality had faded at this moment.

I carried Vivian onto the seat, raring to remove all of her clothes. I pressed my body against her with every bit of strength I had, and indulged in the music of her pleased moans as we kissed.

After having sex for a long time, we finally reached the climax. I held Vivian tight within my embrace, closing my eyes as I orgasmed.

Even in my dreams, a woman was still caressing me. I grabbed her hand and saw Vivian's face.

All of a sudden, I heard a loud bang. In that moment, Vivian vanished into thin air.

It was then that I woke up and opened my eyes. It wasn't until a moment later that I realized that the loud bang I heard was the car door slamming shut.

I sat upright and found that Vivian was no longer by my side. After putting on my clothes, I hurried out of the car to chase after her.

Vivian must've gone back to her room. I wanted to follow her, but I had no idea what to tell her. Thus, I had to go back to my room for now.

I wanted to change my clothes, but then, I found woman's panties inside my pocket. There was a print of Donald Duck on it.

'Is this Vivian's?' I wondered.

My body felt hot all over, and I immediately threw the underwear into the trash can. But a moment later, I picked it up.

I wasn't sure why, but the Donald Duck print was damned lovely at the moment!

Charles' POV:

It was rare for me to have spare time at an afternoon like this one. I set up an appointment with Spencer and David to play tennis with them.

After changing into sportswear, we chatted as we walked into the indoor tennis court.

Meanwhile, a news was broadcasting on the TV screen on the wall.

"The Lively Group is in a terrible financial crisis. Their CEO, Rita Lively, is missing. Thousands of the company's employees are demanding payments and are rallying at the company's headquarters."

A reporter was broadcasting the current situation of the Lively Group on live TV. It was crowded and the company was in shambles. All the tables, chairs, and computers had been destroyed.

Spencer appeared to be confused. "I remember that Rita has found a helper. And they actually met at our bar several times,"

I snorted.

Spencer raised an eyebrow while looking at me. "Charles, did you do this?"

I nodded in response, and said, "I won't be able to rest easy until I destroy the Lively Group completely."

"Well done! It's time for Rita to suffer. She's done so many bad things, and she deserves what's coming for her." David grinned from ear to ear.

I raised my racket towards him. "Don't mention her again. It'll just ruin my mood," I said.

"Let's play tennis!" Spencer ran into the court, seemingly in high spirits.

I looked at him in bewilderment. "Why does Spencer look so excited today?"