

Warning 271

[Chapter 271 Inexplicable Possessiveness](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After listening to Vivian's words, I knew that any comfort would be useless. Wanting to cheer her up, I proposed, "How about we go shopping? The best way to make ourselves happy is to spend money!"

"Okay," Vivian replied, smiling softly.

And so, we went on shopping spree. Just like that, the matter from before completely vanished from our minds.

Tracy and Janet followed us obediently, with James in the stroller. James seemed to enjoy the shopping mall very much, cooing happily at the sights and sounds there. His doe eyes looked around excitedly, the curiosity in them evident.

At noon, we had lunch at a restaurant.

I ordered some eggs for James. I crushed them into fine bits before feeding them to him.

As I was feeding him, my phone vibrated. It was a message from Charles.

"Where are you? I'll pick you up."

I replied by sending him the location of the restaurant.

A while later, I spotted Charles standing at the door of the restaurant. He was wearing a simple white shirt, but he looked dashing all the same. Happily, I waved at him and called, "Charles, here."

To my surprise, he was followed by two people. Spencer and David were there as well, walking casually behind him.

"Spencer, David. You're here too."

"Hi, Scarlett. Oh, is this baby James? He really looks like Charles!" David approached James for a closer look at him, and then caressed his little face gently.

"I don't know, I think he looks more like Scarlett. Especially his eyes," Spencer disagreed.

"James inherited all of mine and Scarlett's best genes." Charles slipped in and joined the conversation. His tone was light, but there was a distinct smugness in them. He couldn't help brag about his son, apparently.

"You're right. James is the fruit of your love, isn't he?" Vivian echoed with a smile.

"There, Vivian is hot and smart. Spencer, you better marry her as soon as possible."

Spencer was stunned, unable to reply. Vivian took advantage of his silence and teased, "Don't make things difficult for him, now. He doesn't even like me. Besides, our families aren't equal in social status. We're not right for each other."

"Oh...? Turns out that you're pretty old-fashioned when it comes to relationship and marriage." Charles sized Spencer up and down, showing a rare expression of disgust. His eyes were narrowed in disapproval.

Spencer was rendered speechless a second time. After a moment of silence, he relented and mumbled, "Fine, I admit defeat."

James, the curious little thing he was, looked around and blinked innocently. Suddenly, he let out a happy giggle. Then, he stretched and spread out his chubby hands towards Charles.

Charles smiled at me, and then took James from me. He held James with one hand and held my hand tightly with the other. Then, we made our way towards the parking lot.

"We're leaving now, everyone. See you next time." I turned around and waved goodbye to Spencer and the rest, and walked away with Charles.

Spencer's POV:

After Charles left, David bade goodbye and made his leave as well.

Scarlett's POV:

After listening to Vivian's words, I knew that any comfort would be useless. Wanting to cheer her up, I proposed, "How about we go shopping? The best way to make ourselves happy is to spend money!"

"Okay," Vivian replied, smiling softly.

And so, we went on shopping spree. Just like that, the matter from before completely vanished from our minds.

Tracy and Janet followed us obediently, with James in the stroller. James seemed to enjoy the shopping mall very much, cooing happily at the sights and sounds there. His doggy eyes looked around excitedly, the curiosity in them evident.

At noon, we had lunch at a restaurant.

I ordered some eggs for James. I crushed them into fine bits before feeding them to him.

As I was faading him, my phona vibratad. It was a massaga from Charlas.

"Whara ara you? I'll pick you up."

I rapliad by sanding him tha location of tha rastaurant.

A whila later, I spottad Charlas standing at tha door of tha rastaurant. Ha was waaring a simpla whita shirt, but ha lookad dashing all tha sama. Happily, I wavad at him and callad, "Charlas, hara."

To my surprisa, ha was followad by two paopla. Spancar and David wara thara as wall, walking casually bahind him.

"Spancar, David. You'ra hara too."

"Hi, Scarlatt. Oh, is this baby Jamas? Ha raally looks lika Charlas!" David approachad Jamas for a closar look at him, and than carassad his littla faca gantly.

"I don't know, I think ha looks mora lika Scarlatt. Espacially his ayas," Spancar disagraad.

"Jamas inharitad all of mina and Scarlatt's bast ganas." Charlas slippad in and joinad tha convarsation. His tona was light, but thara was a distinct smugnass in tham. Ha couldn't halp brag about his son, apparantly.

"You'ra right. Jamas is tha fruit of your lova, isn't ha?" Vivian achoad with a smila.

"Thara, Vivian is hot and smart. Spancar, you battar marry har as soon as possibla."

Spancar was stunnad, unabla to raply. Vivian took advantaga of his silanca and taasad, "Don't maka things difficult for him, now. Ha doasn't avan lika ma. Basidas, our familias aran't aqual in social status. Wa'ra not right for aach othar."

"Oh...? Turns out that you'ra pratty old-fashionad whan it comas to ralationship and marriaga." Charlas sizad Spancar up and down, showing a rara aexprassion of disgust. His ayas wara narrowad in disapproval.

Spancar was randarad spaachlass a sacond tima. Aftar a momant of silanca, ha ralantad and mumblad, "Fina, I admit dafaat."

Jamas, tha curious littla thing ha was, lookad around and blinkad innocantly. Suddanly, ha lat out a happy giggla. Than, ha stretchad and spraad out his chubby hands towards Charlas.

Charlas smilad at ma, and than took Jamas from ma. Ha hald Jamas with ona hand and hald my hand tightly with tha othar. Than, wa mada our way towards tha parking lot.

"Wa'ra laaving now, avaryona. Saa you naxt tima." I turnad around and wavad goodbya to Spancar and tha rast, and walkad away with Charlas.

Spancar's POV:

Aftar Charlas laft, David bada goodbya and mada his laava as wall.

Now, only Vivian and I were left.

I was about to ask her where she wanted to go, but then her phone rang and cut off my attempt.

She picked up the call and said in an exaggerated tone, "Of course I'm free this afternoon. Where do you want to go?"

"How about horseback riding?" From where I sat, I could clearly hear a man's voice from her phone. In an instant, jealousy burned me whole.

'Horseback riding? Oh yeah? Well, your face looks like a horse!' I couldn't help but curse inwardly, seething.

"Fine, let's go horseback riding. Send me the address. See you later!" Vivian hung up the phone. Then, she stood up to leave, not even sparing me another glance.

"Stop!" So infuriated I was, I followed her without thinking.

"What on earth are you doing, Spencer? I'm going on a date. Don't follow me!" Vivian stopped in her tracks and spun around to glare at me.

"Well, I want to go horseback riding too!"

"Then ask someone else out, for crying out loud! Don't follow me."

I soon caught up with Vivian and pressed her forcefully against the wall. My body pressed against hers deliberately, and my chest almost touched her own. I whispered heatedly in her ear, "What's wrong with me? Am I in your way?"

Vivian's eyes met mine. Though she was trapped between my arms in such an intimate posture, there was not a trace of discomfort on her face at all. If anything, she remained cool and composed. "Who I'm asking out is none of your business. You and I have never been serious, have we?"

"Are you playing with my feelings?"

"Of course. Didn't you have a good time yesterday?"

Damn it! She actually had the audacity to ask me if I had a good time yesterday? She threw herself at me and slept with me yesterday! And today, she was going horseback riding with another man...

When I imagined Vivian spending time with that man, whoever he was, my insides burned with jealous wrath.

"Vivian, are you just stringing me along? Or are you serious about me?" I approached her again, closing our distance. We were so close that I could see every expression on her face clearly.

"If I said I'm serious, do you have the guts to date me?" Vivian stared straight into my eyes, fearless. Her unyielding gaze suddenly made me feel a little uneasy, and I quickly looked away.

Seeing this, she pushed me and broke free from my arms. "If you don't like me, or have no intentions to be with me... Then it's none of your business which man I'm dating!"

"You...! Vivian!" My mind was a puzzled mess. I desperately wanted to lock her in my arms again, but I knew I had no right to do that.

"Spencer... Do you like me?" Vivian asked seriously. There was no playfulness in her voice.

"I... I'll be upset if you go horseback riding with that man," I muttered after hesitating for a long time.

However, my reply made her face darken in an instant. "I see. I thought you were jealous and cared about me, but I didn't expect that it was just because of your so-called possessiveness. I guess I was just overthinking."

"What possessiveness? What's that supposed to mean?"

"You don't like me, but you won't allow me to date anyone else. I'm not your exclusive item, Spencer. Get that through your thick skull." Vivian continued harshly, "I don't want to talk to you anymore. I'll be late for my date. See you around."

Vivian left, but as she did so, she walked very slowly. It was as if she was waiting for me to ask her to stay. But... I had no right to do that. I could only watch her receding figure silently until she finally disappeared at the end of the corridor.

After she left, I closed my eyes and saw Vivian's sad and stubborn face when she retorted. My temples throbbed.

Was I really a terrible man...?

Before I could figure it out, my phone rang and snapped me out of my thoughts. Impatient, I answered it begrudgingly, "Hello?"

"Spencer, we'll be having dinner with the Browns tonight. Book a table." It was my mother.

"Huh? Why are we having dinner together?"

"We need to settle things between you and Nicole as soon as possible. She's quite happy with you. I also heard that you have a good impression of her."

"When did I ever say that?"

"You took Nicole to play tennis and to see your best friend, Charles. Doesn't that mean you like her too?"

"What? No, I don't like her. We're just normal friends!" I was speechless from her conjecture. How did she come to that conclusion?

"I don't care! Book a room for me, and then send me a message. That's it." Regardless of my objections, my mother ignored me and hung up as soon as she said that.

I sighed, feeling helpless. I couldn't do anything. Was marriage really that good...? Why would my mother force me to marry every day if it wasn't?

Later that evening, at my mother's insistence, I booked a private room in a hotel and invited the Brown family for dinner.

Nicole sat right next to me. She was dressed her best, and her perfume smelled much stronger than it usually did. However, I didn't spare her a glance at all throughout dinner. I wasn't in the mood to compliment on how well she was dressed tonight, or how good she smelled. I couldn't put my heart on anyone else, not even the slightest. All I could think about the entire time was Vivian's unruly face.

I took a swig of wine, wondering what was wrong with me.

"Spencer, don't just drink alone. Propose a toast to your future father-in-law." My mother approached me, tugging the hem of my clothes secretly as she whispered this to me. She sounded impatient.

Future father-in-law...? I snapped, having reached the limits of my patience. I couldn't stand this anymore! I stood up, and then flashed a perfunctory smile at Mr. and Mrs. Brown that did not reach my eyes. "I'm sorry, but I need to go to the washroom for a moment."

It was not until I arrived at the washroom that I could breathe a sigh of relief. I took out my phone and checked the time. It was already nine.

I went through my contacts and dialed the bar staff. "Has Vivian returned to Mint Bar?"

"Yes, she's back. She's dancing with a really handsome man!"

"What?!"

[Chapter 272 The Balance Of Love](#)

Spencer's POV:

When I heard this, anger shot straight into my veins. I was so livid, I couldn't think straight.

"Yes, Vivian's on the dance floor. Let me send you a video."

"Hurry and do that." I hung up, seething with rage. Moments later, I received a one-minute video.

When I clicked the it, I and saw that Vivian really was dancing with a handsome man.

The two were so intimate and sticking so close together, people would have mistaken them as a sweet couple.

To top it off, she was dressed in a skimpy miniskirt. Her shoulders were exposed, laid bare for anyone to see. That crazy woman!

Unable to stop my surging fury, I called the staff again and barked, "I don't how! But go stop Vivian and lock her in her room! Now!"

"Yes, sir."

After that, I hung up again and left the washroom. Unexpectedly, Nicole was standing outside, probably waiting for me to come out. When she saw me, she looked at me worriedly. "Spencer, what's wrong? Are you alright?"

"Come with me." Annoyed and discontent, I grabbed Nicole's wrist and walked back.

I had no feelings for Nicole, none whatsoever. I couldn't be with her, and I didn't want her to stand between me and Vivian. It was time to make things clear.

I took Nicole to her parents. There, I braced myself and announced solemnly, "I'm sorry, but I won't marry Nicole. From now on, we'll just be ordinary friends."

Without waiting for anyone to react, I spun on my heel and left the room as quickly as I could.

I hopped into my car, stepped on the pedal, and drove to Mint Bar with the speed of lightning.

When I arrived at Mint Bar, I went straight to Vivian's room. Outside, two bodyguards stood guard.

"Where is she?"

"She's inside, sir."

Without hesitation, I pushed the door open.

What I saw next was that Vivian was lying on the bed, wearing earphones while she listened to music. She hadn't bothered changing her clothes. If she bent down even just a little, her underwear could be seen.

I took a deep breath, and hurriedly blocked the view of the two bodyguards with my body. I tried to suppress my anger and hissed at them, "You two may go now."

"Yes, sir."

As soon as the two of them left, I locked the door and made my way towards Vivian. She was still acting as if nothing had happened, and even spread her legs wider as if to challenge me. Her boldness seemed to know no limits.

I took off Vivian's earphones. "What do you want?"

She looked up at me and asked casually, "You came back so early. Is everything going well?"

"Yes, everything went well!" I replied crossly, scowling.

"Really? A congratulations is in order, then!"

"Oh, yeah? How are you going to congratulate me?" I took another step closer and grabbed her chin. She wanted to dodge, but too late. I had already turned her face to look at me. Somehow, there seemed to be something magical in her eyes. Looking into them, I found myself lost in their powerful gaze.

"How do you want me congratulate you?" She laughed teasingly, but she didn't dare to look at me and struggled to pull her eyes away from mine.

"Vivian. If you want me to marry you, just say it. Since we've done it, I promise I'll be responsible for you."

"Oh? You meant that night? Was I the one who seduced you that night? I mean, I took the initiative to sleep with you." At the mention of this topic, Vivian's interest was piqued and she finally looked at me.

I was stunned, surprised by her words. For a long time, she didn't say anything more. But I knew she was deliberately provoking me, so I didn't get angry at all. She thought she outsmarted me, but I was already aware that she approached me on purpose. She was the serpent that had lured me into taking a bite out

of the forbidden fruit.

Despite myself, I couldn't stop the excitement growing in me.

I soon let go of Vivian. This time, she sat up on the bed and said to me seriously, "Spencer, answer me this. If I turn out to be the same as my mother Emily, who'd do anything to achieve her goals, would you still desire me?"

"Do you take me for a fool?" I bent over and kissed Vivian softly. As I did so, I removed her coat with hands. She didn't resist at all, and instead blinked her eyes twice.

"No, you're a smart man." Her bright eyes curved slightly, and her body exuded an irresistible charm. This woman managed to successfully aroused my desire.

Her clothes were revealing. I quickly took off her coat and saw her plump breasts. I bent over and sucked one of them with my lips.

She couldn't bear the stimulation and groaned with pleasure.

I sucked her breast for a while before letting go of her reluctantly. My eyes were full of lust. I kissed her again and said hoarsely, "Vivian, I want it."

"What? What do you mean, Spencer?" Vivian was in a daze, completely different from her arrogant and aggressive self just now. It aroused me more.

She stopped struggling, and wrapped her hands around my neck and kissed me back.

After the deep kiss, Vivian seemed to lust after me, which made her more charming.

I slid my hand into her dress, and touched her thighs. Then, I lifted her dress up.

Slowly, I pushed her. She was soon pressed under me. I unzipped her short skirt and quickly took it off, revealing her white and tender waist.

My breath grew heavier and heavier. Vivian wanted to grab my hand to stop me, but I lowered my head and kissed her. "Be good."

Under her gaze, I lowered my head and licked her breasts. My tongue drew circles on her nipples. Then, I opened my mouth slightly and sucked her breasts, as if I was sucking milk.

I held her in my arms and pushed into her. I entered her body completely.

Vivian blushed and bit her lips, but did not say anything.

"Vivian, look at me." I coaxed her, my voice deep and sexy. Then, I straightened up and thrust deeply in her vagina. I was surprised to find that her body had completely opened for me.

After the sex, I looked at Vivian, who was exhausted, and whispered, "Don't contact Nicole anymore. Don't arrange me any more blind dates, and don't listen to my mother."

Then, I added, "Also, you're not allowed to sing and dance with other men. I don't like that at all. Do you understand me?"

"Don't think you can order me like that just because we've slept. No way." Vivian stood up and headed to the bathroom, naked.

Soon, the sound of water came from the bathroom.

It seemed that I had yet to conquer this woman in bed.

Well, I don't mind another round!

Thinking that, I pushed the door open and went into the bathroom.

Vivian turned around and saw me there. She shouted angrily, "Get out!"

Of course I wouldn't listen to her. I simply ignored her and grabbed the shower head from her hand.

"Spencer, what the hell are you doing?"

Her angry face aroused me even more. "Nothing. I just wanted to take a shower with you."

"Fuck off!" Vivian lifted her foot, about to kick me, but she was held tightly in my arms the next second. She couldn't move, so she was forced to take a shower with me. I was very satisfied.

After that, Vivian quickly shooed me away. "I'm going to sleep. You can leave now."

"That's great. Let's sleep together!" I lay on her bed again, acting completely shameless.

"You!"

Vivian pulled and dragged me for a while, but I still refused to move. Helpless, she had no choice but to let me sleep here.

The next day, Vivian and I went downstairs to have breakfast, acting as if nothing had happened. A staff rushed over, panicky. "Boss, Nicole's here!"

"What did you say?!" I was so surprised that I almost bit my tongue.

"Nicole's here."

"Don't be so nervous. She probably just wants to marry you," Vivian patted me on the shoulder and comforted me hypocritically, her tone mocking.

I glared at her, annoyed. Had she forgotten what I said yesterday so quickly?

"Spencer...!" Just then, Nicole burst in. She saw Vivian and said in a sweet voice, "Oh? Vivian's also here."

"Would you like to have breakfast with us?" Vivian invited warmly, treating Nicole like a good friend.

I couldn't help but frown, wondering if this woman was secretly planning something again. She was definitely up to no good.

"No, I've already had breakfast. Enjoy yourselves." Nicole waved carelessly at us, rejecting the offer.

"What do you want? I promised to play tennis with my friends. If you have something to say, just say it." Seeing Nicole annoyed me.

"Oh. Are you going to play tennis with Mr. Moore? Can you take me along?"

"No, I can't." I refused firmly, without hesitation.

"Fine. Actually, I'm here for Vivian."

"Me...?" Vivian was understandably confused.

"You're with Spencer every day. I'm sure you know the woman he loves, right?"

In an instant, my brain went blank. The sandwich I was chewing got stuck in the middle of my throat, choking me to tears and snot. I coughed loudly.

Vivian immediately stopped watching the drama between me and Nicole. She hurriedly grabbed a tissue and wiped the corner of my mouth, and complained, "Calm down! No one's going to snatch the food away from you."

[Chapter 273 Birthday Party](#)

Spencer's POV:

I held Vivian's hand and gripped it gently in my own.

Her skin was smooth and delicate to the touch. It felt good to hold, and I couldn't stop myself from gently caressing it.

Vivian was briefly stunned by my gesture. When she came back to her senses, she hurriedly pulled her hand away.

"Spencer..." Nicole's voice drew my attention back to her. She pouted sulkily as she cast an unhappy glance at Vivian. "Every time I come to the bar, I always see you with Vivian. Do you have a good relationship? Do you two have dinner together often?"

Nicole's whiny tone was testing my patience. The sound was grating my ears, so very annoying. I wanted nothing more than to tell her that not only do Vivian and I had dinner together often, we had also slept together!

But then, Vivian's warning gaze fell on me. I held my tongue and drew back. Then, I looked coldly into Nicole's eyes. "Why do you want to know?"

Nicole shivered at my tone, instantly lowering her head in fear. "I... I just..."

"Now, now, Spencer. How can you be so mean to a lady?" Vivian interrupted with a smile.

I stared at her helplessly, but she was grinning at me.

Happy that Vivian was siding her, Nicole regained her cheer and said fawningly, "Vivian, Spencer's got someone in his heart, right? Do you know who she is?"

Vivian shrugged, feigning ignorance. "I'm afraid you asked the wrong person, Nicole. Only Spencer knows who he likes."

I was a little disappointed by Vivian's answer, but that was to be expected. As for me, I didn't plan to hide my feelings. "It's true, Nicole. I do have a woman I like."

"Really? Who is she?" Nicole asked anxiously, grabbing my arm in a hurry.

I quickly drew my hand back in distaste and took a step back, distancing myself from her. "She's..."

But I wasn't able to finish my sentence, because something kicked my foot hard and silenced me immediately.

I cast an aggrieved glare at Vivian, but she replied with a warning look.

The expression was gone by the next second as she turned to smile gently at Nicole. "I'm done eating. Please, do help yourself."

Vivian then stood up and left amiably.

I hesitated for a moment, wanting to follow her. In the end, my rationale won and I remained where I was.

I told Nicole sincerely, "Nicole, don't come to me again. You are still a student, and I'm the boss of a nightclub. I'm definitely not a good match for you. Besides, there's a big age gap between us. Why are you so attached to me?"

My words were rather straightforward and somewhat painful. However, they didn't faze Nicole, who still wore a bright smile on her face. "I don't think that'll prevent us from being together! Spencer, I promise I'll be a generous wife. It doesn't matter to me if you have other women. As long as you don't take them home, I won't interfere with whatever you do outside the house."

Listening to her words, I was on the verge of breaking down. This woman was too difficult to deal with! If I wasn't direct, she wouldn't give up.

And so, I sized Nicole up and down with a frivolous leer. "Nicole, the woman I like knows all kinds of postures in bed. What about you? What postures do you know?"

That stunned her. She stared at me open-mouthed, dazed.

I sighed and shrugged, helpless. "Look, we really can't see eye to eye. I'm not expecting to have a wife like you. Be careful when you go back, Nicole. Bye."

Without waiting for her response, I turned around and headed upstairs.

Vivian was standing outside the room, phone in hand.

"Vivian." I walked up to her with a big smile, but she only glanced coldly at me.

"What nonsense did you just say to Nicole?" Vivian barked, her tone unfriendly.

I gave her an innocent stare and replied simply, "Nothing."

Vivian shook her phone, annoyed. "Nicole just called and told me something. Turns out that you like the kind of woman who knows many postures in bed."

What?! How did Nicole tell on me so soon?

I grabbed Vivian's hand and pulled her into my arms. Then, I whispered ambiguously in her ear, "Isn't that true?"

"You bastard!" Vivian shoved me away and ran into her room, and then slammed the door.

In less than ten seconds, the door opened again. Vivian's bright eyes stared into mine through the crack. "Spencer, what if your mother finds out that we've slept together?"

That didn't matter to me. I said carelessly, "So? What's the big deal?"

"It doesn't matter to you, but it is a big deal to me!" Vivian yelled at me angrily before slamming the door again.

I blinked, my face blank. I was stupefied. I wasn't sure how I managed to irritate her again.

I gently knocked on the door, trying to coax her. Yet, I received no response.

I leaned against the wall and thought for a long time, trying to find an answer. However, I reached a dead end. In the end, I called Charles to complain about the injustice of it all.

Soon, the line connected and Charles's cold voice reached my ears. "What is it?"

The moment I heard him, I planned to start from the very beginning of the story. "You see, I slept with Vivian..."

Charles interrupted me at once. "I'm in a meeting."

But I turned a deaf ear to his words and continued as if he never said anything, "I can see that Vivian likes me too, and wants to be with me. But she refused to admit it. Why do you think she's doing this?"

Beep, beep, beep. A busy signal.

Charles had hung up mercilessly, not bothered to lend a kindly ear to my plight.

I stared at my phone, incredulous, and then at the door of Vivian's room. Sighing, I returned to my room dejectedly.

Everyone's being really mean to me...

Charles's POV:

When I was finished with my work, it was already dark outside.

I exited my office and drove to the TV station in a hurry.

It so happened that Scarlett had just come out of the gate when I arrived. I parked the car slowly in front of her. I got off the car and walked towards her. She was surprised and delighted to see me, and

promptly threw herself into my arms.

"It'd be great if you're also this enthusiastic in bed." I whispered teasingly in her ear.

Scarlett shot me a coquettish stare in return. "Didn't you say that you had to work overtime? Why are you here?"

"I did, but I didn't expect that you'd work harder and even longer than me." I led her to the car and opened the door for her.

Scarlett slid in and fastened her seat belt. "Are we going back to the mansion today, Charles?"

"No, we're going to the hotel for a birthday party." I handed her a list of guests before starting the car.

"Whose birthday is it?"

"A business partner. His background can't be underestimated."

"But Charles, I didn't prepare an evening dress. How can I go like this?"

I flashed her a comforting smile. "Don't worry, Scarlett. I've had it all covered."

Scarlett breathed a sigh of relief and then returned to the list to browse the names. "I can't believe that the Johnsons will also attend. Isn't Daniel Johnson bedridden? Who will come on his behalf?"

"In such a public occasion, Ethan Johnson will attend with his stepmother, Emily. At least, on the surface, the Johnson family seems very harmonious."

Scarlett didn't say anything more, and continued to go through the list. "Spencer's also invited. Do you think Vivian will come with him?"

"Why? Do you want to leave me and drink with Vivian?" I cast her a cold look.

"No, I don't. I'm just asking." Scarlett smiled brightly, taking my breath away. She was probably hoping to distract me.

I snorted, and shook my head. "Forget it. Vivian won't come. Spencer's mother dislikes Vivian. Mark my words, she won't allow Spencer to bring Vivian to the party."

Scarlett sighed dejectedly.

When we arrived at the hotel, we saw Spencer standing by the door.

Nicole, the girl who played tennis with him the other day, was next to him.

[Chapter 274 Explosion](#)

Charles's POV:

I stroked Scarlett's hand gently, feeling its soft and tender skin. Smiling, I whispered in her ear, "Aren't I right?"

Scarlett pouted unhappily, looking sulky. She muttered defiantly, "I think Vivian's far more suitable for Spencer!"

At that, I pinched her little hand lightly and said, "Just like how you're suitable for me, right?"

Scarlett finally smiled. She mirrored my gesture and gently pinched my face. "You're getting more and more narcissistic, Charles."

"Hey, I'm just telling the truth."

The birthday party was about to start, so I led Scarlett to the elevator.

"Wait, isn't the birthday party held on the first floor?"

"Let's get changed in the hotel room first. We'll go to the banquet hall later."

Scarlett nodded obediently.

One side of the elevator was made of transparent glass. As the elevator went up, we were rewarded with a beautiful view of the endless sea. Its dark surface seemed to glint mysteriously in the light.

"It's so beautiful..." Scarlett's graceful figure was outlined by the light. She looked back at me with a soft smile, as beautiful as a goddess from heaven.

Mesmerized, I stepped forward and put my arms around her waist. I craned my neck downward and kissed her gently on the lips. "Very beautiful, indeed."

Scarlett blushed, cheeks going pink in an instant.

"Why did you work overtime today, by the way?" I asked as I caressed Scarlett's hair, running my fingers through her smooth locks.

Scarlett sighed dejectedly and leaned back in my arms. "Since Independence Day is coming, our TV station's going to hold a celebration party. My supervisor told me to perform a show."

"Oh? What performance do you have in mind? I can help you."

My suggestion filled her with joy, and she beamed at me. "I'm going to dance and sing at the party. I'll

be hoisted on wires during the performance!"

She sounded excited at the very thought, but I subconsciously frowned. "That's dangerous..."

"Well, it's good for impact." Scarlett turned around and pulled me into a hug. Her voice was so tender and sweet, it rendered me limp and numb.

Suddenly, a loud sound pierced our ears.

Scarlett screamed in horror, alarmed, and immediately cowered into my arms.

"I'm here. Don't be afraid!" I hurriedly caressed the back of her head to calm her down.

There was a small tinkling sound, and then, the elevator stopped.

I quickly left the elevator with Scarlett in my arms. Though the sound was no longer there, she still a little uneasy. "What was that sound just now? It didn't sound like fireworks."

"It's probably an explosion." I looked at Scarlett and said tenderly, "Don't worry. I'll have Richard investigate it as soon as possible."

Scarlett nodded, relieved at my assurance. She held my hand and gripped it tightly.

After the birthday party was over, we bumped into Spencer as we were heading out.

Safe to say, he looked pretty distressed. "God! I finally got rid of Nicole. She's so difficult to deal with!"

"Hey, you brought her here yourself." Scarlett glared at Spencer, her face filled with disapproval.

"I didn't want to in the first place! It was all my mother's idea. I had no choice," Spencer complained with a long face, hurt by the injustice of Scarlett's accusation.

Just then, Richard approached me quickly. "I've looked into it. The explosion happened in the Lively family's residence. The cause was gas leakage. The rescue team rescued Kevin and Lily, but both of them were seriously injured. That, and Lily had a miscarriage."

"What did you say? Lily had another miscarriage?!" Scarlett's voice was full of shock. Her eyes were wide open, horrified.

Richard nodded mournfully.

Spencer let out a helpless sigh. "Could it be Rita's doing...?"

"Who knows?" I replied carelessly. I couldn't care less about that woman.

In the distance, a sweet female voice called, "Spencer..."

Spencer shivered instantly and waved at us at once, readying to escape. "Crap, Nicole's coming! I have to go. If she asks, tell her that you haven't seen me!"

Before we could say anything, he had already slipped away and disappeared into the crowd. It was as if he was never here at all.

Scarlett watched him disappear, and then turned to me with a meaningful smile.

"What's wrong?" I was confused. Why was she smiling like that?

"I suddenly remembered my childhood. I used to look for you everywhere like what Nicole's doing right now." Scarlett raised her head to look at me with sparkling eyes. She seemed more charming than ever.

My heart melting, I pinched her delicate nose lightly. "I'm different from Spencer. You're the only one in my heart."

Scarlett smiled, but didn't say anything.

Noticing that she was in low spirits, I took her upstairs to rest in the hotel room.

Richard's POV:

Charles and Scarlett soon went to the hotel room to rest. I arranged several bodyguards to guard the door. After that was done, I headed to the underground garage.

I called Rita, but to my dismay, she didn't answer.

Restlessness gnawed at my heart. I was furious.

Idiot woman! Why couldn't she behave herself?

If she really was the one who had plotted the explosion, she'd have to spend the rest of her life in prison.

With this in mind, I rushed to Rita's apartment and rang the doorbell impatiently. Unexpectedly, the one who opened the door was Susan, Rita's mother.

"Is Rita at home?" I asked anxiously.

Susan was surprised to see me, but she replied to me all the same and shook her head. "Rita isn't here anymore. She's already moved out."

"Honey..." An unknown male voice could be heard from the living room. Right after, a middle-aged man walked out. Upon seeing me, he shot me a wary glance and asked Susan, "What's going on?"

Susan shook her head, indicating that it was nothing important.

Seeing that these two were on such intimate terms, I could understand why Rita moved out.

But where would she go now...?

'That's it! The hospital!'

Rita hated Kevin and Lily more than anything in the world. She would want to see them suffer.

I left the place and drove to the hospital.

But just as the hospital entered my view, I suddenly braked and stopped my car.

Oh my God! Was I crazy? What was wrong with me? I covered my head in dismay, and rested it on the steering wheel.

Rita had nothing to do with me any longer. Why on earth should I be worried about her?

I shouldn't have cared about what she had done, or whether she would be jailed!

Gritting my teeth, I turned the car around and drove away.

[Chapter 275 Revenge](#)

Rita's POV:

The harrowing sound of the explosion was like the prologue of my sweet revenge. At the moment of the explosion, I trembled with excitement.

Not long after, I slipped into the hospital and found Lily in the ICU.

It was a pity that she didn't get blown up during the blast.

Nevertheless, she was still lying on the bed. Her entire body was practically covered in bandages, and she was surrounded by various medical equipment. Her pathetic, miserable sight sparked joy in my heart!

Just as I had known, Lily was no match for me! I would pay her back the pain she dealt me a hundred times over!

Suddenly, I heard a faint set of footsteps coming in from the corridor.

Hurriedly, I slipped away from the hospital without getting caught.

By the time I got back home, I saw that my mother was at home on her own.

She was watering the flowers right now.

Upon seeing me, she was surprised. "What a coincidence! Richard came to see you, but he just left. I lied to him and said that you've moved out."

"What was he doing here?" I asked, visibly confused.

"I'm not sure, either. By the way, where did you go?"

"That's none of your business. Just do as I say." Ignoring her gaze, I went straight to the bathroom.

I turned on the shower, and soon, the cold water streamed down on me. It managed to calm me down a little.

This was just the beginning of my plans. I had to calm down and ensure that my next moves would be calculated and free of mistakes.

After showering, I felt refreshed.

I opened the bottom drawer of my dresser and took out a stack of photos. I had hired a private detective to follow Scarlett and Charles in secret and to take photos of them when they took their child to the zoo.

They looked so happy together, and normally, it was a heartwarming sight to see a happy family together. But to me, these photos were like knives, jabbing into my eyes and making me incomparably miserable.

"Argh! How come you get to be so happy, Scarlett? You don't even deserve it!" I growled. Then, I leafed through the photos one by one. And as I turned the photos faster and faster, my anger flared up.

Upon seeing the last picture, I was stupefied.

It was a picture of me and Charles back when we were younger. This specific picture looked ridiculous in comparison to the others. Bitterly, I laughed at myself as tears fell down my eyes and my nose twitched.

The girl in the photo was smiling brightly, while the boy looked awkward and reluctant.

Charles didn't want to take a picture with me, but he was so happy each time he took a photo with Scarlett.

"Why? Why?" I repeated the question through gritted teeth as though I had become mad. Then, I crumpled up Scarlett's photo into a ball.

I threw all the photos against the wall. And for a moment, the photos flew all over the room. Their smiles, the way they looked at each other, and how warmly they hugged each other appeared everywhere.

"Scarlett! Get the fuck out of my way! Charles is mine! He is mine!" I growled, desperately waving my hands to clear out the flying photos.

Soon, the photos scattered across the ground. Somehow, it looked as though Charles was staring at me and laughing.

As I fell to the ground on my knees, I covered my face and broke into tears.

Scarlett's POV:

"Scarlett!" I heard a vicious voice that sounded like it came from hell. When I looked back, I saw Rita charging towards me with a sinister smile on her face.

After tackling me to the ground, she began stabbing me with a knife like a madman.

Screaming in pain, I struggled to break free from her grasp in desperation. Unfortunately, Rita had mounted me and I couldn't get rid of her. My body began to feel cold because of the massive blood loss.

Rita raised her head, bursting into laughter. Her face was covered in blood, and it made her look like a bloodthirsty demon.

"Go to hell!" she roared, raising the knife high, and stabbing it towards my face.

My heart began to race. And I suddenly woke up, sitting upright in horror.

I was relieved to know that Rita wasn't there. There was no blood, nor knife. James was sleeping in his crib, and Charles was sleeping soundly beside me.

It turned out that I was just having a nightmare.

As fear lingered in my heart, I covered my face and gasped for air.

After a while, I slowly lay down, cowering in Charles' arms and thinking that the warmth of his body could dispel my fears. Gradually, I calmed down.

I had been thinking that the explosion must've been orchestrated by Rita.

And I had been worrying that she'd do something crazy again.

Fear crept into my heart again, and I couldn't help but embrace Charles tightly.

Suddenly, he wrapped his arm around my waist and planted a kiss on my cheek.

"Did you have a nightmare?" The sound of his voice was hoarse. He probably woke up because of me.

"There's no need to fear, my love. I'll always stay right by your side," he said.

"Then hold me tighter," I muttered.

It was then that he embraced me and gave me a passionate kiss.

Rita's POV:

Two days later, I learned that Lily was out of danger and she had been transferred to a general ward from the ICU.

'Lucky bitch. But I'm not going to let her off easily!' I remarked inwardly.

I dressed up and went to the hospital.

After opening the door to a ward, I saw Lily lying in bed, wrapped in bandages like a mummy.

Her eyes widened with horror upon seeing me enter the room. "What... what are you doing here?" she asked.

Slowly, I walked to her bed and held her bandaged face up. "Look at your face. What a pity! Lily, you've long believed that you can do whatever you want as long as you're beautiful. But now that your face is ruined, you must be very sad."

Lily looked at me with resentment. "Were you the one behind it?" she roared.

"What are you talking about?" I flashed her an innocent grin. Then, I took out a mirror from my bag, and adjusted it to a suitable angle, so that Lily could see her face. "Look! I brought you a gift. You're in great need of a mirror right now, right?"

Lily looked straight into the mirror. She was so furious that her eyes were almost popping out of their sockets. Soon, blood seeped into her bandages. "My face... my face!"

She held the mirror with trembling hands. A moment later, she screamed and threw the mirror away with great force.

"Gosh, why are you so careless?" With a grin on my face, I picked up the mirror and examined it. "No wonder this thing was so expensive. This mirror is quite strong!"

I handed the mirror back to Lily again.

Crying hysterically, she slapped the mirror away from my hand.

"Jeez, calm down, Lily. Being emotional won't be good for your baby." I covered my mouth midsentence, staring at Lily and pretending to feel guilty. "Sorry, I forgot that you had a miscarriage again. It seems that you're destined to be childless." I clicked my tongue and continued, "You should just give up on the idea of being a mother."

Lily was so angry that she was snarling at me like she wanted to devour me alive. "Rita! You evil witch!"

I simply smiled back at her.

[Chapter 276 Not Reconciled](#)

Rita's POV:

My heart was filled with joy when I saw Lily dying in bed. Revenge sure was sweet!

"Lily, if it weren't for me, you'd still be that stupid girl living in a dark basement and you'd never be able to make a fortune! See what happens when you betray me?"

For the time being, Lily was unable to move a muscle. All she could do was stare at me with her hateful eyes.

But that wasn't enough to scare me. Slowly, I approached the bed, leaned close to her ear, and said, "You're just a dog that I kept as a pet. How dare you bite the hand that feeds you? You're overestimating yourself!"

Lily's face was overcome by hatred. All of a sudden, her pupils dilated, and her face displayed just how much she loathed me.

I noticed that there was a urine bag hanging beside her bed. Yellow liquid was steadily flowing into the urine bag through a tube connected in Lily's lower body.

Chuckling, I asked, "Why did you pee, Lily? God, you look so hilarious right now!"

Lily began to pound on the bed with both hands, breathing faster and faster.

I locked my eyes with grim intent. "Even if you do know that I'm the one who did it, it won't do you any good. Never forget that I still have some dirt on you."

Having said that, I pressed the call button and the nurse came in at once. "Yes, Miss Lively?"

"Nurse, please take good care of this patient." I shot the nurse a knowing glance.

I had already bribed this nurse to do my bidding. 'I'm sure Lily will enjoy the coming days,' I thought to myself.

After leaving the hospital, I drove to the seaside in a hurry.

The afterglow of the setting sun shone down on the sparkling sea, and the sun was gradually verging downward on the horizon.

It was then that I noticed the tall man standing on the coastline with his back to me.

Just as I was hesitating, he turned around.

When he shot me a glance, fear crept into my heart. After taking a deep breath, I clenched my fists, thinking that it could give me a sense of security.

"What can I do for you, William?"

"Miss Lively, I've just read the news. And it seems to me that you've finished your private affairs, yes?" Though William was smiling at me, his gaze felt frigid.

I couldn't help but tremble slightly. "Give me another two weeks. Just two more weeks. Please."

I was eager to buy more time to enact my plans.

All of a sudden, I felt a powerful set of hands strangle my neck. With eyes widened in horror, I stared at him. Soon, I felt suffocated and my brain was slowly being overcome by the lack of oxygen. I couldn't make a sound and my vision was starting to blur.

My survival instincts compelled me to do my best to get rid of William's hands, but I was far too weak to even nudge him.

'No! I didn't want to die here!' I exclaimed inwardly.

Suddenly, he let go of my neck. I collapsed to the ground, gagging and coughing violently. It felt like my

internal organs were about to implode.

I looked up at him, fearful of what he might do next.

It was then that he squatted down in front of me, staring at me with a smirk on his face. I was so scared of him that I couldn't move a muscle.

"Don't try to pull any tricks on me. Why do you need another two weeks? Who are you planning to attack this time?"

Then, he clutched my chest and said, "You don't want me to take this heart from you, do you?"

I shook my head repeatedly, fearing that this madman would tear my chest open with his bare hands.

"William, there's no need to worry. I understand your conditions. I won't try to hurt Scarlett. As long as you give me two more weeks to deal with the Lively Group's problems, I'll disappear immediately. I promise! And if I break that promise, you can take my heart back!"

Just so I could make him believe me, I swore on my life.

"Good. Remember what you told me, Rita. If you try to harm even a single hair on Scarlett's head, I'll make your life a living hell!"

'Scarlett... Once again, you are my undoing! Why is everyone trying to protect you?' I cursed in my heart.

"William, why do you care so much about Scarlett?" I refused to accept the fact.

"You don't deserve to know."

William stood up, and then he took out a handkerchief to wipe his hands in disgust.

"Anyway, I need to go. Don't forget what you promised me."

As I watched William disappear from my sight, fear still lingered in my heart. I was unable to gather my composure for a long time.

'Why? Why is every man so in love with Scarlett? Charles is already madly in love with her, and now William is, too? Fuck!

Sooner or later, I'm going to make Scarlett suffer ten times worse that I have suffered. I am going to make her life a living hell!'

Scarlett's POV:

During the evening, after taking a shower, I watched the news while cradling James in my arms, enjoying my mother-son time with him.

"James, it's time for bed."

Charles approached, intending to take James from my arms.

"Charles, wait. He's not sleepy yet," I responded.

As James nestled in my arms, he shouted at Charles, "No!"

Then, he wrapped his hands around my neck and said, "Mama!"

"No. Daddy is going to sleep with Mommy, and James will be sleeping in his crib." Charles refused to back down.

James pursed his lips; his big round eyes were starting to tear up. It seemed as though he was about to cry.

But before he could, Charles lifted him up and shook him up and down. The little angel instantly forgot that he was upset and began to giggle. His silvery laughter resonated in the room.

"Scarlett, you should go to bed first. I'll take care of James and tuck him in once he's asleep," said Charles.

I was a bit reluctant to leave. "Mom said that she'll be taking James out for a few days. We won't get to see him for a few days. Is it okay if we sleep with him tonight?"

"Objection!" Charles exclaimed.

"Objection overruled," I countered.

In the end, the three of us lay in bed together.

Still unwilling to give up, Charles took James back to his crib at midnight.

'Ugh! What an inconsiderate man! How could he be jealous of his son?' I cursed inwardly.

As soon as Charles went back to bed, he held me and I nestled in his arms obediently.

"Is he asleep?"

"Yup. But he almost woke up when I tucked him in his crib just now. You know, James is a lot like you. Back when you were a child, you would do the same thing. You couldn't stay quiet for even thirty

seconds, and you would cause trouble all day long."

The sound of Charles' deep voice made me reminisce about the old days.

I had loved him ever since we were children, so I always followed him around. However, Charles would often ignore me. But the more he ignored me, the more I badgered him.

When that thought crossed my mind, I was so angry that I punched him lightly on the chest.

"It's all your fault! If I weren't pining for your attention, I never would've been so annoying. Why did you always have to ignore me?"

Women like me would often dig up the past at random times.

"You've misjudged me this time. Back then, you were so cute that I get distracted easily. Every time I see you, I could barely do anything well. That's why I tried to ignore you as best as I could."

Charles stared at me with all the affection he could muster. I was bewitched by the love in his eyes, and I couldn't look away.

Then, he gave me a passionate kiss. "Scarlett, can we stop chatting and do it already?"

[Chapter 277 As Annoying As A Fly](#)

Charles' POV:

It took me a while before I finally managed to put James to sleep. I had planned to have sex with Scarlett all night long.

Unfortunately, she put her hand to my face to stop me from taking off her pajamas.

"Hold on. What did you mean when you said that you deliberately ignored me back when we were kids because you're too distracted whenever you see me?" Scarlett was glaring at me as though she would melt me with her gaze.

"Whenever boys develop feelings for someone, they usually bottle it up," I replied.

"I think you were just being a stubborn little dweeb!" Scarlett pouted at me. I could see the complacency in her eyes though.

"Fine. I admit it. I had fallen in love with you ever since we were kids. Are you happy now?"

As I held Scarlett in my embrace, I felt a burning desire. 'Who in their right mind would be able to suppress their desire whenever their loved one is in their arms?'

Slowly, I slid my hands into Scarlett's pajamas and began to fondle her breasts. Then, I slid my hand down her underwear, gently stroking her clitoris. Soon, she began to pant. Upon seeing her blushing, delicate face, a dirty idea came to my mind.

"Honey, let's do something different today, okay?"

I seduced Scarlett just like the greedy serpent who tempted Eve to pick the forbidden fruit.

"What? Don't go too far..."

The sound of her pleased moans aroused me and made my mouth feel dry. I lifted Scarlett up and kicked the bathroom door open.

Her every moan and plea for mercy was music to my ears.

About an hour later, I carried Scarlett back to the bed. She was still so tired that she could barely open her eyes. But even though she was exhausted, she still remembered that it was time to change James' diapers.

And since she couldn't do it, I had to do it myself.

By the time I returned to Scarlett's side, she had already fallen asleep. Gently, I crept into the quilt and held her in my arms as though I was embracing the whole world.

The following day, I went to work in high spirits.

The girl named Nancy Wood was supposed to start working for my company today. Grandpa had told me in advance that I should arrange a suitable position for her.

Amy took her to my office directly.

Nancy was a pretty girl, wearing a white dress and a classic Chanel pink coat. Her light makeup made her look vibrant.

"Do you remember me, Charles? It's me, Nancy! We used to ride horses together when we were children."

The girl was staring at me with hopeful eyes, eager to get closer to me.

"Sorry, I can't remember," I replied listlessly. "Besides, we're in my company. Here, I am your boss and you're one of my employees. From now on, you'll have to address me as Mr. Moore and I will not tolerate otherwise. Amy, take her away."

Soon, Amy returned. She told me that Nancy had been assigned to be the new assistant of the sales manager.

I nodded casually in response. To be honest, I couldn't care less what department Nancy was assigned to. There was something else that I was concerned of.

"Next time, don't bring just anyone to my office without my permission, Amy," I remarked sternly. "For this blunder, I'm going to deduct half of your year-end bonus. Make the same mistake, and I'm going to fire you on the spot. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mr. Moore. I promise not to make the same mistake again." Beads of sweat formed on Amy's temples as she stood uneasily.

"Good. Now get out."

My warning worked.

That afternoon, Amy came by my office again.

"Mr. Moore, Nancy spoke to me earlier this noon. She wanted to give me a gift, but I didn't take it."

I shot her a cold glance in response.

"Oh, I see, sir. I don't have to report this kind of thing to you in the future." Having said that, Amy ran away.

Scarlett's POV:

Vivian asked me out to dinner after work.

I brought James along.

Once he was full, I handed him to Janet. "Janet, can you take him to the children's play area for a while?"

"Got it." With that, she left along with James.

While Vivian and I were happily chatting, my phone rang.

"Is that a call from your husband again? He is so clingy!" Vivian bantered.

Honestly, it warmed my heart to know that my husband was so sweet.

Upon answering Charles' call, I heard a woman screaming.

At once, I turned around and happened to see that Rita had been knocked down by Tracy.

"Jeez! Say what you will about Rita, but that woman is persistent!" Vivian sneered.

Seeing Rita made me upset. This woman was as annoying as a fly; perhaps even worse.

Not long after, I came up with an idea. I deliberately spoke to Charles in a sweet voice. "Charles, I know you miss me, but let's keep this kind of talk in bed, okay? Oh, by the way, Rita's here. I'll call you later. I love you, honey. Buh-bye!"

I noticed through Rita's eyes that she was burning with anger and resentment.

Then, I put on a contemptuous smile, staring at Rita and pretending to be shocked. "What happened to you, Rita? Did you stumble?"

Rita gritted her teeth and said nothing.

This time, I turned to Tracy. "Tracy, how could you be so rude to a lady?"

Everyone could tell that I was being sarcastic, and they probably also noticed that I was actually praising Tracy.

"Sorry, ma'am. I won't do it again," Tracy replied, pretending to be sorry.

"You should be glad that Janet wasn't the one who kicked you. Otherwise, you would've died. Or at the very least, we will have to call you an ambulance," I said, shrugging.

At this time, Vivian was drinking water. When she heard my remark, she almost spat out her water. Then, she gave me a thumbs up.

"Scarlett, I just wanted to say hello. Why did you have to be so hostile towards me?" Rita struggled to get up from the ground, and then she walked towards me with a sullen expression.

But before she could reach me, Richard came over and stood in front of me.

"Richard, just ask the security to drive her away. There's no need to sully your hands," I commanded.

"What are we? Enemies? Why are you doing this to me?" Rita roared.

I scoffed at her and said, "If hatred can be graded, I think our mutual hatred for each other is at the highest level."

"Scarlett, you're crossing a line. It was all your fault anyway!"

I couldn't believe that Rita was still audacious enough to pin the blame on me.

"Damn, Rita! You're the most shameless person I've ever seen since I was born," Vivian remarked with a sneer.

Suddenly, a creepy smile appeared on Rita's lips. "Scarlett, just wait and see. Our battle is far from over!"

After the bitch left, the uneasiness I felt still lingered in my heart.

"Scarlett, are you okay?" Vivian asked, looking at me with concern.

"It pains me to admit this, but I'm still afraid of her sometimes," I responded.

Rita was like a serpent, lurking in the dark and ready to attack me at any moment to deal a fatal blow.

"There's no need for you to worry so much. You have bodyguards protecting you almost every hour of the day. Now that the Lively Group has gone bankrupt, Rita is nothing but a fangless beast. At most, she can talk big, but that's all. She won't be able to stir up any trouble again." Vivian attempted to appease me when she saw that I was in low spirits.

"Let's hope you're right, Vivian." I forced a smile and felt conflicted.

Even though I said that, I was still alarmed.

[Chapter 278 A Kind Reminder](#)

Charles's POV:

I was just done talking about cooperation with Nicholas Wood when I called Scarlet.

On the other end of the line, Scarlett was acting like a spoiled child, completely unlike her usual self. I was really curious as to what was going on.

When I arrived at the restaurant where Scarlett and Vivian was having dinner, James spotted me at once.

"Daddy, daddy!"

The little boy spread his hands to me excitedly, calling me with his tiny little voice. I took him lovingly into my arms.

"Did my little James have a good time today?"

I pinched my son's chubby face lightly, and he giggled happily. From time to time, I eyed the door.

Soon, Scarlett and Vivian appeared at the door. I waved at them for attention.

Vivian didn't stay. She bade goodbye to me before leaving alone.

I handed James to Tracy, then took off my coat and gently put it on Scarlett. Then, I hugged her and held her protectively in my arms.

"Are you okay...?" Tracy had told me that Rita had yet again appeared to harass Scarlett.

"I'm fine. I won't let myself suffer anything because of her!" Scarlett declared, determined.

I smiled at her fondly and pinched her nose.

Right then, Scarlett craned her neck to look behind me.

"Hmm? Who's this?"

"This is Nicholas Wood, one of our Grandpa's old friends' grandson."

"Nick, this is Scarlett, my wife."

Upon his introduction, Nicholas stepped forward and held Scarlett's hand like a gentleman. He flashed her a bright smile and said amiably, "Hello, Scarlett. Nice to meet you. You're just as beautiful as the rumor says."

"Nice to meet you, too. Nicholas." Scarlett returned his smile with her own bright one, pleased by his mannerisms.

The sight spurred a small hint of jealousy in me. Damn it, I shouldn't have let him come with me!

I pulled Scarlett's hand back gently and held it tightly, as if declaring my ownership. "Nick, I apologize, but I have to take my wife and child home first. I hope we can have a chance to talk about our cooperation in the future."

Of course, the implication was that he should leave as soon as possible. I made it all too obvious.

Nicholas gave me a knowing smile and left.

When we arrived home, Scarlett and James had fallen asleep in the car.

I opened the car door carefully, not wanting to jerk either awake from their happy slumber. The sleeping Scarlett looked soft and sweet, a little different from her usual appearance.

Seeing her like this, my heart softened. I felt warm all over, as if I was basking in the sun of the early summer.

I couldn't help but take her hand and interlock our fingers together, enjoying her soft skin and delightful warmth. But at this moment, James suddenly made a sound and startled Scarlett awake at once.

"Charles, go and check if James peed again."

I nuzzled Scarlett's nose affectionately and said, "Don't worry. He's wearing a diaper."

After we got home and settled James down, I planned to go back to our room and enjoy the night with Scarlett. To my horror, when I opened the drawer, all the condoms were gone.

The realization was akin to feeling a basin of cold water poured on my head. I froze, dismayed.

I didn't want Scarlett to get pregnant again! It seemed I need to take a long, cold shower to get rid of the desire burning in me.

It took me half an hour to douse the heat in me. Being under the cold shower head for so long, I was freezing all over.

The second I went to bed, I instinctively sought a source of heat and held Scarlett tightly in my arms. Her warmth soothed the cold from my long shower.

"Ugh... Charles, stay away from me. It's too cold! I can't fall asleep," Scarlett grumbled, pushing me.

I had a sudden impulse to tease her and said slyly, "How about I try something that could make both of us warm?"

I pretended to take off her clothes, but Scarlett shot back teasingly, "You know, Charles, the moon's shining brightly tonight. How about we make a baby?"

Before I could react, she quickly reached into my trousers and grabbed my crotch wickedly.

My body stiffened for a brief second as horror filled me. I hurriedly shoved her hand away and rushed to the bathroom. "I think I need another shower. Be back soon!"

Scarlett cackled like a cunning fox, amused.

Scarlett's POV:

When I got up on the next day, Charles and James were still fast asleep. I went downstairs and made breakfast.

Alice was going to take James out today. I found it a little upsetting, and I was worried if anything dangerous would happen.

What Rita said yesterday alerted me to the possibility of danger, causing me to panic slightly. I told Janet that she must protect Alice and James to the best of her abilities.

Alice took my hand and comforted me, "Oh, Scarlett. Don't worry too much."

I nodded, but I still couldn't get rid of my uneasiness.

As soon as I walked out of the mansion, I came across William. Seeing him here was an unexpected surprise. He approached me, his face grim.

"Scarlett, I'm here to remind you to be on guard against Rita."

I was stunned. "Why do you say that, William?"

William sighed, his lips a grimace. "I'm sure you've seen the news about Lily. Rita's blinded by her hatred, and you're the person she hates the most. She won't let you off easily."

"William... do you know something that I don't?" I eyed him with a suspicious glare.

William shook his head and looked at me, his eyes dead serious. "I've warned her, but I don't know what she'll do. I'm leaving for New York for an important meeting, and I won't be back until a month later. I can't keep an eye on her during this period. Please be careful, Scarlett. Don't ever let your guard down."

"Thank you, William."

"Scarlett, you and my sister are really alike. I've lost her, and I don't want to lose you too. I don't want to see you in danger." William studied me, his face full of concern for me.

I thought for a while and finally said, "I promise, I'll be careful."

"Say, Scarlett. Are you willing to take me as your brother?" William's question took me by surprise. He looked at me expectantly, eyes shining eagerly.

That made me silent. I didn't know what to say, and so I kept mum.

My reaction disappointed William somewhat, but he quickly smiled and said, "I'm leaving now."

Tracy approached me and stared warily after William's back as he walked away.

"Scarlett, I think William is hiding something."

Indeed, William was always so mysterious. Why did he bother helping me? Was it simply because I looked like his sister?

"Tracy, I know what you're worried about. I won't claim to know William's real intentions, but I'm sure he won't be our enemy."

[Chapter 279 Jealous](#)

Charles's POV:

Scarlett and I arrived at the airport at three o'clock in the afternoon to see my parents and James off.

Nestled in Mom's arms, James was wearing a leather jacket, a baseball cap, and a small schoolbag.

The little boy did not know yet that he would be separated from his parents. The moment he saw Scarlett and me, he smiled from ear to ear and greeted us excitedly. "Dad, Mom, go!"

Scarlett's eyes brimmed with tears. When Mom was about to enter the lounge with James, my son suddenly burst into tears.

"Mommy, Daddy!" he cried.

His face turned red, and tears welled up in James's eyes. He tried to break free from Mom's arms but to no avail. Sadly, he could only reach out his little arms to Scarlett.

A mother and son indeed had a special bond. All of a sudden, Scarlett rushed to James and held him in her arms for the last time.

The two hugged each other and cried bitterly. It was as if they were not going to see each other again for the rest of their lives.

It took us great efforts to coax James that they almost missed their flight.

Scarlett was restless on the way back from the airport.

"Charles, will it be okay to leave James with them alone?" she worriedly asked.

I held her hand and assured her, "It's okay, honey. It's just a trip. Besides, they have bodyguards around them 24 hours a day. I assure you, nothing will happen."

"Still... How about I fly to them in a few days?"

"No. If you leave, then what about me? The Independence Day is in a few days. You have to 'accompany' me."

It was not every day we got to be alone for a few days. I would not let such a good opportunity go to waste.

When I said the word 'accompany', I paused for a moment and glanced at Scarlett from head to toe with a mischievous smile.

"You rascal!" Scarlett glared at me, her face red in embarrassment.

In my eyes, she looked so cute when she was not calm and composed like she usually was.

"What do you say, Honey?"

"Whatever. You know, I don't know what to do with you sometimes."

To celebrate my hard-won prize, I brought Scarlett to the Rose Hotel in the evening.

However, my excitement did not last for a long time. Why was it that whenever the two of us were alone, someone would come along and be the third wheel?

Spencer called out of the blue and asked if he could come to dinner with us. Before I could refuse, Scarlett told him to take Vivian with him.

Now, our date had turned into a double date

About an hour later, the four of us were seated at the table in the restaurant. Nobody spoke a word, and an awkward silence filled the air.

It was Spencer who broke the ice. He put down his chopsticks and looked at me helplessly. "Charles, stop pulling on a long face, will you? You're killing the mood."

I forced a smile and asked sarcastically, "Did I?"

"You can do better than that. Everyone can see that you're unhappy."

All of a sudden, the door of the private room opened. I could not help but frown when I saw Nancy come in.

What was she doing here anyway?

"Charles, what a coincidence! I happened to have dinner here, so I came by to say hello. I hope I didn't interrupt anything."

Meanwhile, Scarlett cast a confused look at me.

"This is Nancy Wood, Nicholas's sister," I whispered in her ear.

Nancy greeted everyone with a warm smile.

However, Spencer looked at her with an unfriendly gaze and asked rudely, "Who are you?"

"My name is Nancy Wood. I'm working in Charles's company. Who's that lady next to you?"

Nancy looked at Vivian with a curious gaze.

"Oh, her name is Vivian. She's my girlfriend," Spencer replied without hesitation.

Vivian was stunned. She did not expect him to be so straightforward.

Nancy nodded. With that, she left the private room without another word.

Once she was gone, everyone looked at me.

"Charles, what did she mean when she said she had just come by to say hello? Obviously, that woman had come for you," Vivian reckoned. As an onlooker, she did not mind making a big thing out of it.

"I don't think so. Did you see the way she looked at Spencer?" I pinned the blame to her boyfriend.

"But she said she you were the reason why she came here," Scarlett chimed in with a meaningful smile.

I was nervous. I did not know if Scarlett was mad or just making fun of me.

Meanwhile, Spencer seemed pleased to see me suffer and even added fuel to the fire. "Scarlett, I admire your objectiveness. You're not partial to Charles, even though he's your husband."

Damn it! How could they join forces against me and back me into the corner?

"Charles, you're so charming," Scarlett remarked. That was supposed to be a compliment. But why did I feel nervous when she said that?

"I agree, Charles. Wherever you go, you attract women's attention," Spencer added. It seemed that he was still not satisfied, so he continued to stir up trouble.

I was embarrassed but, at the same time, happy. It was apparent that Scarlett was jealous.

At the thought of this, my depressed mood lightened up. Even Spencer, who ruined our date, seemed less annoying.

Spencer and Vivian left together after dinner.

I was pleased that the two of them were finally gone. Now, I could have Scarlett for myself.

With that, I took her hand and walked to the elevator.

"Where are we going?" Scarlett asked confusedly.

"We'll stay here for the night."

Scarlett's POV:

I knew that Charles had ulterior motives when he asked me to come to Rose Hotel.

It turned out that he had booked a presidential suite in advance for us.

I could not stop thinking about Nancy's face as I lay on the bed after taking a shower.

I knew very well what the look on her face meant. I had seen that look a lot since I was a child. It meant that they admired Charles and that they wanted to win his heart.

I was so immersed in my thoughts that I did not notice that Charles had already walked out of the bathroom.

He wrapped me in his tight embrace. It was not until the scent of his bath lotion came to my nose did I come to my senses. Right now, he seemed gentler and more charming than ever.

Suddenly, my grievances and insecurity swept over me. "Charles, Nancy likes you."

Charles looked at me with a gentle smile. "Are you jealous?"

"A little."

Charles seemed happier when he heard that I was jealous. He wrapped his arms around my neck and gave me a gentle and lingering kiss.

My mind went blank. It was not until we ran out of breath that we let go of each other. "There may be many women who like me, but you're the only one I see," Charles whispered in my ear.

I gazed at his affectionate eyes. But instead of being reassured, anxiety suddenly surged up from the bottom of my heart. "Charles, what if you meet someone better than me? Will you think that I don't deserve you?"

Truth be told, I was insecure about myself. That question had been bugging me for quite some time already.

"In my eyes, you're the best woman in the world."

Lying in Charles's arms, I listened as he enumerated my traits and idiosyncrasies. Touched, I raised my head and kissed Charles on the forehead. At this moment, I was willing to open my heart to him.

"I'm afraid of losing you," I solemnly said.

"I will always be yours," Charles sincerely replied while staring into my eyes.

Embarrassed, I faced the other way and changed the topic. "I miss our son. I want to see him soon."

Charles turned me around and said, "Okay. Let's go together."

Scarlett, I love you."

I was deeply touched by Charles's love confession. He kissed me yet again, and his hands wandered on my body at the same time. His lips then trailed to my neck and down to my chest. On this night, we opened our hearts to each other.

I relaxed my body and let his manhood enter my body. At last, our bodies became one as we succumbed to our fervent love and desire.

[Chapter 280 The Disturbing Omen](#)

Charles's POV:

Early in the morning, I was woken up by a vibrating phone. I picked it up and realized that it was Scarlett's. My mom was sending a video call request. I turned to look at Scarlett. She was still fast asleep. So I took her phone, carefully slid out of bed, and went downstairs. Then, I pushed the answer button.

"Charles? Where is Scarlett?" Mom asked me with little James in her arms.

"She's still sleeping." I noticed that my little boy was crying and sniffing. I couldn't help frowning.

"Little James has been crying since he woke up this morning. No matter how much I coax him, it's useless. I don't know why. He's never been like this before." As soon as Mom finished her words, James burst into tears again. I felt like someone drove a stake through my heart.

"Is he sick?"

"The doctor checked him out and said he's okay. Maybe the little guy just misses his mother."
Continuing to coax James, Mom put on a worried face.

"Dad..." James cried.

I felt sorry for him, but at the same time, I thought he was too clingy. I made a mental note to send him to a boarding school when he grew up. He needed to learn how to be independent.

"I'll go take him outside for a walk. Maybe a change of scenery would calm him down," Mom said.

"Okay. Remember to take bodyguards with you."

"I will."

After the video chat, I tiptoed back into the bedroom. Scarlett was still sleeping. The morning sun shone through the window, making her face look more delicate. My eyes fell on her beckoning lips. Next thing I knew, I was leaning in and giving her a soft kiss on the mouth.

Scarlett slowly opened her eyes and kissed me back. Then, she seemed to think of something suddenly and asked in a panic, "What time is it?"

"It's nine o'clock." I glanced at the clock on the bedside table.

"What? Why didn't you wake me up earlier? I have a rehearsal to get to at the TV station today,"
Scarlett grumbled, jumped out of bed, and ran toward the bathroom.

I sat back in bed and watched her go all crazy. I couldn't help smiling. "Mom made a video call to you just now and I answered. She asked if she could switch James's baby formula brand to a different one."

"Really? And what did you tell her?" Scarlett walked out of the bathroom, her toothbrush sticking out of her mouth. Toothpaste foam flew out of her mouth as she spoke.

"I told her she could decide."

"Just as well. Mom has more experience raising children than I do." She nodded and walked into the bathroom again. She looked so cute.

I went downstairs to prepare some breakfast for her.

When she came downstairs, I put a glass of warm milk and a sandwich on the table. "Come and eat. I'll drive you to work after breakfast."

"All right." She took a seat and grabbed the sandwich. After taking a bite, she looked up at me and beamed. "Oh, this is heavenly, honey. Thank you."

"There's more if you finish that one. You can take some to work, too, so you'll have food when you get hungry." I grinned as I watched her enjoy the breakfast I made for her.

After breakfast, I drove Scarlett to work.

Soon, we arrived at the TV station. Scarlett carefully got out of the car.

She was wearing a black suit, a white shirt, and a pair of high-heeled shoes. I would never understand how she was able to walk around all day in those. I reminded her, "Watch your step, honey."

She looked back at me and waved with a smile, telling me not to worry. But the next second, she fell on the ground.

I quickly got out of the car and rushed over to her. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

"No, I'm fine. Don't worry." Scarlett stood up slowly and dusted herself off. She was still smiling at me.

"Let me have a look." I squatted down and carefully rolled up her slacks. Her knees were red, but there was no broken skin.

I frowned and murmured, "You're so clumsy." After I helped Scarlett get back on her feet, I felt her lips against mine. Although it was just a quick peck, it still took my breath away.

"I'm okay, Mr. Moore. Now scram. I have to go to work." While my brain was still processing the kiss that she just stole from me, Scarlett took the opportunity to walk into the TV station.

"Call me if you need anything." I shook my head helplessly and watched her disappear into the TV station. When she was out of my sight, I turned to Janet and Tracy and said, "Janet, go buy some cold compress. Tracy, keep an eye on Scarlett."

"Yes, sir."

Scarlett's POV:

I had a very busy morning rehearsing. It was already half-past twelve when I was finally able to stagger back to my office and take a breath. I took a seat and instantly felt the pain in my knees.

At this time, my office door swung open and Tracy came in.

"Hey, Scarlett. I got you something to apply to your knees. Mr. Moore asked Janet to get it for you

earlier," Tracy said and squatted down.

"Okay. Thanks." Charles's consideration warmed my heart and made me feel comfortable.

Tracy opened the package, applied the ointment on my inflamed knees, and rubbed it in with her fingers. It felt cool and relaxing. After applying the medicine, Tracy handed me several ice packs. "If you still feel a little discomfort, you can put these on your knees."

"Okay. Thanks again."

The door swung open again. This time, it was Janet, and she came in with a lunch box. "Time for lunch."

While having lunch, I somehow felt a little uneasy. My heart beat faster than normal, and I didn't know why.

Then, my phone rang. It's a call from Charles. "Hi, honey. Just calling to let you know that I'm going out tonight. I'm taking some clients to dinner."

"Okay. Don't drink too much."

"What if my clients insist?"

"Then tell them you can't because we're trying to get pregnant again."

"I can't always use that excuse. They might wonder why I haven't knocked up my wife again in a long time."

"Well, either you tell them that or I tell them that you can't perform when you're drunk."

"I can perform with or without alcohol in my body, and I will show you tonight."

"Charles!" I shrieked, a bit embarrassed.

After hanging up with Charles, I suddenly thought of James. I hadn't seen my little angel today, so I decided to give Alice a call.

The ringing went on for a long time, but no one answered. My heart beat faster and faster. I really got a bad feeling.

After many, many attempts, Jane finally picked up. "Sorry, but Mrs. Moore took little James out for a little sun. She forgot to bring her phone."

I heaved a sigh of relief. "I see. How is he? Is he okay?"

"Yes, he's okay. He's been extra fussy this morning, but nothing to worry about."

"Oh, good. Thank you, Jane. I'm just checking in. Give my baby a kiss for me and extend my thanks to Alice. I really appreciate her looking after my little James."

After hanging up the phone, I still couldn't shake the sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach. I looked at all the delicious food in front of me, but my appetite was gone. I walked to the window to breathe some fresh air. All of a sudden, I remembered what William told me the other day. I turned around and asked Richard, "Have you seen Rita lately?"

"No."

I nodded, but I decided not to ignore the anxiety that I felt. "Richard, after you finish your lunch, please find Rita and keep an eye on her. I'm worried that she's going to do something."

"You got it."

Rita was by no means a good person. While she was around, I had to be on guard all the time.