

Warning 281

[Chapter 281 Janet Is My Treasure](#)

Rita's POV:

Today, an unexpected guest came to my house. I was so happy to see him that tears welled up in my eyes.

"Richard!" I exclaimed, looking at him with affection.

Richard stood at the door, wearing a gentle expression that I hadn't seen for a long time. "May I come in?" he asked.

"Of course!" I immediately ushered him into the living room.

Richard walked past me after I said that. He was dressed in a black suit, making him look competent and charming.

As I recalled all the good times we spent together, my heart felt warm. I knew that Richard still hadn't forgotten me.

After closing the door, I approached him, step by step and hugged him from behind. I pressed my cheek against his muscular back. "Are you coming back to me?"

Richard tensed up at once. Not a second later, he removed my hands from his waist and turned to look at me. "Rita, we've broken up a long time ago. Please, behave yourself."

Confused, I looked him in the eye and asked, "Then why are you at my house? Aren't you worried about me at all? Did you not miss me even once?"

As Richard walked aside uneasily, he asked, "Did your mother get married again?"

I was secretly pleased to hear him ask that. 'He still cares about me. What a stubborn man!'

Putting on a smile, I approached him. "Nope. That man is just her new boyfriend," I said.

The moment I walked closer to him, he took a step back. All of a sudden, the atmosphere became tense.

"She told me that you've moved out." Richard glanced around the living room, and then his eyes fell on the door of my room. The pendant he once gave me was hanging on the door.

"She was lying," I said. Gently, I held his hand and led him to my room. "She thinks that we've broken up a long time ago. So, even if you came to see me, she probably thought that you were here to hurt me. That's probably why she didn't tell you the truth," I remarked.

Richard nodded knowingly.

Then, I opened the door and showed him my room. Upon seeing my underwear on the bed, Richard appeared to be embarrassed

He cleared his throat, turned around, and was about to leave.

"Richard, since when did you become so shy? You've touched every inch of my body before. But now, you're already so embarrassed to see my underwear? Oh, come on!" I grabbed his hand and threw myself into his arms. Then, I stood on tiptoe, nibbling on his earlobe. "Shall I help you recall the past?"

All of a sudden, Richard grabbed my shoulders and pushed me away. "You need to stop that, Rita."

"Stop what?" I pulled his hand and placed it on my big breasts. Afterwards, I rubbed my breasts against his palm, letting out a pleased moan.

"Rita!" At this point, Richard was infuriated to the point that he shoved me away. He then took out a piece of tissue and used it to wipe his hands as though he had touched something dirty.

My face turned grim when I saw his reaction. "Why are you reacting like that?"

"Have I not told you from the beginning that we are over? Can't you behave yourself for once? Why are you always trying to seduce every guy you see?" At last, Richard looked into my eyes. I thought that I'd see affection in them, but I was wrong. There was only disgust in his eyes.

I clenched my fists, staring back at him in disbelief.

"You're nothing but a plaything of those perverted men, while Janet is my treasure!" Richard's words were cold as he stared daggers at me.

After throwing away the tissue, he strode away without hesitation.

Not long after, the door slammed shut, and I was all alone in the house again.

"Haha!" I laughed, mocking myself and trembling uncontrollably.

'Richard, you bastard! How dare you come to my house just to scorn me?'

I stared at the tissue Richard threw on the ground and realized that something was wrong.

He would never do anything without good reason. This meant that he had a purpose in mind! 'If he didn't come here to rekindle our relationship, then he's probably here because Scarlett asked him to,' I thought to myself.

I remembered that he walked around the house after he came in earlier. Thus, I immediately examined every corner of the house, especially to spot where Richard had been close to.

Just as I had expected, I found that he had planted bugs in my place!

Once I'd gathered all of them, I crushed them within my palm. I gritted my teeth and roared, "Scarlett, you bitch! How dare you send Richard to spy on me?"

Scarlett's POV:

When the night fell, I finally got off work.

My knees were still hurting, so I had to slow down my pace. Before I walked out of the TV station's entrance, I saw Charles coming towards me.

He still looked as calm and composed as ever, but for some reason, he looked a little worried.

Once he was right in front of me, he got down on one knee and held my hand.

I was stunned by what he did, and I felt my heart beating like a snare drum. Soon, I realized that I was mistaken. Charles just bent over to check the wound on my knees.

He then stood up, frowning. "Do your knees still hurt?"

I grinned, held his arm, and leaned against his broad shoulder. "What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be at a dinner party?"

"Well, yeah. But, I was really worried about you. That's why I decided to pick you up first." Charles' gentle voice warmed my heart.

Before I could compose myself, he suddenly carried me.

Instinctively, I wrapped my arms around his neck.

It was then that he strode out while carrying me in his arms.

I caught a glimpse of my colleagues staring at me. Embarrassed, I buried my face in Charles' neck. "Charles! There are so many people watching us!"

"Yeah, so?" Charles didn't seem to care that people were staring at us.

I had no choice but to let him carry me into the car even though everyone was watching us.

Given the fact that I was with Charles now, I had to overcome my timidity. Otherwise, I might not be able to survive a day, because he had no shred of shame in his body.

Moments later, the driver started the car. I held his arm and asked, "Will the dinner party end really late?"

"I'm afraid so." Charles nodded, rubbing my nose affectionately. "I might come home late, so you don't need to wait up. Just go to bed early. If I remember correctly, your show starts at ten tomorrow morning, right?"

"That's right." I let out a sigh, leaned against Charles, squeezing his arm and holding onto his waist.

He embraced me back. When I felt the warmth of his body, I finally felt relieved.

The thought of having to go to bed alone after coming home made me feel sad. Frowning, I asked him, "Can you take me to where your dinner party will happen instead? I can wait for you at someplace nearby and I won't disturb you."

Charles seemed to be surprised by my request. He smiled at me and replied, "It's rare for you to be so clingy. How could I refuse my lovely wife's request?"

He told the driver to turn the car around, and headed straight to the hotel where the dinner party would be held.

Upon our arrival at the hotel, Charles got off the car and placed his arm around my waist. I leaned against his chest, staring at his angular face in silence.

Meanwhile, Richard followed us closely and said, "I've booked a room on the top floor. You can go there already."

Charles nodded at Richard, and then he smiled at me. "Do you mind waiting for me in the room?"

"Sure. That's fine with me."

Not a minute later, we took the elevator to the top floor.

Charles took me in and carefully sat me down on the sofa. Then, he knelt down in front of me and rubbed the same ointment on my knees.

"Try to be more careful in the future. I feel bad for you whenever you get hurt, my love." Charles sighed, glancing at me with disappointment.

I was amused by his childish reaction, and then I promised him that I'd be more careful in the future.

All of a sudden, Charles' phone rang. He glanced at it, but he didn't answer right away.

"Is the dinner party starting?" I asked.

It was then that Charles stood up and kissed me. He licked my lips with the tip of his tongue, making me blush. "Be a good girl, okay? Call me if anything happens," he said.

I nodded at his reminder.

Afterwards, he reluctantly left the room.

Meanwhile, I curled up on the sofa, checking my Facebook. Soon, I began to feel bored, so I went outside the room for a stroll.

As I strolled around the hotel, Richard followed me behind.

Along the way, I happened to pass by a dessert bar. I walked in, greatly interested in the pastries displayed. After deciding what to buy, I ordered some macaroons for Charles.

After wandering around for a while, Richard said, "Mrs. Moore, your knees are still injured. Mr. Moore said that I should remind you not to walk for too long, just in case your knees start to hurt again."

I was kind of disappointed that Richard was acting as Charles' mouthpiece, but I had to concede. Thus, we took the elevator and went back to the top floor.

Once there, I checked the time on my phone. It was already ten in the evening. 'Is Charles still busy?' I wondered.

Richard opened the door for me. And as I read through the message on my phone, I walked inside.

After I walked in, the door closed and the room fell into darkness.

Just when I was about to turn on the lights, someone grabbed my waist and I smelled a familiar refreshing scent.

[Chapter 282 Macaroon](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I was startled by a burst of familiar laughter. His tempting voice and the warmth of his breath made me feel limp.

I pressed the switch on the wall and the room instantly lit up, revealing the handsome man who was holding me. "Charles!" I said, staring at him coquettishly. "God, you scared me!" I added.

"Sorry about that, babe." Having said that, Charles sat on the sofa with his arms around my waist. "Where have you been?" he asked.

"Didn't Richard tell you?" I asked back, squinting at him.

"Well, he told me that you went out for a walk, but he didn't delve into details," said Charles.

I raised an eyebrow at him, putting on a cunning smile. "I'm gonna keep that a secret for the time being. I'll let you know tomorrow morning."

"Okay. Let's talk about it tomorrow then. But right now, I want you," Charles placed his hand on my waist, loosening up my belt as though he was unwrapping a gift box. I could see in his eyes just how much he wanted me.

I stared back at him as my heart began beating like a drum. After taking a deep breath, I replied, "I want you, too."

All of a sudden, Charles held my face and started kissing me. He planted a kiss on my ear down to my neck. He didn't ignore a single inch of my skin.

After taking off my coat, he reached into my shirt and grabbed my breasts. His gentle caress siphoned my strength.

Out of impulse, I let out a moan.

It was then that Charles laid me down on the sofa, kissing me passionately.

He fondled my breasts ever so gently. And within an instant, the pleasure coursed through my body like a surge of electric current, rendering me weak all over.

"Charles," I muttered, begging for mercy.

Suddenly, he tightened his grasp on me. He then tore apart the rest of my clothes and fondled every inch of my body. The warmth his hands made me feel hot. As I trembled with pleasure, I felt all the blood in my body surge towards my head. Gradually, my consciousness were being drawn away and all my rationality became drowned in lust.

An hour later, he embraced me, catching his breath.

I soon nestled in his arms peacefully. But my body still felt hot; both inside and outside.

Charles hugged me and kissed my cheek.

In retaliation, I wrapped my arms around his neck and hugged him tightly. And as I listened to the sound

of his steady heartbeat, I let out a sigh. "Charles, I've been feeling restless lately. I'm worried about James."

Gently, Charles stroked my hair. "James is safe. He has bodyguards watching over him twenty-four hours of the day. If you're still worried about him, we can go to New York to see him. Say, the day after tomorrow?"

"Sounds great!" I grinned from ear to ear and rewarded him with a kiss.

But when I wanted to pull away from him, Charles pressed the back of my head. I felt his tongue intruding my mouth, giving me a French kiss. I decided to stop struggling and just immersed in the pleasure of lust.

By the time I woke up, the first ray of sunlight was just shining through the window. The alarm clock on the bedside table told me that it was six in the morning.

I stared at the handsome man beside me, lost in thought.

"Good morning, Charles." I planted a kiss on his lips before I got up from the bed.

All of a sudden, he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me towards him. Not a second later, I found myself in his embrace.

And as he held me from behind, he kissed me on the back of my neck. "Where are you going?" The sound of his voice was husky and seductive.

The way he kissed the back of my neck made me tremble. I quickly turned around to face him.

After giving him a peck on the cheek, I said, "I've got something to deal with, but I'll be back soon."

Charles nodded and then he closed his eyes while kissing me. I could feel his grasp on my waist becoming tighter and tighter.

Seeing that things were about to escalate, I pushed him away. "Alright, that's enough."

Slowly, Charles opened his drowsy eyes. Right now, he just looked like an innocent young boy to me.

My heart was beating like a drum.

"Come back soon, okay?" Charles remarked, loosening his grip on me.

After gathering my composure, I covered my blushing face and hurriedly got out of bed. Then, I went to the bathroom to wash up, and changed my clothes.

Even when I'd left the room, my face was still as red as an apple. "We basically did it all night long, but I still couldn't control myself around him. Charles is really something," I murmured to myself.

"Something what?" Tracy asked in confusion.

I looked up and saw that Janet and Tracy were waiting for me at the door. Thinking that they heard me, I was so embarrassed. "Nothing! I'm heading downstairs."

They both nodded and followed me to the dessert bar.

The clerk confirmed my reservation and asked me to wait for a moment. Soon, a woman came over to greet me with a smile. "Mrs. Moore, I'm a pastry chef of this dessert bar, Gail."

"Hello, Gail. It's nice to meet you," I replied.

"I'm sorry that the customized macaroons you ordered yesterday tasted a little flaky. It may take some time to make a new batch." Gail looked into my eyes, visibly uneasy.

Suddenly, an idea dawned on me. "How about I bake it myself?"

Gail was surprised by my suggestion. Obviously, she didn't expect that I'd say that.

I realized that the idea was too whimsical, so I chuckled awkwardly and asked, "Oh, I'm sorry. Will it disturb your work? If it's not convenient for you, just forget it. I was just making a casual suggestion."

Gail shook her head and grinned. "Not at all, ma'am! I'll be glad to have you in the kitchen as long as you're willing."

I was pleasantly surprised by her answer. Soon, I followed Gail into the kitchen.

The other pastry chefs in the kitchen were all looking at me and greeting me kindly.

Gail took me to an open work station, gave me a brief discussion regarding the ingredients and taught me how to use the equipment. I had made macaroons before, so I began making them right away.

While Gail was watching me, she asked tentatively, "Mrs. Moore, I never thought you could bake. Did you learn how to, so you could cook for your husband?"

I smiled at her and replied, "Well, yeah. I believe that cooking for him myself is more thoughtful."

Gail exclaimed, "Wow! Mr. Moore is so lucky to have a wife like you. I heard that he can be standoffish. Is it difficult to get along with him in private?"

"Not at all. Charles is a gentleman, and he treats me well," I responded.

Gail seemed shocked by my answer, and so were the other pastry chefs around us.

"It's difficult to picture Mr. Moore being gentle," she said.

"Actually, there are times that he acts like a spoiled brat," I remarked, exposing Charles' true nature.

The pastry chefs let out a sigh of disbelief. They started to gossip and asked me what kind of person Charles was behind closed curtains.

I couldn't resist their enthusiasm, so I skimmed over the important parts and just told them funny stories of me and Charles back when we were young.

To my surprise, I enjoyed chatting with the pastry chefs. When the macaroons were finally ready, they were still reluctant to see me go.

After bidding them farewell, I went back to the top floor with my handmade macaroon.

I glanced at the clock and saw that it was already eight in the morning.

Thus, I hurried into the bedroom. The morning sun peered through the curtains, lighting the large bed. Charles' flawless face was as majestic as an angel's.

He was leaning against the headboard. His upper body was naked, revealing his muscular physique. His bright eyes seemed to be full of life, but at this moment, he was squinting at me, making me feel like I was in trouble.

All of a sudden, I saw what was in his hand. It was my cellphone!

I was still half-asleep when I went out just now and I forgot to bring it along.

Charles furrowed his brows. "Didn't you say you would be back soon?" he said.

Startle, I hid the box of macaroon behind my back.

I stared directly at him, and asked in a sweet voice, "Since you're already awake, why don't you get up already? Why are you staying in bed like a child?"

"Because I'm waiting for you to bring me breakfast." Charles put down my phone and locked his eyes on me.

Seeing that I couldn't hide it anymore, I decided to hand him the box of macaroon. "Here's your breakfast."

Charles eyes lit up as he slowly opened the bowknot on the box.

As I watched him untie the bowknot, I remembered how he untied my belt last night. He also did it with so much expectation in his eyes.

"Mmm... it looks great!" Charles took out the macaroon and then he stared at the empty box. "Why is there only one?"

"Well, I made several macaroons, but this is the most special one." I sat on the bed and leaned against him.

Charles stared at the heart-shaped macaroon and smiled brightly. Then, he planted a kiss on my cheek. "Honey, you are so good to me. Thank you!"

I was infected by his lovely smile.

It was then that Charles divided the macaroon by half and gave me the other half.

Upon seeing him try the macaroon, I also took a bite. It was sweet and creamy.

"Is it sweet?" asked Charles.

His question stunned me. "Is it too sweet for you? I can make a sugar-free macaroon for you next time if you want."

"As long as you're the one who made it, I'll love it no matter how sweet it is." Charles gazed into my eyes, holding me affectionately. "Scarlett, promise me you'll stay with me forever."

I smiled back, wrapped my arms around his naked waist, feeling his warmth. "I have no reason to leave you."

I used to be so angry with Charles because he didn't do anything when my father got in trouble, but later I realized that there was nothing he could do against the law. When I thought of how obsessed I was over my father's case, I felt sorry for Charles. I was so blinded by my rage that I lost my mind. And it was for the same reason that I left him.

We embraced each other, basking in the morning sunshine. Time seemed to stop at this wonderful moment.

When I saw the phone on the bedside table, I was confused. "Charles, why did you check my phone just now? Was there anyone calling me?" I asked.

"Nah. I just wanted to check what time it was."

Having said that, he reached for my waist, and slid his hand upward, stroking my sensitive skin.

"Charles." I held his restless hand, glaring at him.

"I'm not full yet," Charles murmured before he kissed me. Then, he gently nibbled on my tongue and sucked it.

When I was finally out of breath, I pushed him away. "Stop it..."

"But I want you, Scarlett. I won't be able to see you until later tonight. I can't wait for that long, my love." Charles bit my lip as though he was punishing me. It hurt a little bit.

While he was kissing me, he began taking off my clothes. He held my waist with one hand and kneaded my breast with the other.

I wanted to push him away, but when I touched his skin, my hand instinctively caressed him. Then, I put my arms around his neck and catered to his carnal need.

Charles lips went down along my neck and lingered on my collar bone for a while. Moments later, he began sucking on my nipples and gently bit them. A burst of arousing sensation made my entire body burn with desire.

I instinctively arched my chest, letting my nipple go deeper into his mouth.

"Charles," I moaned.

[Chapter 283 I Won't Go Anywhere Tonigh](#)

Scarlett's POV:

It was still morning, and yet I already felt out of energy because of Charles. Sadly, I did not have time to rest as I had a rehearsal at the TV station.

At ten o'clock in the evening, the Independence Day party, which the TV station was holding, finally commenced.

I was set to perform in the second half of the party. But for some reason, while I was waiting backstage for my turn, I was anxious and fidgety.

All of a sudden, Janet walked over with a phone in her hand and said, "Scarlett, it's a call from Alice."

My stomach was in knots as I answered the call.

"Mom, what's wrong?" I asked with a sense of trepidation.

"Scarlett, why aren't you answering my call? Anyway, I'm so sorry. I failed to take good care of James..." Alice said dejectedly.

My heart raced when I heard that something had happened to my son.

Although I felt like my heart was going to jump out of my throat, I forced myself to remain calm. "Mom, take your time. Tell me, what happened to James?"

"James has been burning with fever since the morning. We couldn't bring it down. We're in the hospital right now," Alice anxiously answered.

"I see. I'll book a flight right away."

"Okay. Travel safe, Scarlett."

I felt even more restless after hanging up the phone.

Just as I handed the phone back to Janet, a staff walked over and informed me, "Scarlett, it's your turn soon. Get ready."

"Coming." I asked Janet to book the air ticket for me. Then, I lifted the hem of my dress and followed the staff.

On the stage, the dim light gradually lit up. There I was, dangling about a dozen meters above the ground. As the intro of the music played, I was brought down from the top of the stage by wires that were strapped into my costume. My dress fluttered as I got down. I probably looked like an angel coming down from heaven. I started singing my lines a few moments later. My voice resounded across the hall and gave a heartfelt feeling to the audience.

However, I suddenly lost my balance and began to plummet to the stage.

The audience let out a collective gasp, and some exclaimed in horror.

"Oh my God!"

I was more than ten meters high. If I hit the ground, I would be either disabled or, worse, dead. My life flashed before my eyes. But before I hit the ground, I felt a sharp pain around my waist as a wire suddenly pulled me up.

I tried my best to regain my bearings. Once I got ahold of myself, I danced to the accompaniment of drums and continued my performance as if nothing had happened. The audience was in awe during my performance.

Once the song was over, they burst into applause.

I took a bow and flashed them a huge smile.

My legs were weak as I walked off the stage. I would have stumbled and fallen had Janet not caught me in time.

Tracy also rushed over to support me. "Scarlett, are you okay?"

"The wire just pressed on my ribs, but I'm fine," I reassured while rubbing my side.

The staff also came over. With a guilty expression, he asked what had happened and blamed himself repeatedly. "We inspected the wires again before the show started. I really don't know how it happened. Luckily, you didn't get hurt. We sincerely apologize for that."

I nodded in response. I was not in the mood to talk to them as I was worried about my son.

I turned to look at Tracy and asked, "Is Charles here?"

"He's outside waiting for you."

Not wanting to waste any second, I ran out of the TV station without even removing my makeup and changing my attire.

When I caught sight of Charles from afar, the uneasiness in my heart disappeared in an instant.

Charles was staring at me. His intense gaze made my ears turn hot and red. I walked up to him and covered his eyes with my hand. "Why were you looking at me like that?"

"Because I'm proud that my wife is gorgeous." Charles took my hand and pulled me into his arms. He gave me a long and lingering kiss. He licked and bit my lips without even caring about the passersby.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw several figures nearby who had cameras in their hands. I immediately pushed Charles away. "Charles, there are reporters! Let's get in the car first!"

Charles kissed my earlobe and asked, "Why are you so afraid of them? They're just gonna report how affectionate we are in tomorrow's news. It's no big deal."

I hit him on the chest and stared daggers at him.

With a chuckle, Charles carried me in his arms and went to the car.

We arrived at Garden Street not long after.

I was so exhausted that I went straight to the bathroom. I could not wait to take off my heavy costume

and remove my makeup. But for some reason, Charles followed me closely.

I stopped in my tracks and asked him, "Are you gonna use the bathroom?"

"No. I want to help you take off your costume. It's heavy, and it looks like you need my help." Charles looked at me passionately. I felt hot all over as I knew what he was up to.

With a red face, I opened the bathroom door and hurriedly went inside. "I can do it myself!" I insisted.

But before I could close the door, Charles pushed it open.

Because I was weak compared to him, there was nothing I could do but let him.

"Really? Well, I really think you need help." Charles squeezed into the gap of the bathroom door. Once inside, he wrapped his arms around my waist.

I could only look at him with a helpless expression.

Suddenly, a sly smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. He slowly unbuttoned my clothes and took off my costume piece by piece. At last, only my undershirt was left. I now felt so much better than a while ago.

Charles took the opportunity and slid his hand into my undershirt. His warm touch sent a chill down my spine.

He bent over to kiss me. But instead of returning the favor, I held his hand and stared into his eyes.

"Charles, you received Mom's call this morning, didn't you? Why didn't you tell me that James is sick?"

Charles fell stunned. "Mom called you?" he asked in bewilderment.

I pushed him away with all my strength. I felt chilly the instant his warm touch left my skin. "How could you not tell me such an important thing?"

Charles lowered his head and answered, "I didn't want you to worry too much."

I could not help but scoff. I felt betrayed. Unable to take it any longer, I turned my face away from him.

Charles held my hand and expressed regret. "Scarlett, I'm sorry. I promise it won't happen again. Please don't be mad at me anymore."

I could not help but heave a heavy sigh. How could I have the heart to refuse such a cold and domineering CEO when he was acting like a spoiled child?

I pretended to be angry and sternly said, "Just this once."

"Okay." The smile on Charles's face returned. Just like he had promised, he helped me take off my clothes and remove my makeup.

Then, he ran me a bath and carried me into the bathtub. I was naked. But for once, he did not make a move on me. "Scarlett, you've lost weight. Please don't tire yourself too much."

"It's good to lose some weight. I want to be slender," I retorted. Being nestled in his arms, along with the warm bath, brought joy and contentment to my heart.

Charles, on the other hand, seemed dissatisfied. He pinched my waist and whispered in my ear, "I don't think so. I hope you gain weight, even a little. It'll feel so much better when you're fleshy."

I could not help but wonder if he would die if he did not flirt with me for a moment.

With my eyes narrowed in annoyance, I reached out to pinch his waist too as revenge. However, his muscles were so hard and strong that I failed miserably.

I sighed in exasperation. Suddenly, I remembered something. "By the way, I've asked Janet to book me a flight to New York at six o'clock tomorrow morning. You can come when you're done with your work."

"Can't you wait for me for just one day so we can go together?"

"I can, but James can't. For sure, he wants to see his mother as soon as possible."

"All right then. But you should make it up to me tonight."

"What? Why?" I asked confusedly.

"Because I have to sleep alone tomorrow night."

Without warning, Charles lifted me up and walked out of the bathroom with me in his arms.

He gently laid me on the bed and kissed me as if his life depended on it.

A few moments later, I felt his tongue force its way into my mouth.

I responded to his kisses with the same enthusiasm. My mind was blank, and my desire was all that mattered to me at the moment.

His lips trailed down to my neck, where he licked and sucked on it. I trembled and moaned in pleasure.

Charles chuckled and kissed me even harder. Before I knew it, his hand was on my lady parts, stimulating it.

Suddenly, he inserted his finger in my hole, making me wet and aroused.

"Charles..." I grabbed his arm, not knowing if I should push him away or pull him closer.

As a response, Charles became even more passionate in his kiss. At this moment, he put my legs on his shoulders, lowered his hips, and rubbed his manhood into my beaver.

My body quivered in excitement. I unconsciously wrapped my arms around his neck. My body language was screaming that I wanted him now.

All of a sudden, Charles's phone rang, bringing us to our senses and breaking the air of romance in the room.

Charles turned a deaf ear to it, but I pushed him away.

With lust in his eyes, he bit my lower lip as punishment and got up to answer the phone.

I vaguely heard Spencer's voice on the other end of the line. Upon hearing this, I breathed a sigh of relief. Thank goodness it wasn't James.

With a dark and gloomy face, Charles shouted over the phone, "I won't go anywhere tonight!"

[Chapter 284 I Want To Qui](#)

Spencer's POV:

After Charles hung up the phone ruthlessly, I looked out of the car blankly, not knowing where to go.

My mother's nagging words felt like a spell that was giving me a headache, so I had no choice but to head outside for some quiet time. I called Charles and David, asking them to meet me for a drink, but they both chose their lovers over their poor friend and refused me.

After thinking for a while, I felt a little helpless, so I started the car and drove back to the bar.

I walked into the bar and asked the waiter, "Where is Vivian?"

"I haven't seen her today, but I am guessing that she should be in her room."

I immediately strode upstairs and knocked on Vivian's door.

Vivian quickly opened the door, but she seemed a little confused to see me there. "Weren't you going on a blind date?"

"Well, you know what my mom's arrangements are like, right?" Gritting my teeth, I stared at her.

Vivian gave me an awkward smile. "I was just guessing. Anyway, if there's nothing else, then you can leave. I want to rest now."

"You've already spent your entire day off in your room. Is that not enough? Let's go for a drive. It's a beautiful full moon night." Saying that, I approached her slowly.

However, Vivian walked to the window and looked into the distance. "I can see the moon right from here. Why bother going out?"

With a frown, I grabbed her hand and dragged her out.

"Spencer, let go of me." She tried to resist, but she was not strong enough to free herself from my grip.

Ignoring her protests, and everyone else's surprised gazes, I pushed her into my sports car and started it.

She complained for a bit before the beautiful view outside attracted her attention. I pressed the button, and the sunroof slowly retracted. The night wind blew on our faces, and as we gazed at the sparkly night sky, we felt as though there was a blanket of stars over our heads.

Vivian stretched out her arms and gave an intoxicating smile. "I really like starry nights."

"Weren't you just refusing to come out?" I teased.

Vivian snorted and stopped talking.

I drove for a while before I stopped the car in front of an old building.

Under her confused gaze, I held her hand, pushed the door open, and walked upstairs with her.

By the time we reached the top floor, she was gasping for breath. "Why are you taking me to exercise here..."

While she was talking, she stopped all of a sudden.

From the terrace of the building we were able to see a lot more stars in the sky, sparkling like jewels. It was more stunning than the view from the car. It felt like we could easily reach out and grab them. They shone beautifully like a river of diamonds.

I took out two bottles of beer from a cabinet in the corner, opened them, and handed one to Vivian.

"Looks like this is your secret spot," Vivian said as she raised her brows at me and took the bottle.

"I used to come here often as a kid."

I sat down on the bench while she carefully sat down on the swing beside it. Seeing her look so clumsy, I was a little confused. "Have you never sat on a swing before?"

"Of course, I have, but that was when I was a kid, and it was a long time ago." Vivian kicked the ground and began to swing. As the night breeze caressed her hair and the stars became her background, I was impressed by how stunning she was.

I only came to my senses when I saw her looking at me and I immediately let out an awkward cough. "We used to watch the moon from here when we were kids. It's really beautiful from up here."

Upon hearing that, Vivian took a sip of the beer and asked, "We? Do you mean you and Scarlett?"

"Charles and David, too, it was the four of us."

"Swings are not something that guys like. Was it for Scarlett?" Vivian asked as she glanced at me.

I could sense a hint of unhappiness in her tone, but I could not tell why she was like that. "You can say that. But Charles always stopped her from using the swing."

The next second she put her foot down on the ground, stopping the swing.

"What's the matter?" I was confused.

Without answering me, she walked to my side, sat down beside me, and rested her head on my lap.

My body instantly stiffened.

"Spencer, I want to quit." Her soft voice came to my ears.

I looked at her in surprise. "Why?"

"I feel like I am cheap. Like I am your mistress..." She stared at me, stroked my chest softly, touched my face, and wiped my lips with her slender fingers.

My heart began to race under her touch.

"That's another thing." I grabbed her hand, lifted her up, and kissed her.

I held Vivian's waist tightly, making it impossible for her to escape. The tip of my tongue swept past her teeth and wrapped around her tongue, sucking in her moans.

A romantic memory was awakened, and our suppressed desires were soothed. All of a sudden, I felt a burst of joy and passion in my heart which almost rendered my body numb.

Vivian's eyes grew misty from the desire in her heart. Her soft lips and her flushed face were tugging on my heartstrings.

Gasping for breath, I fumbled my hands along the edge of her top until I held her large breasts in my hands.

Vivian's body trembled under my touch. "Spencer..."

She arched her back a little. I kissed her and caressed her breasts gently.

With a frown, she let out a passionate moan.

Feeling the cold night breeze against my skin, I came back to my senses and reluctantly withdrew my hand.

She let out a chuckle and whispered in my ear seductively, "Can I sleep in your room tonight?"

"It would be my honor."

Hearing that, Vivian smiled, stood up, and left my arms. She quickly straightened her ruffled clothes before she picked up the bottle. "I haven't finished my beer yet."

Hearing that, I picked up another bottle of beer and clinked it with her.

As soon as our bottles were empty, she stood on her toes and held my chin with her finger, flirting with me. "Let's go back to sleep."

She walked to the stairs like a sexy kitten and I followed her with a smile.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles was still sound asleep when I woke up that morning.

After washing my face and brushing my teeth, I went downstairs, but I was a little startled when I saw Richard standing in the living room like a statue.

Thinking of the recent events, I couldn't help but ask him, "Has Rita done anything unusual lately?"

With a serious look, he replied, "Rita hasn't even been out lately. Although the surveillance cameras I installed in her house have been removed, I have asked someone to keep an eye on her. And his information is reliable."

"That's good. I am probably being too suspicious, then." I gave him a nod while I tried to suppress the

uneasy feeling in my heart.

Richard looked at me and said, "Rita is a cunning woman, so it is highly likely that she is secretly plotting something. We need to be careful."

I frowned and said, "Please stay and keep an eye on her. Tracy will be coming with me to New York."

Hearing that, Richard nodded.

"Scarlett," Charles called me.

I looked back and saw him walking towards me. His shirt was unbuttoned, and there was a faint bite mark on his collarbone.

I immediately blushed and buttoned up his shirt. "Put on your clothes properly."

Charles smiled in reply before he said, "Okay, I'll drive you to the airport."

[Chapter 285 James Went Missing](#)

Charles' POV:

Once we were at the airport, I escorted Scarlett to the security checkpoint, but I was reluctant to let her go.

She let out a sigh when she realized I didn't want to let go of her hand. "Charles, if I don't go in now, I'm going to miss the flight."

"But, I don't want you to leave," I replied, embracing her.

"We're only going to be apart for a day." Scarlett wrapped her arms around my neck and pecked my lips.

In response, I cupped her cheeks and kissed her.

At long last, I reluctantly let Scarlett go and watched her walk into the security checkpoint.

It wasn't until she disappeared from my sight that I withdrew my gaze and turned to Richard and Janet as they stood beside me. "Why are you two here?"

"She did ask us to keep an eye on Rita's movements," said Richard.

After a brief moment of hesitation, he asked, "Shall we go to the company now, sir?"

I shook my head and walked aside towards the big LED screen, staring at Scarlett's flight information.

About ten minutes later, the info on the LED screen displayed that the flight to New York had taken off.

I sighed and walked towards the airport's exit.

People were coming and going around me, and most of them walked in groups. I saw many men and women embracing each other. The smiles on their faces were beautifully sincere. Somehow, it made me feel like my heart was melting.

Soon, I stopped at the exit.

"Is something the matter?" Richard asked as he walked up to me.

I chuckled at his question, staring back at him. "Book the next flight to New York for me."

At first, Richard was surprised by my command, but he quickly gathered his composure. "Yes, sir!"

Right after that, I called Amy and told her to cancel my schedule for the next few days.

Scarlett's POV:

After getting off the plane, Tracy and I went straight to the hospital. We noticed that the security checks at the entrance of the hospital were particularly strict. They required everyone to show their ID.

"What do you think happened?" I murmured. I had a bad feeling about this.

Tracy appeared to be serious. "Generally speaking, hospitals don't usually set up security checks that strict. Unless..."

We exchanged glances, and rushed to James' ward after going through the security checks. But upon our arrival, we saw that the ward was empty, and only a nurse cleaning up the bed was left.

I grabbed my wrist to prevent myself from trembling. "Excuse me, was the patient here a boy? Where is he right now?"

Stunned, the nurse looked at me vigilantly. "And you are...?"

"I'm the mother of that child, Scarlett Moore. His name is James Moore, right?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is. But he, uh..." The nurse was hesitant to continue.

I strode forward, grabbing her hand. "What happened to my boy? Please, don't scare me like that." My voice was trembling as I spoke.

Unable to bear it any longer, the nurse replied, "He's missing. We have no idea who took him away. At

the moment, the entire hospital is under martial law, but we haven't heard anything yet."

I staggered backwards, refusing to believe what had happened.

"Scarlett!" Tracy held me up just in time.

As I held onto her hand, I tried to calm myself down. "Tracy, call Charles. Now!"

Having heard my command, Tracy frowned and called Charles. "I can't get through to him. It seems that he's turned off his phone."

After taking a deep breath, I decided to call Alice.

As soon as the call connected, I anxiously asked, "Have you found James?"

After a moment of silence, Alice replied, "We've already contacted the police, but right now, we still haven't found him. I'm sorry, Scarlett. I was too careless..."

I bit my lower lip, and soon tasted blood. After comforting Alice, it dawned on me that William was in New York, too. Thus, I immediately dialed his number.

"Scarlett? You rarely ever contact me. What's up?" William sounded surprised. Right now, I wasn't in the mood to chitchat, so I went straight to the point.

"Sorry about springing this onto you, but could you do me a favor? I need your help to find James. He's... he's missing." I began to break into tears.

This time, William sounded serious. "Tell me what happened, Scarlett. What can I do to help?"

After I told him everything I knew, William agreed to help at once.

I expressed my gratitude and hung up.

Soon, Alice and Lawrence rushed back to the ward.

There was a frown on Lawrence's face. And as soon as Alice saw me, she held me and broke down. "We'll find James, my dear. We'll get him back safe and sound. Who on earth took our precious little angel away? Whoever it was, why did they take James away?"

My heart felt like it was being clenched, and I couldn't breathe for a moment.

'Who would take my little angel away?'

It was then that a particular name came to my mind.

And the more I thought about it, the more flustered I became.

While anxiously waiting for any news, we kept on contacting people to help in the search for James.

When the phone rang, I was over the moon.

However, the name that appeared on the screen was Rita's.

"Why is she calling?" Alice frowned, visibly upset.

My heart was racing at this point. I tried not to think of the worst and just answered the phone.

"Scarlett, are you okay?" Rita teased.

I clenched my phone and gritted my teeth. "You're the one who did it, didn't you, Rita?"

Right after I said that, I heard her laughing over the phone. "When did you become so stupid? You didn't figure it out until just now? Do you know how long I've been waiting for your call? God, I even had to contact you myself!"

Anger rose from the pit of my heart, and it almost burned out my rationality. "You are a fucking lunatic! If you want your revenge, come at me! Why did you have to involve my child? He's innocent!"

Suddenly, Lawrence put a hand on my shoulder. He gazed into my eyes and shook his head.

It was then that I realized that Rita was manipulating my emotions, so I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself down.

Not a minute later, I heard Rita swiping at me with harsh remarks. It seemed that she was testing my patience. "Yes, I am crazy. And you're the one who drove me to insanity! Because of you, I lost everything. And I'm going to make you feel just how horrible it feels to lose your one true love! That seems fair. Am I right, James?"

I heard a familiar voice on the other end of the line. "Mamma! Mamma!"

James was whimpering and he burst into tears. The sound of his cries over the phone almost shattered my will.

"James!" At this point, I could no longer compose myself.

"Scarlett, come to the seaside villa in thirty minutes. I'll send you the address. Remember, come here alone and don't contact the police. Otherwise, I can't guarantee your boy's safety," Rita warned.

After scoffing at me, she hung up the phone ruthlessly.

While I was still dazed and uncertain of what to do, Alice grabbed my hand. "What's going on? Is James okay? What does that witch, Rita, want? We'll give her whatever she wants!"

Attempting to comfort her, Lawrence hugged Alice. "Calm down, honey."

Chapter 286 A Living Hell

Rita's POV:

After hanging up on Scarlett, hatred coursed through every nerve in my body. This time, I wasn't going to let her go. I would let her know just how horrible it felt to be heartbroken!

"Stop crying!" The baby's crying was starting to upset me, so I grabbed the tape from the table, ready to seal the boy's mouth. However, my mother stopped me.

"Are you crazy? Doing that will suffocate him to death! If that boy dies, it won't do you any good. Remember, your target is Scarlett."

"But I want to kill them all!" I growled through gritted teeth.

"Rita, calm down. If you kill the boy, Charles will never forgive you. That's enough!" My mother held my hand, trying her best to stop me.

'She wants me to stop?'

I sneered. 'It's impossible for me to stop now. Scarlett has ruined my life! How come she gets to live a good life, while I'm living like a sewer rat? There's no turning back for me this time. I won't stop until vengeance is mine!'

I shook off my mother's hand and sealed James' lips with some tape. The sight of Scarlett's child gradually losing oxygen satisfied me.

"You've gone crazy!" My mother rushed to the boy's side, and tore off the tape from his mouth.

"If he dies, you won't have any bargaining chip to blackmail Scarlett with!"

"Fine! For the time being, I'm going to leave the boy alive. But once Scarlett arrives, I'm going to let them die together!"

Scarlett's POV:

I was already panicking at this point, and I was practically on the verge of breaking down. 'No matter

what, I must save James! He's waiting for me!"

"Scarlett, I can't let you go there alone. Take me with you!" Tracy pleaded as she held my hand.

"I can't take you, Tracy. If Rita finds out that someone is following me, she's going to hurt James. Just give me the car keys. Please." I snatched the car keys away from Tracy.

"Scarlett, I've already contacted the police. They'll send someone to follow you. But for the sake of James' safety, they're going to keep a respectable distance away from you. Promise me that you'll be careful, okay? Remember to protect yourself," Lawrence said to me sincerely.

"I promise, Dad. Anyway, I'll be leaving now." I nodded at him. Truthfully, I didn't hear most of what he said. Right now, my mind was elsewhere and all I could think of was James crying and shouting for me to save him.

Along the way, I floored the accelerator, speeding across the highway.

'James, please hold on. Mommy is coming!' I prayed in my heart, hoping that God would hear me.

At long last, I arrived at the beach. I parked my car somewhere inconspicuous, got out of it, and planned to slowly approach the villa. Suddenly, Rita called me again. I could hear just how complacent she was over the phone. "I've already seen you, Scarlett. Come to the room on the north side of the second floor. And hurry the fuck up! I'm getting impatient!"

Hurriedly, I ran towards the villa. But the second I stepped foot inside the house, I got hit on my right shoulder.

"Argh!" Tears flowed out of my eyes when I felt the sharp pain, and I could smell the strong odor of blood when I took a breath. My body trembled as I fell to my knees. With difficulty, I looked up and saw a man standing in front of me. He had a face devoid of emotion.

"Rita asked me to tell you that if you can't make it to the room in ten minutes, your son will die."

Upon hearing that, I struggled to get up. My shoulder felt like it was burning from the pain, and my blood fell to the floor, creating a dripping sound. As I took a deep breath, I felt like my lungs were imploding from the pain.

The only thing that kept me going was the fact that James was waiting for me. No matter how hard it could be, I had to hold on!

Just as I had walked to the corner of the staircase, another blow landed on me; this time, it hit my left shoulder.

Susan appeared before me and spoke in a trembling voice. "This is for my daughter!"

I looked her dead in the eye, but the pain was too unbearable for me to say anything back. All I could do was to continue staggering up the stairs.

At last, I had reached the second floor. It was then that a knife jabbed into my right ankle.

Unable to bear the pain any longer, I fell to my knees once more.

A moment later, I saw a pair of leather shoes in front of me.

The man squatted down to look me in the eye, ruthlessly pulling out the knife from my ankle.

I screamed at the top of my lungs. The pain was spreading from my ankle and shoulders down to every corner of my body; inch by inch. I was almost losing my breath.

"Rita said that it's a small punishment compared to what her father had suffered in prison," the man remarked.

"He deserved it!" I said through gritted teeth.

The man pinched my chin with his rough fingers, forcing me to look at him. His eyes showed nothing but bloodlust and there was a devilish grin on his lips. "You're pretty, but you're too headstrong."

As I trembled all over, I said in a hoarse voice, "Don't touch me!"

My voice was too weak at this point. Truthfully, I barely had the strength to speak. I was starting to lose my consciousness because of all the pain.

"Stop being so arrogant! You have no right to threaten us now!"

"You're going to pay for this!" I was so angry that I spat out a mouthful of blood. I could feel myself gradually drifting to the brink of death, and my sanity was slowly being drawn out of my body.

The man stopped making trouble for me. I struggled to get up, but my right leg was too weak to move now. I tried to prop myself up by using my left leg, but not even a second later, I fell to the ground again.

At this time, I seemed to hear my baby's cries coming from the room at the very end of the second floor hall.

With every ounce of strength I had left, I crawled towards the room. All the pain from my shoulders and ankle were starting to overwhelm me, and my body was trembling violently. My eyebrows were tightly knit, and both sweat and blood streamed down my face.

For some reason, I remembered what Charles told me last time. "Scarlett, don't try to escape from me."

You're mine even if you die! And even if I end up in hell, you're coming with me!"

I dragged my bleeding body, crawling to the end of the second floor with all my strength until a person blocked my path.

"Hahaha! Scarlett, I never imagined you'd be reduced to this pathetic state one day!" It was Rita.

She broke into a maniacal laughter. To me, she looked like a blossoming yet poisonous corn poppy.

"Rita... give me back... my child! Now!" I growled. I raised my head, glaring at her. I could no longer contain my rage at this point, and the pain was overwhelming me. Every cell in my body and every inch of my skin were roaring in pain. I felt as though I was in a living hell!

Rita squatted down to look me dead in the eye. And when she saw that I was in pain, she said, "Scarlett, do you honestly think that I'll hand you back your baby just like that? From now on, you're going to do everything that I tell you. Or else!"

"Or else what?"

"Or else, I'll throw your son into the sea and feed him to the sharks!" Having said that, Rita stood up and walked towards the end of the corridor.

[Chapter 287 Falling Into The Sea](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Crawl! Hurry the fuck up! Otherwise, your son will be thrown into the sea!"

The shrill voice of a woman along with the faint crying of my child was coming from upstairs.

'Hurry up! Scarlett, move!' I told myself.

I crawled even faster despite the pain. My whole body was aching so much that I felt like I was being torn apart, and my feet were gradually feeling numb.

At long last, I saw my little angel.

"James!"

James' head was covered by a black cloth, and a man was holding him as he struggled feebly in midair.

Rita stared at me, wearing an obscene smile. She then turned to the man holding James.

The man immediately understood her point, and he hanged James out of the window with his hand.

Desperately, I tried to run towards my child. But sadly, the severe pain from my ankle made me fall to the ground heavily.

"No!"

I gasped for air as tears streamed down my face.

Then, I struggled to reach James, but Rita trampled me underfoot.

"How does it feel, Scarlett? Are you scared?"

As she stepped on my chin, I saw how twisted and insane she had become.

"Rita, you're a fucking psychopath! If you're angry at me, then deal with me! Let James go. He's innocent!"

Rita slammed my head against the ground. Because of all the blood and the fact that I was in pain, I couldn't see anything. Beads of sweat rolled down my forehead as I bit my lip tightly, trying not to shriek from the pain.

"Innocent? He is not innocent. He is a fucking bastard! You and Charles gave birth to him, but he shouldn't have survived!"

Rita trampled on my face even more aggressively. I was biting on my pale lips so hard that they started bleeding, and I did my best not to give out.

"Scarlett, you ruined my path to happiness, so I'm going to ruin your life, too!"

I was far too weak to argue with her now. All I wanted at the moment was for my baby to be safe.

"What can I do to convince you to let James go? Please, I'll do anything!" I pleaded.

A sinister smile appeared on Rita's lips. "Are you sure about that?"

Blood, sweat and tears blurred my vision. As I stared at the man holding James out of the window, I knew that I had no other choice.

"As long as you let James go, I'll do as you say." I closed my eyes, accepting that this was my fate.

Rita looked down at me with a devilish grin on her face.

"I want you to announce to the whole world that you've never loved Charles, admit that you're a whore, and tell everyone that this child isn't Charles' son. So, what do you say?"

"I'll do it!" I shouted through gritted teeth.

Rita shot me a look as if to tell me that I was the one who "asked for it".

I could see the malice in her eyes, and it gave me a bad feeling.

"You! Come here."

Rita pointed at the man who hit me on the shoulder.

"Lion, I order you to fuck that woman!"

All of a sudden, I raised my head, staring at Rita in disbelief.

"What? Are you scared?" Rita scoffed at me.

She turned to look at the man who was holding James, clearly threatening me.

"No, no, no! I'll do it. Please! I'll do that right now. But you have to promise me that you'll let my baby go first."

This was my bottom line.

"Sure, if you have sex with Lion, I'll let you and that little bastard go home," said Rita.

"Your word isn't a guarantee. How can I be sure that you won't go back on your words?" I asked.

"What do you want?" she asked back.

"I want you to call Charles right now and tell him our location. Otherwise, I won't follow your order."

"Fuck you. I won't do that. Scarlett, you're in no position to bargain with me right now!"

It seemed that my attitude infuriated Rita.

Rita glanced at Lion, and the man approached me with a perverse smile on his lips. I could see in his eyes that he had some truly disgusting ideas in his head.

With no other choice, I had to crawl forward, one inch at a time. However, Lion grabbed my hair and dragged me back.

Rita burst into a maniacal laughter once more. "Scarlett, I never thought you'd be so disgraceful! Look at yourself. You're no better than a dog right now!"

Lion tore my clothes apart, pressing me onto the floor. Then, he began fondling my body with his rough hands. I could even smell the foul stench of his mouth.

I struggled to break free from his grasp, but my injured shoulder prevented me from doing so. At this moment, I was like a butterfly that had been caught in a spider web. The more I struggled, the worse I got stuck.

The following moment, I heard my pants being torn apart, and it sent me spiraling into despair.

"No! Stop!"

It was then that Rita began to laugh like a God forsaken lunatic. I loathed her with every fiber of my being.

"Rita! Rita!"

Rita's POV:

Oh, how I enjoyed watching Scarlett despair and wail like a banshee. The sight of her blood and tears on the ground brought joy to my heart. At long last, I had paid her back for the humiliation she put me through!

"Lion, strip her naked!"

Just as I was enjoying Scarlett's humiliation, an underling ran up the stairs from the first floor and reported to me, "Miss Lively, bad news! Someone's here to raid the place!"

Upon hearing that, I went to the balcony and saw William.

'Damn it! How did he find this place so soon?'

In order to vent my frustration, I kicked the dying Scarlett's stomach. Then, I said to the underling, "You! Come here and tie this bitch up!"

Afterwards, I told the man to give me the child and then I went to the open-air balcony on the top floor.

The little boy was struggling with all his might, and I almost lost control of him.

"Don't move! If you don't stop moving, I'm going to throw you into the sea, you little bastard!"

But the child ignored my warning.

"No, Rita! Don't be impulsive. Please, stop!" Scarlett pleaded in a barely audible voice.

"You've finally learned how to beg for my mercy! But it's too late!" I sneered.

I lifted the boy up and stood at the edge of the balcony. From here, I could see the waves surging up.

"The child isn't Charles'. I've never loved Charles. So, please, let James go!" Scarlett pleaded.

"Even if I let him go, William won't show me any mercy. I've already made up my mind to die along with you. I'm going to drag you all to hell with me!"

"Rita, calm down. Put James down!" It was Charles.

When I turned around, I saw that William and Charles were already here. They were fighting against my men, and it seemed like my men were no match for them.

What pissed me off the most was that useless idiot, Lion. He let go of Scarlett and ran away at the first sign of trouble.

Since I no longer held Scarlett hostage, I had to use the boy to my advantage.

"Save James! Save him!"

Scarlett pleaded while she was in Charles' arms.

He then looked me in the eye. His firm gaze made me feel like I was being pulled into the depths of the abyss.

"You're finally here, Charles."

The moment I saw him, my heart melted. While I was entranced by his beauty, I loosened my grip on the boy.

All of a sudden, the little boy fell down into the dark sea.

[Chapter 288 Despair](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"No!"

As James fell into the boundless sea, my entire world collapsed around me.

"James! My beloved James!"

A mouthful of blood came out of my mouth.

As I lay weakly in Charles' arms, I grasped his clothes with every ounce of strength I had left. There was only one thing going through my mind right now;

I wanted to save my beloved son so bad.

William suddenly rushed over, kicking Rita to the floor. Afterwards, he bent over the railing of the balcony, staring down for a long time. "I'm so sorry, Scarlett," he said, pitying me.

"Sorry? Why are you apologizing?"

I struggled to stand up, but my body wouldn't listen to me. All I could do was to hold onto Charles' hand as though my life depended on it.

"No! Our James isn't dead yet, right? Right?!"

"Scarlett, I'm sorry... I'm really sorry!"

Right now, I felt like a prisoner on death row. And the sound of gunshot announcing my demise had finally resounded through my head.

I couldn't move a muscle. It was as if my body had been riddled by bullets and tattered into pieces.

"I don't want your apology! I want my James back! I want him alive and well!"

Blood came out of my mouth again, staining Charles' white shirt.

His face displayed his uneasiness and his eyes were filled with nothing but pain. His hands trembled as he stroked my lips, as though he was trying to block out the blood from flowing out.

"Scarlett, don't do this!"

I couldn't hear anything. James was dead, and with him, my soul had been spirited away and buried into the deepest pits of the sea.

Moments later, the sound of the police siren resonated from afar.

Gradually, I came back to my senses. It was then that I realized that the murderer who slaughtered my child was still alive.

My dying heart was reignited with fury and desire for vengeance.

"I'm going to kill her! Give me Rita. I'll kill her myself!"

I pushed Charles away, and grabbed the dagger from the floor.

However, he stopped me from moving. "Scarlett, you shouldn't kill her. The police will be here soon, and I promise you, Rita will get the punishment she deserves."

Upon hearing that, I loosened my grip on the dagger, and it fell to the floor. I stared at Charles, dazed as a bitter smile appeared on my lips. Tears welled up in my eyes and my heart was broken into a million pieces.

"So, until now you still don't have the heart to hurt her, huh?"

This sentiment made me feel like a laughing stock.

"No, it's not like that, Scarlett. Let me explain."

Charles embraced me.

"Enough, Charles! Since you don't want to do it, I will!"

William picked up the dagger from the floor, walking towards Rita, step by step.

"Stay away from me!"

Rita crawled back in fear. But William grabbed her neck and lifted her up without mercy.

"Didn't I warn you already? I told you never to harm Scarlett. And it looks like you don't take my words seriously at all!"

"I don't care if you all love her! I am going to make her suffer a fate more miserable than death!" Rita's face turned red from being strangled.

Not a second later, the dagger pierced into her lower abdomen, and blood oozed out from it.

Her eyes widened in horror as she fell to the floor.

"Take her away."

William's men took Rita's unconscious body away before the police could arrive.

He then walked up to me and said, "Don't worry, Scarlett. If you want her dead, I will not allow her to live."

Even if that horrible woman were to die, my little angel, James, would never come back again.

At this point, I was hopelessly apathetic. "William, take me away," I said.

But Charles held me tighter in his arms.

"You can't take her away!"

"Charles, you just watched Rita kill Scarlett's child, and you did nothing to avenge him! What makes you think you still have the right to be by her side?"

Soon, I fell into William's arms and passed out.

I saw a faint dazzling light the moment I opened my eyes, and heard mechanical sounds around me.

At this moment, scenes of the past flashed through my mind. I had once promised Charles that no matter what might happen in my life, I would be strong and live on.

But without my son, I no longer had the fervor to continue living.

This was all my fault. I should not have been with Charles. If I had left him earlier, James might not have been killed by Rita.

Charles' POV:

I waited at the door of the operating room. The police were still searching for my son's dead body, and my beloved wife was still in mortal danger.

'God, please save Scarlett!

I've already lost James. I can't lose her, too!'

It seemed that God had heard my sincere prayer.

The light of the operating room went out, and a doctor covered in blood came out.

"The patient is out of fatal danger, but she's still far too weak and needs to be hospitalized for careful observation for a period of time."

Upon hearing the doctor's words, all the tension in my body eased up, and I slumped onto the bench weakly.

"And there's one more thing. When the patient woke up, she asked us to tell you that she doesn't want to see you ever again, Mr. Moore."

'She doesn't want to see me again?' I thought to myself.

'That's right... I don't have any right to see her again.'

"Is she all right?" I asked.

"The patient's ankle was badly injured. Even though she's been treated, she may have to live with a disability from now on," replied the doctor.

"How could this be?"

"The worst isn't her physical injuries. Both the patient's mind and body are badly damaged, and she's lost the desire to live. Even if she could survive, her body will have many complications in the future. You must prepare yourself for that, sir."

The doctor's words devastated me. This was all my fault.

'Why did I have to be late?

And the bastard who did this to us is Rita!'

"William, give me Rita."

All I could do now was to do as Scarlett wished and kill that horrible woman.

William shot me a glance and said, "I'm sorry, but Rita has my sister's heart right now. I can't give her to you."

Suddenly, the atmosphere became tense.

At this time, Scarlett was pushed out of the operating room.

When I tried to get close to her, William pushed me away. "Didn't you hear what the doctor told you? She doesn't want to see you again, Mr. Moore!"

I clenched my fists and looked at Tracy behind me.

"Tracy, stay with Scarlett and protect her."

Tracy looked back at me, visibly concerned. "Mr. Moore, are you going back to LA?"

I shook my head, and buried my face in my hands, feeling helpless and desperate.

[Chapter 289 I Heard That She Lived Together With William](#)

Spencer's POV:

Today was David and Icey's wedding.

I watched as they exchanged vows and put their wedding bands on each other's finger. Then, David lifted Icey's veil and kissed her gently.

The guests applauded and cheered and gave the newlyweds their sincerest wishes. As the maid of honor and the best man, Vivian and I fulfilled our wedding tasks and were happy to see off David and Icey officially as husband and wife.

Charles was standing right next to me. As usual, he looked attractive and dignified in a suit, but his eyes were colder than usual, like they were attached to a lifeless machine.

I sighed and patted him on the shoulder.

Among the three of us, Charles used to be the happiest one. But when James passed away and Scarlett left a year ago, he was suddenly plunged into a bottomless pit of despair. James's death was difficult on everyone, especially the elders of the Moore family.

I heard that Alice had tried to contact Scarlett but hadn't been able to.

As the days passed, Charles just isolated himself more and more. He refused to spend time with me and David, and he only worked day and night.

Suddenly, Charles stood up and left.

I frowned and followed him.

He headed to the garden, approached the swing set, and stood there like a statue.

I walked to him and fiddled with the swing's chains.

Then, I pushed the swing even if there was no one on it.

Charles grabbed the chain and held the swing still. "I brought their wedding gift. Will you tell David later?"

I didn't say anything right away.

Charles raised his head and flashed me an icy look that made me shiver. "I want to be alone for a while, Spencer."

I sighed, nodded, and left the garden.

On my way back to the church, I ran into Vivian who seemed to be headed to the garden. "No. Don't go out there. Let's take a walk someplace else."

Vivian was confused. "Why?"

I took her hand and towed her away without answering her question. "Have you broken up with your boyfriend yet?"

In the past year, Vivian and I had ended our sexual, no-strings-attached relationship. She was in a relationship now, just not with me.

Vivian withdrew her hand and squinted at me. "Why do you care?"

"Maybe we can try being together."

"Nice try, Spencer. I haven't broken up with my boyfriend. In fact, things are going great between us." Vivian chuckled and walked past me.

I wanted to run after her, but somebody stopped me. I turned around and saw the dashing groom, David.

He asked, "Where's Charles?"

"In the garden, moping around," I sighed. "I don't know what to do with him anymore. He's so depressed, and I'm not sure if I can be of any help."

David pursed his lips, inhaled, and then exhaled loudly. "I saw his gift. It's the sports car I've always wanted. But..."

I knitted my eyebrows in confusion. David handed me a card.

It was a gift card. The wedding wishes were brief and to the point. At the bottom were Charles's and Scarlett's names.

My heart ached. I couldn't help cursing, "Charles is such an idiot!"

David ran his fingers through his hair. "They used to love each other so much. How could he forget? But I heard that Scarlett and William were living together now. Spencer, what should Charles do?"

Charles's POV:

After David's wedding, I went back to Garden Street.

I pushed the door open, half-expecting to find my family inside, but it was still empty. It had been a year, and even though I hadn't seen Scarlett for that long now, I still felt like she was still around.

I went into the living room and approached our wedding photo on the wall. In the photo, Scarlett was wearing a beautiful white dress and leaning against my chest. On her flawless face was the happiest smile I'd ever seen.

I raised my hand and brushed my fingers on the photo from the hemline of her wedding dress to her lovely smiling face.

"Scarlett... My Scarlett..." Her name was like razor blades through my throat.

The coldness of her photo against my fingers was a reminder that she had abandoned me.

I sat on the sofa and stared past the photo that once promised us a bright future.

"Charles..." My mother called from behind, choking with sobs. "Why are you here again? Come home to the Moore mansion with me. Everyone is waiting for you."

I stood up straight but didn't move my eyes. "Are Grandma and Grandpa doing okay?"

"Yes. They miss you very much. You haven't come to see them for a while."

I lied, "I've just been working overtime a lot lately. There's so much to be done. I can't come to the mansion today."

Grandma and Grandpa had spent more time with James than I did. They loved my little boy dearly and always said that he was a carbon copy of me.

If I came to see them, I would only remind them of the precious great-grandson that they had lost. I was still alive, but James was gone. James, the bundle of joy that lit up their lives, was never coming back.

"Your work's always your excuse. I know what you're worried about, son, but you can't refuse to see your grandparents because of James forever. They've already lost their great-grandson. Do you want them to lose their grandson, too?" My mother desperately tried to stifle her sobs.

I walked up to her and gave her a hug. "I didn't mean that, Mom. I just don't want them to be sadder than they already are."

"It was all my fault. I didn't take good care of James."

"No, Mom. It wasn't your fault. It was mine. I should've done a better job protecting my wife and my son." My heart cracked and splintered like concrete shaken by an earthquake, but I kept my face neutral.

I put my arm on my mother's shoulder, walked her out of the house, and asked the driver to take her back to the Moore mansion.

As I turned around and walked back into the house, I heard my mother burst into tears.

Back in the living room, I stared at our wedding photo once again.

I tried to match Scarlett's smile on the photo, but as I did, tears started streaming down my face.

[Chapter 290 She Takes Me As Her Husband](#)

Charles' POV:

When I arrived at the company it was still pretty early in the morning.

While I was sitting alone in my office, my mother's call broke the silence. "Charles, I still want to talk to Scarlett. You two are a couple. There is no need for you to end up like this, and it was not because of you that James..."

"Don't go." I interrupted her coldly.

"Don't you want to patch up with her? Well, why don't you try to talk to her?"

"Mom, stop talking about it, will you? Listen to me, and don't call Scarlett." Although my head felt like it was about to explode from the pain, I had to suppress my emotions and persuade my mother.

In the end, she finally gave in and hung up with a heavy sigh.

I tried to ease my pain by massaging my temples, but it did not help.

All of a sudden, there was a knock on the door, and Amy walked in.

Before she could say anything, I frowned, and ordered, "Postpone the meeting for twenty minutes."

She seemed to want to say something, but eventually she left quietly.

Later that evening, I went to the Mint Bar. I hadn't been there in a long time.

Spencer poured me a glass of wine in the private room before he shook his head and sighed. "Since you have stopped coming to my bar, I am going to have to think that you've given up drinking."

"I'm too busy with my work." I lowered my head and continued to drink coldly.

"I am going to open a new branch of the bar in Kitsap next week. Would you like to come?"

"I'm busy next week. I'm afraid I won't be available."

Spencer nudged me with his elbow, raised his eyebrows at me, and said tentatively, "I also invited William and I asked him to bring a date along. Maybe, you can see Scarlett..."

All of a sudden, a sharp noise filled the room.

I crushed the wine glass until the liquid spilled all over the floor.

"Ah! Charles!" Spencer screamed and prized my fingers from the broken glass.

My brain seemed to be numb. I looked at the glass fragments and scratches in my palm, but I didn't feel any pain. "Fortunately, it's just a few scratches."

Spencer carefully removed the debris. I noticed that my palm wasn't badly injured. He rolled his eyes at me, disinfected the wound, and put a Band-Aid on it.

"Can you stop scaring me?"

"I'm sorry. I don't think I can attend the opening of your new bar. If you see Scarlett, then please don't mention me." I subconsciously clenched my fists as I looked at him seriously.

My heart ached at the thought of Scarlett being another man's date. It felt like someone was suffocating me with a plastic bag.

However, I knew that I had no right to take her back now.

With a complex expression, Spencer turned to me. "Okay, I understand."

"Thank you."

He poured me another glass of wine and put it in front of me. "What if Scarlett asks for you?"

"There's just no way that's gonna happen. I am certain that she won't even mention me." With a bitter smile on my lips, I finished the wine in my glass.

Spencer drank with me in silence, and after a long time, I felt like I was in a trance.

I was so drunk that I poured the wine directly on the table.

Spencer took the bottle away from me, put it down aside, and walked me out. "You've had enough. I don't want to wake up to the news channels talking about how Mr. Moore was suffering from alcoholism in his friend's bar."

I was carried into the car and driven to the Moore mansion.

"Charles, why did you drink so much?" A sweet voice came, tugging at my heart strings.

I forced myself to open my eyes and I saw Scarlett.

She was wearing pajamas and her long hair hung loosely over her shoulders. She seemed to be glowing that I found it hard to see her face clearly.

I staggered towards her and held her in my arms. "Scarlett, I miss you so much."

That moment, the phone rang sharply.

I tightened my grip, but when I opened my eyes, I saw that it was not Scarlett in my arms, it was just a blanket.

It was just a dream.

Spencer's POV:

A week later, I invited Vivian to come with me to Kitsap.

The driver started the car and I slowly leaned against the backseat of the car as I closed my eyes to rest.

Vivian turned to me and asked, "Spencer, do you think Scarlett is going to come? I haven't seen her in a long time and I really miss her."

"I have no idea, but Charles seems to believe that she won't be coming." I could not help but sigh.

"What a pity!"

I saw her lowering her head in disappointment when I turned around.

I immediately blurted out, "Actually, William has accepted my invitation. When I reminded him to bring Scarlett with him, he did not say no."

Vivian looked at me in surprise, but there was a hint of bitterness in her eyes. "That's so ridiculous! Now we can't see Scarlett unless we invite William."

"Yeah, I didn't expect that to be the case, either."

Back then Scarlett and Charles would always be together. They were really sweet and happy.

That evening, I invited William to dinner.

He showed up on time, but Scarlett was not with him.

I proposed a toast to him and asked in a curious tone, "Didn't I ask you to bring a date? Why didn't Scarlett come?"

William smiled like a real gentleman. "Scarlett has not been feeling well lately, and that's why she did not want to come."

"Didn't you tell her that I was the one that invited you two?" I frowned, looking at him seriously.

William was calm and let out a faint sigh. "There's something that you don't know. Scarlett has lost her memory."

I was so shocked that I let my wine glass slip from my hand and fall to the floor, shattering it into pieces. I did not come to my senses until someone pulled me back a little to prevent me from stepping on the broken glass.

"Are you okay?" Vivian looked at me, and before I could even reply, she turned to William and bombarded him with questions. "How could Scarlett lose her memory? Did she get into an accident? How is she now?"

"She is recovering gradually, but..." William stopped all of a sudden. There seemed to be a hint of embarrassment in his eyes.

"But what? Tell me!" I urged him anxiously.

With a helpless smile, William caressed the ring on his finger. "After Scarlett lost her memory, she mistook me for her... husband."

"What the fuck?" I was so shocked that my brain almost could not process what was going on.

Vivian couldn't believe her ears either. She gave a wry smile and asked, "How could that be possible? Scarlett and Charles haven't divorced yet! I think that you should explain it to her."

"I tried to, but whenever I mentioned Charles' name, she began to scream hysterically. So I did not dare to mention his name again, and nor did I dare to clarify our relationship. I had no choice but to play along as her husband."

Upon hearing that, Vivian asked tentatively, "So, do you two sleep together?"

However William just smiled as though she had just asked him a really stupid question.

His smile infuriated me. I quickly grabbed his collar and said through gritted teeth, "Say something! Do you dare not to answer me?"

William looked down at my hand before he pushed me away with a calm smile. "Yes, we do sleep together."

"Oh my God! How can you do that?" Vivian gasped in horror and covered her mouth in shock.

"But Scarlett has completely forgotten about Charles. In her eyes, I am her husband. She will get suspicious if we don't sleep together." Taking things for granted, William carefully observed our expressions before he continued in a polite tone, "I thought that Charles would be here today, and I was planning to talk to him about it."

The moment I heard those words, I felt as if my head was going to explode.

I felt that it was a good thing that Charles had turned down my invitation.

If he was here, he would have certainly killed William by now.

After calming down a little, I looked at William and asked in a cold voice, "You took Rita away, didn't you? How did you deal with her? Is she dead?"

The smile on William's lips finally disappeared, and a strange coldness clouded his eyes. "I'm going to dig Rita's grave soon."

Hearing that, Vivian gasped in shock. "What do you mean? Why do you want to dig her grave?"

"I had asked the doctor to take back my sister's heart from Rita's body."

I could not help but shiver subconsciously as I looked at the man in front of me in disbelief.

"But I recently found that there was something strange about the doctor. I hadn't actually seen him do the surgery at that time, so I am a little worried and I want to confirm it."

Vivian and I fell into silence.

Who would have thought that a gentleman like William could be such a ruthless monster?

It was now evident to me that I had underestimated him all along.