

Warning 291

[Chapter 291 The Same Ring](#)

Spencer's POV:

I noticed William's little movement. Every time he spoke, he touched the ring on his finger.

I took a closer look, and I was shocked. "William, is that Charles's ring on your finger?"

William raised his hand. The ring was exactly the same as Charles's!

He smiled and said calmly, "No, it's not. Scarlett keeps asking me why I'm not wearing a wedding ring. I was afraid that she would grow suspicious, so I asked someone to make a wedding band for me."

As my insides froze like a lake in winter, I forced a smile.

Perhaps being gentle and kind was just William's disguise. It was only a way for him to hide how terrible he really was.

Today was supposed to be a day of celebration, but I was no longer in the mood. I could only entertain my guests absentmindedly.

Soon, the guests bid goodbye and left one by one.

After seeing off a group of people, I went back to my seat. Only Vivian, William, and I were left at the table.

William happened to meet my eyes. His smile was sincere, but it made me tremble for some reason. "I've been trying to decide whether or not I should tell you about one thing. After much, much internal debate, I thought that I should let you know. After all, you're Scarlett's friends."

Vivian and I made no response. We just stared at him silently.

William took our silence as an agreement for him to proceed. He stood up and raised his wine glass to us. "I'm honored to be here to help Spencer celebrate the opening of another one of his bars. I also hope that you will bless me. I have recently become a father."

I felt like I just plunged headfirst into a pool of ice-cold water.

William drank up his wine while Vivian and I looked at him with wide eyes.

Vivian cleared her throat, but a broken voice still came out. "You... You have a child now?"

"Children. They're twins."

"That's why you didn't bring Scarlett..." I murmured.

"Yes. She just gave birth, and she needs some rest." With a doting look on his face, William suggested, "You can tell Charles about it if you want."

In a fit of rage, I pounded my fist on the table and glared at him. "You bastard! How could you take advantage of Scarlett's perilous state? When she regains her memory, she won't forgive you!"

I picked up my glass and smashed it in front of William.

Broken glasses and wine flew in all directions, but William remained calm and fixed his gentle gaze on me. He was still smiling like nothing happened.

I was furious, but I couldn't do anything to him. I turned around and started walking away.

I just opened a new bar. I didn't want to stain it with some prick's blood.

"Spencer!" Before I could put considerable distance between myself and our table, Vivian grabbed my arm.

I looked back at her and then glared at William once more. "Find some time and arrange a meeting between us and Scarlett."

William nodded with a smile. "Okay. As long as there's a suitable opportunity, I will make it happen."

His composure just made me angrier, but I couldn't vent my rage in my new bar.

After William left, I stepped outside and lit a cigarette.

It was drizzling, and only the eaves were there to protect me from the rain. The cool air had helped me calm down, but I was still a bit upset.

Vivian approached me and rubbed my arm. "None of us wanted this to happen. If we only knew, we wouldn't have let Scarlett leave with William a year ago. What are you going to do next? Are you going to tell Charles?"

I shook off Vivian's hand and staggered into the rain. I couldn't help screaming at her, "How am I supposed to tell Charles, Vivian? How? Tell me!"

Vivian frowned and eyed me for a while. Then, she suddenly stepped forward, grabbed my hand, and shoved me into a nearby car.

"Why the hell are you screaming? Do you want the whole world to know?" Vivian scolded me and then

softened her tone. "Spencer, this matter is between Charles and William. We'd better stay out of it and don't tell anyone else."

I didn't say anything. I just took a deep drag on my cigarette.

"Will you stop smoking?" Vivian rolled down the window, grabbed my cigarette, and tossed it out.

I was going to snap at her, but before I could, my phone rang. Charles was calling.

Vivian and I exchanged glances.

Well, this was exactly what I needed. After hesitating for a while, I pushed the answer button and held the phone against my ear.

"Hey, Spencer. How was the opening of your new bar?" Charles's voice was as calm and indifferent as usual.

I smiled awkwardly. "It went very well, thanks for asking."

Charles didn't speak after that.

After a moment of silence, I tried my best to speak in a composed manner, but I just tripped all over my words. "Scar... Scarlett didn't show up."

Charles gave me a brief reply and then hung up soon after.

I put down my phone and heaved a sigh of relief.

Vivian clicked her tongue. "Why are you acting like you're the one who knocked up Scarlett under false pretenses?"

"Because I'm worried about my friend. I can only imagine how the news will affect Charles. If I'm this unnerved about it, then it will definitely destroy him." I was so distressed that I tossed my phone away.

It landed beside Vivian's handbag.

Vivian folded her arms over her chest. "You're going to have to tell him sooner or later. You can't wait for the twins to grow up before telling Charles about them. The longer you keep him in the dark, the more devastated he's going to be when he finds out."

Imagining how Charles would react, I felt like some huge invisible hand was squeezing the air out of my lungs.

Suddenly, my phone rang again. I took away Vivian's bag and fumbled for it. To my surprise, it wasn't

mine. Her phone, which was the one that was ringing, fell out of her purse. I caught a glimpse of the caller ID. Steven was calling.

"Oh, it's my boyfriend." Vivian reached for her phone.

Before she could get it, I snatched it away, pressed the answer button, and put the call on speaker. A strange male voice came at once, "Hi, honey."

Vivian glared at me.

I took the phone, held it in front of my face, and leaned back. I opened my mouth as if I was going to say something.

Vivian immediately careened in and covered my mouth with her hand. Then, she smiled and said to Steven, "Hi, babe. I'm so glad you called. Missing me?"

"All the time. I'm done with work. I can come to Kitsap tomorrow to see you."

"Really? Oh, that's great! I can't wait!" Vivian said happily.

I flashed her a resentful look. She turned her face away, said a few more words to Steven, and then ended the call.

I pulled a long face. "Are you going on a date tomorrow?"

Vivian didn't even look at me. She grabbed her phone back and stuffed it into her bag. "Yes, which means I have to buy a new dress. I want to be all dolled up for Steven."

I leaned close to her and grabbed her wrist. "Don't go."

"We're not having sex anymore, Spencer. You can no longer tell me what to do and what not to do." Vivian shook off my hand.

I was stunned. I could only stare at her quietly.

Vivian pushed me away, sat properly, and changed the subject. "I have a hunch. If Scarlett really lost her memory, then William must've lied to her. She never would've taken William willingly as her husband. William must've told Scarlett that they've always been a couple, and then he got her pregnant with twins."

My heart sank. It was possible, and it was more terrible than what William was letting on. I wouldn't have believed something like that in the past, but after sensing William's sinister side today, it was the only thing now that made sense.

I frowned and thought for a while. Then, I said, "There is another possibility. Scarlett hasn't lost her memory. William just won't let her get in touch with us."

Vivian's eyes gradually widened as the horror of the idea sank in. "Yes, that works, too. And if that's the case, then Charles should know as soon as possible. We need to find a way for him and William to meet."

I hesitated for a second and then picked up my phone. I was about to call Charles when Vivian pushed the door open.

I grabbed her hand.

She pulled away, but I held on tighter. "Spencer, if you ever touch me again, I will tell my boyfriend and have him beat you to a pulp."

I refused to let go.

As I stroked her soft skin, I warned her, "Don't provoke me, Vivian. I know you still like me."

[Chapter 292 You Are Too Young To Play Games With Me](#)

Spencer's POV:

Vivian was stunned for a moment. Then, she shut the door, leaned toward me, and looked into my eyes. "Spencer, do you not take me seriously because you're sure that I have feelings for you?"

Her eyes glinted with affection, which made it difficult for me to maintain a neutral expression. I loosened my grip on her and leaned back.

I cleared my throat, hoping that she wouldn't see through the cool facade I was trying to keep up. "Please help me come up with a plan to get Charles here."

"You and Charles have been friends for so long. If anybody can get him here, it's you," Vivian replied, opened the door, and got out.

It was still raining outside. When I was about to get out of the car and catch up with her, she had already rushed into the bar and made a gesture of contempt at me.

I couldn't help laughing and mumbling, "So childish."

A beeping phone stopped me before I could venture out into the rain, but it wasn't mine.

I looked around and found Vivian's phone wedged between my leg and the seat. She must've dropped it on her way out. There was a new message from Steven.

I picked up the phone and stared at the message notification, jealousy gnawing at my insides like a hungry rat.

Damn it!

I wanted to block Steven from Vivian's phone, but her phone was locked and I didn't know how to unlock it.

"Spencer? What are you doing? Give me back my phone," Vivian called from outside the car.

I got out of the car and walked over to her.

She tried to share her umbrella with me, but the rain just pounded us both ruthlessly.

"Wow. Can't you hold an umbrella properly?" I teased and took the umbrella from her. I put my arm around her shoulder and pulled her close to my body.

Vivian looked up at me but didn't say anything.

The moment we were out of the rain and under the bar's eaves, she shook off my arm. She didn't look angry. She just looked like an annoyed spoiled brat. "You didn't need to hug me like that, you know? And I'm not single anymore, okay? What, do you want to be the other guy?"

She asked the question loudly enough to embarrass me in front of whoever was within earshot. "Vivian!"

Vivian was not afraid of me at all. She just rolled her eyes at me and walked into the bar.

I folded the umbrella and left it at the door. I followed her and asked, "Don't you want your phone?"

Vivian stopped immediately, faced me, and extended her hand.

I took out her phone and handed it to her, but when she was about to get it, I suddenly withdrew my hand.

Vivian knitted her brows. I smiled wickedly. "I won't give it to you."

"Spencer! You are so childish!" Vivian pounced on me and began trying to get her phone back by force. "Give me back my phone! What if my boyfriend calls? I need to be able to answer him!"

Hearing this, I gritted my teeth and put Vivian's phone further away from her reach. I strode back to my room with Vivian on my heels.

When I was about to close the door, she stuck her hand through the crack and grabbed my sleeve.

Worried that I might hurt her, I let go of the door and let her squeeze in. I grinned at her, hoping it was enough to hide the crippling jealousy that I was feeling. "Weren't you afraid of hurting your hand? Is your boyfriend really that important?"

"It's none of your damn business!" Vivian raised her chin, reached out her hand, and aggressively tried to grab her phone from me.

I stepped back quickly, but I slipped and fell on the bed. Before I could regain footing, Vivian hurled herself at me, straddled my hips, and tried to get her phone.

I stretched out my arm far above my head to keep her from reaching it. After a few moments, Vivian started panting. She was starting to wear herself out.

"Spencer!" she growled and stared at me.

The next moment, our gazes met. I saw surprise in Vivian's eyes. Then, I felt the annoyance and anger drain away from her slowly.

I sat up, and Vivian adjusted her position to get on my thighs. We were close enough to share breath, and the sweet smell of her hair tingled my senses and caused my heart to break into a full gallop.

Color blossomed in Vivian's cheeks as I tucked a lock of hair behind her ear.

I refused to make another move. I was scared to death to wake up and find that it was only a dream.

Finally, Vivian leaned in and kissed me.

When our lips touched, the fragrance of her body engulfed me.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and went deeper and deeper, stripping me of any sort of control over my body and my thoughts.

Gradually, her kiss moved along my jawline and then to my ear. She gently nibbled on my earlobe, and I almost went insane with ecstasy.

As I immersed myself in the incredible feeling, I heard Vivian speak in that sexy voice that could make me do anything. "Hold me, Spencer."

I wrapped an arm around her waist and held the back of her head with my free hand. I kissed her back with equal hunger and passion, and I enjoyed every moan she made against my mouth. I traced her lower lip with my tongue and then sucked it hard.

And then suddenly, Vivian stopped and made a small sound that registered to me as a sob.

She pushed me away and jumped off the bed.

I followed her with my eyes as I tried to catch my breath.

Her face was red, and her eyes were watery. She looked as if she had just been ravished, which only made my desire grow stronger.

Vivian smiled slyly and waved at me with her phone in her hand. I honestly couldn't remember when she was able to get her phone back. "You are too young to play games with me."

I stood up and approached her. "What are you talking about?"

Vivian ran to the door before I could reach her, her face full of undisguised mockery. "I'm talking about your laughable tendency to fall into the honey trap. God, you're so easy. Bye."

Then, she shut the door and left.

Realizing what just happened, I sat back on the bed and buried my face in my hands.

I thought we were finally acknowledging our feelings for each other, but as it turned out, Vivian just wanted her phone back. But I could swear that while we were kissing, I felt something there. But if she still had feelings for me, how could she fall for someone else?

I tossed and turned in bed all night.

The next morning, I knocked on Vivian's door, only to find that she wasn't in the room at all. I took out my phone and called her. After waiting for a long time, the line was finally connected and Vivian's voice came through. "Spencer? What's the matter?"

"Where are you?"

"I'm out shopping with my boyfriend. Talk to you later," Vivian said sweetly and then hung up.

I held my phone tightly until my knuckles turned white and my palm trembled. "Vivian..."

Bitterness was starting to fray the last of my sanity.

Suddenly, my phone rang. I was overjoyed, but when I saw Charles's name on the screen, I felt like a balloon that just got popped with a needle.

"Hey, Spencer. When are you coming back?"

I tried to hide my disappointment, but I couldn't help sighing. "Maybe a week from now."

"What's wrong? You sound unhappy," Charles asked with concern, which startled me a little. He rarely showed that he cared about others.

Setting aside my issues with Vivian and thinking about what was best for Charles, I closed my eyes and said as evenly as I could, "Charles, you need to come to Kitsap. You have to meet William."

[Chapter 293 William's Purpose](#)

Charles' POV:

"William? Why?" I asked.

Spencer fell silent for a moment. Then, he said, "William said that he wanted to see you."

Hearing that only infuriated me. William had already taken Scarlett away. Did he still want to show off in front of me?

"He wants to see me, huh? Did he mention why?"

"He didn't say anything in particular. He just wanted to talk to you about Scarlett," Spencer stammered.

My heart skipped a beat. 'What happened to Scarlett?'

"William told me that he and Scarlett are getting along well with each other," Spencer continued.

Suddenly, my heart felt like it was being cut open by a knife and the pain overwhelmed me.

As I held my phone in my trembling hand, all my strength was being drawn out of my body.

While I was still mourning over the loss of my son, James, Scarlett had begun a new life.

A bitter smile appeared on my lips. All sorts of complicated emotions plagued my heart; sadness and jealousy among them. And I felt so conflicted. I didn't want to accept that this was truly happening.

"William is lucky that he can have the best woman in the world. He's obviously trying to provoke you, Charles. Why don't you accept his challenge?" asked Spencer.

"I think you're the one who's trying to provoke me, Spencer."

After hanging up on him, I sensed that something ominous was coming.

'What is William's purpose? Is he just trying to show off? Is this his way of claiming sovereignty?'

Or is he... trying to persuade me to divorce Scarlett?'

I went back to the Moore mansion with a heavy heart.

As soon as I entered the house, I saw my grandmother on the sofa, sobbing.

She had aged a lot ever since James fell to the depths of the sea.

Upon seeing me enter the living room, she wiped away her tears and stood up, albeit with difficulty. She then walked over to me and held my hand.

"Charles, I've been having dreams about James lately. Do you think he's still alive? The police never found his body. Is it possible he can still be saved?"

My heart ached when I saw the hope in her eyes.

"Perhaps," I muttered, looking down, fearful of staring into her eyes.

"Charles, I want to see Scarlett. Can you get her back? Please."

Grandma held my hand tightly. And for a moment, I didn't know what to tell her.

After pondering on it, I said bitterly, "Grandma, let's not disturb her new life."

Tears streamed down her eyes again, and she looked even sadder now.

"I just want to know if Scarlett is doing well."

Once more, I failed to give an answer.

I had no idea that my mother had been eavesdropping outside the door. At this moment, she walked in and said, "Perhaps I should visit Scarlett instead. I'm an elder. William wouldn't be heartless enough as to kick me out, would he?"

"No. Never bring this up again," I said before I turned around and walked away.

"Charles, are you really okay with never seeing Scarlett again for the rest of your life?"

my mother asked the second she caught up to me.

"Don't you get it, Mom? Scarlett doesn't want to see us again!"

"She's not that cruel," she replied.

"So? Does that mean it's okay for you to take advantage of her kindness and keep pestering her?"

My mother was rendered wordless.

"If we show up in front of her, it'll only remind her of James and the pain of losing her son!"

My mother didn't know what to say at this point. In the end, she just let out a sigh.

"Well, what about you, Charles? Don't you love her anymore?"

"I'm not sure."

Later that night, I sat in front of the window with a glass of red wine in my hand. The faint moonlight shone on the floor through the window.

For the past year, I had been sleepless for countless of nights.

Every time I went back to the Moore mansion, it reminded me of my fondest memories of Scarlett.

Back then, we were so in love with each other. We baked together, had fun, and we had such wonderful sex together.

But every time these beautiful memories appeared in my mind, the painful ones followed.

The following morning, while I was waiting for the elevator to arrive, I heard a woman's voice from behind me.

"Mr. Moore! Mr. Moore!"

Nancy had come to badger me again.

Today, she was wearing a beige Prada dress, a white coat, and delicate makeup. I could smell the faint aroma of her body, and it put a frown on my face.

"Don't you remember who I am, Mr. Moore? I'm Nancy, Nicholas' younger sister."

She had her hands behind her back, making her look timid. She couldn't dare to look into my eyes.

I stared at the hands behind her back. All of a sudden, Scarlett's face appeared in my head. Whenever she was nervous, she would always put her hands behind her back just like that.

Now, I was in a bad mood.

"Mr. Moore?" Nancy seemed confused.

I ignored her and went into the elevator at once.

Once I was in my office, Amy brought me my schedule for the day.

When I saw the word "Kitsap" on the schedule, I was stunned.

"Mr. Moore, there's a notable summit happening in Kitsap. I'm afraid you may have to attend it." Amy stood in front of my desk, speaking to me with respect.

Calmly, I put down the schedule and replied, "Ask Peter to go in my stead."

"Understood, sir."

With that, Amy left without another word.

My mind began to wonder. Moments later, I heard a knock on the door.

"Come in," I said.

It was Peter. "My apologies, Mr. Moore, but I can't attend the summit on your behalf."

"Why not?"

"My wife is giving birth in a few days. That's why I'm here to ask you for a few days of leave. My wife said that if I don't accompany her for the coming days, she's going to dump me. You wouldn't want to see my family break up, would you, sir?"

'Is this the will of God?' I wondered.

I kept silent for a long time.

"Fine. Go ahead. Take good care of your wife and child. Never let them down. Otherwise, you're going to regret it for the rest of your life."

Seeing that I agreed so readily, Peter scratched his head, visibly surprised. "Thank you, Mr. Moore! Anyway, I'll be going to go back to work now."

I nodded in response. The office returned to silence once again. I opened the drawer of my desk and saw a picture frame inside it.

The picture in the frame was of me and Scarlett. We were so intimate at the time. I held her in my arms

and she was smiling as bright as the sun.

As I held up our photo, the past flashed through my mind like scenes out of a movie. I was unable to prevent myself from yearning for her.

I couldn't help but murmur to myself, "Scarlett, how have you been doing?"

[Chapter 294 He Finally Came](#)

Nancy's POV:

After I got off work, I waited anxiously at the gate of the company, hoping to come across Charles again.

Not long after, Amy came out of the gate. I approached her, looking behind her and trying to find the man that I had been thinking of day and night.

"Nancy? Are you waiting for Mr. Moore?"

I flashed Amy a meek smile.

"If you're already off duty, Amy, what about him"

"He already left hours ago," she replied.

"I see..."

I was saddened by this, and by the time I gathered my composure, Amy had already left.

Disappointed, I let out a sigh. Then, I decided to call Nick. "Nick, I didn't get to see Charles today," I complained.

"I've already told you many times. Waiting for him in such an idiotic way won't do you any good! Just listen to me, Nancy. Give up on Charles. The healthy thing for you to do is to move on."

"Shut up, Nick!" I roared through gritted teeth.

"Anyway, I've got something else to do now. Bye!"

My brother's indifference was disappointing. Still, I wasn't going to give up on Charles.

Especially now that Scarlett was gone. This would be the perfect time for me to get Charles.

A bold plan took shape in my mind.

Since I couldn't find him in the company, I figured it would be better to wait for him at his house.

'If I could rent a house near his, I would see him more often!'

Spencer's POV:

Today my new bar, Swarms of Stars, officially opened in Kitsap.

Around eight in the evening, William arrived at the bar as scheduled.

"Spencer, is Charles here?" William asked me at once.

I lit a cigar, glancing at the riled up crowd downstairs through the smoke. Right now, my face displayed how sullen I was. "William, Charles isn't coming. He doesn't want to disturb Scarlett anymore."

"Is that so?"

William chuckled.

Seeing him laugh like that made me angry. "William, please do not forget that even Scarlett is with you now, Charles is still her legal husband."

"Is that the reason he's scared to meet with me?" he retorted.

"What are you trying to say?" I furrowed my brows.

"He must've guessed why I wanted to talk to him. I want to convince him to divorce Scarlett," said William.

This time, I was rendered speechless. 'Charles would never agree to a divorce,' I remarked inwardly.

"He said that he'd set Scarlett free, but it looks like he doesn't want to make a clean break with her. Is this what he calls 'never bothering her again'?"

William also took out a cigarette from the table and lit it. Then, we stared at each other in silence.

"Is it true that Scarlett has lost her memory?"

"It is."

Now, I was staring at the crowd with a conflicted expression. "If a person forgets all her sadness and even her past source of happiness, do you think it's a good thing or a pity?"

William didn't offer me a response.

All of a sudden, my phone rang. Upon taking it out, I saw that Charles was the one who was calling me.

"Charles, what's up?" I said.

"Spencer, tell William to stay," he replied.

"Huh? Why?"

"Do not let him leave."

As soon as he finished speaking, he hung up the phone.

'This is great! Just as I've expected, Charles is a real man! He'd never back down when it comes to his beloved woman.'

This made me admire Charles.

"William, Charles told me to tell you not to leave," I said with a smug smile.

"Oh? Then, I shall wait for him to arrive," he replied.

I raised my eyebrows, picked up a glass, poured liquor into it, and leaned against the sofa.

"It seems that you're unaware that Charles is not just a good businessman; he's also a fierce combatant."

I shot William a glance, displaying my confidence in Charles' capabilities.

William sneered at me with eyes filled with disdain. "A fierce combatant? Are you kidding me? He couldn't even protect his wife and son!"

'Did this man come here to look for trouble?' I wondered.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but that lady downstairs is your woman, right?"

William looked at me dead in the eye before he glanced downstairs, indicating that I follow his gaze.

When I did so, I saw Vivian walking into the bar with a man. They seemed quite intimate.

Vivian was holding the man's arm intimately and leaning against his chest with a bright smile on her face. The man held her waist, looking into her eyes as they spoke to each other.

They embraced each other as though there was no one else around them. Then, they joined the dance floor.

Along the way, Vivian looked up and waved at me as though she was goading me.

I felt like I was being cuckolded by my own wife. It made me so angry that I lost my mind in an instant. I put down my glass of wine, rushed downstairs into the crowd, and grabbed Vivian's hand.

"Come with me!"

'I'm going to punish this damned woman!'

"Spencer, are you crazy? Let go of me!"

Vivian was so infuriated that she struggled to break free from my grasp.

"Sir, please let my girlfriend go. You're hurting her," said Vivian's companion.

'This bastard is even trying to stop me! The audacity of this man!'

"Who do you think you are?" I held my head high, glaring at him.

"Spencer, stop being so rude to my boyfriend. You are my boss; nothing more, nothing less. So, watch your mouth!"

Vivian seemed unaware of the severity of the situation.

"Did you say he's your boyfriend? In that case, why don't you kiss him in front of me?" I said, deliberately provoking her.

"Are you completely insane? Why would I kiss him in front of you?" At this point, Vivian was angry with me.

"As I thought, you wouldn't do it," I replied, looking at her dead in the eye.

All of a sudden, Vivian broke into laughter.

"Steven, darling..."

The moment I saw her touch the man's face and kissed him, all of my rationality left me. My heart flared up with anger. I pulled Vivian back and punched the man with every ounce of strength in my body without even giving a warning.

[Chapter 295 A Relationship For The Purpose Of Marriage](#)

William's POV:

Spencer punched the man, and the latter almost staggered backwards to the ground.

'Is this what a love triangle is? Well, I must say... this is amusing.'

My phone vibrated in my pocket, so I took it out.

"Try not to drink too much, okay? And come home early."

Her kind reminder warmed my heart and put a smile on my face. "Okay," I replied.

Today, when I left home, I told Scarlett that I was just having a business dinner. I didn't mention who I was meeting with.

Music was blasting in the background, but the crowd suddenly quieted down. Out of curiosity, I put my phone away and looked downstairs.

A man in a tailored black suit appeared.

The light was shining down on his face, accentuating his already impeccable facial features. Because of his noble, yet standoffish presence, people were too afraid to look directly at him. His long, narrow eyes were as cold as ice.

There was no doubt about it. It was Charles.

The second he looked up, he immediately saw me. Not long after, he went upstairs.

Inside a private room on the second floor, we sat face to face. Neither of us took the initiative to speak. As Charles sat beneath the light, I saw the aggression in his deep, dark eyes.

"I thought you're not coming today," I said, breaking the silence.

"Spencer told me that you wanted to speak to me." Charles didn't beat around the bush.

"That's right. Because I think it's necessary to tell you the truth," I replied.

Spencer's POV:

Steven wasn't fast enough to avoid my punch, and I was able to bash his face in. At once, he covered his face and screamed in pain.

"Spencer, are you crazy?" Vivian exclaimed. She stood in front of Steven, spreading her arms wide and glaring at me.

"Fight back if you can!" I yelled at Steven.

"Shut the fuck up, Spencer!" Having said that, Vivian turned her attention to Steven and examined his injury while whispering something in his ear. Not long after, Steven glanced at me before he left.

I wanted to tackle him down and hit him one more time, but Vivian stopped me. "Spencer, what do you want? Are you trying to prove something?"

"It's nothing. I just don't like him, okay?"

"You're a psychopath!"

Vivian cursed me while striking me with her fists. I didn't attempt to avoid her attack, and as a result, I took several blows to my chest.

It was a little painful, but I was willing to endure it.

"Stop it," I said. "Be quiet." A moment later, I grabbed Vivian's arm and led her to a corner. I pointed to a private room upstairs and said, "Charles is in there, negotiating with William."

"Really? That's not going to stop me from beating you up!" Vivian attempted to hit me again, but this time, I caught her hand and held it firmly.

"That's enough. Let's go to my room." Still holding her hand, I dragged her upstairs. Upon our arrival in my room, I closed the door.

Vivian shook off my hand immediately. "Don't you dare hit me again," I warned.

"And why not?" she asked, raising her fist once more.

As I looked her beautiful face, my heart melted. "If you want to beat me up, do it here. I won't try to dodge your punches." I was willing to compromise, because after all, she was a woman and her punches barely fazed me.

To my surprise, her eyes welled up with tears. She then turned her back to me and said, "I don't want to hit you anymore."

"Why not?" When I heard her sobbing, my heart ached. I walked up to her, and turned her towards me.

Vivian looked down and pushed me away. "Don't get so close to me!"

"Why are you crying? Do you feel sorry for that man? Are you getting serious with him?" I asked through gritted teeth. My anger was ignited at once. I pinched her chin, forcing her to look me in the eye. Her

eyes were filled with tears, and seeing her like this made my heart ache once more.

"Yes. I'm heartbroken for him."

I couldn't stand to hear her words, for every word that came out of her mouth was like a dagger jabbing into my heart.

"Heartbroken?" I was furious at this point. 'How could she say that she's heartbroken for that man? This is humiliating for me!' I exclaimed inwardly.

"Steven is my boyfriend. Am I not allowed to feel sorry for him?" The angrier I appeared, the more she became unwilling to back down. She was staring at me with determination.

"You take back your words," I said. Anger slowly overcame my heart. At this moment, my mind was filled with a crazy idea; I wanted to take Vivian home, and lock her up, so that no other man would be able to touch her for the rest of her life.

'Vivian belongs to me. Whoever tries to touch her deserves death!'

I was glaring at Vivian, but she was smiling at me. "Why on earth would I take back those words? I'm going to marry Steven as soon as I leave this room. Oh, don't worry. I'll invite you to our wedding."

Now, the last bits of rationality in my mind was broken. Enraged, I kissed her violently, sealing her lips with mine.

With eyes widened in horror, Vivian struggled to push me away.

"Stop moving and just let me kiss you!" I wrapped one of my arms behind her neck, held her fists with my other hand, and continued kissing her.

In such close proximity, I could feel the warmth of her breath on my face. Vivian struggled to break free from my grip, but I refused to let her go. "Move again and I'll bite you," I warned.

But my warning didn't work. She just kept on trying to escape me. I bit her tongue with minimal strength, but she still groaned in pain. The sound of her voice was so bewitching that I couldn't stop myself anymore. Lust overcame me as I pushed Vivian to the bed.

"Vivian, do you love me?" I asked seriously.

"No." She turned her face away from me.

"Are you sure?" I asked again, a little disappointed by her answer.

"I once loved you, but now that spark is gone." Even until now, she wouldn't look at me.

I felt so jealous that I kissed her again and practically pinned her to the bed. She was unable to stop me and escape, so she just gave up on struggling. However, she turned her head to the side again, unwilling to compromise.

Displeased, I turned her face to me. I stared into her eyes and said, "Vivian, look at me. I want to be with you."

"Will it be a serious relationship for the purpose of marriage?" she asked back.

"It will be," I muttered.

Vivian's eyes lit up with glee. "In that case, let's try dating for three months first. After that time and you realize that you don't want to marry me, we can just break up," she suggested.

"Sounds like a plan," I replied.

Upon hearing my response, Vivian finally relaxed. I chuckled at her and bantered, "Why have I not realized that you can be so troublesome?"

"Is that so? Then let me go!"

"Not a chance," I said. I bent over and continued, "I'm already horny, but you're asking me to let you go. It seems that you really don't know men very well."

Our anger turned to lust. Soon, our bodies intertwined and we indulged ourselves in pleasure.

"Spencer!" she moaned.

"I'm coming."

My breath became heavier. I unzipped her dress and pulled off her coat. I could feel my temperature rising from seeing her exposed body.

I was just like any other man; unable to escape a woman's charm.

While we were making out and fondling each other, one of us accidentally bumped into the light switch, causing the room to turn dark. At the same time, Vivian let out a pleased moan. The sound of her moan made me wild.

There was no doubt about it; Vivian and I were compatible when it came to sex.

It was another crazy night.

[Chapter 296 Good News](#)

Charles's POV:

In the private room, I picked up my glass and smiled at William sardonically.

"Just say it."

"Relax. Why are you in such a hurry? Anyway, I have something to show you." William unhurriedly fished out his phone from his pocket with his slender fingers and added, "It's time to put an end to your delusion."

An end?

What did he mean by that?

Perplexed, I looked into William's eyes for a moment and then grabbed his phone.

A photo of two newborn babies was displayed on the screen. They were sleeping peacefully, and their tiny bodies were snuggling up to each other. Because of the camera angle, their red lips and rosy cheeks looked a hundred times more charming.

"These twins are my children with Scarlett. They're adorable, aren't they?"

William's words struck me like thunder.

"What did you say?" I asked, flabbergasted.

"Scarlett lost her memory and is regarding me as her husband. And as you can see, we have children now, so..." William looked straight into my eyes and continued, "Divorce her."

My mind went blank. When William said the last sentence, I felt as though a thousand arrows pierced through my heart all at once.

Truth be told, I had mentally prepared myself when I entered the room and saw the ring on William's finger. However, I did not expect that the reality was far crueler than I had imagined.

"I want to see her," I replied.

That was all I wanted right now and the only thought I had in mind.

William frowned in disapproval. "Again, Scarlett lost her memory. She can't even remember her name. What's the point of seeing her?"

"William, do you know the saying 'seeing is believing'?" I asked with a sneer.

What a joke! How could I believe this bastard? Scarlett loved me with all her heart. How could she forget about me and have children with another man just like that?

"I'm afraid you can't see her. She has just given birth, so she's still very weak. I will take her out once she recovers, but I want you out of her sight."

William spoke so resolutely as if there was no way his words could be bent.

I clenched the glass in my hand in anger and frustration.

"The doctor said that Scarlett has selective amnesia because of a traumatic event that happened to her. She didn't want to remember the past. Needless to say, she doesn't remember you, the whole Moore family, and even James's death. Charles, don't you understand? You will only bring her pain and despair."

William's words brought an excruciating pain all over my body.

"Charles, that's all I want to say. I hope you keep your promise. Don't disturb her life. Please set her free. That will be a relief for the three of us." William drank up the wine in his glass and then stood up to bid farewell.

"I've gotta go. Scarlett doesn't know I've gone to meet you. She thinks that it's just an ordinary dinner party, and she advised me not to drink too much."

After saying that, he took out his phone and showed me her message.

After William left, a deafening silence fell in the room. The message I had just seen kept flashing through my mind.

I was heartbroken that I could hardly breathe.

Scarlett used to tell me not to drink too much. Sadly, her tenderness and concern now belonged to another man.

All of a sudden, I tasted blood in my throat. I clenched my glass tighter and tried hard to suppress the discomfort in my stomach.

I wanted to drown myself in alcohol to ease the pain. But when I raised my glass to my mouth, I suddenly collapsed. My stomach churned as guilt and regret swept over me.

I put down the glass and ran out of the private room. But just after taking a few steps, my vision began to blur, and I coughed up blood. The next thing I knew, I had fallen to the cold, hard floor.

For a moment, I felt as if I had traveled through time. I saw two helpless figures in front of me. One was

covered in blood, and I could only watch as the other fell into the sea.

They were my wife and son.

If only I did not hold back and killed Rita, would things end up differently? Would my Scarlett and James be saved?

With that, everything turned black.

I awoke the next day.

I looked around to see where I was and realized that I was lying in the hospital.

A storm was brewing, and the strong wind was blowing violently outside the window. A few moments later, heavy rain poured down.

Seeing that I was finally awake, Spencer leaned against the window and asked, "Charles, why don't we take Scarlett back by force?"

"Take her back? For what? To hurt her more?" I retorted.

"But Scarlett doesn't remember anything, does she? You can just take her back and make it up to her for the rest of your life."

I struggled to sit up. Suddenly, the memory of when I held Scarlett in my arms crossed my mind. I could never forget the look of disappointment on her face when she looked me in the eye.

I closed my eyes and said with all my might, "I don't deserve her anymore."

Scarlett must have hated me so much to the point that she had chosen to forget all of us.

I had lost the right to be with her.

Spencer opened his mouth to refute my words, but it seemed that words stuck in his throat. He was silent for a while, before he finally found the words to say.

"Charles, Vivian said that William might be lying. Scarlett having amnesia might not be true, and the children you've seen might not exist."

A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth, but I said nothing.

I could tell that William loved Scarlett. A man would do anything to make his beloved woman his. I knew

it very well because I was like that.

If Scarlett really lost her memory, William would take advantage of the opportunity to make love with her.

Because, if she gave birth to his child, she would belong to William forever.

"Charles, think about it. It's just been a year since... well, William said Scarlett had just given birth. You do the math. She was badly injured at that time. How could William have sex with her? If he did, wouldn't he be worse than a beast? The way I look at it, William is just deceiving you so that you'd divorce Scarlett."

The word "divorce" brought a pang to my heart again.

But... Spencer might be right. What if what William had said was only a lie?

At this realization, I finally got the courage to fight.

"Spencer, I want you to find a person for me."

Spencer's POV:

I drove to William's villa and parked my car in an inconspicuous location.

After a long while, a black SUV drove out. I followed it at once.

The SUV arrived at the underground parking lot of the hospital where Charles was.

Tracy got out, followed by a thin woman in a beige windbreaker and a beret.

Wait a minute. Was that Scarlett?

Didn't William say that she was very weak? If that was the case, what was she doing here?

The woman said something to Tracy, and then the two entered the elevator.

After staring at the woman for a moment, I was certain that it was Scarlett. I could not be wrong. The way the woman walked was exactly like hers.

With that, I got out of the car and followed the two women. But before I got close, my phone rang.

The sound alerted the women. They looked in my direction warily, so I immediately hid behind a pillar before they could see me. My heart almost leaped out of my throat.

"Fuck! Why did you have to call me right now?!"

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Vivian asked lazily.

"I saw Scarlett just now."

"What?!"

"Yes. I'm sure it's her."

"Where are you now?"

"I'm at the hospital where Charles is admitted."

The call ended as soon as I finished speaking, but I remained in a daze.

Could it be that Scarlett had found out that Charles was ill, so she came to visit him?

Yes. That woman must be Scarlett.

She loved Charles so much. It was impossible that she would not care about him. So when she found out that he fainted, she went to the hospital as fast as she could. This just proved that she still loved him.

I had to call Charles right now and tell him about the good news.

[Chapter 297 She Came Here](#)

Charles's POV:

"Charles, I just saw Scarlett. She's in this hospital right now. She took the elevator to the tenth floor."

Hearing this, I instantly sprang up from bed. I took a deep breath, willing myself to calm down.

Scarlett was here! She came here!

But... the tenth floor?

That wasn't where I was.

Hadn't she come to see me?

A sense of loss surged up in my heart, but the next moment, I was drowned in worry.

Why had she come to the hospital? Was she hurt?

Had she not yet recovered from her leg injury?

The image of her bloodstained legs flashed in my mind. I shook my head, jumped out of bed, and yanked out the infusion needle.

I ran to the tenth floor, and by the time I got there, I was out of breath. Spencer rushed over to me.

"Where is she?"

"I have no idea."

We looked around but didn't find any signs of Scarlett. In the end, Spencer decided to ask the receptionist.

"Hello, have you seen two women come up just now?"

"No, sir. I'm sorry. Several women had passed by here. Who are you looking for?" the receptionist answered, eyeing the women standing nearby.

Spencer followed her gaze. "Not those women. The one we're looking for is very beautiful," he blurted out with a serious look on his face.

The women nearby heard him and flashed him a hostile look. I felt so embarrassed for him that I wanted to disappear.

But despite our efforts, we weren't able to find Scarlett.

"I'm sorry I lost her, Charles," Spencer apologized.

"Are you sure you saw her? Maybe it wasn't her that you saw."

I said that not only to comfort my friend but also to comfort myself.

"No, I'm sure it was her. I really saw her. I followed her all the way from William's villa. Although she has lost a lot of weight, her behavior is still the same. I'd recognize her anywhere. Also, Tracy was with her. It had to be Scarlett."

Hearing Spencer's words, I felt my heart break into a million pieces. I walked toward the elevator with my head down.

"Let's just go back."

Scarlett's POV:

It was pitch black outside. The rain was pouring violently and accompanied by howling winds. A typhoon was coming.

I was sitting in a hospital lobby, waiting for my X-ray results to come back.

My phone suddenly rang, shattering the deafening silence. William was calling.

"Hello, William."

"Are you on your way home yet, Scarlett? There's a typhoon coming. Please come home as soon as you can. The kids are waiting for you."

"Okay, I will."

After hanging up the phone, I looked at the quiet corridor and felt gloom settle in my heart.

Soon, Tracy came over with my report.

"I got the results, Scarlett. Let's go."

On our way back to the villa, we happened to pass by the seaside. I saw a group of people anxiously fumbling with all kinds of filming equipment under the torrential rain.

They must be reporters or journalists. Only they would be required to work in such bad weather conditions.

A strong gust of wind blew, and a nearby billboard snapped out of its bolts, soared into the sky, and then fell on one of the media people. I could only scream.

"Stop the car!"

Tracy pulled over immediately and turned to look at me in confusion, "What is it, Scarlett? We can't stay here. It's dangerous. We have to keep going back to the villa."

"Someone's hurt. I have to go help."

Despite Tracy's dissuasion, I got out of the car and ran toward the reporters.

None of them were hurt too badly, but one of them did sustain a wound to the leg that was bleeding profusely.

"You're losing too much blood. We need to get you to a hospital," someone exclaimed.

"But I have to do a live broadcast."

"Tell the TV station to send someone else to take your place."

"It's too late. The live broadcast is about to begin."

Chaos ensued all around us. I overheard their discussion and asked tentatively, "What if I do the live broadcast for you?"

Charles's POV:

Because of the wind and rain, it was a bit difficult to see the face of the reporter on TV. But even if the picture was distorted, I could still tell that it was Scarlett.

Her face was pale, and even though the raincoat she was wearing practically swallowed her, it did very little to protect her from the harsh weather. She was drenched like a wildflower in a storm, but she was still reporting what was happening around her like the excellent reporter that she was.

"Is that Scarlett?"

Spencer pointed at the TV excitedly.

I ignored him and just stared at the screen.

I hadn't seen Scarlett for a year. She seemed to be thinner, and she looked so weak and fragile.

Damn! Didn't William take good care of her?

"Look at her, Charles! Do you think Scarlett really has lost her memory? I bet William's just playing us."

Spencer spoke in an exciting voice.

But I wasn't able to process what he just said. I was too busy staring at the brave woman on my TV screen.

Something that resembled hope sparked in my heart, and it produced a single ember that started a wildfire inside of me.

Scarlett still remembered how much she loved her career. If that was the case, would she remember how much she loved me?

I half-smiled at the idea, and the fire inside me just grew and grew.

The typhoon came and went quickly.

I was worried about Scarlett, so I invited Tracy to Swarms of Stars.

"Hey, boss."

I looked up at her. She didn't change much in the past year. She was still so formal and cautious in front of me.

"Am I still your boss?"

Tracy lowered her head and didn't answer.

"Does Scarlett know that you're here to see me?"

Tracy looked up at me and pressed her lips together in a thin line. She bit her lip and replied, "No, she doesn't."

I stood up and walked to the window. Looking at the scenery outside, I couldn't help sighing.

"Is she all right?"

"She has almost recovered. We went to the hospital yesterday for a reexamination. The doctor said that she was on the right track to full recuperation and that she would be fine as long as she followed up every six months."

Hearing this, I felt relieved.

"Has she mentioned me during the past year?"

I looked forward to Tracy's answer like a child yearning for some sweet treats.

"No, she hasn't," Tracy muttered, keeping her head down.

I was stunned for a moment, but I decided that I wasn't hurt by her reply. I turned around, approached her slowly, and stared at her.

"Look at me, Tracy."

Hearing this, Tracy raised her head and looked at me timidly.

"William said that Scarlett had lost her memory. Is that true?"

Tracy took one step back and nodded.

"Ye-yes, that's um... that's true. Scarlett really has lost her memory."

Then, she lowered her head and nervously continued, "Scarlett and William have been together for a year now, and they're new parents to the twins. Scarlett seems happy and content."

I didn't say anything. I just looked at Tracy. Her words might say one thing, but the nervous look on her face told an entirely different story.

Even though she assured me again and again that Scarlett was with William, my intuition told me that she was lying.

[Chapter 298 A Familiar Figure](#)

Spencer's POV:

I leaned against the wall of the corridor and took a drag on my cigarette.

When I was done smoking, I saw Tracy walk out of the room.

"Finished?" I asked, straightening up.

"Yes," Tracy muttered and went downstairs in a hurry. She seemed a bit flustered.

I didn't stop her. I just took a peek inside and saw Charles standing quietly by the window. He probably didn't get what he wanted to know from Tracy.

I was about to go inside to comfort him, but I heard a noise behind me. I turned around and found Vivian staring at me.

She was wearing a crop top and a short skirt, which were enough to derail my train of thought. She looked so sexy that I had to shake my head to keep the naughty images away.

"I saw Tracy on my way here. She seemed upset and in a rush. What happened?" she asked. I pointed at Charles, hinting at Vivian to keep her voice down.

She immediately stopped talking and looked inside. Then, she whispered, "What did Charles find out? Anything game-changing?"

"Game-changing? What do you mean?" I asked curiously.

"Someone's lie is about to be ripped apart. Want to bet?" Vivian muttered with a wild glint in her eye. She really knew how to keep me on the edge.

"Bet on what? I need more context. Stop teasing," I backfired.

She said firmly, "I bet Scarlett didn't lose her memory at all."

"Then you already lost the bet before it even started. She'd already given birth to the twins, remember?" I countered and folded my arms over my chest.

"Then let's bet who the father of the babies is," Vivian insisted.

"Do you even understand how a bet works, Vivian? We already know that William is the father," I scoffed, getting a little tired of the pointless charade. Though I didn't want to believe it either, I just couldn't prove that William was lying about it.

"Spencer, you've known me for a long time. How can you still think I'm being silly about something serious?" Vivian groaned and hit me hard on the head. I winced in pain and then rolled my eyes at her.

"Fine. Context, please."

"Like I said, Scarlett didn't really lose her memory, and if she still remembers everything from her past life, then there's no way she'd have slept with William. We both know she's only in love with one man. Therefore, the twins are really Charles's."

As Vivian spoke, her eyes shone with the kind of passion and excitement that drew me to her. She looked even more attractive when she was pumped up, and I was obsessed.

"You're right. That's entirely possible. She must've been pregnant already when they split up," I conceded. All of a sudden, I was filled with joy and hope. If Vivian was right about Scarlett not losing her memories to begin with, then Charles could get back together with her and be happy again.

That was great. I was prepared to give anything to chase away that cloud of depression that had been following Charles around since Scarlett left.

"But even if the twins are Charles's, it's still going to be hard for them to get back together," Vivian sighed heavily and added, "Scarlett may still be grieving James's loss. Even if she makes up with Charles, it'll still take a lot of time and work to get over the untimely demise of their firstborn. We better not celebrate too early. We have a long way to go."

Vivian's words sobered me up. The spirit of joy and hope that had just engulfed me vanished into thin air, leaving me with a feeling of dread and exhaustion.

Vivian gently patted me on the shoulder and said, "Life is full of surprises. Maybe we just need to let fate run its course for now and hope for the best. Maybe the tides will turn in our favor."

"You're right. Life is indeed full of surprises. With that being said, do you think we should seize the day today?" I thought out loud. I looked at Vivian affectionately and waited for her response.

"Is that a weird sort of proposal, Spencer?" Vivian chuckled, but her little laugh wasn't able to conceal

the nervousness in her voice.

I walked over to her and whispered in her ear, "Let's get married. How about that?"

"Are you serious?" Vivian beamed, stood on tiptoe, and wrapped her arms around my neck.

"I have never been more serious about anything in my entire life," I replied, wrapped my arms around her waist, and pulled her close.

"Okay. I'm in. Let's get hitched," she said with an excited and determined look in her eyes.

"About time," someone interjected. I turned and saw Charles behind us.

"How long have you been standing there?" I asked, a bit embarrassed. I let go of Vivian and lowered my head, refusing to meet Charles's gaze.

"A while. You two should really learn to keep your voices down," Charles replied and then went downstairs. I felt my face turn red hot as he left.

William's POV:

I was reading the paper in the living room. Tracy returned alone, her eyes darting everywhere and her face white as bone.

Did she have something to hide from me? I waved at her and asked her to go upstairs with me.

In my study, I eyed her carefully and asked, "Are you just coming home from somewhere?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet with Charles?"

"Yes, sir, I did," Tracy said directly, which told me that she was being honest.

"What did he want?" I asked. I wanted to understand Charles's motivations.

"He... He wanted to know something about Scarlett," Tracy answered, glanced at me, and then lowered her head immediately afterward.

"What did he want to know?" I pressed.

"He asked about Scarlett's memory loss and her new babies. I told him everything you taught me to say," Tracy explained with a hint of impatience in her tone. As usual, although it was obvious that she didn't like me, she wasn't hostile toward me.

"If you told him what I told you to tell him, then why are you acting all guilty?"

"I... I'm not acting all guilty," she began to stammer.

"You must have revealed something else to Charles."

"No, I didn't," Tracy said defensively and took two steps back. She shook her head and stubbornly stood her ground.

"Go downstairs and practice the story I told you to tell in front of the mirror. I want you to be careful not to let out the truth in front of anyone."

"Yes, sir."

With that, Tracy turned around and left the study.

I came to the nursery to see the twins.

I found them awake in their cribs and quietly sucking on their thumbs.

It had been two months since they were born. Their little faces were soft, pink, and dimpled. Sometimes, I couldn't believe how cute they were.

I walked to their cribs, looked at them dotingly, and said, "Hello, Jerry and Jason. That man has come to Kitsap. Do you think I should tell your mother?"

The twins looked at me, put their thumbs out of their mouths, and cooed. I returned their adorable smiles.

"It seems that it's unnecessary to tell Scarlett about Charles's arrival," I mused.

The babies didn't seem to disagree.

Later, I took Scarlett shopping. After hopping from store to store for a while, we entered a shoe shop. Scarlett picked up a pair of pink baby shoes and beamed, "Look at these, William. Don't you think they're so cute?"

"Yes, they're cute, but you have two sons," I reminded her.

"But I really like this pair of shoes. Can I buy it?" Scarlett insisted, staring dotingly at the baby shoes. She obviously liked them very much.

"All right. Go ahead," I folded. I found it extremely difficult to say no to her.

I looked at her affectionately, but she turned her head and avoided my gaze.

I supposed she still couldn't accept me.

I sighed and looked away, only to see a familiar figure.

"Take your time. Buy whatever you want, okay? I'll just step outside for a minute," I told Scarlett.

"Okay."

I walked out of the store quickly and looked around, but I didn't see the familiar figure again.

Did I make a mistake?

"Honey!" I suddenly heard Scarlett's voice from behind. She sounded affectionate, which was unusual for me, but it still stirred up ripples in my heart.

Was she calling me?

[Chapter 299 Seeing Her Again After A Long Separation](#)

Charles's POV:

I could see Scarlett from where I was standing.

"Honey!" she called.

I knew that tone so well that I almost blurted my usual response out loud. But the call wasn't for me anymore. It was now for the man whose arm she grabbed with one hand while holding a beautiful gift box in the other.

She was not calling me. She was calling William.

In the blink of an eye, I felt empty inside. For a moment, I considered rushing up to Scarlett and asking her if she had really forgotten me.

I hadn't seen her in a long time. She had lost a lot of weight. Her hair was tied up in a ponytail with a white silk ribbon. The ribbon was intertwined with her dark hair in a loose braid that sat atop her shoulders. Under her curly eyelashes, her beautiful eyes shone as brightly as stars against a midnight sky. My heart skipped a beat.

"What are you going to buy? Let me come with you," Scarlett said. She seemed to be very happy as shown by the tender smile on her face and the sweet timbre of her voice.

William took her hand, returned her smile, and said, "I'm going to buy some essentials for couples if you know what I mean."

The intimacy between them was like vinegar to my tongue.

Scarlett burst into laughter, suddenly realizing what William meant. She playfully smacked him in the chest and muttered, "You are so naughty."

If she hadn't said that, I would've forgotten one thing. A long time ago, I hugged her and said something similar, and she said the same words in the same flirtatious tone. Hearing her speak that way to another man, I felt like a huge invisible hand just clamped around my throat.

William giggled with her and then towed her to the store he wanted to visit. Scarlett was still limping a little. It was obvious that she hadn't fully recovered from her injury.

Their bodies were so close that it made me ball my hands into fists and look away. I couldn't watch another second of their romantic bliss. I didn't expect that a myriad of feelings would attack me this way upon seeing Scarlett again a year after our separation. I couldn't decide how I truly feel at the moment. Everything was just welling up inside me all at once.

It took all my physical strength to fight my urge to grab her and take her home. I knew I didn't deserve her. Her gentle smile and kind heart no longer belonged to me.

Did she really lose her memory? I thought it was possible. Otherwise, how could she take William as her husband? But when I saw her in that news segment, she behaved normally.

Also, when I talked to Tracy the other day, I could tell that she was hiding something from me. I allowed myself to get lost in my reverie.

"Hi, sir. How may I help you today?" a sales clerk approached me and asked.

"No, thanks. I'm fine," I said quickly and took another look in Scarlett and William's direction. I took a deep breath and decided to follow them.

Scarlett's POV:

William took me to a lingerie store that had an ambiance that resembled a cozy coffee shop. Pretty mini crystal chandeliers lined the ceiling and scattered warm yellow light all over the place, making the products look enticing. I looked around and saw all kinds of beautiful, sexy, and daring underwear.

"Pick the ones you like, honey. I'll buy them, and then you can show them to me at home," William whispered in my ear.

"What?"

"You heard me. Go shop."

I grabbed a shopping trolley from nearby and started checking out the store's stuff. For some certain reason, I couldn't help looking outside.

"Are you ready?" William asked, walking up to me.

"I think so," I answered, whipping my head back to him. He was smiling mischievously at me.

"What's wrong?"

"Are you sure you want to show me these?"

I quickly looked down and found that the items in my trolley were several extremely sexy bras and nightgowns.

I swallowed, and my face instantly flushed like a cooked shrimp. I felt like my parents just caught me watching porn in my room. I was so embarrassed that I prayed for the floor to split and swallow me.

Looking at the sales clerk who was watching me with an ambiguous grin, I said in a trembling voice, "I'll take these, please."

"You have excellent taste, miss. These are our best-selling lingerie," the sales clerk beamed, took over the shopping trolley, and led me to the checkout counter.

After paying the bill, I felt someone hold me from behind. I turned my head and caught a glimpse of William's smiling face. We were so close together, and it made me feel a lot of confusing emotions.

"Are your new lingerie paid for?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"Good. Then let's go home. I want to see you in them," William whispered.

"Stop it. We're in a public place," I murmured, glancing at the sales clerk who was watching us but pretending she wasn't.

"So what? Am I not allowed to be sweet to my wife in a public place?" William challenged and didn't let go of me. I could feel his hot breath on my neck, but my heartbeat kept its steady pace.

"Okay. I hope you're ready to perform when we get home," I said, turned around, and flashed William a crooked smile.

"Ready to perform?" William backfired, paused for a moment, and added, "You know damn well that I'm always ready."

All of a sudden, scenes that should've been blurry images in my brain flashed through my mind in high definition. I shook my head, and they disappeared in an instant.

The next moment, I wasn't in the mood anymore to act all lovey-dovey with William. "I just gave birth to twins. You're going to have to hold your horses, Mr. Always Ready."

"But I've already held my horses for months," William whined, still enjoying the acting.

The sales clerk packed my purchases in a glossy paper bag, handed it to me, and commented with admiration, "You two are so sweet. Actually, you only need to wait forty days after delivery to resume your sex life."

"But I had a Cesarean section."

"Oh? Well, in that case, you should take at least three months to fully recover." Looking at the concerned and gossipy expression on the sales clerk's face, I could only think about leaving the store as soon as I could.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the end of the conversation. William whipped his head at me and complained, "Three months? I still have a month left to suffer?"

"Don't talk nonsense. We're done here. Let's go," I snapped and nudged William to leave.

"My wife is a shy person," William smiled at the sales clerk, put his hand on the small of my back, and walked me out of the lingerie shop.

"What are we having for dinner tonight?" I changed the subject on purpose.

"Do I have the final say?" William looked down at me with a smile on his face.

"Fine. I'll allow it."

"Really? I can decide?"

"Sure."

"Will you be my woman?"

"Okay."

As soon as I finished speaking, I suddenly realized what just happened. "William!"

He tricked me! I tried to break away from his arms, but he just held on more tightly.

William laughed. "You already said yes. No backing out now. You have to keep your word."

I snapped at him, "Stop messing around!"

"I'm not messing around. Why? Don't you want to be my woman?"

As he spoke, he lowered his head and attempted to kiss me.

I suppressed the impulse to push him away. Instead, I just turned away. "I already told you. This is a public place. Let's just go home first."

William's face turned a little gloomy, but he quickly pulled himself together. "Very well. I'm really looking forward to tonight."

Not long after we walked out of the shop, William suddenly swept me off my feet and carried me in his arms. I was so startled that I almost full-on screamed. Good thing I was able to cover my mouth.

"What are you doing? Put me down."

"You're not yet fully healed. You can't be on your feet for too long," William said, refusing to set me down.

Feeling helpless, I wrapped my arms around his neck and whispered, "That's enough. You can stop acting now."

William didn't say a word. He just smiled and continued to walk out of the mall with me in his arms.

[Chapter 300 A Special Gues](#)

Charles' POV:

As I watched Scarlett and William be intimate, I realized that it was more difficult to accept than I had ever imagined.

The following day, I went back to Los Angeles, frustrated and defeated.

"Charles, have you seen Scarlett?" my mother asked while we were having dinner.

I paused and acted as though nothing had happened. "No."

"No? Then why did you go to Kitsap?"

"I attended a summit there, and I also went to Spencer's new bar, Swarm of Stars, for its opening ceremony."

While I was speaking, I cut my steak into bite-sized pieces, slowly putting them into my mouth one after the other. But for some reason, I could barely taste them.

My mother frowned at me. Obviously, she wasn't pleased to hear my answer. She took away my plate and asked, "Your father said that he saw a female reporter who was reporting a typhoon on live TV. She looked exactly like Scarlett, and she's in Kitsap. Didn't you even think of seeing her?"

After a moment of silence, I put down my cutlery and stared back at her. "Mon, Scarlett is suffering from amnesia. She's forgotten about all of us."

"What? Amnesia?"

My mother's eyes widened in horror. The plate in her hand fell to the ground, shattering into pieces, and the pieces of steak were scattered all over the floor. Some of the sauce splashed onto my white shirt, leaving a tough stain.

Hurriedly, she pulled out the chair beside me, and sat down.

"Charles, what happened to Scarlett? How and why did she lose her memory?"

"Well, according to the doctor, the experience was so traumatizing for her that she chose to forget the painful experience subconsciously," I replied.

"How... how could it be?"

My mother stared at me in disbelief.

"Mom, never mention her again. And don't disturb her life anymore. She's fine now and she doesn't need us to ruin her peaceful life."

Having said that, I stood up and went to the kitchen to grab myself another piece of steak. Then, I went back to my seat, picked up my knife and fork, and continued eating.

The steak had grown cold. When I cut it, I could see some blood along with the meat's juices. I tried my hardest to suppress my disgust, and chewed the piece of steak in my mouth. Consequently, my stomach churned seconds after I swallowed it.

"Charles, are you okay?"

My mother grabbed my hand, visibly concerned. It was then that she noticed something on the back of

my hand. "Charles, why is there a pinhole on the back of your hand? Did you get an infusion? Are you sick?"

"It's nothing serious. I'm just having some minor stomachaches."

I withdrew my hand, looking at her leisurely. "There's nothing to worry about, mom. I just want to eat in peace, okay?"

She wanted to say something, but bit back her words. In the end, she just let out a sigh.

"Okay. I won't bother you anymore."

Spencer's POV:

During the evening, I had a special guest, whom I invited to one of the bar's private rooms.

"Mrs. Moore, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

Beads of sweat formed on my temple as I looked at Alice.

She patted the spot on the sofa beside her. "Spencer, come and have a seat next to me. I have something to ask of you."

I obliged to her request and sat down beside her, putting my hands on my knees. For some reason, I was feeling flustered by her presence here.

'What is she going to ask me?

Oh, my God! Is it going to be about Charles and Scarlett?'

"There's no need to be so nervous, Spencer. This isn't that big of a deal. I just want to ask you if Scarlett attended the opening ceremony of your new bar in Kitsap the other day."

"Scarlett? I heard she's sick. Perhaps that's why she didn't show up."

Alice sat upright and asked, "What happened to her?"

After a moment of hesitation, I answered, "She has amnesia."

I was trying to avoid eye contact with Alice.

"Well, if you didn't see her, who told you that Scarlett had lost her memory?"

"William did," I replied.

Upon hearing William's name, Alice sprang to her feet.

"How could you believe that knave's words? He just wants to have Scarlett for himself!"

"Whoa! Mrs. Moore, calm down. We don't fully believe his words, either," I responded, trying to appease her.

Alice was breathing heavily. Clearly, she was infuriated. "Spencer, give me William's phone number. I shall speak to him myself!"

"Huh?"

"Since he doesn't want us to see Scarlett, I'll pay him a visit," she replied.

I couldn't come up with an excuse, so I had to give William's phone number to Alice.

Fearing that I had caused trouble, I called Charles immediately after. Unfortunately, he wasn't answering my calls.

Once Alice had left, I lay down on the sofa, staring blankly at the ceiling.

"Spencer? Are you okay? Why do you look so terrible?" Vivian asked as she entered the room.

She sat on my lap, wrapping her arms around my neck.

"Ever since I was a child, I've been afraid of Alice. She's even sterner than my own mother!"

I complained to Vivian as I held her tight within my embrace.

"Is that so? Looks like I'll have to ask Alice to teach me how to manipulate you."

Vivian drew circles on my chest with her fingertips.

"You're more than capable of doing that already! You've tamed me, haven't you? Aren't you satisfied with that yet?"

I pressed her onto the sofa and started tickling her.

Vivian wriggled back and forth on the sofa, disheveling her clothes and revealing her fair skin. She smiled at me and said, "Of course, not!"

"It's not enough, huh? What else do you want me to do?"

Unable to resist, I nibbled on her cheek, leaving a faint bite mark on it.

"Spencer, don't forget that Gemma doesn't know that we've decided to get married," she said.

"You're the one who's stopping me from telling her!" I retorted.

All of a sudden, Vivian put her arms around my neck and whispered something in my ear. The moment I heard it, my heart began to beat like a snare drum.

"Are you serious?"

"Of course. Gemma has always wanted to be a grandmother, hasn't she?" Vivian blew on my ear as if to seduce me. "Let's not waste any time and just have sex already!"

As if a switch turned on in my body, I got on top of Vivian on the sofa, taking all of her clothes off immediately.

All of a sudden, my phone rang.

To be honest, I didn't want to get off Vivian. However, she kicked my lightly, implying that I should answer the phone.

Thus, I grabbed her phone and picked up the call. It was from Charles.

"Charles, your mom came to me earlier. She asked me about Scarlett's amnesia, and she asked for William's phone number from me. You'd better be careful, bud!"

"I see. Thanks for the heads up," he replied.