

Warning 301

[Chapter 301 Like A Walking Dead](#)

Charles' POV:

After hanging up the phone, I threw it on the bed.

The moonlight peered through the window, slightly illuminating the dark, quiet room. Right now, my room was like a cold cage.

I turned around, staring out the window. There were many lights surrounding me, and yet I felt so lonely.

On the glass window pane, a blurry figure was reflected. To me, my very image had become pitiful and desolate.

I couldn't bear to stare at my reflection anymore, so I stood up and closed the curtains.

Now, the moonlight was gone and so was my reflection.

I lay back on the cold bed with a bitter smile on my lips.

"I am like a soulless walking dead," I murmured to myself.

Like reflex, I reached for the other half of the bed and soon found that it was empty.

My beloved wife used to sleep right here, but now she had begun a new life with another man.

Once again, my heart ached.

Only in this endless darkness could I tear off my disguise, and let myself feel the painful wound in my heart.

I curled up in bed, holding Scarlett's pillow as tightly as I could, sniffing the last bits of her scent left on it. Then, I buried my face on the pillow. The sense of suffocation slowly made me feel dizzy and a little drowsy.

During the second half of the night, I began to dream.

I dreamed of the woman whom I had longed for day and night. She was lying in another man's arms, speaking to him with a bright smile on her face.

"Honey, hug me."

The man lowered his head and I saw that it was William. He was sleeping in the spot where I once slept in, holding the woman I loved, and kissing her in my stead.

"Sure, honey!"

The following day, I woke up with a splitting headache.

The dream I had last night tortured me. Even now that I was awake, it still tore my heart apart.

Listlessly, I went downstairs and saw Janet in the kitchen, preparing breakfast.

"Good morning, Mr. Moore. Oh, my... what's wrong, sir? You look troubled."

Janet came over, intending to touch my forehead. However, I avoided her hand and responded, "I'm fine. You may go now."

"But you look really terrible. You'd better take your temperature just to make sure."

Not long after, I went to the sofa and sat down, feeling light-headed. I touched my forehead and it indeed felt hot.

I did have a fever.

Janet fetched the thermometer and took my temperature for me, anxiously waiting for the results to show up.

"102 degrees?! You're burning up! Mr. Moore, we need to get you to a hospital right this instant!"

Janet was panicking as she held the thermometer in her hand. Truthfully, aside from feeling a little dizzy, I didn't feel anything that bad.

"Take it easy. Just get me a glass of water, please," I said.

"Right owoy, sir!" she replied.

After taking the glass of water from Janet, I took a sip. She was standing next to me, visibly worried.

"Mr. Moore, I really think you need to go to a hospital," she remarked.

"It's not that serious," I answered.

"But..."

"Do not make me repeat myself," I said sternly.

Jonet didn't dare to say another word after that. At long last, the room quieted down.

I put down the glass of water, closing my eyes to rest. But the second I closed my eyes, Scarlett's and James' faces appeared in my mind again.

A bitter smile appeared on my lips. 'I really don't deserve a moment of peace.'

Jonet's POV:

Mr. Moore was having a fever, but he wouldn't take it seriously. He just sat on the sofa with no intention of having himself checked up at the hospital.

With no other choice, I decided to call Alice for help while looking for some medicine for the boss.

"Madame, Mr. Moore is burning up. I need your help," I said over the phone.

"What? Charles has a fever?" Alice sounded really worried. "Take him to the hospital the soonest that you can!"

"I've been telling him to go to the hospital, but he insists that he doesn't need treatment. That's why I called you, mother; to see if you can persuade him."

A long silence ensued on the other end of the line. All of a sudden, I heard a deep sigh, riddled with pity.

"His illness is caused by stress. There is only one way we can fix things. It seems that it's time for me to pay Scarlett a visit," said Alice.

"Madame, have you decided on what to say once you meet her?" I asked.

"I can only act according to the circumstances. If I don't do anything now, I'm afraid Charles might become terminally ill. I've already lost a grandson. I can't lose my only son as well!"

'I pity her...' I remarked inwardly.

When I heard Alice's hoarse voice, tears welled up in my eyes.

"I understand, mother. Is there anything else I can do to help?"

"You're a good girl, Jonet. I know you're really good friends with Tracy. Can you get in touch with her and find out what she thinks about this whole situation?"

"Understood, mo'om!" I agreed to Alice's request without hesitation.

After hanging up the phone, I asked Spencer for the address of William's villa in Kitsop and drove all the way there.

Once I was there, I waited outside the villa for a while. After William's car had left, I rang the doorbell.

"Who is it?"

Trocy's voice resonated from the monitor. My eyes turned red and I almost burst into tears.

"It's me, Janet," I cried.

A brief silence ensued. Soon, the door opened and I saw Trocy's face appear before me.

Her eyes were widened in surprise and she was covering her mouth with her hands. I took the initiative to give her a big hug.

"Right away, sir!" she replied.

After taking the glass of water from Janet, I took a sip. She was standing next to me, visibly worried.

"Mr. Moore, I really think you need to go to a hospital," she remarked.

"It's not that serious," I answered.

"But..."

"Do not make me repeat myself," I said sternly.

Janet didn't dare to say another word after that. At long last, the room quieted down.

I put down the glass of water, closing my eyes to rest. But the second I closed my eyes, Scarlett's and James' faces appeared in my mind again.

A bitter smile appeared on my lips. 'I really don't deserve a moment of peace.'

Janet's POV:

Mr. Moore was having a fever, but he wouldn't take it seriously. He just sat on the sofa with no intention of having himself checked up at the hospital.

With no other choice, I decided to call Alice for help while looking for some medicine for the boss.

"Madame, Mr. Moore is burning up. I need your help," I said over the phone.

"What? Charles has a fever?" Alice sounded really worried. "Take him to the hospital the soonest that you can!"

"I've been telling him to go to the hospital, but he insists that he doesn't need treatment. That's why I called you, ma'am; to see if you can persuade him."

A long silence ensued on the other end of the line. All of a sudden, I heard a deep sigh, riddled with pity.

"His illness is caused by stress. There is only one way we can fix things. It seems that it's time for me to pay Scarlett a visit," said Alice.

"Madame, have you decided on what to say once you meet her?" I asked.

"I can only act according to the circumstances. If I don't do anything now, I'm afraid Charles might become terminally ill. I've already lost a grandson. I can't lose my only son as well!"

'I pity her...' I remarked inwardly.

When I heard Alice's hoarse voice, tears welled up in my eyes.

"I understand, ma'am. Is there anything else I can do to help?"

"You're a good girl, Janet. I know you're really good friends with Tracy. Can you get in touch with her and find out what she thinks about this whole situation?"

"Understood, ma'am!" I agreed to Alice's request without hesitation.

After hanging up the phone, I asked Spencer for the address of William's villa in Kitsap and drove all the way there.

Once I was there, I waited outside the villa for a while. After William's car had left, I rang the doorbell.

"Who is it?"

Tracy's voice resonated from the monitor. My eyes turned red and I almost burst into tears.

"It's me, Janet," I cried.

A brief silence ensued. Soon, the door opened and I saw Tracy's face appear before me.

Her eyes were widened in surprise and she was covering her mouth with her hands. I took the initiative to give her a big hug.

"Long time no see, Tracy!"

"Long time no see, Janet," Tracy said as she sobbed.

Both of our faces were covered in tears.

"Gosh, I missed you so much!"

"Yeah, me too," she replied.

Tracy and I went to a cafe nearby.

Even after we had sat at a table, she was still weeping. I handed her a tissue while chuckling.

"Hey, hey, it's okay. There's no need to cry anymore. We met again, didn't we?"

"It's been far too long!" Tracy cried even louder.

'Yeah... it's been a year since we last saw each other,' I replied in my heart.

"Where is Scarlett? How is she doing?" I asked.

"Scarlett is doing much better, and she has babies now!"

"Babies?"

"Yes, she... um..."

Tracy was about to say something, but she stopped midsentence.

"What happened to her?"

"Scarlett... she's with William now," said Tracy.

"How is that possible?" I looked at Tracy, visibly shocked.

"Scarlett has lost her memory. All she remembers is that she was once married and there was only one man in front of her during that time, and it was William. So, she mistook William as her husband."

Tracy was saying the same things William said before. But for some reason, something about this whole thing sounded fishy.

"Tracy, look at me."

"Huh?" Tracy panicked and averted her gaze from me.

"Tracy, if what you've said is true, then Mr. Moore and Scarlett can never be together again. Do you understand that?" I gazed into her eyes and asked, "So, are you telling the truth?"

"Why would you think that I'm lying?" Tracy flared up with anger. "Janet, do you honestly believe that they can still go back to how they used to be?"

Like a deflated balloon, I lost all my will in an instant.

'Tracy is right. The truth doesn't even matter anymore. They can't go back to the past,' I remarked inwardly.

"This is all our fault. We failed to protect James. If he were still alive, Mr. Moore and Scarlett wouldn't have ended up like this."

As I thought of the past again, tears streamed down my cheeks, and my heart was drowned by regret.

Tracy slammed her fist on the table. "No! It's all that bitch, Rita's fault! She's the one who killed James!"

"You're right... that woman deserves to die!" It suddenly occurred to me that William was the one who took Rita away. "Tracy, did William really kill that lunatic bitch?"

"He did. I followed William in secret that day, and I personally saw him order the doctor to dig out Rita's heart. How could a person survive without a heart?"

I breathed a sigh of relief. "It's better for her to die. That way, she won't be able to harm anyone ever again."

I talked to Tracy for over two hours before I went back to report my findings to Alice.

[Chapter 302 The Moon Was So Beautiful Tonigh](#)

Scarlett's POV:

At night, in my room, I soaked my feet in warm water, which helped ease the discomfort. I groaned as relief washed over me.

During the past year, the injury on my ankle seemed to have gotten much better, but it still had a way to go to full recovery. The pain still tortured me from time to time.

After a few moments, Tracy walked into the room.

"I've done what you said, Scarlett."

I looked up at her. Her eyes seemed to be swollen, and her face was full of grievance. Had she been crying?

I smiled and said, "Thank you, Tracy."

"Scarlett, is it really impossible for you and Mr. Moore to get back together?"

I whipped my head toward her after hearing the question. After a long silence, I said with a bitter smile, "I'm with William now, and I'd never see two men at the same time."

"But..."

"No buts. Look, Tracy. If you're not happy here, you can go back and stay with Janet."

I meant to set Tracy free, but hearing my words, she started crying.

"Are you driving me away?"

"No, Tracy. Not at all. That's not what I meant." I looked her in the eye and added, "You separated from Janet because of me, and I don't want you to be miserable because of me. I'm offering you your freedom."

"I don't want my freedom. I want to stay by your side."

Tracy wiped her tears away and shook her head hard.

She and I had been keeping each other company for the past year. She was there when I lost James and had been patient with me in my bad days when grief took over. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have been able to survive the worst ordeal of my life.

I was about to say something when my phone rang. It was William.

"Hello, William."

"Hi, Scarlett. I have an appointment tonight, and I may have to stay out late. Don't wait up for me, okay?"

"All right then. Take care. I'll see you when you get home."

William's POV:

After hanging up with Scarlett, I came to Paradise Hotel.

I headed to the private room to meet someone, and when I got there, Alice was already sitting there, looking like she had been waiting for a long time.

We hadn't even spoken, and I already knew our meeting wasn't going to end well.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore. I'm sorry I'm late."

"Please have a seat, William."

I pulled out a chair and sat down leisurely. I knew Alice was up to no good, so I decided to strike first.

"As I suppose you already know, Scarlett and I are living together now and recently became parents to twins. I hope you can persuade your son to divorce Scarlett as soon as possible. It'll be good for everyone."

Alice jumped up from her seat and pounded a fist on the table.

"No way! Scarlett will never have a baby with you! You must be lying!"

"That may be true in the past, Mrs. Moore, but she has lost her memory," I reminded her with a smile.

Alice sneered.

"What? Do you think I'm a fool? Am I so gullible in your eyes?"

Alice's anger was within my expectation, and I had prepared for it.

I slowly picked up the glass of water in front of me and took a sip. "Have you ever thought about it from another perspective? Regardless of Scarlett's incapacity to remember, the death of her firstborn child will still hang over her and Charles like a looming storm. They can try to get back together, but it will never be the same. James's loss has broken them both."

"My son's and Scarlett's fate after my grandson's demise isn't yours to decide. I suspect that you're so desperate to hold on to Scarlett that you're limiting her personal freedom. Hand her over, or I will involve the police and destroy you."

I shrugged. I could tell that she was just bluffing.

"Involve the police? That would be a mistake, Mrs. Moore. You see, it was Scarlett who asked me to take her away, and at that time, your son Charles acquiesced in it. If you don't believe me, you can ask Charles for confirmation."

I looked seriously at Alice's furious face and continued, "You know what kind of person Scarlett is. No

one can force her to do what she doesn't want to do. Believe it or not, she did lose her memory. And we are indeed together and have two children."

"I won't believe you until I talk to Scarlett myself."

Alice calmed down and sat back in her seat. She picked up her glass of water and drank. She tried hard to hide it, but she was shaking. I just wasn't sure if it was due to fear or anger.

I scoffed, "What will talking to Scarlett do for you? If you do see her, you will only remind her that James died because of Charles."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Alice hissed.

"If it weren't for Charles's carelessness in handling his relationship with Rito, Rito wouldn't have vented her anger on James."

Alice stared at me with wide eyes, and then her shoulders slowly drooped. She looked like a deflating balloon.

I reached for my glass again and downed its contents. Then, I uttered my parting words. "That's all I have to say to you, Mrs. Moore. Scarlett and the kids are waiting for me at home. I hope you can consider my suggestion and persuade Charles to divorce her at the soonest possible time. I should get going. Goodbye for now."

Then, I rose from my seat and left. In this battle between me and Alice, I knew I had won.

On my way out of the hotel, I saw Janet standing at the door, waiting anxiously. When she saw me come out, disappointment twisted her face.

I frowned and blurted out the first thing that crossed my mind.

"That may be true in the past, Mrs. Moore, but she has lost her memory," I reminded her with a smile.

Alice sneered.

"What? Do you think I'm a fool? Am I so gullible in your eyes?"

Alice's anger was within my expectation, and I had prepared for it.

I slowly picked up the glass of water in front of me and took a sip. "Have you ever thought about it from another perspective? Regardless of Scarlett's capacity to remember, the death of her firstborn child will still hang over her and Charles like a looming storm. They can try to get back together, but it will never be the same. James's loss has broken them both."

"My son's and Scarlett's fate after my grandson's demise isn't yours to decide. I suspect that you're so desperate to hold on to Scarlett that you're limiting her personal freedom. Hand her over, or I will involve the police and destroy you."

I shrugged. I could tell that she was just bluffing.

"Involve the police? That would be a mistake, Mrs. Moore. You see, it was Scarlett who asked me to take her away, and at that time, your son Charles acquiesced in it. If you don't believe me, you can ask Charles for confirmation."

I looked seriously at Alice's furious face and continued, "You know what kind of person Scarlett is. No one can force her to do what she doesn't want to do. Believe it or not, she did lose her memory. And we are indeed together and have two children."

"I won't believe you until I talk to Scarlett myself."

Alice calmed down and sat back in her seat. She picked up her glass of water and drank. She tried hard to hide it, but she was shaking. I just wasn't sure if it was due to fear or anger.

I scoffed, "What will talking to Scarlett do for you? If you do see her, you will only remind her that James died because of Charles."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Alice hissed.

"If it weren't for Charles's carelessness in handling his relationship with Rita, Rita wouldn't have vented her anger on James."

Alice stared at me with wide eyes, and then her shoulders slowly drooped. She looked like a deflating balloon.

I reached for my glass again and downed its contents. Then, I uttered my parting words. "That's all I have to say to you, Mrs. Moore. Scarlett and the kids are waiting for me at home. I hope you can consider my suggestion and persuade Charles to divorce her at the soonest possible time. I should get going. Goodbye for now."

Then, I rose from my seat and left. In this battle between me and Alice, I knew I had won.

On my way out of the hotel, I saw Janet standing at the door, waiting anxiously. When she saw me come out, disappointment twisted her face.

I frowned and blurted out the first thing that crossed my mind.

"Did you come to my house today, Janet?"

Janet's expression went from disappointment to sheer panic. I found the sudden change a bit amusing.

It seemed that the answer to my question was yes. I smiled knowingly.

But in the end, I decided not to make things difficult for her, so I just nodded at her and strode away.

I didn't look back at Janet, but I could tell that she watched me until I disappeared from her sight.

At ten o'clock in the evening, I arrived home.

My gleaming villa stood in the midst of the dark night, like a beacon to guide the lost back home. I loved how its lights banished some of the blackness that surrounded it, and the thought of finding Scarlett and the twins inside warmed my heart.

The moment I got out of the car, I rushed to the front door.

Then, I went straight to the study.

As soon as I opened the door, I saw Scarlett sitting at my desk.

She was wearing a beige nightgown and a matching satin robe. She had on a pair of reading glasses. She was going over some documents under the light of the desk lamp.

The warm yellow light cast a shadow on Scarlett's beautiful face. Looking at her, I thought she was like an angel that fell into the mortal world, so pure and beautiful. My heart broke into a sprint.

"Scarlett," I called to her gently.

"Oh. You're back. Welcome home. I've asked the cook to prepare some hot soup for you. It's in the kitchen."

"I'm not in the mood for soup right now."

Scarlett looked up at me. I smiled at her and walked slowly to her.

"It's so late. Why aren't you in bed?"

"I haven't finished reading these documents."

I stood behind Scarlett, put my hands on her shoulder, and gently massaged her. "You should go to bed early. Didn't you say before that you should take care of yourself for the sake of the children?"

I bent down and tried to get closer to her, but Scarlett suddenly stood up. She avoided my touch.

"Okay, I'll go back to my room now. You should also go to bed and get some rest."

I rested my hands on the back of the chair Scarlett just vacated and smiled bitterly.

"Good night, Scarlett."

"Good night."

Scarlett quickly tidied up the papers she was reading and turned off the computer. Then, she left without looking back.

Watching Scarlett's receding figure, I clenched my hands. Many complex feelings surged into my heart and then forced a sigh out of my throat.

I turned around and looked out the window. The moon was high in the night sky and looking exceptionally bright.

The moon was so beautiful tonight. Why couldn't Scarlett stay with me even just for a moment?

[Chapter 303 He Deserves I](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Every time I was alone with William, I felt uncomfortable.

I knew that he loved me, but I just couldn't love him back. And no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't force myself to accept his love.

When I went back to my room, my two babies were sleeping in their crib. Every night, before going to bed, I would check their condition several times.

Looking at their pure, innocent faces reminded me of James.

The three of them looked exactly like each other. Each time looked at the twins, I felt as though I was looking at James' face as an infant, and it broke my heart.

And this awful pain reminded me that James' death was an unforgivable sin that Charles and I committed together.

"Mom! Mom, I'm scared! Help! Help me, please!"

'It's James! That's his voice!' I remarked inwardly.

I fell into an unprecedented panic.

"James? Is that you?" I cried. "Don't be afraid, my love! Where are you? Mommy's coming! I'll be right there!"

Desperately, I ran into the depths of the fog. But for some reason, my little angel's voice was drifting further and further away.

I looked around, anxious to find him. But sadly, he was nowhere to be found. All of a sudden, I felt a scathing pain in my ankle, and then I fell into a vast sea.

The turbulent tides drowned me and I kept struggling underwater.

Gradually, the water filled my lungs, and the lack of oxygen began to blur my vision.

In a trance, I hallucinated about James. His little body was motionless, drifting into the cold tides. And slowly, he sank to the boundless sea before me.

With every ounce of strength I had in my body, I desperately reached for my baby boy and shouted in my heart.

'Somebody save him!

God! Please... save my boy!'

"No!"

I couldn't remember just how many times I had woken up from a nightmare similar to this one.

As I gasped for air, tears and sweat rolled down my face at the same time. With trembling hands, I fumbled to turn on the bedside lamp, looking around in a fit of panic.

It wasn't until I saw my twins sleeping soundly in their crib that my overwhelmed heart gradually calmed down.

Now, I was wide awake, so I opened the drawer of the bedside table and took out my laptop to begin working.

At present, I was working for a magazine. I didn't make much money, but it was enough to keep myself busy.

When I turned on the computer, the icon for Facebook began to flash. Upon clicking it, I found a message from Nina.

"Scarlett, why are you still up? Were you having a nightmare again?"

"It's because you've assigned so much work to me. I barely have the time to sleep," I bantered.

Previously, Nina found me through the periodical office I worked for. She said that she had opened a small company of her own, and was doing some legal aid work. She hoped that I could help her out.

I began writing some articles for her. And through this, we maintained contact with each other again.

"Well, you're a mother of two now. Just consider it as saving for their college fees."

After chatting with me briefly, Nina went offline.

She now had a family, so it was understandable that she had to focus on them. If we were to continue talking, it would only impose on the time she should be spending with Abner.

The next morning, while I was playing with the twins in the dining room and feeding them, William went downstairs.

He approached me, bent down, and gently picked up one of the twins.

"You're so cute!"

Due to being picked up so suddenly, the boy thought it was a game and he giggled happily.

"Goo, goo, goo, goo."

"Is he trying to speak?" William looked at me and chuckled.

"Maybe he's just trying to say that he's hungry."

I chuckled as well and took the child from him.

As I held the baby in my arms, I couldn't help but reminisce the past.

Charles would also do the same thing back then. Whenever James made babbling noises, Charles would insist that James was trying to speak.

When that thought crossed my mind, my heart ached because of the familiar pain. I took a deep breath, barely suppressing it.

After eating breakfast, I saw Tracy standing at the door in a daze.

I approached her, smiled at her and asked, "Tracy, what's up?"

Trocy looked back at me, and for some reason she looked hesitant. "Scarlett, Alice said she wanted to see you."

The smile on my face disappeared at once. "Trocy, I don't remember Alice anymore, and I don't want to see her. I've lost my memory. Is that clear?"

Hoping said that, I turned around and walked away.

In the afternoon, I was writing in the study on the second floor when I suddenly heard a knock on the window.

Vigilantly, I walked over to the window and saw Janet the moment I opened it. She was clinging to the windowsill, staring at me with tears in her eyes.

"Scarlett, I'm here to see you!"

"Oh, my God!" How did you get there, Janet? It's too dangerous!"

I was so scared for her safety that I grabbed Janet's hand and pulled her into the study.

"Scarlett, don't be afraid. I just really wanted to see you. How are your injuries? How have you been doing this past year?"

Janet eyed me up and down, especially focusing on my feet.

It had been over a year since I lost her. She had grown more mature. And as I looked at her tearful eyes, my heart was filled with joy.

I walked up to her, embraced her, and wiped away her tears.

I began writing some articles for her. And through this, we maintained contact with each other again.

"Well, you're a mother of two now. Just consider it as saving for their college fees."

After chatting with me briefly, Nina went offline.

She now had a family, so it was understandable that she had to focus on them. If we were to continue talking, it would only impose on the time she should be spending with Abner.

The next morning, while I was playing with the twins in the dining room and feeding them, William went downstairs.

He approached me, bent down, and gently picked up one of the twins.

"You're so cute!"

Due to being picked up so suddenly, the boy thought it was a game and he giggled happily.

"Goo, goo, gaa, gaa."

"Is he trying to speak?" William looked at me and chuckled.

"Maybe he's just trying to say that he's hungry."

I chuckled as well and took the child from him.

As I held the baby in my arms, I couldn't help but reminisce the past.

Charles would also do the same thing back then. Whenever James made babbling noises, Charles would insist that James was trying to speak.

When that thought crossed my mind, my heart ached because of the familiar pain. I took a deep breath, barely suppressing it.

After eating breakfast, I saw Tracy standing at the door in a daze.

I approached her, smiled at her and asked, "Tracy, what's up?"

Tracy looked back at me, and for some reason she looked hesitant. "Scarlett, Alice said she wanted to see you."

The smile on my face disappeared at once. "Tracy, I don't remember Alice anymore, and I don't want to see her. I've lost my memory. Is that clear?"

Having said that, I turned around and walked away.

In the afternoon, I was writing in the study on the second floor when I suddenly heard a knock on the window.

Vigilantly, I walked over to the window and saw Janet the moment I opened it. She was clinging to the windowsill, staring at me with tears in her eyes.

"Scarlett, I'm here to see you!"

"Oh, my God!" How did you get there, Janet? It's too dangerous!"

I was so scared for her safety that I grabbed Janet's hand and pulled her into the study.

"Scarlett, don't be afraid. I just really wanted to see you. How are your injuries? How have you been doing this past year?"

Janet eyed me up and down, especially focusing on my feet.

It had been over a year since I last saw her. She had grown more mature. And as I looked at her tearful eyes, my heart was filled with joy.

I walked up to her, embraced her, and wiped away her tears.

"You're still as reckless as ever. I'm doing fine, Janet. How about you?"

"I'm fine, too; for the most part, at least."

Janet nodded happily, but then she was saddened by something again.

"Scarlett, this is all my fault! I failed to protect James!"

I stopped caressing her back and sighed. "It's all in the past now. It's alright, Janet."

Janet wiped her eyes carelessly. "Scarlett, I'm here to deliver a message from Mrs. Moore. She said that she wishes to apologize to you on behalf of the entire Moore family."

I let go of her and stared outside the window.

"Stop it. They don't need to apologize to me. Honestly, I think this is fate."

In reality, I believed that this whole twisted nightmare that happened was my fault, because I failed to protect my son. Losing James was God's punishment for me.

"Please tell Alice that I don't remember anything, and I sincerely hope that she won't blame herself anymore."

"Ever since James' death, Christine has been in poor health. She's been on bed rest most of the time and she always misses you."

Upon hearing about Christine's recent condition, I fell silent.

It seemed that James' death was also devastating for her.

My heart ached for her.

"Scarlett, why don't you drop by and pay them a visit? Ever since Mr. Moore lost you and James, he's been having a difficult time. He's no longer the man he used to be." Janet looked at me with hopeful eyes.

"Really?"

I recalled the day when I saw Charles in the mall, and it made me a little upset.

'Is he really having a hard time?' I wondered.

"In the past year, he's been numbing himself with alcohol."

Janet looked worried when she said that, but all I could feel was anger.

"He deserves it, doesn't he?"

I stared at Janet with a sardonic smile.

"If it weren't for him, something that horrible wouldn't have happened to James!" I shouted, bursting with fury.

Tears streamed down my face. It had been over a year, yet I still couldn't let go of my hatred for Charles.

My tears seemed to have worried Janet. "Sorry, Scarlett... I won't mention him again," she said.

After trying to calm myself down, I said in a gentle voice, "Janet, you should go now. I can never be together with Charles again since the moment James died. Please tell them that I've lost my memory, and now I have twin babies with William. Tell them they're not even a month old yet."

"But, I..."

Janet wanted to speak, but I interrupted her, visibly dejected.

"Janet, please... do this for me. All I want is to live a peaceful life now."

As she looked into my eyes blankly, she finally nodded, albeit reluctantly.

[Chapter 304 The Effects Of Alcohol](#)

Charles' POV:

My mother had been in Kitsap for several days, yet she still didn't want to come home. Meanwhile, I was at home, sitting on the sofa when I decided to give her a call.

"Mom, why haven't you come back yet?"

"I haven't seen Scarlett yet. I won't come home until I do." She sounded really disappointed.

"Mom, it won't do you good to be there. Just come home, okay?" I suggested, rubbing my temples in frustration. Suddenly, my heart was overcome with stress.

"Let me just wait a little longer. Please," she replied.

"Her leg hasn't recovered yet. I don't think she'll go out anytime soon. You won't have a chance to see her," I replied, attempting to persuade her.

"Fine. I'll be home soon." My mother sounded like she was down in the dumps.

But once I heard her agree, I hung up the phone and went to the tennis court.

Lately, I'd been dealing with lots of problems, and I really needed some time to relax. David and Spencer were already there, waiting for me. I approached them and said, "Spencer, play with me first."

"Sure, buddy."

Spencer went to the opposite side of the court and shouted, "Charles, go easy on me, okay?"

I didn't heed his request. I went to the service area, stretching my limbs. Then, I threw the ball high into the air, and smashed it downwards in a swift yet decisive manner.

"Charles, take it easy! I haven't even warmed up yet!" Spencer shouted.

Right after he finished the sentence, the next ball was already hurtling towards him at a fierce momentum. Spencer barely rallied it back, and I easily returned the ball.

Within just three rounds, he admitted defeat. "That's it! I'm done. I need a break. David, I'm tagging out. You play with him instead!"

We both turned our attention to David, only to find a girl in a short skirt standing beside him and waving at us.

"Spencer!" the girl shouted.

"Nicole? What are you doing here?" Spencer strode out of the court and headed to the rest area. I followed him out.

"I'm playing tennis with my friends over there. I noticed you were here, too, so I came to say hello."

"Oh, I see. Well, go back to your game then," Spencer replied impatiently. Obviously, he wanted Nicole to get out of here at once.

"Are you free tonight? Wanna have drink with me?" But Nicole refused to give up.

"Sorry, but I have an appointment tonight," replied Spencer.

"Do you mind if I come with you?"

I couldn't help but look at Nicole from head to toe after hearing that response. What a dense girl she was!

"I do mind. And I'll have you know that I'm a married man now. My wife doesn't like it when I hang out with other women," Spencer responded, visibly annoyed.

"Wait, you're married?" Nicole was surprised, and so was I.

"Yes, and you know her. It's Vivian."

"What? How is that possible? I don't believe it! You're lying to me, aren't you?" Nicole's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Well, believe it or not, I don't care." Spencer shrugged.

"How could this be?" Nicole bit her lower lip as tears welled up in her eyes. It looked like she was about to break into tears.

"Don't cry. You look ugly when you cry." Even after seeing her so disheartened, Spencer remained tough.

Upon hearing that, Nicole glared at us and stormed away without another word.

After she had left, David and I approached Spencer. "Since when did you get married?" I asked.

"Two days ago," Spencer said casually.

"What the hell, man? Getting married is a big thing! Why didn't you tell me and David about it?" I asked.

"Well, we've been busy with our own affairs recently. Besides, I don't think it's too late to announce it tonight, is it?" Spencer flashed me a smile.

I grinned back at Spencer. Honestly, I was delighted to know that my best friend could marry the woman he loved.

"Anyway... no more talking, Charles. Break time is over! Let's get back to playing tennis, shall we?"

"Alright."

After playing tennis for quite some time, we decided to go to Mint Bar.

And as soon as we sat down, Spencer said, "Order whatever you want. It's my treat. Oh, by the way, Vivion will be here too."

"Sounds great!" David picked up the menu and began to order.

Meanwhile, I took out a cigarette and lit it.

"You've been smoking more often recently." David put the menu aside and continued, "You weren't like this before, Charles. What happened?"

Instead of responding, I just continued smoking. Spencer chuckled at David and remarked, "Only Scarlett can make him this upset."

At the mention of her name, I frowned and took a deep drag on my cigarette. "That's none of your business."

Spencer realized that he had made a goof, so he clomped up.

"You shouldn't smoke so much. It's not good for your health," David said with a smile, trying to ease this awkward tension.

"You're no better than me." I turned to David, asking him if he would like to have a cigarette. He waved his hands at me and replied, "I've quit smoking."

"You've quit smoking? Are you and Icey preparing for pregnancy?" I asked.

Dead silence ensued in the room again. After taking a drag on the cigarette, I fell into contemplation. It wasn't until I felt the cinder of the cigarette reach my fingers that I came to my senses. Not a second later, I put out the cigarette butt on the ashtray.

Ever since Scarlett left, I had been depressed. I was smoking all the time, and I felt like I was going to break down.

"Fine. I'll have one." After a long time, David broke the silence.

"I implore you not to smoke, dude. You shouldn't smoke if you and your wife are preparing for pregnancy," I replied, trying to dissuade him.

"Have you ordered the wine?" I asked. I put the cigarette aside, thinking that it wouldn't help me. "Yup. Oh, by the way, didn't Alice go to Kitsop? Did she manage to see Scarlett?"

"Well, believe it or not, I don't care." Spencer shrugged.

"How could this be?" Nicole bit her lower lip as tears welled up in her eyes. It looked like she was about to break into tears.

"Don't cry. You look ugly when you cry." Even after seeing her so disheartened, Spencer remained tough.

Upon hearing that, Nicole glared at us and stormed away without another word.

After she had left, David and I approached Spencer. "Since when did you get married?" I asked.

"Two days ago," Spencer said casually.

"What the hell, man? Getting married is a big thing! Why didn't you tell me and David about it?" I asked.

"Well, we've been busy with our own affairs recently. Besides, I don't think it's too late to announce it tonight, is it?" Spencer flashed me a smile.

I grinned back at Spencer. Honestly, I was delighted to know that my best friend could marry the woman he loved.

"Anyway... no more talking, Charles. Break time is over! Let's get back to playing tennis, shall we?"

"Alright."

After playing tennis for quite some time, we decided to go to Mint Bar.

And as soon as we sat down, Spencer said, "Order whatever you want. It's my treat. Oh, by the way, Vivian will be here too."

"Sounds great!" David picked up the menu and began to order.

Meanwhile, I took out a cigarette and lit it.

"You've been smoking more often recently." David put the menu aside and continued, "You weren't like this before, Charles. What happened?"

Instead of responding, I just continued smoking. Spencer chuckled at David and remarked, "Only Scarlett can make him this upset."

At the mention of her name, I frowned and took a deep drag on my cigarette. "That's none of your business."

Spencer realized that he had made a gaffe, so he clammed up.

"You shouldn't smoke so much. It's not good for your health," David said with a smile, trying to ease this awkward tension.

"You're no better than me." I turned to David, asking him if he would like to have a cigarette. He waved his hands at me and replied, "I've quit smoking."

"You've quit smoking? Are you and Icey preparing for pregnancy?" I asked.

Dead silence ensued in the room again. After taking a drag on the cigarette, I fell into contemplation. It wasn't until I felt the cinder of the cigarette reach my fingers that I came to my senses. Not a second later, I put out the cigarette butt on the ashtray.

Ever since Scarlett left, I had been depressed. I was smoking all the time, and I felt like I was going to break down.

"Fine. I'll have one." After a long time, David broke the silence.

"I implore you not to smoke, dude. You shouldn't smoke if you and your wife are preparing for pregnancy," I replied, trying to dissuade him.

"Have you ordered the wine?" I asked. I put the cigarette aside, thinking that it wouldn't help me. "Yup. Oh, by the way, didn't Alice go to Kitsap? Did she manage to see Scarlett?"

"Nope. And even if she did, it's useless. Scarlett doesn't remember us anymore," I said listlessly. But inside, my heart ached.

David and Spencer lowered their gazes and fell silent until the waiter brought in our liquor.

"Forget that. Let's just drink, shall we?" Spencer opened the bottle and poured us each a glass.

I raised my glass and gulped the whole thing down. The burning sensation in my stomach coursed through my body, but even then, alcohol couldn't paralyze my heartache. 'This must be true suffering,' I thought to myself.

"Charles, don't drink so fast," Spencer remarked. I turned a deaf ear to his reminder. I wanted to get drunk and to lose my mind. But even as I drowned myself in alcohol, it did not stop my heart from feeling pain.

"I saw someone that day," David continued.

"And who might it be?" asked Spencer.

"Susan." David put on a straight face.

Surprised, Spencer asked, "Susan? You mean Rita's mother? What about her?"

Their conversation piqued my interest, so I gave David my attention.

"She's now the mistress of a private hospital's director," he remarked.

"Hang on. How did she become a mistress at such an old age? Man, whoever that guy is, he's got pretty low standards," said Spencer.

All of a sudden, my phone rang. When I saw that it was William, I didn't want to answer it.

"William? Why is that asshole calling you again?" Spencer leaned over and appeared to be pissed off.

Still, I didn't answer the phone. Unable to remain calm, Spencer answered the call for me and put it on speaker mode. "Hey, what the hell do you want this time, William?" he shouted.

"Oh, hey, Spencer! Could you kindly remind Charles to file a divorce already?" said William.

"That's none of your damn business," said Spencer.

"If he's deliberately delaying the divorce, I'm afraid we won't be able to keep the news from the children anymore," said William.

Annoyed by William's sarcasm, Spencer growled, "I'm warning you, William. Stop this nonsense!"

"I'm not talking nonsense. Scarlett and I have two kids now. I'm actually doing this for his own good. Anyway, just tell Charles to think it over. Bye." William sounded calm and collected throughout the phone call.

"Hey, hey, hey! Who do you think you are?" Spencer was about to lose his cool. He immediately grabbed my phone and started hurling curses at William.

"That's enough, Spencer," I responded.

"Charles, are we seriously just going to let this happen?" Spencer seemed unreconciled.

"William has gone too far!" David echoed.

"Now is not the time for that. Sit down and drink," I remarked, trying to calm them down.

All of a sudden, someone pounded on the door of the private room from outside.

[Chapter 305 James May Still Be Alive](#)

Spencer's POV:

"Who is it?!" I asked angrily. The knocking stopped, and the door suddenly opened and closed. For a moment, I was stunned at the sight of the person who entered.

"What are you doing here?"

"If I hadn't come, you'd only stir up more trouble!" Gemma, my mother, reckoned with her face as white as a sheet.

"What... What's the matter?" I knew very well why she had come here, but I feigned ignorance.

"Did you marry Vivian behind my back?" My mother asked without beating around the bush.

"Yes, I did," I answered frankly. When it came to Vivian, I was honest and upfront.

"You bastard!" My mother slapped me across the face. The pain radiated from my cheek to my entire face, but I remained unfazed.

"If slapping me will make you feel better, go on. Slap me again. I promise I won't dodge."

Being slapped was nothing. I would endure it as long as my mother would not make things difficult for my wife.

"Spencer, why are you so stubborn? That woman doesn't deserve you!" My mother spat while pointing at my nose and looking at me with utter disappointment.

"Who says I don't deserve him?" a familiar voice chimed in. Vivian had pushed the door open and walked into the room gracefully. She was wearing a suit, and a thin chain hung around her neck. Moreover, her long hair was tied up in a tight and neat bun. She had light and delicate makeup, which made her look capable yet, at the same time, charming.

My mother became even more enraged when she saw Vivian. "Spencer, if you look closely, you'll see that some people are uneducated and ill-bred. They even eavesdrop on other people's conversation!"

"Why would I do that?"

Vivian walked up to me and caressed the part of my face that my mother had slapped. "Does it hurt?"

I shook my head, pulled her to my side, and wrapped my arms around her waist.

"You woman, stop being pretentious!" My mother bellowed, infuriated. "If you think that you've succeeded in your plan, think again. You may have my son wrapped around your finger so that you can take advantage of our wealth and property, but you can't fool me."

Vivian snuggled up to me and replied, "I don't care about your property. Spencer and I really love each other."

My mother raised her hand to slap Vivian, but I quickly grabbed her wrist. "Mom, aren't you satisfied yet? You just hit your son. And now, you want to hit your daughter-in-law?"

My mother shook off my hand, her chest heaving violently. She stared at me with a fierce gaze and said with a hint of regret, "How could I have such a disappointing son like you?"

"I just want to be with the woman I love."

"She's just an ordinary woman! After spending some time with her, you'll eventually realize your worth. I'm telling you, you can't be with her. She'll only lower your level."

I remained unmoved and just continued to turn a deaf ear to her dissatisfaction. "That's none of your business."

"Fine. You leave me with no choice. Divorce Vivian, or forget that I'm your mother." My mother gave me an ultimatum. Without waiting for my response, she left in a huff and slammed the door behind her.

Once my mother was gone, I hugged Vivian tightly and reassured her, "Don't let my mother's words get into you. I will never divorce you."

Vivian smiled sweetly at me. "I trust you."

At this moment, Charles suddenly stood up from his seat and rushed out.

Before he could step out, I grabbed his arm and asked, "Charles, what's wrong?"

"James may still be alive," he whispered.

Scarlett's POV:

"James, James!"

I jolted awake. My forehead was beaded with sweat, and I was short of breath.

I had a nightmare again. I dreamed of the accident that had happened over a year ago. In my dream, I

was running desperately away from Rito. She looked horrible, and the molice in her eyes brought a shiver down my spine. While she was choosing me, she shouted, "Scarlett, if you want your child to live, you should atone for your sins!"

Meanwhile, James was in her hands, crying. "Mom, Mom!"

Tears streamed down my face. I tightly clutched the bedsheet and wondered when my nightmares would come to an end.

I turned my head and looked at the crib next to me. Jerry and Jason were sleeping soundly. Their angel-like faces somehow eased my anguish.

Their existence was like a faint light in the darkness. When I felt that I could no longer hold on anymore, they made me push forward, regardless of my exhausted body and soul.

But what about little James? His soul was probably drifting across the deep sea—lonely and helpless.

He must be terrified.

At the thought of this, my sleepiness vanished in an instant, and tears fell down my cheeks one after another like pearls with a broken thread. Sadly, I could only cry in silence. Once I got hold of myself, I got out and went to the kitchen.

The darkness felt like a tidal wave that was about to engulf me. A sense of helplessness surged into my heart again. I squatted in the corner of the kitchen, held my knees, and quietly sobbed until I almost ran out of breath.

A year had passed since the incident. But every time I remembered James's death, it still hurt the same. It felt like a sword pierced my heart over and over again.

It took me a while before I felt that I had no tears left to cry. I supported myself on the kitchen counter, tried my best to stand up, and wiped the tears off my face.

I remained unmoved and just continued to turn a deaf ear to her dissatisfaction. "That's none of your business."

"Fine. You leave me with no choice. Divorce Vivian, or forget that I'm your mother." My mother gave me an ultimatum. Without waiting for my response, she left in a huff and slammed the door behind her.

Once my mother was gone, I hugged Vivian tightly and reassured her, "Don't let my mother's words get into you. I will never divorce you."

Vivian smiled sweetly at me. "I trust you."

At this moment, Charles suddenly stood up from his seat and rushed out.

Before he could step out, I grabbed his arm and asked, "Charles, what's wrong?"

"James may still be alive," he whispered.

Scarlett's POV:

"James, James!"

I jolted awake. My forehead was beaded with sweat, and I was short of breath.

I had a nightmare again. I dreamed of the accident that had happened over a year ago. In my dream, I was running desperately away from Rita. She looked horrible, and the malice in her eyes brought a shiver down my spine. While she was chasing me, she shouted, "Scarlett, if you want your child to live, you should atone for your sins!"

Meanwhile, James was in her hands, crying. "Mom, Mom!"

Tears streamed down my face. I tightly clutched the bedsheet and wondered when my nightmares would come to an end.

I turned my head and looked at the crib next to me. Jerry and Jason were sleeping soundly. Their angel-like faces somehow eased my anguish.

Their existence was like a faint light in the darkness. When I felt that I could no longer hold on anymore, they made me push forward, regardless of my exhausted body and soul.

But what about little James? His soul was probably drifting across the deep sea—lonely and helpless.

He must be terrified.

At the thought of this, my sleepiness vanished in an instant, and tears fell down my cheeks one after another like pearls with a broken thread. Sadly, I could only cry in silence. Once I got ahold of myself, I got out and went to the kitchen.

The darkness felt like a tidal wave that was about to engulf me. A sense of helplessness surged into my heart again. I squatted in the corner of the kitchen, held my knees, and quietly sobbed until I almost ran out of breath.

A year had passed since the incident. But every time I remembered James's death, it still hurt the same. It felt like a sword pierced my heart over and over again.

It took me a while before I felt that I had no tears left to cry. I supported myself on the kitchen counter,

tried my best to stand up, and wiped the tears off my face.

When I made it back to my room, I passed by William's room and saw a light through the crack of the door. Had he returned? I hoped he did not see me crying just now.

Over the past year, his love and care weighed me down with guilt. And he always took me by surprise with some sweet gestures, which I just couldn't bring myself to accept however hard I tried.

I went back to bed and stared at the dark ceiling in a daze. Although I was weak and exhausted, I was not sleepy. Fragments of memories flashed through my mind one after another. Before I knew it, I had drifted to sleep.

The next morning, I went downstairs to have breakfast as if nothing had happened. William was waiting for me in the dining room.

"Did you sleep well last night?" he asked while looking at me gently.

"Not bad. How about you? What time did you get home yesterday?" I deliberately changed the subject, not wanting to be seen through by him.

"I got home late. I had a lot of things to deal with at the company. Let's eat, shall we?"

It seemed that he did not see me in the kitchen last night. I breathed a sigh of relief and sat down to eat.

After breakfast, William turned to me and asked, "The weather is good today. How about we go to the mall?"

"Have you forgotten? We had just gone to the mall a few days ago," I reminded him with a smile. The truth was, I was refusing him euphemistically. I did not feel like going out today.

"I think you should go out for a walk every day. You'll get sick if you always stay at home. How about we take the twins out? They can enjoy the sunshine." William brought up the two children as an excuse. Judging from his insistence, he had no intention of giving up.

"I don't mind staying at home. Besides, the balcony is spacious. I can tell them stories while basking in the sun," I insisted.

"If you say so. By the way, I'm gonna go out for a while. Call me if you need anything." William gave up in the end. As soon as he finished speaking, he stood up and left.

Just as I was about to clean up the table, Tracy came running down the stairs with my phone in her hand. "Scarlett, your phone keeps ringing."

"Who is it?" I asked with a frown. For some reason, Tracy looked a little flustered and refused to answer

me. She just handed me the phone without a word.

I took a look at the caller ID and saw that Charles kept calling. Why was he calling me? An inexplicable sense of agitation arose in my heart.

I handed the phone back to Tracy and said in a serious tone, "Don't ever answer this person's call."

Chapter 306 The Confrontation Between Gemma And Vivian

Spencer's POV:

"Vivian, do you think James is still alive? Is it possible?"

I put down my cutlery and stared at Vivian. Suddenly, I was no longer in the mood to eat.

"I sincerely hope so. I just couldn't understand the whole thing. Who sent the message to Charles anyway?"

Vivian leaned against the back of her seat and tapped her slender fingers on the table.

"I don't know. Charles said the message was from a number he didn't recognize. He's still trying to track down the message's origin."

Back then, Rita took James away and tossed him into the ocean in front of Charles and Scarlett. There was no way that he could've survived.

But could someone have intervened and saved James?

Who could that person be? Was it the same one who sent Charles the message?

What could he or she possibly want with Charles after keeping James hidden for a whole year?

These questions were like puzzles that Vivian and I couldn't wait to solve.

"We should start with some acquaintances," Vivian murmured.

"Acquaintances? Who do you mean?" I looked at her in confusion.

Vivian rolled her eyes at me and retorted, "Those who have schemed against Scarlett before."

That was when it all started making sense to me.

I nodded and fished my phone out of my pocket. I dialed Charles's number.

"Charles, start investigating those who hurt Scarlett before. They're the most suspicious."

There was a moment of silence on the other end of the line, and then it went dead. Charles had hung up.

He must have understood what I meant right away.

I breathed a sigh of relief. When I turned around and saw Vivian's charming face, I couldn't help holding her face and giving her a big kiss on the cheek.

"You are such a smart woman. Charles didn't say anything when I told him to check out those who wronged Scarlett before, but I'm sure he's already hired someone to investigate. We should get updates soon."

Vivian shook off my hands, wrinkled her nose, and wiped her cheek with her hand.

"Compliments are easy. Why don't you give me some real rewards to show your appreciation?" Vivian smiled and extended her palm. I took her hand and pulled her into my arms. Then, I whispered in her ear.

"Don't worry. I will reward you in bed tonight."

"What? No! I'm talking about money! Give me some money!" Vivian moaned and pushed me away. Her eyes gleamed with the kind of mischief that amused and worried me at the same time.

Whenever money was mentioned, Vivian got all riled up like a hungry little mouse that just sniffed out cheese.

"Fine. I will give you money, you little miser. Your husband has nothing but that."

I playfully pinched Vivian's nose, kissed her cheek, and held her in my arms.

"But seriously, though, I really hope James is still alive."

Vivian turned somber all of a sudden.

"Me, too. He's the only chance for Charles and Scarlett to get back together and start over."

After those words left my lips, my heart swelled with infinite expectations.

Vivian's POV:

At the restaurant, Spencer and I felt happy and content in each other's arms.

Suddenly, my phone rang. Gemmo was calling.

I showed Spencer my phone and chuckled.

"Look, someone's rushing to give me money."

Spencer laughed and pinched my cheek. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Trust me. Your mother's calling me right now to tell me this," I started, put on a serious expression, and imitated the way Gemmo spoke, "You material girl, here's some money. Take it and leave my son alone. He's not someone you can even dream of."

My excellent performance made Spencer laugh so hard, he almost fell out of his chair.

I picked up the phone and spoke in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Hi, Mom. So, so glad you called. How are you?"

"Mom? How dare you address me like that?"

"Well, I'm married to your son, which makes me your daughter-in-law and you my mother-in-law. I'm just trying to be respectful."

We weren't even two minutes into the phone call, and Gemmo was already letting out her exasperated sighs.

"Whatever. Meet me at Queen's Cafe this morning, ten o'clock. We need to talk."

"Okay. I'd love to bond with you, Mom. I'll be there on time. See you. Bye."

After hanging up the phone, I turned around and saw Spencer sitting next to me and eating like he didn't have a care in the world.

He was quite relaxed.

All of a sudden, I felt depressed.

"Aren't you afraid that your mother will really hand me a big fat check and then command me to leave you?"

"Are you going to take the money and leave me?" Spencer looked up at me.

"What if I do?" I challenged and looked him dead in the eye.

He just stared at me and continued chewing his food.

We let the question just hang there awkwardly, like a mistletoe in June.

At ten o'clock sharp, I walked through Queen's Cafe's doors. Gemma was already inside and sitting at a table.

"How dare you make me, an elder, wait for you? Have you forgotten all your family education?" Gemma said contemptuously, eyeing me with way more intensity than necessary.

"I'm sorry. I grew up in an orphanage. Nobody gave me family education. You'll have to forgive me."

Her authoritarian manner didn't bother me in the slightest. I pulled out the chair opposite her and sat down.

I playfully pinched Vivian's nose, kissed her again, and held her in my arms.

"But seriously, though, I really hope James is still alive."

Vivian turned somber all of a sudden.

"Me, too. He's the only chance for Charles and Scarlett to get back together and start over."

After those words left my lips, my heart swelled with infinite expectations.

Vivian's POV:

At the restaurant, Spencer and I felt happy and content in each other's arms.

Suddenly, my phone rang. Gemma was calling.

I showed Spencer my phone and chuckled.

"Look, someone's rushing to give me money."

Spencer laughed and pinched my cheek. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Trust me. Your mother's calling me right now to tell me this," I started, put on a serious expression, and imitated the way Gemma spoke, "You material girl, here's some money. Take it and leave my son alone. He's not someone you can even dream of."

My excellent performance made Spencer laugh so hard, he almost fell out of his chair.

I picked up the phone and spoke in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Hi, Mom. So, so glad you called. How are you?"

"Mom? How dare you address me like that?"

"Well, I'm married to your son, which makes me your daughter-in-law and you my mother-in-law. I'm just trying to be respectful."

We weren't even two minutes into the phone call, and Gemma was already letting out her exasperated sighs.

"Whatever. Meet me at Queen's Cafe this morning, ten o'clock. We need to talk."

"Okay. I'd love to bond with you, Mom. I'll be there on time. See you. Bye."

After hanging up the phone, I turned around and saw Spencer sitting next to me and eating like he didn't have a care in the world.

He was quite relaxed.

All of a sudden, I felt depressed.

"Aren't you afraid that your mother will really hand me a big, fat check and then command me to leave you?"

"Are you going to take the money and leave me?" Spencer looked up at me.

"What if I am?" I challenged and looked him dead in the eye.

He just stared at me and continued chewing his food.

We let the question just hang there awkwardly, like a mistletoe in June.

At ten o'clock sharp, I walked through Queen's Cafe's doors. Gemma was already inside and sitting at a table.

"How dare you make me, an elder, wait for you? Have you forgotten all your family education?" Gemma said contemptuously, eyeing me with way more intensity than necessary.

"I'm sorry. I grew up in an orphanage. Nobody gave me family education. You'll have to forgive me."

Her authoritarian manner didn't bother me in the slightest. I pulled out the chair opposite her and sat down.

Gemma clicked her tongue and drove straight to the point.

"How much money is it going to take for you to leave my son?"

"Leave your son? Why should I leave my husband? We haven't even had our honeymoon yet."

I said that on purpose to piss Gemma off. As expected, she was immediately wound up. She smashed her cup on the table, and coffee splashed everywhere.

I waved to the waiter unhurriedly. "Hi. My mother-in-law spilled some coffee. Can you clean it up, please? Also, I'd like a glass of water. Thank you."

Gemma stared at me fiercely as if she was going to slap me the moment the waiter stepped away.

"I don't believe that you and my son are happy together and deeply in love. Just cut the crap and name your damn price."

I wiped the mocking expression off my face and stared straight into my mother-in-law's eyes.

"I don't want money. I just want to be with Spencer."

"Nonsense! Who do you think you are? What makes you think you're worthy of someone like Spencer?"

"Spencer is in love with me, and I'm the only one he wants. You can't separate us. I understand that our marriage is difficult for you to accept, but we would really appreciate your blessing."

Gemma scoffed.

"I have never met a woman as shameless as you."

"Well, compared to you, I still have a lot to learn."

"You little..."

The waiter came back with my glass of water and inadvertently cut off Gemma midsentence.

Suddenly, I was back in the mood to mess with her. I smirked and asked, "Do you want to know why I didn't get my caffeine fix today?"

Gemma frowned.

"Because I haven't been feeling all that well lately. I think I may be pregnant," I said calmly.

Gemma's face turned white as bone. She stared at me with wide eyes. She looked like she was going to

faint any minute.

"But I'm not sure yet. I haven't taken a pregnancy test. I suffered a miscarriage once before, and I broke up with your son over it. When I started dating another man, he got so jealous that he proposed to me. Sometimes, I still can't believe that we really went for it and tied the knot. We haven't been able to keep our hands off each other since we got hitched. Spencer's sexual appetite can be overwhelming sometimes. That's why I think it's really likely that I'm already carrying our first child."

"Shut up!"

Gemma rose from her seat and shot me a death glare. I believed that if she hadn't spilled her coffee earlier, she would've thrown it in my face.

"Okay. We'll just have to wait and see."

In this confrontation, Gemma lost and I won.

[Chapter 307 Dig A Grave](#)

After Gemma left in a hurry, I paid for the bill before leaving the cafe.

And just as I walked out the door, I ran into Susan.

Seemingly ignoring me, she walked past me and entered Queen's Cafe.

Obviously, she didn't recognize who I was.

I stopped in my tracks and stared at her back. A thought dawned on me.

'Susan is Rita's mother. Does she have anything to do with James' death?

If James is really still alive, maybe she's the one who hid James in secret?'

My gut was telling me that this guess was correct, so I decided to follow Susan. Perhaps I might be able to find some useful clues.

Soon, she came out of the cafe. A black Santana stopped in front of her and she got in.

I started my car and followed her secretly.

After a while, the black Santana drove into a community.

I got off my car, intending to follow her in. However, the security guard stopped me, so all I could do was follow Susan's car with my gaze until it disappeared from my sight.

"Sir, can't you make an exception just this once? That was my aunt who came in just now."

"Sorry, ma'am. But nobody is allowed to enter the premises of this neighborhood aside from its residents."

In the end, I decided to leave.

And when I got back to my car, another unexpected person showed up.

"Richard, what are you doing here?" I asked.

I was surprised that he showed up here all of a sudden.

He approached me and asked, "Were you following Susan?"

I nodded and replied, "I have a hunch that she had something to do with James' death."

Richard was Charles' confidant, so I told him my suspicion.

"I've already surveyed this place before. There's nothing special about it. Well, aside from the fact that this is where Susan secretly meets up with her lover, Ellison Blunt."

"What happened to that house she used to live in?" I asked.

"It's been sold," he responded.

"Sold?"

"Yes, all of her assets have been disposed of."

Confused, I asked, "Why did she liquidate all her assets? Is she short on cash? The Lively Group might've gone bankrupt, but I'm sure Susan still has a lot of cash in hand."

I couldn't understand the information I had just been told.

"You're right to be dubious. I've been following Susan around, and she's frequenting upscale places as of late. It's not like she's short on cash. It really is suspicious that she disposed all her assets in a hurry," Richard murmured.

"Richard, I have a bad feeling about this. You need to keep a close eye on Susan. I suspect that..."

Richard's POV:

Before Vivian could finish her sentence, a horrible thought flashed through my mind.

'Is it possible that Rita is still alive?'

In the evening, I knocked on Janet's door.

Upon seeing me, she was surprised.

"Richard, what brings you here?" she asked.

"Come with me. I'm taking you somewhere," I answered.

"Where are we going?" she responded.

"To the cemetery," I said.

"Wait, what? Why there?"

"We're going to dig a grave."

"Shit!"

Janet's eyes widened in horror as she looked around, visibly panicking.

"Have you gone mad?"

"I have a hunch, and I need to verify it myself," I said.

"Is it that important?"

"Yes. Very important," I answered.

Janet fell silent for a while. She then looked me in the eye, seemingly having made up her mind.

"Let's go then," she said.

It was eerily quiet in the cemetery at night. I entered its premises along with Janet.

There were numerous tombstones on the ground, casting ominous shadows beneath the moonlight. Aside from the bats hanging on the branches and exuding creepy gazes with their eyes, only Janet and I

were in the cemetery.

Janet looked around in fear with a flash light in hand. Accidentally, she bumped into my back and shrieked.

"AHHHHHH!"

"Be careful." I rubbed my back, alleviating the pain.

Janet nodded at me; her face had turned pale. This was the first time I had seen someone as fearless as her this scared.

Through the help of a flashlight, I soon found Rita's grave. Then, I handed Janet a shovel.

"Let's start digging," I said.

"You want to dig Rita's grave?"

Janet exclaimed.

"What's up? Are you scared?" I shot her a glance, trying to goad her.

"I am not afraid of anything! You've slept with her before. And since you're willing to defile her grave by digging it up, I shouldn't be scared, either!"

Having said that, Janet lifted her shovel with eyes brimming with determination.

I couldn't resist the urge to laugh at her. And when she saw how I reacted, she glared at me.

"Anyway, let's get started," I said, putting on a straight face.

After slowly digging it up, we finally finished excavating Rita's tomb.

And at the very bottom, we saw a coffin. I swallowed before opening the coffin's lid.

Inside it, there was a black dress lying in silence. However, there wasn't any corpse.

"My hunch was right,"

I remarked.

"What on earth is going on? Where is Rita's body?"

Janet covered her mouth in surprise.

"Is Rita still alive?"

I stood up and dusted myself. "Something interesting is about to happen. William has promised Scarlett that he's not going to let Rita live. That's why Scarlett was willing to leave with him. But now..."

Janet and I exchanged glances and saw the anger in each other's eyes.

We just left right away, and didn't even bother to put the coffin back to where it was.

The following morning, I told Charles about it.

Even after hearing the news, he didn't seem surprised. He just looked at me and Janet, expressionless like always.

"Is the coffin really empty?"

"Yes, sir," I answered respectfully.

"Good job finding that out. Now, figure out who hid James as soon as possible!" Charles commanded.

"Right away, sir!" Janet and I answered at the same time.

We then went to look for James together. All of a sudden, I remembered Vivian's words and felt that it was necessary to tell her about our discovery.

Thus, I took out my phone and sent her a message.

"Rita's grave is empty. It's very likely that she's still alive."

Inside the car, Janet leaned over and said to me, "I just told Tracy about what we found out, and asked her to inform Scarlett."

Janet looked very proud of herself.

"William kept something this big from Scarlett. I want to see how he's going to explain this whole farce!" she added.

I nodded in agreement. "You're right. It's worth digging the tomb at midnight. Now, that asshole, William is screwed!"

[Chapter 308 Investigation](#)

Scarlett's POV:

When I came out of the bathroom, I found Tracy staring at her smartphone, eyes wide as saucers. Out of curiosity, I asked, "What are you looking at?"

Tracy looked at me; her face had turned pale. "Janet told me to tell you that she and Richard dug up Rita's grave at midnight yesterday and found that Rita's coffin was empty."

My heart skipped a beat. 'How is it empty? Is that damned murderer, Rita, still alive?' I exclaimed inwardly.

With a blank stare, I looked at Tracy. "So, you've been communicating with Janet behind my back, huh?"

"Yes. And I'm sorry about that, Scarlett. I forgot to tell you." Tracy put her phone away, lowering her gaze. I could tell she must be feeling guilty.

Just then, her phone rang. It sounded particularly ominous amidst our silence.

Tracy looked at me, too afraid to glance at her phone.

"Just go ahead and read it," I said calmly.

She then took out her phone from her pocket and read the contents of the message. The following second, her eyes almost popped out of their sockets. Upon seeing her reaction, I asked, "What's wrong?"

With trembling lips, she said, "Scarlett, Janet told me that someone sent a message to Charles, saying that James is still alive."

My heart skipped a beat and my ears began to buzz. Right now, all I could think of was that James was still alive. The sentence echoed throughout my mind repeatedly.

"Show it to me!"

I grabbed Tracy's phone and read Janet's message over and over. 'My little angel is still alive!' Joy overwhelmed my heart, and I was unable to restrain my emotions any longer. But at the back of my mind, I thought that what Janet said was merely a beautiful bubble, and it would soon be broken the second I touch it.

My heart was racing so fast, and my chest was heaving up and down. "Tracy, I need to make a phone call. Do you mind going out first?"

Once Tracy had left, I closed the door and immediately called Janet. "Janet, I heard from Tracy that someone sent Charles a message, saying that James is still alive. Is this true?"

"It is," she replied. Upon hearing her confirm the news, I could no longer bottle up my excitement.

"Have you figured out who sent it?" I asked anxiously.

"Not yet, but Mr. Moore has a plan already," she answered.

"What's his plan?"

"He's investigating everyone who has a grudge against you. And I believe we'll be hearing good news soon. Scarlett, I'm gonna need you to calm down, okay?"

"Okay, I get it. Call me as soon as you hear any news." I nodded repeatedly as tears of joy rolled down my cheeks.

"Of course. Oh, by the way... you need to be wary of William. It's very likely that Rita is still alive," Janet remarked.

"Got it." With that, I ended the phone call. My heart was beating faster and faster by the second as though it would leap from my chest.

At long last, I had the courage to recall the day that James was killed. And now that I was looking back at it, I never fully confirmed if the child was actually James or not. 'Maybe it wasn't James!' When that thought crossed my mind, I felt much better.

Even though that child was innocent, I was glad that my baby was still alive.

I used to think that I'd be depressed for the rest of my life, but this news was like a miracle; injecting new vitality into my lifeless world.

Suddenly, I heard a gentle knock on the door. William opened it and came in. The second I laid eyes upon him, I remembered Janet's warning, so I composed myself and acted as though nothing had happened. "What's up?" I asked.

"Breakfast is ready. Let's go downstairs and eat," he said. William's smile was as gentle as ever. But now, seeing it was giving me the creeps.

Though he had been looking after me this past year because I was injured and later found pregnant, it was clear to both of us that we didn't fully trust each other. And now that I had heard that Rita was likely to be alive, I was even more certain that the man in front of me was hiding something from me.

"Scarlett, are you okay? You seem to be thinking about something." William waved his hand in front of me, trying to catch my attention.

"I'm fine. Let's just have breakfast." Having said that, I walked out of the door. I had only taken a few steps outside the room when I felt like I needed to make things clear to him. Somehow, I wanted to

believe that he wasn't that kind of person.

Thus, I told him, "William, I just heard something funny."

"Oh, really? Tell me!" William replied, visibly amused.

"Someone told me that Rita is still alive," I responded.

The smile on his face disappeared.

William's POV:

When Scarlett told me that Rita was still alive, I was stupefied.

"Why aren't you saying anything? I want to hear your explanation," Scarlett asked after a few moments of silence.

Gradually, I gathered my composure. "Tracy should've told you already that I asked someone to take out the heart that originally belonged to my sister from Rita's body. She can't still be alive after that, can she?"

Scarlett nodded and said, "Even so, what guarantee do I have that you didn't arrange a new heart for Rita?"

"You are assuming too much! Do you really think that it's easy to get a heart transplant?" he responded. At this point, I was starting to get emotional.

"To an ordinary person, it might be difficult. But for someone like you? It's possible!" Scarlett locked her eyes on me. Her gaze somehow frightened me, so I looked down to avert my eyes from her.

Unfortunately, she had figured out some of the secrets that I dared not tell anyone. All this time, I thought that if I stayed with her long enough to dispel her worries, I could make her accept me.

But I didn't expect that in the end, everything I had done would backfire.

'Charles must've done this! What did that imbecile tell Scarlett?'

As that thought crossed my mind, I met Scarlett's gaze and said in a firm voice, "I swear to you that if I arranged for another heart transplant for Rita, I'm willing to lose everything I have now!"

Scarlett just looked at me intently, unresponsive.

"Please, believe me. I would never lie to you!"

"I see. Let's go then." With a faint smile on her face, Scarlett turned around and went downstairs.

I knew that she still had doubts about me, but I shouldn't push her too hard. Otherwise, things could spiral out of control for me.

And so, after breakfast, I excused myself. I told her that I had something to deal with in the company and left the villa right away.

Along the way, I received a call from Tom, the housekeeper.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Sir, after you left, I saw Scarlett whispering something to Tracy. But they avoided me, so I couldn't hear anything they said," answered Tom.

"Just keep an eye on them. And call me if anything happens."

After hanging up the phone, I punched the steering wheel heavily. "Fuck!"

[Chapter 309 Susan's Secre](#)

Richard's POV:

I had been following Susan these past few days.

She stayed home all day every day and only went out for grocery shopping. So far, I had gotten nothing useful.

Feeling a bit defeated and useless, I reported to Charles.

Charles ordered, "Find a way to sneak into Susan's house tonight and look for more clues."

"Yes, sir."

I decided to get someone to help, so I called Janet. "Janet, I need your help with something. I'll pick you up at ten o'clock tonight."

"What's up?"

"We'll do something big tonight."

"All right then. I'll see you tonight."

After hanging up with Janet, I went home to get some rest so that I would be fully charged for tonight's mission.

At ten o'clock, I arrived at Janet's doorstep. She was waiting for me at the door.

Her long black hair was tied up into a ponytail. She was dressed in simple clothes and a pair of black boots. She was looking around vigilantly with her beautiful eyes. Seeing my car, she walked toward me.

When I got off the car, she asked me, "Are we going to raid somebody's tomb again tonight?"

"No. We're going to break into Susan's house. I promise you will be safe," I replied and patted her gently on the shoulder.

"Okay. I'm good as long as you don't take me to a cemetery," she chuckled and heaved a sigh of relief.

She looked like she had just taken a shower. I could smell the fragrance of her body lotion, and it turned me on a little bit.

I wrapped my arm around her waist and leaned in to give her a kiss.

After kissing for a few minutes, I let go. Janet was blushing. She pushed me away playfully and got in the car.

I jumped in the driver's seat and gunned the engine. While I drove, Janet looked out the passenger-side window. I gave her a peck on the cheek while she wasn't looking. She smelled so good, it was driving me insane.

"Focus on driving, please."

"Yes, ma'am."

I refocused on the road while taking Janet's hand in mine. Suddenly, all the annoyance and disappointment of the past few days vanished into thin air.

Half an hour later, we arrived near Susan's house. Using some high-powered binoculars, I observed what was going on in her home. Susan was alone in the living room.

"Do you see her? What's she doing?" Janet asked.

"Yes. She's in the living room. Let's wait until she falls asleep. Then we'll break in," I replied and put down the binoculars. Then, I made myself comfortable in my seat and gripped the steering wheel. We were going to be here for a while.

"So, what should we do now? What about we chat for a bit?" Janet started, seeming a little uneasy.

I turned to her and said, "Sure."

"How about we start with you and Rita?" Janet broached curiously.

"I don't want to talk about her," I snapped and knitted my brows.

"Please," Janet insisted.

"Janet, Rita is in the past. Don't mention her anymore. You're my present and future," I promised her solemnly.

"Very well then. I won't mention her anymore."

"I think I'm going to have to punish you for bringing her up," I smirked and stuck a finger under Janet's chin. She stared at me as I got closer and closer to her. Then, our lips locked once again. When I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw were Janet's dark eyes that said more than her mouth ever could. I bit my lip. Sometimes, I just couldn't believe how addicted I was to her.

I wanted to kiss her again, but she stopped me. "Control yourself, Richard. We're working."

I exhaled loudly and decided to give up.

Ten minutes later, the light in Susan's bedroom finally went out. We waited for a while before we made our move.

Once we were inside the house, I took out some gloves and handed a pair to Janet. We searched the living room thoroughly but didn't find anything useful.

I gestured at Janet to check out Susan's room on the second floor.

We went upstairs and carefully cracked Susan's bedroom door.

After observing for a few minutes, I found that Susan was deep in slumber and possibly entangled in a nightmare. While asleep, she kept saying, "Rita, where are you? I miss you so much."

Janet and I waited a few more moments before entering Susan's room.

I pointed at the cabinet beside Susan's bed and asked Janet to check it out. Between the two of us, she was the one who could go in and out of Susan's room without making any sort of noise.

Janet glared at me, entered the room unnaturally quietly, and opened the drawer. Then, she waved at me.

At this time, Susan rolled over. Startled, Janet hugged the floor and didn't dare to get up until she was sure that it was safe. I struggled to hold back my laughter. After making sure that Susan was still

completely out, I got Janet out of there.

When we walked out of Susan's room, I found another room on the second floor. It should be the study.

Janet and I raided it for quite a while. All we found that was interesting was a black phone.

"Let's go. We've got something now," I whispered and quickly led Janet out of the house.

When we were safe and sound inside the car, Janet put her hand over her chest and heaved a big sigh of relief. "Thank goodness we didn't get caught."

I wanted to check the phone, but it wouldn't turn on. I supposed it was out of power.

I connected the phone to a charger, and after a few minutes, its screen finally lit up.

However, my hopes got immediately squashed the moment the phone asked for a password. Janet clicked her tongue and said, "We've hit a wall. How could we possibly know the password?"

"Let me think," I muttered. After thinking for a while, I input a string of numbers and was able to unlock the phone.

"What did you enter? Rita's birthday? You actually remember her birthday?" Janet looked at me curiously.

"Yes. But it doesn't mean anything. Don't think too much," I hurried to comfort her.

"I know, but I'm still a little unhappy," she admitted and curled her lips.

I held her hand and said softly, "Don't be like that. Your birthday is my phone's password."

Janet rolled her eyes and pulled her hand away. Before she could turn away, I caught a glimpse of a smile on her lips. Shaking my head, I pulled up the phone's recent messages. The inbox was empty.

Then, I took out my phone and dialed the number that messaged Charles before. The black phone in my hand didn't ring.

After that, I checked out the phone's photos and finally got something. Most of the pictures were taken in awkward and unusual angles, and the subjects were a man and a woman I didn't recognize.

I handed the phone to Janet. She shook her head and said, "I've never seen those two people in my life. I can tell that they may be a couple or something, but other than that, nothing jumps out."

"I'll get someone to look into it," I said and sent the photos to a friend of mine who specialized in IT. I asked him if he could find a way to identify the man and the woman in the photos.

"There. Now we'll just have to wait for my friend to get back to us."

"Okay."

At this time, I noticed that Janet was a little down. I gently touched her hair and asked, "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

"I hope we find James alive and well soon. I'm getting a little tired of watching Scarlett cry."

I stretched out my arm and put it around her shoulder. "You're a good friend for sticking around for Scarlett. Don't worry, we will find James, and Charles and Scarlett will get their happy ending."

"Okay," Janet nodded and flashed me a weak smile.

After a few moments, my phone vibrated. I got a new message.

Charles's POV:

It was late at night. I was sitting in the living room of the Moore mansion and drinking alone.

Then, Richard walked in.

"I got some information."

"Lay it on me."

"We found a mobile phone in Susan's house, and it's full of photos that look like they were taken secretly. I asked someone to identify the people in the photos. The woman in the photos is Ava Blunt, Ellison Blunt's wife. The same Ellison that Susan is having an affair with. The man in the photo is Ava's lover. Ava once had a child with the said man."

I put down my glass, raised my eyebrows, and repeated, "Once had a child?"

"Yes. That little boy has been missing for a long time. He disappeared around the same time James went missing."

I leaned against the sofa and said thoughtfully, "That's ambiguous. I want to be sure. Find out the specific time that boy went missing and then report to me."

"Yes, sir."

After Richard left, I was once again lost in thought.

If James was still alive, would Scarlett and I be able to get back together?

[Chapter 310 Reunion](#)

Ellison's POV:

I called Susan and asked her to meet me at the cafe today. I had been waiting for her for quite a while now, but she still had not arrived. Just when I was about to dial her number, the door of the cafe opened. Susan walked in with an inexplicable expression. Her hair was in a mess, and she looked a little panicky.

She strode over to me the instant she saw me.

"What happened?" I asked with concern.

"Someone broke into my house yesterday," Susan answered with heavy breaths. It seem that she was still in a state of shock.

"What? Who was it?" A dreadful feeling washed over me upon hearing her response.

"I don't know. I have no cameras in my house. When I woke up this morning, I found that many things in my house had been moved. That person must have rummaged through my house while I was sleeping. I was scared shitless."

"Is there anything missing?"

"Only my old phone. Still, I'm scared. What if it happens again and, this time, they'll do something worse?" Susan patted her chest in trepidation.

"Don't worry. I'll send someone to install surveillance cameras and anti-theft locks in your house later."

"Thank you. I really want to know who that person was, though."

"Maybe it's Ava. She has long wanted to find fault with me." I clenched my fists in disdain. Good thing I did not go to Susan's house yesterday, or else Ava would have found evidence of my affair.

"Will you two really divorce?" Susan queried. She felt a little better at the mention of the divorce.

I reached out and held her hand comfortingly. "Yes, honey. I will divorce Ava, and that's final. But that's not the only thing I'll do. I'll also make sure that she leaves without a penny."

I was not stupid. I knew very well what Ava had done behind my back in the past few years. She even had a child with another man. The audacity of that woman! Of course, I would not let her take my property away.

Susan caressed the back of my hand and assured me, "Honey, I won't leave you."

I took her hand and planted a kiss on it. "Thank you for always being by my side."

A few moments later, Susan and I went to her house. I went upstairs and checked every corner. I would have someone install surveillance cameras here first thing tomorrow. All of a sudden, I heard violent knocks on the door downstairs. I had a bad feeling that something was about to happen.

I rushed out of the room and ran to the second flight of the stairs. But before I could walk down the stairs, Susan was already at the door.

"Susan, don't open the door!" I shouted at the top of my lungs.

However, it was too late. Susan's scream rang in my ears, and she vanished into thin air.

My heart missed a beat, and my blood ran cold. Without wasting any second, I took out my phone and dialed 911. I reported what had happened the instant the call connected. "Hello. My friend was kidnapped. The location is..."

I figured that I should not stay here. But just as I pushed the door open, several tall men who were standing outside looked at me with a cunning smile.

My intuition told me that something worse was yet to come. Just as I was about to call for help, a man suddenly covered my mouth with one hand and strangled me with the other.

I could not breathe, and I was starting to feel lightheaded. The next thing I knew, everything went black.

Scarlett's POV:

While I was working on the draft in the study, someone knocked on the door. I turned around and saw William enter.

"What's the matter?"

"Scarlett, I want to take you somewhere," William answered. Judging from his solemn expression, I had a rough idea about what was about to happen. Tears welled up in my eyes at the thought of this.

William drove me to a place I had never been before. Although I was not familiar with the scenery along the way, I already knew where he was taking me.

The car stopped beside a villa. William opened the door and helped me get off. "I have been keeping you in the dark before. I said I had something important to deal with in the company. In fact, I came here all the time."

William took me to the gate of the villa. When he opened the door, I saw the one whom I had been missing day and night.

I ran into the room quickly, and complex emotions surged up in my heart. I cried again. But this time it was not because of the guilt and self-blame after the nightmare, but the tears of joy after our reunion.

"James, Mommy is here." James was sitting on a kid's chair. When he heard my voice, he raised his head and looked at me.

He had changed since the last time I saw him. Right now, he was wearing a red coat with golden fur on the hem. He looked as handsome and cute as how I remembered him.

At first, he just blinked in confusion. But then, his eyes slowly widened when he recognized me.
"Mommy!"

I held him tightly in my arms. "James, I missed you so much," I sobbed, my eyes brimming with tears.

"Mommy, don't cry." James reached out and wiped the tears off my face.

"I'm not crying."

All of a sudden, my phone rang. With James in one hand, I took out my phone with the other.

It was Charles.

I hung up on him without a second thought. But after two seconds, he called me again. I was hesitant at first, but I decided to answer him in the end. I signaled William to take care of James, and then I walked to the corner to answer the call.

"Scarlett, James is still alive. I'm certain William is hiding him.

Be careful, Scarlett. I'm on my way to Kitsap."

"Who are you? I don't understand what you're talking about." I tried my best to be cold to Charles, but tears were steaming down my face.

"Scarlett, please don't do this to me. James is still alive. Isn't that great news?"

"Sorry. You dialed the wrong number." I hung up the phone as soon as I finished speaking. I was afraid that I would not be able to put up an act anymore if Charles said one more word. His voice made me want to rush to him and cry in his arms.

William walked over with James and asked with concern, "Did Charles call you just now?"

I turned around and wiped my tears away. "Yes," I answered in a low voice.

I could not let James see the pitiful look on my face.

"So... what are you going to do?"

"William, nothing will change. I won't blame you," I answered while looking into his eyes. I had made up my mind.

"Thank you." William looked a little surprised. It seemed that he did not expect something like this from me.

"James, let's go home!" I took my son over and pressed my cheek against his chubby little face.

For me, all that mattered was that I was with my little angel again. As for the other things, I did not want to think about them anymore, nor would I let them bother me again.