

Warning 311

[Chapter 311 Take Them Away](#)

Janet's POV:

Richard and I managed to catch Ava.

"Ava's child is just the same age as James. When James disappeared, someone took her child away as well. Chances are, the child who fell into the sea wasn't James!" I grabbed Richard's hand, hopeful that this would be the case.

He nodded at me and replied, "Ellison has also admitted that he conspired with Susan to kill Ava's child."

At long last, the truth had come to light. James was still very much alive. Richard and I both heaved a sigh of relief.

But right now, Charles was probably the happiest of all. Now that he was certain James was still alive, a storm seemed to be brewing in his eyes and an unfathomable emotion appeared on his face.

Ever since his child died and Scarlett left, he had been living like a soulless puppet. It was only in this moment that he finally returned to his old self.

"Richard, tell the elders in my family that James is still alive," said Charles.

"Yes, sir! But what about you? What are you going to do?" asked Richard.

"I'm going to Kitsap to bring James and Scarlett back with me."

His former decisive and vigorous personality had returned. He was like a general who had been reborn, swearing to regain his lost territory. The wind blew against his coat, causing it to flutter along with the wind and making him look like a king.

Richard and I went back to the Moore mansion. There, we found that everyone was gathered in the living room.

Alice was sitting on the sofa with a heavy heart, while Lawrence was walking back and forth in the living room. Meanwhile, Michael and Christine were anxiously sitting on the other end of the sofa, agitated.

The moment I walked in, everyone looked at me. Their eyes displayed just how hopeful they were to hear of any good news.

After taking a deep breath, I said, "James is still alive."

The room fell silent for a moment. Lawrence's knees went weak, causing him to stagger backwards and fall onto a chair. His reaction was followed by Alice's whimpering.

Christine struggled to get up, staring into my eyes. "Wait... did you just say that my dearest great-grandson is still alive? Are you serious?"

"Mom, did you hear that? James is still alive. Thank God!" Alice cried.

Christine wept with joy as she asked me and Richard, "How is James doing now? Where on earth is he? Has Charles found him already?"

"Don't worry, Madame. Our boss is already on his way to Kitsap to look for James. I'm positive that he'll be able to find the boy soon," I said.

"Great! Charles is already on the case. It's only a matter of time until we find James!" Even Michael couldn't hide his joy. He was earnestly nodding affirmatively.

"But what about Scarlett? Does she know that James is still alive?" Christine asked, looking at me expectantly.

"Perhaps the boss will call her and tell her the good news in person," I responded.

"Oh, thank God! Our little angel is still alive! Perhaps this is a sign that they can be together again, and give James a complete and happy family," replied Christine.

"Of course. Scarlett loves James so much. Even if it's just for the sake of the child, I'm sure she'll come back," I added.

All of a sudden, the excitement on Alice's face disappeared. She appeared to be thinking of something. And then, she looked up at me. "Janet, you said that Scarlett has given birth to twins, right?"

I wasn't sure how I should answer the question, for I was conflicted if I should tell them the truth.

"Have you seen them with your own eyes?" Alice asked tentatively.

"I haven't." I shook my head, letting out a sigh. I kept my promise to Scarlett, and decided not to tell them that she didn't really lose her memory.

"Then, what did Scarlett say? Tell me!" said Alice.

"All Scarlett has told me is that she has twins now and that they're less than a month old," I responded.

"They're less than a month old? That's odd. So she really got pregnant after she left?" Christine

murmured. "Does she really lose her memory and be with William?"

I just now realized that they were suspecting that the twins were actually my boss' children.

Truthfully, I didn't get to see Scarlett's kids when I met with her.

I wasn't sure how old the babies were.

"Let's try not to worry about other things for now. We're fortunate that James is still alive, and the important thing is that we get him back," suggested Michael. Upon hearing his words, nobody dared to bring up the topic again, and the whole family was excited about the good news again.

I was really happy for them, but I was still worried about Scarlett.

After walking out of the villa, I called Tracy.

"Hello, Tracy. Where is Scarlett? Is she aware that James is still alive?" I asked.

"Wait, what? James is still alive?" I heard Tracy's shocked voice over the phone.

Her question left me confused. 'Why hasn't the boss told Scarlett?' I wondered.

"You don't know it yet? The boss should've informed you already," I responded.

"I'm not sure if he has spoken to Scarlett. She went out with William earlier this morning," said Tracy.

"She went out?"

I had a bad feeling about this.

'Shit! Did William take action before my boss could?

No! I have to tell him right away!'

Charles' POV:

After finding out that James was still alive, I hurried to Kitsap and set an appointment with William at once.

Inside a private room, I sat across him.

"Charles, are you here to tell me that you'll agree to divorce Scarlett?"

William was so arrogant. His provocations didn't faze me, and I said nothing. I just poured him a glass of

wine. The scarlet liquid slowly flowed into the crystal glass, and my sullen face was reflected on it.

"Why are you pouring wine for me? Are you planning to poison me?" William picked up the glass and took a sip. He gave me a nod, and then he mocked me with that smug face of his.

"If I wanted to kill you, I wouldn't need to poison you."

"Oh, that's right. The impervious Mr. Moore has always been a strait-laced and law-abiding man. You're even indifferent to the death of your own son."

His words were like a knife, jabbing into my heart. This pain was something that I would never forget.

"Rita is still alive, isn't she?"

The sardonic smile on William's face disappeared. Then, he nodded in response. "Yes, I've heard about that, too. But even if her body isn't in the coffin, that doesn't mean she's still alive. Her heart has been taken away. There's no way she's still alive."

"If she can undergo and survive a heart transplant once, chances are, it can happen again. William, is Scarlett aware that you've struck a deal with Susan?"

I swiveled my glass, staring at the swirling red wine inside. William fell silent, wearing a smirk.

It was then that something dawned on me. "So, have you told Scarlett everything?"

William raised his eyebrows and said nothing. Gradually, my heart sank.

I had thought that I would win the battle this time, for I had enough evidence to prove that William had betrayed Scarlett. I was really confident that I could get her back. After all, she really hated deception and betrayal above all else.

'If he's already told Scarlett the truth, what kind of relationship do they have now?' I couldn't seem to figure it out.

"Why would I tell her anything? Have you forgotten that Scarlett has lost all her memory?"

William's words had struck a nerve in me. I wasn't sure if Scarlett had really lost her memories, and that was why I was so conflicted right now.

"Did Scarlett really lose her memory?"

"Of course! Otherwise, why would she have children with me?"

"Is that so? You're a sly dog, William. You managed to take Susan away before I could take action, but

there's one thing you failed to take into account. Her lover, Ellison, knows everything."

William's hand holding the glass had been frozen in midair. He put down the glass and crossed his arms. At this moment, I was certain that I had won.

"This time, I'm here to take Scarlett and James home."

"Do you really believe she'll agree to go with you? She and I have children together. She's not going to leave our kids behind!" William looked at me dead in the eye.

"Children? Do you mean the twins? I've never even seen them in person. What makes you think I'll believe your crap?"

Silence ensued in the room. Moments later, I gave him an ultimatum. "William, I'm going to say this just once. If you hand over my wife and son, I'm willing to let bygones be bygones."

"Hell no," William refused firmly.

"I've already given you a warning. I implore you to choose wisely."

I gulped down the wine in my glass, stood up, and walked away.

'If he refuses to hand them over, I'm going to take them away by force!'

[Chapter 312 Put On An Act](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I was lulling my babies to sleep when, suddenly, my phone rang. In fear that the sound would wake the kids up, I immediately reached out to check it. Someone had messaged me on Facebook.

I clicked on the notification to see who it was, but it was anonymous. However, I knew that it was Charles. He did not even change his screen name and profile picture.

I turned my phone off without even answering his message and then turned around to lie in bed. The twins were sleeping soundly in the crib next to me. They were almost holding hands, and their round faces were flushed. The sight of them made my heart melt.

But the more I gazed at them, the more I saw that they resembled someone. That person was the most outstanding work of God. His dashing eyebrows and starry eyes looked very similar, if not identical, to the twins'.

The next morning, I awoke to William gently nudging me.

"Scarlett, I have an appointment with Charles later this day. I'm afraid you have to cooperate with me to make him believe that you've really lost your memory."

I thought for a while and then nodded in agreement. Although I did not want to see Charles again, I knew very well that he would not let me go if I did not disappoint him.

At the thought of this, I got up and started dressing up. I wore a beautiful dress, put on delicate makeup, and forced a smile. I would do what it took to make Charles believe I was happy without him.

William and I went to a restaurant for dinner. While I was sitting in the private room, I heard footsteps approaching from outside. It was now time to put on an act.

I leaned against William and acted like a spoiled woman. "Honey, I don't want to see a man I don't even know."

"Relax, darling. It's just a meal."

"Still. Why should I have dinner with another man? I'm your wife."

William pulled me closer by my waist and held my hand.

"Honey, Mr. Moore thinks that you have an uncanny resemblance with his wife. In fact, he insists that you're his wife. Just have dinner with him, and he'll eventually realize you're not her. Then, everything will be over, and he'll stop bothering you. I'm sorry to put you through this. I promise I'll make it up to you when we get home."

"Fine. Just make sure you behave well at home, especially in bed," I retorted with a sweet smile.

The footsteps outside stopped. A few seconds later, a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in."

Charles pushed the door open and walked in. When he saw that William and I were very close, he stiffened and reckoned, "It seems that I came at the wrong time."

He was wearing a black Armani shirt, and attached to it was the latest Cartier rose brooch. What was more, his hair was sleek. We had not seen each other for a year. And yet, he was still as neat and handsome as the last time. He reminded me of Apollo, the God of the Sun in Roman mythology.

However, it appeared that he had become thinner and tanned. He used to be energetic, but he now seemed glum and depressed. In the past, I could read his thoughts, but not anymore.

My heart, which I presumed dead for more than a year, started beating once again. As I tried my best to suppress the perturbation in my heart, the smile on my face disappeared.

"Darling, is this the man you were talking about?" I asked William. I then turned to look at Charles from head to toe with feigned disgust.

Charles, however, did not seem to care about my attitude. He even walked towards me and asked with a playful smile, "You can get closer to me. That way, you can see me more clearly."

He moved closer to me, and I unconsciously leaned back.

I clung to William's arm in bewilderment.

"Stay away from me. I don't want to have dinner with you," I said crossly.

William patted my hand comfortingly. "Darling, that's rude. Don't worry. I'm here with you. I won't leave you."

I nodded reluctantly.

"Are you not mad anymore? Come on. Let's eat now. I don't want to starve you."

Charles did not say a word and just stared at William and me with a piercing gaze. I stood up, and, to my surprise, he walked over and pulled up the chair for me.

"I don't want to sit on the chair you touched. I want my husband to pull it up for me."

Charles's hands, which were on the back of the chair, froze. He then stared at me with his deep eyes, which terrified me.

Fortunately, William helped me out just in time. "Let me do that for you, darling. Now, sit down."

While holding William's arm, I stared daggers at Charles before proceeding to sit on the chair.

This was just the beginning. I knew it would not be easy to convince Charles that I had lost my memory.

Charles's POV:

Scarlett and William sat close to each other as if no one was around.

I could only comfort myself silently. I was certain that this was a show to make me give up.

Of course, that would never happen. At this moment, I tried to be as objective as I could so that I would find clues that would prove that Scarlett did not lose her memory. But when I heard her call another

man 'honey', I almost lost control of myself. I was green with envy.

The waiter served the dishes shortly after. A scrumptious feast was in front of me, yet I had no appetite to eat.

"Darling, have some of this cherry foie gras. It's their signature dish." William scooped a spoonful of the said dish and brought it to Scarlett's mouth.

"Aww. Honey, you're so sweet."

She opened her mouth and took a bite. Her cheeks bulged up as she chewed like an adorable squirrel. And when she had swallowed the food, she smiled with satisfaction.

I fell into a trance. Scarlett was a reserved person when I met her. She never showed such a rich expression with other people. It was as if the Scarlett in front of me was a different person.

Could memory loss change a person completely?

Scarlett kept talking while we ate. Sometimes, she would ask William to pick up some food for her. Other times, she would ask him to help her wipe her mouth. It was like she had forgotten I was sitting next to her.

But then, I noticed something strange. Scarlett only looked at William and never at me. It seemed that she was averting her gaze on purpose.

At this moment, she forked a slice of steak and brought it to William's mouth. "Honey, here, have this steak. It's so delicious!"

"There's someone here," William replied with an awkward smile.

Scarlett turned to look at me and saw that I had not touched my food. "Don't you like the food I ordered?" she asked with a frown.

"I like it."

"Then why aren't you eating?"

I did not know what to say, so I took a few bites of food to appease her.

Nevertheless, Scarlett appeared dissatisfied. She pouted at William and complained in a hushed voice, "He's not a little boy. Why does he need to be reminded to eat? Our babies can do better than him."

Her words brought a pang to my heart. At the thought of James, my chest tightened, and I felt a lump in my throat. I could not swallow, and I felt like I was going to choke on the meat.

I endured it. When I had finally managed to swallow, I wiped my mouth with a napkin.

"May I ask when you two have had babies?" I asked, hoping to catch them in the act.

William smiled and tucked Scarlett's hair behind her ear. "To be honest, we didn't plan on having kids this soon. We wanted to wait until she completely recovered. But, damn. She's so attractive that I couldn't help myself. I actually feel guilty about that matter. Her pregnancy must've been very difficult."

"It's okay, honey. Look at us. We have two lovely children. They make me happy and content." Scarlett nestled in William's arms as she spoke. Anyone who could see them would think that they were a happy couple.

I held my glass of wine tighter and tighter. God knew how hard it was to stop myself from pulling Scarlett away from William's arms.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have made love with you when you were still weak," William said while looking into Scarlett's eyes guiltily.

Scarlett brought her index finger to his lips, hushing him. "You're my husband. I would love to satisfy your needs. Or maybe... are you saying that you should've asked someone to help you with that?"

"Of course not. You're the only one I want."

They gazed into each other's eyes and smiled as if nothing else mattered.

As if their lingering gaze was not enough to torture me, Scarlett said something to rub salt into my wound. "Honey, I'm done. Let's go home now," she coquettishly said in William's arms.

William turned to me and said, "We're going now."

"But I'm not done yet." I took a bite of my food leisurely to buy some time.

"Ah!" Scarlett suddenly screamed and stood up. "I'm sorry. I have to go to the restroom."

With her hands on her chest, she ran out of the room.

What was wrong with her?

I stood up as well to follow her. But before I could take a step, William stopped me.

"Don't follow her. She's going to pump some milk. Do you understand?"

Understand? Of course, I did. I was a father.

It just meant that it was time to breastfeed her kids...

My throat tightened at the thought of this.

I refused to believe that Scarlett had had babies with William.

Despite his warning, I followed her out of the room.

[Chapter 313 Escape](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I was wiping my clothes blankly beside the sink, thinking of how to escape from this place as soon as possible.

All of a sudden, I saw Charles walking towards me from the mirror.

Frightened, I turned around and stammered, "This is the ladies' room. Please... leave."

Ignoring me, Charles walked closer towards me with a faint smile on his lips. "The ladies' room is inside. This is just a shared sink for people to wash their hands."

"What do you think you're doing here? I'm warning you not to do something stupid. Behave yourself!" His sudden appearance here did not even cross my mind, and it made me panic.

Seemingly having sensed my intention to escape, Charles blocked my path. "Scarlett, I just want to talk to you properly."

"I have nothing to say to a stranger. Sorry, but my husband is still waiting for me." I wanted to walk past him, but he wouldn't give me a chance and he forced me into a corner.

Seeing that I couldn't get rid of him, I was forced to shout at him. "Why are you always badgering me?"

"Because you are my wife." Charles leaned over, intending to kiss me.

In a moment of desperation, I blurted out, "Is your wife dead or something? Why are you mistaking a stranger for your wife?"

Charles was left stupefied when he heard what I said. And to be honest, I regretted saying those words.

"She's not dead, and she has no intention of dying. Especially because our son is still alive. If she knew that our little angel is still alive, she would never want to die!" He then stared at me for a long time before looking away.

Even though he wasn't looking at me right now, I could tell that he was talking to me. My heart was overcome with guilt, and I almost broke into tears.

'Don't you get it, Charles? Everything has changed now,' I thought to myself bitterly.

"I'm going home." I held back my tears and tried to push him away. But still, he wouldn't budge, and even held my arm tightly.

Trying my best to restrain my flaring emotions, I said through gritted teeth, "Let go of me!"

Charles' face had turned grim. He refused to let me go. "I will not!" he said, tightening his grip on my arm.

"I'm warning you just this once; let me go, or else I'm going to call for help."

He laughed at my response. "Go ahead! Call for help if you want to. You're my legal wife. Nobody would dare to meddle in our affair!"

I bit my lower lip, pushing him away with all of my strength. "I said, let me go!"

Completely losing his patience, Charles pulled me towards him and raised his voice. "Scarlett, that's enough!"

I was really angry as well, but mostly saddened. I didn't want to waste my time on him anymore, so I desperately tried to get away from him. At this point, tears were streaming down my cheeks.

"There's no need to cry," said Charles, embracing me tightly.

He still wore the same cologne as before, mixed with the faint scent of tobacco. This smell was familiar and pleasant to me. Now, I could no longer hold back my tears.

I pinched my thigh in an attempt to regain my rationality. "For the last time, let me go! I need to go back and find my husband!"

Charles raised his chin proudly. "I am your husband!"

"Look, sir, I don't know you! How many times am I going to say this? William? William, help! There's a lunatic here!" I began hitting him as I cried, just so I could force him to let me go.

"Scarlett, I'm begging you. Look at me. It's me, Charles. I know you hate me now, but I will never give up. No matter how long it takes, I'm willing to wait until you find it in your heart to forgive me."

At last, he let go of me, only to wipe my tears away. However, I quickly turned around, grabbed a tissue by the sink, and used it to wipe my face. Then, I looked at him again and said, "I really don't know who

you are. William is my husband. He and I have lovely twins together."

This time, I could see the pain in Charles' eyes when he looked at me.

Never had I once seen him act this way before. His once steely gaze was now filled with sadness.

"I'm going home to feed my kids. Please get out of my way."

While Charles was dazed, I quickly moved past him and ran towards the room.

The moment I saw William, I rushed to his side. "Let's go home, William."

He then wiped the tears on my face and nodded. "Sure, my love. Let's go home."

I dared not delay anymore, so I took his hand and left the restaurant at once.

When we got to the car, I let go of William's hand and turned around. Seeing that Charles didn't follow us out, I felt relieved.

Soon, William started the car. I looked outside the window, unable to calm my nerves for a long time.

"Are you okay?" asked William.

"Yeah. I'm okay."

"Um... what happened to that?" William pointed at my chest.

"Oh, this? I did this on purpose," I said, putting on a smile. I just wanted to escape from Charles as soon as possible.

"Do you think he bought it?"

"It doesn't matter if he bought it or not. I'll never see him again, anyway." Right after I said that, I felt my heart ache. I was so scared that Charles would take James away from me. I had already lost my little boy once. I wasn't going to allow anyone to take him away from me again.

Moments later, I said, "William, I wanna leave here as soon as possible."

"Why?" William slowed the car down, staring at me in disbelief.

"It frightens me that Charles is getting suspicious of us." I was certain that Charles already had his suspicions.

"But, we don't have to leave the city, right? You and James can just live at another house," William

replied, speeding the car up again.

This time, I didn't say anything. Truthfully, I was already planning to go to a more remote place. That way, Charles wouldn't find us so easily.

Upon our arrival at home, I saw how James left Tracy's arms and ran towards us. While running, he repeatedly shouted, "Mom! Dad!"

This past year, James had thought of William as his father.

"Come here, James. Let me hug you," William said as he picked up James.

James nestled in his arms obediently. As he touched William's face, he asked, "Dad, where did you and Mom go?"

"Well, Daddy took Mommy out for dinner. I'll be sure to take you with us next time. I promise."

"Okay!" James answered in a sweet voice. Upon hearing that, I felt sad, because I couldn't bring myself to tell him that William wasn't his dad.

It was then that I took James from William's arms. "Come here, my love. Let me hug you."

William kindly reminded me, "Be careful, honey. Your shoulder hasn't completely healed yet."

"Got it. I'll be careful. Thanks for taking care of me all the time, William."

"So, are you still planning to leave?" he asked.

"Yes. If I don't leave now, I might be too late."

I stared at Tracy and saw the confusion in her eyes. "Pack up our stuff. We need to go right now."

"Where are we going?"

"To France! And soon!" I exclaimed.

William stopped me. "Scarlett, if you're really determined to leave, I'm coming with you."

"Not necessary," I replied.

"How are you supposed to take care of all three kids alone? Okay, here's an idea. I'll accompany you to France first. If you want me there with you, I'll stay. But if you decide against it, I'll go home immediately."

William's words moved me, so I decided not to reject his kind offer.

At this moment, I heard a familiar cold voice coming from behind me. "Sorry, but I can't let you take my son away!"

[Chapter 314 A Father And Son's Reunion](#)

Charles' POV:

At a glance, I recognized the little boy in Scarlett's arms. It was my dear son, James.

A year had passed, and he had grown up a bit. He looked a lot like me now.

Some part of me thought that I'd never see my son again, but I didn't expect that God would be kind enough to bring him back to me.

Sadly, the woman I loved so much, the mother of my child, wanted to take James away from me. What kind of cruel twist of fate was this?

I stared at Scarlett with a fierce gaze, waiting for her explanation. However, she just covered James' face in a fit of panic, and averting her gaze from me.

I felt as though my heart was being torn from inside, and the pain made my hands tremble.

"James will come with me. And you, Scarlett, I'm giving you two choices. You can either come back to me or stay here with William. Make your choice. Now."

I suppressed my heartache and pretended to be calm. Even though I was the one who gave her such a cruel choice, I was secretly hoping that she would choose to come home with me and James. But sadly, she let me down again.

"Charles, don't force me to do this!" Scarlett roared.

Once again, my heart was shattered.

"Charles, why do you have to make everyone feel bad?" William stood in front of Scarlett, acting like a knight who was merely guarding a princess, while I was the dragon attempting to whisk the princess away.

Anger flowed through my veins, and all my rationality was slowly being torn from my body.

"That's a ridiculous question. I am James' biological father, and I will not let anyone take my son away from me!"

I stared into Scarlett's eyes and said, "Make your choice, Scarlett. Do you want to go back with me and James or give up the baby and stay here with him? I'm giving you a minute to think about it."

As I spoke, I stared at my wristwatch and added, "Your time starts now."

Tears welled up in Scarlett's eyes. She held James tightly while staring at me bitterly.

"Charles, you don't really love James," she said.

'That's ridiculous!' I exclaimed inwardly. She claimed that I didn't love my son, but the day I lost him, my entire world collapsed around me. For countless nights, I woke up screaming because of the same recurring nightmare. As long as I could have him back, I was willing to do just about anything.

'She has no right to doubt my love for James!'

"Scarlett, stop trying to buy time. No matter what you say, James is my son and he's the heir of the Moore family. I must take him home!"

Scarlett turned around, intending to escape along with James. However, I wasn't going to let her get what she wanted.

"Stop her!"

As soon as I issued the command, several of my men surrounded her, leaving Scarlett no way to escape.

"Tracy, bring James to me."

Tracy was left stupefied. She was hesitant to do as I asked of her, and in the end, she decided against it.

"Do you really have to do this?" asked Scarlett. I could see the resentment in her eyes when she said those words.

"I've already told you that if you don't want to be apart from James, you can go home with us."

With a face devoid of emotion, I stared at Scarlett, clenching my fists. This was the second time I had given her a chance to decide. My palms were sweating as I silently prayed that she'd choose to compromise for the sake of our child.

But to my chagrin, she didn't say anything. She just glared at me, holding James tightly.

With every passing second, my patience was wearing thin. Annoyed, I shouted at Tracy, "Did you not hear me, Tracy? I said bring me my child!"

"Mr. Moore, Scarlett has just reunited with James. Are you really going to be so heartless as to separate them?" Tracy stammered.

'Scarlett just reunited with James?' I asked inwardly.

It turned out that William had only told Scarlett the truth not long ago.

He had been hiding James for a year, and he had been lying to her for the same amount of time. 'The truth has come to light, and yet she doesn't hate William? Didn't she hate deception and betrayal the most? He betrayed her trust, and yet she still chooses to be with him? She's even willing to give James up for him! Has Scarlett really fallen in love with William?' I wondered.

She was willing to give up everything we had for many years for a person who had been lying to her. 'What was I to her?' I thought bitterly.

I felt as though I had fallen into the frozen tundra of the Arctic Ocean. The cold penetrated deep into my flesh and bones, and it froze my very soul and beating heart.

I shot Tracy a cold glance once more. "If you don't bring James to me, I will banish Janet from the country. Make your choice!"

Tracy looked at me in disbelief. "Mr. Moore, you..."

"I said make your damn choice!" My gaze did not waver as I waited for her to make a decision.

At last, Tracy looked down and decided to concede.

"Yes, Mr. Moore."

She walked towards Scarlett, step by step.

James sensed the tense atmosphere and he held onto Scarlett tightly. "Mom," he whispered uneasily.

"Can't you wait until James has fallen asleep before you take him away?"

Scarlett asked, looking at me with hopeful eyes.

I didn't want to let myself feel pity for her, so I said, "No."

"Scarlett, I'm so sorry." Tracy's voice was choked by her sobbing.

"Take good care of James."

Scarlett handed James to Tracy. The latter nodded, and embraced the child with pity in her eyes.

The moment he was handed to Tracy, the boy struggled to break free from her grasp. "Mommy! Mommy!"

The little boy broke into tears. At this point, Scarlett was trembling. In the end, she had to let go of James' hand, albeit reluctantly.

"Let's go," I said. William embraced Scarlett as she trembled in his arms. Then, he turned his attention towards me. "Charles, you'll regret this one day."

'Regret? I will never regret over someone that doesn't deserve it.'

Tracy came over to my side, carrying James. Then, I took him from her as my arms trembled slightly.

James' body felt warm to the touch, and it was enough to bring me some comfort.

Just now, he was crying desperately, but now that I was holding him, he had quieted down. And as I held him tightly, I began to walk away.

It was then that I heard someone crying from behind. The sound of her cries were like a knife, cutting my heart open.

As Tracy followed behind me, she looked back from time to time.

"Mr. Moore, are you really going to take James away from Scarlett?"

"What do you mean 'take him away'? James is my son. She's the one who wanted to take him from me!"

Having said that, I looked at my son as he nestled in my arms. It had been a year, but I had finally gotten my dearest son back. This time, I wasn't going to let anyone take him from me again.

"But Scarlett can't live without James as well," Tracy protested.

"Fine," I said, interrupting Tracy's plea. "If you feel pity for her and want to stay with her, go ahead. I won't stop you. But you have to remember who your real boss is."

Tracy fell into silence.

Not waiting for her to respond, I got into the car with James.

"Let's go."

Slowly, my car drove away and I was moving further and further away from Scarlett. As I looked at the passing scenery outside the window, sadness overcame my heart. Perhaps she and I would be strangers

forever from now on.

Now, only James was left with me.

Meanwhile, the boy sat quietly in my arms. I stroked his hair and asked in a trembling voice, "Do you remember who I am, James?"

I stared at my son intently. Some said that children weren't able to remember too many things. I was scared that my son had forgotten me, his incompetent father.

James looked at me blankly for a long time, before he replied with uncertainty, "Dad?"

Within an instant, tears welled up in my eyes. "Say that again, my boy."

"Dad,"

James said in a sobbing tone.

"Oh, my beloved son! Dad is here with you and we'll never be apart again!"

[Chapter 315 Scarlett And I Are Over](#)

Charles's POV:

I took James back to the Moore mansion.

The moment we got out of the car, Grandma walked over to welcome us.

She rushed to James and hugged him with eyes brimming with tears.

"My dear James, you're finally back! Let me have a closer look at you."

James froze in Grandma's arms. It seemed that he did not know what to do, so he looked at me for help.

"Dad..."

My heart ached to see James wary of his own great-grandmother. So with a gentle smile, I stroked his hair. "James, this is your great-grandma. Do you remember her now?"

Upon hearing this, James turned around and threw himself into Grandma's arms.

"You're such a precious little boy. I'm so happy that you're back." Grandma burst into tears now that her great-grandson was in her arms once again.

Meanwhile, Grandpa, who was standing behind Grandma, patted James on the head and tearfully said,

"I, too, am happy that you're back."

Grandma gazed at my son with longing. "This child grows quite fast. I haven't seen him for a year, but he has grown up."

At this time, my mother rushed over with red and teary eyes. She took James from Grandma's arms and coaxed him for a while.

"James, I'm your grandma. Do you still remember me? You were still a baby when you left us. My dear child, can you call me Grandma?"

James stared at my mother for a long time. Everyone held their breaths as they waited if he would call her "Grandma" or not. To their astonishment, the little boy suddenly laughed and shouted, "Mom!"

All of a sudden, the world seemed to have quieted down, and all I could hear was James shouting "Mom!" in the background.

My heart began to ache again. Although this reunion should bring joy to me, I did not feel anything but desolation.

"Mom, please take care of James. I need to rest."

With that, I went upstairs with heavy steps and heart.

The moment I entered my room, I collapsed on the bed, both physically and mentally exhausted. This very same room was filled with good memories with Scarlett. But now, it was empty and lonely.

I massaged my forehead as I felt a headache coming on. My mind was buzzing because of what I had seen earlier. The memory of when Scarlett nestled in William's arms kept crossing my mind over and over again.

Later that night, a knock came at the door.

It was my mother. She had come to my room to bring my dinner.

"Charles, are you alright?"

"I'm fine. Just a little tired," I answered in a hoarse voice.

She placed the tray of food on the table. But instead of turning around to leave, she stared at me for a moment and then asked, "Charles, is Scarlett really with William?"

"Yes. Scarlett and I are over."

A deafening silence filled the air.

A few moments later, my mother sighed and said, "Maybe this is what they call 'fate'. You and Scarlett are not destined to be together. Charles, for the sake of your sanity, don't force her to come back anymore. It's best if you two live your own separate lives in the future."

Her words echoed in my ears. It was not until this moment that I realized that my relationship with Scarlett was really over.

The next few days went by in a blur. I was like a zombie—barely getting by. I just did my routine just like I always had.

I would go to work in the morning as the CEO of the Moore Group and come home in the evening as James's father.

Nothing changed in my daily life. That was until I saw Nancy loitering around my car one day.

She was wearing a white chiffon dress, and her long dark hair was tied up with a green lace hairband. The hemline of her dress danced in the wind, making her look like a blooming little white flower.

"Come here," I ordered.

The moment Nancy saw me, her eyes lit up, and she quickly walked up to me.

"Charles, you're off duty!" she exclaimed.

There was undisguised admiration in her eyes as she looked at me.

Ironically, the woman whom I had just known for a short time would wait for me no matter how long. On the other hand, the one whom I had devoted my heart to had chosen to abandon our child and me. She must be in his new man's arms right now.

In that case, why should I restrain myself? I looked at Nancy and asked with a faint smile, "Are you waiting for me?"

She blushed and lowered her head shyly. "Yes."

"Alright then. Get in the car."

I opened the door for her. However, she just looked at me with eyes wide in shock.

"Don't you want to come with me?" I asked in confusion.

"Of course! I would love to." Nancy nodded violently. Without further ado, she sat on the passenger seat with a beaming smile.

Nancy did not stop talking the whole ride. I could smell her strong, pungent perfume in the driver's seat, which made my head hurt. I did not speak in the car and tried my best to be patient. However, my veins stood out on the back of my hands, betraying me.

I took Nancy to Mint Bar.

As soon as I walked in, I came across Spencer and Vivian. Surprise was written all over their faces when they saw Nancy and me together.

"Someone's wife has just left for a year, but he couldn't wait to hook up with another woman. If my memory serves me right, you two haven't divorce, am I right? Who is this lady? Is she your mistress? Or perhaps, just a plaything?" Vivian asked in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

Nancy's face went white as a sheet. She pursed her lips and stared daggers at Vivian.

Without even bothering to defend Nancy, I turned to her and said, "Have a seat somewhere. I'll come to you later."

I went upstairs and walked into a private room. David, who was sitting on the sofa, nodded at me in greeting. Spencer joined us shortly after.

"Charles, what have you done? Why did you bring Nancy here?"

I took a cigar from David and lit it. "Nothing. She happened to be there when I was bored, so I took her out for fun."

David looked at me incredulously. "For fun?! Are you fucking serious?"

"Serious? Don't worry. It's just a one-night stand at most." I smiled bitterly and took a deep drag on the cigar. I then let all the smoke out in a puff.

Both David and Spencer gasped in disbelief.

"Charles, calm down. You shouldn't act on impulse," David advised with a frown.

"Calm down? Oh, I've been very calm. My friends, life is short. We should enjoy our life as much as we could. Besides, I have needs that need to be sated. You should try it too. It's good for your health."

"Charles, can you even hear yourself? You'll let Scarlett down!" Spencer bellowed.

"Scarlett? She's busy snuggling in her sweetheart's arms."

"Stop being so reckless and instead restrain yourself. What if Scarlett and William are just acting?" David earnestly advised.

"Yeah. You'll regret it one day," Spencer echoed.

Acting? A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth upon hearing this. I did not see even a hint of hesitation on Scarlett's face when she called that bastard "honey" in front of me.

"That's enough. From now on, nobody is allowed to mention her name. If one of you does, I won't hesitate to cut ties with you at once."

I snuffed out my cigar in the ashtray and leaned against the sofa as soon as I finished speaking.

"You... You're impossible!" Spencer was so mad that his face had turned red. Enraged, he stood up and left without looking back.

David's gaze shifted from Spencer's receding figure and then to me.

He picked up a glass, poured me a glass of whiskey, and earnestly said, "Charles, I know Scarlett has deeply hurt you. But as your friend, let me remind you that you should think twice before you act. Otherwise, there's nothing else you can do when you have to redeem yourself."

I scoffed. Redeem myself? I would never do that stupid thing again.

Spencer's POV:

Charles's behavior and attitude baffled me. In a fit of anger, I walked out of the private room. I happened to see Nancy sitting in the corner and looking around as if searching for something... or someone.

What a shame.

I walked over and sat next to her. This was the first time I had a good look at her.

Her waist was not slender enough, her breasts were not big enough, and her buttocks were not upturned enough. Most importantly, she was not as beautiful as Scarlett. I wondered why Charles had taken a fancy to her.

"Are you waiting for Charles?"

Nancy nodded obediently and answered, "Yes."

I could not help but laugh sardonically. "Men nowadays don't like women who are too easy. The easier it is to get something, the less they will cherish it."

Nancy looked at me confusedly.

"All I'm saying is that you should stop pestering Charles. What are you even waiting for? Are you waiting for him to take you home? Do you want to sleep with him? He said himself that what you've had is just one-night stand at most."

"Charles won't say such a thing!" Nancy retorted with a red face.

"Trust me. Only men know what other men are thinking. Just like your brother Nicholas. He brought home different women every night for sex and forget about them the next day. Haven't you learned something from that? Think about it. If you don't let Charles get you in just a snap of his fingers, he'll keep thinking about you. No, he'll be obsessed with you. And when that happens, it's safe to say that you've won his heart. Isn't that great?"

Nancy was still a young woman. Although she did not fully understand what I had said, she believed it.

I could not help but smile in amusement when I saw her face light up in delight. Just as I had expected, my eloquence had once again inveigled someone.

[Chapter 316 Divorce Agreemen](#)

Charles' POV:

Around twelve in the evening, I went back to the Moore mansion.

It was already midnight, so everyone was asleep by now. I took James out of my parents' room and went back to the master bedroom. Every night, I slept with him.

The second I put him to bed, James woke up.

Upon seeing me, he rubbed his eyes and muttered, "Dad?"

I figured since he was awake, I could play with him for a little while, so I decided to pick him up.

James seemed delighted to play with me. And playing with him had helped relieve my stress.

I was so glad to have my son back. The day I thought James had fallen to the sea and died, I wished that I was the one who had died instead.

"Dad, where is Mom?"

he asked, looking around.

"She's, um... she's lost somewhere. I'm afraid she won't be able to see us for the time being," I answered in a calm voice. Deep down, I was suppressing my pain and anger, for I didn't have the heart to tell James the truth.

He was still far too young, and yet he had already gone through so much hardships. Now that he had finally come back home, his mother chose to abandon him just to run away with another man.

As I lay on the bed, I stared at the ceiling, restless and unable to fall asleep.

Right now, all I could think of was Scarlett.

I wondered what she was doing right now.

Was she sleeping in William's arms?

Would they be as intimate as we used to be?

All this time, I thought that Scarlett would belong to me for the rest of our lives. The thought of her being in the arms of another man was driving me insane. And the pain came to a point that I could barely breathe.

The following day, after breakfast, my father asked me to meet him at the study.

He asked about my divorce with Scarlett.

"I'll arrange for someone to prepare the divorce agreement, and then send it to Scarlett." I was a bit dazed, so I could only speak perfunctorily.

"Try to do it as soon as you can, Charles. Don't delay it like you did before. It won't do either of you any good if things go on like this." He gave me a pat on the shoulder to comfort me.

This time, I didn't respond. Once I had signed that divorce agreement, my relationship with Scarlett would be done and over with.

The thought of it broke my heart.

Later, in the company, I ran into Nancy again.

When I came out of the private room last night, she had already left the bar. I didn't really care about that, for I knew that women did that sometimes.

"Charles." She quickly approached me and blocked my path with a face that displayed her bewilderment. "Charles, I'm so sorry I left without saying goodbye to you last night. An emergency came up and I had to deal with it," she said.

Ignoring her, I went into the CEO's exclusive elevator.

Nancy was left standing outside of the elevator, looking at me as though she was fishing for pity.

But it didn't affect me. I just found her ridiculous.

That was how women were. Each time they wanted something, they would be tender and sweet. But once they got what they wanted, they would become ruthless.

Once I arrived at my office, I found Nina waiting for me there.

I had made an appointment with her before I came to the company.

"You're asking me to take charge of your divorce case with Scarlett?"

"Is there a problem? Aren't you a lawyer?" I asked her.

"Of course, I am!" Nina retorted.

"Well, I trust your professionalism." Having said that, I flashed her a smile and said nothing more.

Nina's POV:

Charles' words left me speechless. I couldn't understand what his purpose was.

He was a man of means. He could hire any lawyer he wanted, and it wouldn't be a problem for him.

I was sure that he knew that I was close to Scarlett, so I wondered why he asked me to deal with their divorce.

While I was pondering, I sat down and read through the agreement he had prepared. And the more I read the divorce agreement, the angrier I felt.

'Charles is a CEO. How could he be so stingy?' I wondered.

"Charles, you're taking things too far. Based on this divorce agreement, Scarlett won't get a penny! You've been legally married for several years. How can you treat her so cruelly?" I glared at Charles, feeling that I was wrong to think highly of him.

"She's with William now. I imagine she lacks nothing," Charles replied indifferently. He appeared to be

dispirited, and the dark circles beneath his eyelids made him look even more haggard. Obviously, it had been a while since he last had a good night's sleep.

He must've been so depressed ever since he found out that Scarlett and William were together.

Without another word, I stood up and left Charles' company.

Afterwards, I called Scarlett and told her that Charles had asked me to handle their divorce case.

"Scarlett, is there anything that you want? I'll try my best to help you." As Scarlett's friend, I hoped that I could help her achieve her best interests.

"Honestly, I don't want anything. All I want is visitation rights for James." The way Scarlett spoke sounded like she was hopeful.

Upon hearing that, I felt conflicted.

Charles had made it clear that he would never let Scarlett see James ever again.

"I'm afraid that might be a little difficult," I said.

After a moment of silence, Scarlett replied, "Let him do what he wants."

She sounded surprisingly calm. I was well aware that she loved James with every fiber of her being.

I could tell that she was just stifling the pain in her heart right now.

After hanging up on Scarlett, I called Charles next. "Charles, Scarlett has agreed to your terms. As soon as you sign the divorce papers, you can go through with the divorce."

I still wanted to negotiate the visitation rights, but he had already ended the call.

I was so angry that I cursed Charles in my head. 'Bah! What a narrow-minded asshole! He deserves to be abandoned by Scarlett!'

During the evening, while I was playing games with my baby Vincent at home, I heard the doorbell ring all of a sudden.

Thus, I put Vincent down and went to the door to open it.

"Scarlett, what a pleasant surprise! Come on in!" The moment I saw her at the door, I pulled her in.

"Vincent looks a lot like Abner," Scarlett remarked. When she sat on the sofa, she stared at Vincent with a smile on her face.

"Your twins look like Charles, too," I said. And when I let those words out of my mouth, I realized that I had made a gaff.

'Why the hell did I say that?' I asked inwardly.

Scarlett clammed up.

Worried that things would get awkward, I decided to change the topic. "Someone saw Charles and a woman named Nancy at a bar last night. Do you know anything about that?"

"We're about to be divorced. I don't care who he goes to bars with." Scarlett pretended as though it didn't affect her at all.

Truthfully, I wasn't sure if she really didn't care.

"By the way, Charles asked you to meet him at the ground floor of the Moore Group's building tomorrow. He said he wanted to go through the divorce formalities together."

"Tell him I'll be there on time," said Scarlett.

"So, what are you going to do after you divorce Charles? Will you be marrying William?" I asked.

If Scarlett hadn't met Charles, William would be a good fit for her.

Her relationship with Charles had exhausted her both mentally and spiritually. They had been on and off several times. And just when their relationship got better, Rita showed up again and again to ruin things between them.

Unfortunately, they still ended up wanting to get divorced.

"No, I won't. I'm planning to move to France with my twins." Scarlett shook her head.

"Why do you have to go abroad?" I couldn't understand what my friend was thinking.

"Being here is too painful for me. I don't want to remain in this country any longer." Scarlett held her glass of water, gently rubbing her fingers on it. It seemed that she really wanted to move on.

Perhaps she wished to leave this place that had brought her countless happy and painful memories, so that she could move to a more peaceful place to start a new life.

The love she experienced in this city brought her more pain than happiness.

And since Scarlett appeared to have adamantly decided on this matter, I figured it was best to change

the topic again.

We talked for a while and none of us mentioned Charles again.

[Chapter 317 Visiting James In The Moore Mansion](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After walking me to my car, Nina left.

Just as I was about to get in the car, someone stopped me.

"Scarlett."

I turned around, surprised to see Alice standing behind me. She appeared stressed out and haggard.

"Scarlett, I heard from Charles that you were badly injured before. How are you feeling now?" Alice held my hand, staring at me with worried eyes.

"Well, I'm feeling a lot better now." I wanted to take her hand off me. Because I was about to divorce Charles, I didn't want to have anything to do with the members of the Moore family anymore.

"Scarlett, Charles is just trying to act tough. In reality, he still loves you very much. If you want, you can come visit James at the Moore mansion whenever you want," said Alice.

I knew that she just wanted me and Charles to get back together. And honestly, I was afraid of letting her down.

"Thank you," I said with a smile.

"Scarlett, whether you and Charles get back together or not, I still watched you grow up and I will always love you as my own daughter. I want you to know that you can still call me "Mom", just like before. Nothing has to change between us." Alice seemed to have sensed that I was alienating myself from her, and she appeared to be hurt by this.

"Charles and I are about to get divorced. It won't be good for us to maintain contact." I ignored the sadness in her eyes.

"You are James' biological mother. Nobody can stop you from ever visiting your son. Come home with me, okay? James is waiting for you."

Her words left me conflicted. Truthfully, I wanted to see James, but I was afraid of running into Charles if I were to go back to the Moore mansion.

At this point, seeing James would only make me sad.

And besides, Charles didn't want me to see my son.

"Charles isn't coming home tonight. I won't tell him that you'll drop by. Don't worry." Alice patted me on the shoulder and held my hand.

After hearing her say that, I felt relieved. And soon, the thought of seeing my beloved son excited me.

I wasn't sure if James had even missed me.

"Scarlett, I'm sorry that I failed to take good care of James, and ended up making you go through hell." On our way to the Moore mansion, Alice looked at me with guilt on her face. It seemed that she was blaming herself for what happened.

"None of this is your fault. This all happened because of Rita's grudge against me and Charles. And besides, it's partly my fault." I shook my head, attempting to comfort Alice with a smile on my face.

I should've stayed by James' side all the time. In doing so, Rita would never have had the chance to kidnap him.

"Is Rita still alive?" At the mention of Rita, Alice was enraged.

"She's still very much alive. Rita's heart belongs to William's sister. He wanted to take the heart back, but Susan spoke to him."

"What?" Alice appeared to be surprised. It seemed that Charles didn't tell her about any of this.

"Susan was seeing someone back then. The man's wife was cheating on him and even had a boy with her lover. The same boy that later died in the sea. Anyway, Susan took James away and struck a deal with William. And her condition was to keep Rita alive," I explained.

"I see." Alice nodded.

"After that, William raised James in a different house. I didn't find out about it until recently," I replied. "Scarlett, don't you hate William? He hid James from you and lied to you that your son is dead. He kept you from your son for a long time!" Anger was written all over Alice's face.

In response, I shook my head.

Instead of hating him or feeling resentment of any kind, I was actually grateful to him.

I was thankful that he made that deal with Susan.

And I was grateful that he didn't do anything that could harm James.

"James is alive, and that's enough for me," I remarked.

"You're right. That's a lot better than anything else," said Alice. She nodded in agreement, feeling thankful how things turned out.

Just before we could arrive at the Moore mansion, she suddenly asked, "Scarlett, are the twins really your children?"

I nodded in response to her question.

My little twins were the only spiritual support I had left now that I had lost James.

The day I thought that James fell into the sea, my heart was shattered into pieces. In that moment, I wished that I could jump into the sea and die with him.

It was those two kids that gave me the courage to live on.

Alice looked like she wanted to ask more questions, but she bit them back upon seeing that I didn't look well.

The moment I stepped foot into the Moore mansion again, I had mixed feelings.

Grandpa and Grandma were sitting in the living room. I greeted them politely, but they didn't respond.

Clearly, they still resented me because of what happened before.

"Mommy!"

While I was debating with myself whether to say something or not, I suddenly heard James' voice.

"James!" Upon seeing him, tears fell down from my eyes, and I felt an indescribably pain overwhelm my heart.

I held my son and kissed his cheeks tenderly. When James saw me crying, he said, "Don't cry, Mommy." Then, he wiped away my tears.

"Scarlett, whenever you miss James, you can come here to visit him anytime." Alice approached me, patted my shoulder, and attempted to comfort me.

"Thank you," I replied sincerely.

Her words were a great comfort to me.

As I held my son tighter, tears streamed down my cheeks again.

Before I saw him now, I tried my best to convince myself that I should never see him again.

I didn't realize just how much I'd missed him until the moment I laid eyes on him again.

When I finally calmed down, Christine began to ask me about my amnesia.

Her words silenced me. I couldn't answer them.

"Scarlett, do you blame Alice for failing to take care of James?" asked Christine.

"No, Grandma," I said.

Rita had planned to kidnap James for a long time. Even if Alice had stayed by his side all the time, she would've been able to come up with different ways to achieve her goal.

"Scarlett, are you really going to divorce Charles? Now that James has returned, I think it's high time that you clear out your misunderstandings with Charles. Can't you find it in your heart to forgive him?" Christine was doing her best to bring me and Charles back together. It seemed that she really didn't want us to get divorced.

I wasn't sure how to answer her questions. Putting things into perspective, it was Charles and I who failed to deal with our problems with Rita. If it weren't for us, James wouldn't have suffered so much.

I couldn't forgive Charles, and it was even harder for me to forgive myself.

"Scarlett, please stay with James even just for tonight. He's been looking for you these days. He really misses you," said Lawrence.

"I'm sorry, but I can't. I'll just visit him some other day," I replied firmly.

Upon hearing my answer, Grandpa and Grandma didn't insist on persuading me to stay.

After playing with James for a while, he began to feel sleepy.

Thus, I took him upstairs and put him on the bed.

The decor in the baby's room remained almost the same as before.

All of my fondest memories of this room flashed through my mind like scenes out of a movie. Flustered, I cursed myself for being so pathetic.

I had already decided to divorce Charles.

From then on, we would never meet again. I shouldn't be thinking of the past.

Suddenly, I noticed a picture frame on the bedside table.

I remembered that the picture in this frame used to be of me and James, but now, it had been replaced by that of Charles and James.

'Does Charles want James to completely forget me?' I wondered.

I sat on the edge of the bed, staring at James as he slept soundly.

My heart ached when I thought that my son would eventually forget me.

I leaned over, planting a kiss on James' forehead as tears ran down my cheeks.

It wasn't until midnight that I finally steeled my heart and left the Moore mansion, albeit reluctantly.

[Chapter 318 An Unexpected Car Acciden](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The sky was quite cloudy when I woke up and opened the window the next morning. Soon, it began to rain.

After taking a shower, I put on some makeup and a very refreshing subtle perfume. I also straightened my clothes and brushed my hair.

I would be going through the divorce formalities with Charles. We had agreed to meet at the Moore Group at nine o'clock.

Even though I knew that I should be happy about it, there was something that was weighing my heart down.

After arriving at the Moore Group, I waited beside the flower beds. As the rain continued to splatter over the flower bed, soon the ground became muddy.

Time passed, but Charles was not there yet, which made me a little anxious.

He had always been punctual.

What could possibly have caused him to be late?

All of a sudden, I heard someone's footsteps coming from behind me.

'Charles is here!' Thinking that, I quickly adjusted my expression before I turned around.

"You..."

To my surprise, it was Richard, not Charles.

Swallowing my words, I looked at him in surprise.

"Why are you here? And where is Charles?"

"Mr. Moore can't come." Richard answered in a gloomy voice.

I then got in his car.

He immediately stepped on the gas and raced along the road.

Soon, we arrived at the hospital. Richard hit the brakes so hard that the car came to a screeching halt. Unfastening my seat-belt, I rushed out of the car at once.

The cold wind felt like a knife cutting my skin, and even though I stepped on a rock that made my injured ankle ache, I still ran towards the hospital.

'Charles will be fine. He is going to be fine,' I kept thinking to myself as I ran.

Charles was unconscious as he lay in the ICU.

He looked pale and lifeless.

Although we were just a few meters apart, it felt like we were in different worlds. Did we meet and fall in love just to end up getting ourselves hurt in the end? Was it a mistake from the very beginning?

"Don't worry. Mr. Moore is going to be fine," Richard comforted me.

"When did this happen?"

"He drank with Mr. Patel last night, and instead of asking the driver to pick him up, he drove back home on his own, and ended up meeting with an accident on his way."

'How can he drive after getting drunk? Is he crazy?'

I looked at him through the glass window as I muttered to myself, "Charles, wake up! You owe me too much and you can't just leave without compensating me."

"Scarlett, so you are here." I suddenly heard an unfriendly voice coming from behind me, so I quickly turned around and saw Nancy walking towards me with a faint smile on her lips, dressed in a hospital gown.

'Why is she here?'

I glanced at Richard, who lowered his head guiltily. Seeing that, I figured that Nancy must have been with Charles the night before.

That moment, the doctor walked in.

"Which one of you is the patient's family member?" he asked, holding a document in his hand.

"I'm..." Before I could even finish my words, Nancy interrupted me. "What's the matter, doctor?"

"I want the signature of the person who is the patient's family, so which one of you is it?"

"I'm Mr. Moore's wife. Give it to me." Taking the document from his hand, I quickly signed it.

"I didn't expect to be bothered to sign for Charles just before your divorce. Thanks, Scarlett," Nancy said defiantly.

"Miss Wood, even if I have divorced him, it is still not your turn to sign for him."

"What did you just say?" It was clear that Nancy was not expecting me to fight back as she turned to me in shock.

"Nothing. You take good care of Charles."

With a faint smile, I turned to Richard and added, "Since Charles is going to be fine, I have to go. Let me know once he's discharged from the hospital."

"But he is still unconscious and needs someone to take care of him, so please stay here," Richard said.

"There's no need for that. Miss Wood is here, and I am sure that she will take great care of him."

I glanced at Charles before I turned around and walked away.

By the time I was out of the hospital, the rain had already stopped. I felt hurried footsteps coming from behind me, so I turned around and saw Richard running towards me. "Scarlett, don't mistake Mr. Moore. He has nothing to do with that girl."

"Why would it matter to me?" I did not want to hear anyone defend Charles now because I had already seen the truth with my own eyes, so what was the point in telling me otherwise?

"It was not because of Nancy that he got into an accident last night," Richard explained.

"So what? We are separating and have to move on, anyway. Since you could gradually forget about Rita and start a new life, I think Charles and I should also do that. So stop pestering me and let me go."

I then hailed a cab and said to the driver, "Please take me to the airport."

William and the kids were waiting for me, so I really could not waste another moment there.

The taxi driver immediately started the car.

Just when I was about to arrive at the airport, Alice called me. "Scarlett, come home quickly. James has been crying all morning, and I can't get him to stop!"

When I heard my son crying over the phone, I was flustered. "I'll be right there."

As soon as I hung up, I turned to the driver and said in an apologetic tone, "Sir, please forgive me for asking, but I need to go to a different place..."

The second I arrived at the Moore mansion, I rushed to the living room. James was still crying, so I quickly took him from Alice's hands.

Alice explained worriedly, "I don't know what's the matter with him. He's been crying since morning, and none of us were able to comfort him."

"Okay. You must be tired, so please take a rest. I will handle him." I then motioned for Alice to sit down.

James was crying pitifully like an abandoned puppy. I tried to wipe away his tears while I coaxed him in a low voice, "Please don't cry, James. Mommy is here with you."

"Mommy, don't go." James finally stopped crying, but there still seemed to be an unimaginable amount of grievance in his tone, which was different from his usual naughtiness.

Feeling sorry for him, I comforted him softly, "I am not going anywhere. I will always be with you."

[Chapter 319 Empty](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After coaxing him for a while, James eventually stopped crying and fell asleep in my arms. He looked so adorable when he was sleeping. His curled eyelashes fluttered from time to time, and I could not resist stroking his skin that was as fair as a doll's.

While I was admiring my son, Alice walked over and said, "The little boy is finally quiet. Sure enough,

only the mother could comfort her son."

What Alice had said made me happy. I bent over to kiss my son's little face. However, I felt that his temperature was a little too high. "James is a little hot. Could you get the thermometer for me?"

"How could that be? Don't worry. I'll get it for you right away." Alice went to get the thermometer just like she said and returned shortly after. "I measured James's temperature this morning. He had a low fever, so I wiped his body with warm water," she said with a guilty look on her face.

I put the thermometer under James's armpit and replied, "Maybe James isn't in the mood because it's raining."

"You're right. Children are quite sensitive. They can also sense things like whether their parents love each other or not." Alice was implying something.

I did not say anything and just patted James gently on the back.

Five minutes later, I took out the thermometer and checked his temperature. It was 110 degrees. I felt sorry for my son as he was burning with fever.

"Please get the antipyretic paste and medicine. I'll give James medicine in case his fever goes any higher."

"Okay. I'll be right back." Alice left the room at once and returned a few moments later with the medicine.

I put the antipyretic paste on James's forehead. I would change it into a new one after a few hours. Then, I gave him the medicine. James twisted and turned in my arms, making me worry even more.

I observed his condition for a while and saw that his face was still red. Not only that, his fever had not gone down yet, so I decided not to lay him on the cot for the time being.

James asked for water, so I immediately fetched him a bottle and helped him drink. But even though his thirst had been satiated, he still did not feel well. He groaned every now and then, and it took him an hour before he finally fell asleep.

I took him downstairs in the evening. Thankfully, his fever had been brought down, and he finally felt so much better now. He opened his eyes and said in a sleepy voice, "Mom, I'm awake."

"Are you hungry?"

He pointed in the direction of the dining room and answered, "Yes. I want dinner."

I gestured for Janet to come over and ordered, "Could you prepare James's formula? Thanks."

"Okay, Scarlett."

Janet immediately did as told. Just as she handed James's milk to me, my phone rang. I asked her to watch over my son for a moment and then walked aside to answer the call. It was not until this moment that I felt that my shoulder was sore and a little painful.

"Hello."

"Scarlett, where are you now? Jerry and Jason are waiting for you." William went straight to the point.

"I know, but I can't go back today. James is sick."

"But Jerry and Jason also need you. You just don't want to leave, do you? Admit it. You still haven't forgotten Charles," William retorted, a hint of disappointment in his voice.

"This has nothing to do with him. Just please take care of the twins for me." I hung up as soon as I finished speaking. I did not want to talk to William anymore, especially when he was just going to press me into saying something I did not want to say.

I returned to the dining room and took James over. "Let me feed him."

"Scarlett, your shoulder isn't completely healed yet. Be careful," Janet advised with a worried look on her face.

"It's okay. I'll be sitting when I feed him."

Once James was full, I wiped his mouth with a napkin and picked him up again.

He was still weak, but his fever had subsided. After playing with me for a while, he fell asleep yet again.

I carried him upstairs and laid him on the cot. Just then, Alice walked in and asked in a hushed voice, "Is James sleeping?"

"Yes," I answered.

Alice bent down and gingerly stroked James's face. "I don't know what's going on in with Charles. I've been calling him the whole day, but he's not returning my calls."

It turned out that she did not know that something had happened to her son.

"Amy said that something came up in the company, so Charles went on a business trip. He should be on the plane now." I lied in order not to make Alice worry.

"I see. Scarlett, I'd like to ask you something. You haven't signed the divorce papers yet, have you?"

"Not yet. Anyway, you should take a rest now. I can take care of James." I shifted the topic, not wanting Alice to ask me more questions.

"Okay then. Take care of yourself. I'm leaving."

One Alice was gone, I heaved a sigh of relief. Then, I leaned on James's cot to take a nap.

But I could not sleep. I was worried James's fever would recur, so I checked his temperature from time to time.

James cried in the middle of the night. Although my shoulder was aching, I held him in my arms and lulled him back to sleep. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain on my lips. I touched them with my fingers and found that they were cracked and bleeding. Only then did I remember that I did not drink much water today.

I gently laid James on the cot. I suddenly remembered that there was an ointment for dry lips in the drawer of the master bedroom. With that, I went to the said room. But when I reached the door, I did not come in right away. I just stood there with my heart pounding in my chest. At last, I took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

A familiar scent came to my senses, and the memories of the past came flooding back to me.

The furnishings in the master bedroom had changed a little. However, the photo of me and Charles on the bedside table was gone. A myriad of feelings swept all over me. But at the same time, I felt empty. It was as if I had lost something valuable to me.

My nose twitched, and tears welled up in my eyes. As I made my way inside, I touched the empty wall of the bedroom. In the past, this very wall was filled with photos of Charles, James, and me. But now, not a single picture was hung there anymore.

It appeared that Charles was now trying to forget about me and move on with his life. Like him, I should start letting go of the past now.

But, now was not the right time to be sentimental about the past. I had better get what I had come here for. With that, I went to the bedside table, opened the drawer, and took the ointment that I needed. But then, my gaze fell upon the door of the bathroom.

What had happened in the bedroom happened in the bathroom as well. All my skincare products and toiletries were gone. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw how haggard I was. My cheekbones bulged, and there were dark circles under my eyes. What was more, my face, which used to be rosy and full of energy, was gaunt and pale. As I applied ointment to my dry and cracked lips, bitterness surged in my heart.

At this moment, I vaguely heard that James was crying in the baby's room. I rushed to his aid and found that he had woken up. "Mom, pee-pee..." He spread his arms open the moment he saw me.

"Okay. I'll take you to the bathroom right now."

I put James in the lavatory and changed his diaper. He distracted himself by playing with the things that he could hold.

"Daddy's toothbrush!" he shouted happily. He picked it up and waved it on my face.

All of a sudden, he threw it, and it went straight into the toilet.

James giggled and exclaimed, "No brush! Toilet!" But the next second, he seemed to have forgotten what had just happened. He picked up the toothpaste and played with it.

"James, good job!" I gave my son a thumbs up. For some reason, an inexplicable sense of joy rose in my heart.

[Chapter 320 It's Over](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I picked up the toothbrush from the toilet. And upon seeing water drip down from it, I imagined how Charles would put this into his mouth; and that thought alone brought me to laughter.

"James, can we meet secretly every month from now on?" I whispered to my son.

"No!"

James held my neck, shaking his head.

I hugged him and caressed his cheeks. "James, you're my baby. Why won't you agree to such a small request? This makes Mommy so sad."

I covered my eyes, pretending to cry. Seemingly nonplussed, James touched my face with his little hand. "Don't cry, Mommy."

"So, will you agree to my request?" I asked.

James buried his face in my arms, nodding reluctantly.

I touched his head lovingly and said, "Promise me that you won't cry when you can't see me in the future."

James looked up at me and replied, "Okay, Mommy."

"You're so awesome, my love! Now, give Mommy a kiss." I planted a kiss on my son's cheek, and it made him blush.

After washing up, I went downstairs with James in my arms.

The living room was a mess. Alice picked up her purse and was about to go out. Upon seeing me come down, she asked anxiously, "Scarlett, didn't you say that Charles was on a business trip?"

It appeared that Alice already found out that Charles had been in a car accident.

"Don't worry, Mom. Charles is okay."

"Gosh, the people around him are so reckless! How could they not tell us something this big?" Alice remarked, visibly panicking.

"Maybe they're afraid that you'll worry too much," I replied.

"Nonsense! How could a mother be indifferent to her child's plight? If something had really happened to Charles... No! I have to go and see him for myself right away."

The more she spoke, the more anxious Alice became. She hurriedly put on her shoes and was ready to leave.

"Aren't you going to come with me, Scarlett?" she asked.

Her question left me stunned. "Uh, sorry, but no. I'm leaving today."

Now that I had decided to break off all ties with Charles, I wanted to avoid having too much contact with him.

Alice sighed, "If you don't want to go, that's fine. Just give me James, please. I'll take him to his father."

Having said that, she took James from me. I was reluctant to say goodbye to him, but I had to. I could only watch their car drive away.

"Scarlett, do you really not want to see how Charles is doing? I'm sure he would love to see you." I had no idea that Christine was already behind me, and she was staring at me with hopeful eyes.

For a moment, I paused. Then, I said with a straight face, "Grandma, too many things have happened between me and Charles. We can't get back together anymore. It's better to break up completely than to continue torturing each other."

Christine gave me a pat on the shoulder, staring at me with forlorn eyes. "You have your own lives to live. My only wish is for the both of you to be happy."

Tears blurred my vision. She had finally agreed to let me divorce Charles.

I spread my arms and hugged Christine. "Thank you, Grandma. Thank you so much."

I was thanking her for taking care of me and loving me ever since I was a little girl.

And I also thanked her for understanding me and supporting me all this time.

Gently, Christine wiped away my tears. "Don't cry, dear."

Meanwhile, Nina drove the car over.

"I should go now, Grandma."

I didn't take away the ring that Christine had given me. It was the Moore family's heirloom, and it should belong to the next Mrs. Moore.

On my way to the airport, I stared out the window, watching the passing scenery. My heart began to ache.

This time, I was determined to leave.

At the airport, Nina looked into my eyes and said, "Scarlett, I think you should go to the hospital to see Charles."

I smiled but said nothing.

"Forget it. You have your reasons, so I won't force you." Nina waved her hand, giving up on persuading me.

Afterwards, we hugged each other.

"I wish you all the best, Scarlett," she said.

"And I wish the same for you," I replied.

Charles' POV:

I was lying in bed, staring at the empty white ceiling. My body felt like it had been beaten to a pulp.

All of a sudden, the door of the ward opened up. My mother walked in along with James.

"Charles, how are you feeling? Are you okay?"

She put James beside me, held my hand, and stared at me up and down while trying to hold back her tears.

Meanwhile, I touched my son's face.

"Don't worry, Mom. I'm fine."

"Scarlett, she..."

Upon hearing the name, my heart ached, and it put a frown on my face. "Mom, please don't mention her to me again."

"Fine. I won't mention her again. I'll find you a better woman in the future."

She wiped away her tears.

'A better woman?' I wondered.

'Is there any other woman better than Scarlett in this world?'

With that in mind, I averted my gaze.

"You're an adult, Charles. Why aren't you taking care of yourself properly? If something happens to you, what am I supposed to do? James is still so young. Do you want him to lose his father?" My mother sat next to me, nagging my ears off.

Frowning, I explained, "Mom, take it easy! It was just an accident."

Suddenly, she put on a serious face and brought up another topic.

"Charles, I heard that Nancy was in your car during the accident. Are you really with her?"

I neither denied nor admitted it.

"Honestly, Nancy is quite a looker, but I get this feeling that she's not as simple as she appears to be."

Speak of the devil and she'd come.

Nancy soon came into the ward. She was wearing a hospital gown and light makeup. She had a bouquet of lilies in hand, looking as fresh and beautiful as the flowers in her hands.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore. I'm here to visit Charles," she said shyly.

"Nancy, I heard that you got injured as well. You should get some more rest. You can visit Charles once you're feeling better," said my mother.

"It's alright, Mrs. Moore. I just really care about Charles' health. But don't worry! I'll try not to disturb him," Nancy explained anxiously.

This time, my mother frowned and said nothing more. She turned around and picked up James.

"Well, since you're doing fine, Charles, I should go. I hope you can ponder on what we discussed."

Having said that, she glanced at Nancy knowingly before leaving the ward.

I could tell that my mother disliked Nancy. She probably didn't like anyone aside from Scarlett.

The following day, during the afternoon, I lay on my bed as I dealt with work. There was entertainment related news playing on the TV, and I vaguely heard Scarlett's name. Upon raising my head, I happened to see her face.

She was being cornered by a group of reporters at the airport. One of them shouted, "Mrs. Moore, some say that you've been having an affair during your marriage, and that you dumped your husband. Is this true?"

'An affair?' I sneered.

'Paper really could never hold fire,' I thought.