

## **Warning 321**

### [Chapter 321 Forgive Her And Yourself](#)

Charles' POV:

I wanted to see how Scarlett would answer.

"What are you doing? Why are you making things difficult for a woman?" asked William.

He appeared from amidst the crowd, holding Scarlett in his arms.

The reporters shifted their attention towards him immediately.

"Sir, what is the nature of your relationship with Mrs. Moore?" asked a reporter.

"Are you her lover?" asked another reporter.

"Enough!" William shot them a stern glare and said, "Scarlett and I are good friends; nothing more, nothing less. Stop making wild assumptions, because it will affect her relationship with her husband!"

While protecting Scarlett, he led her out of the encirclement of reporters.

The news program began to broadcast the next piece of news, but I was still thinking of how William held Scarlett while she was panicking.

'They've become so brazen now, huh?'

I stared at my ring finger. It still had a faint trace of where the ring used to be, caused by wearing a ring for a long time. But sadly, the ring was no longer there.

Richard noticed the look on my face, so he took out the ring from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Mr. Moore, the paramedics took the ring off while giving you emergency treatments, so I kept it safe for you. Now, I'm giving it back to you."

I stared at the ring in his palm, and it made me think of a similar ring on William's fingers. The thought of it alone felt like I took a punch to the gut, and the feeling of humiliation lingered in my mind.

"I have no need for that anymore. Throw the thing away," I scoffed.

Richard held the ring with a blank stare, uncertain of what to do.

Silence ensued in the ward for a time. The following moment, Nancy entered carrying a small basket of fruits.

"Hi, Charles! How are you feeling? I'm here to visit you and bring you some fruits."

Having said that, she sat on the edge of my bed and began to peel an apple using a fruit knife.

Upon glancing at her hand, I noticed that she had bruises on it.

"Put that down. You don't need to do this for me."

Nancy hid her injured hand behind her back, visibly startled. "I'm fine. That whole thing was my fault. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have been in a car accident," she said. Tears began to well up in her eyes.

I stared at her, feeling deeply annoyed and insulted at the same time.

I had already seen through Nancy's poor theatrics. She was merely pretending to be a young woman in love. But so what? At the very least, she was doing this because she loved me.

Scarlett, on the other hand, didn't even bother to pretend like she cared about me.

She even used the cruelest possible way to get me out of her sight.

Love and hatred intertwined, creating a bottle of deadly, poisonous wine. But in this game involving two people, only I was left intoxicated and unable to wake up from the nightmare that had taken shape.

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The day that I was discharged from the hospital, I took Nancy with me to the car. There, I saw just how surprised Richard and Janet were to see her.

"Mr. Moore, there's going to be a lot of reporters taking pictures of us. Do you..." Richard wanted to voice out his concern, but he stopped midsentence.

"I already know," I said, chuckling bitterly.

Now that Scarlett and William practically announced to the public that they were dating, it would only be fair for me to be with another woman.

Scarlett was intent on leaving me.

Thus, I wanted to show her that I didn't need her at all!

Not to brag, but hundreds, if not thousands of women would fall head over heels just to gain my affection.

Upon our arrival at the Moore mansion, Nancy got out of the car with me.

At this time, Tracy was playing with James in the front yard. When my son saw me coming, he immediately ran towards me.

"Daddy! You're home!"

I bent down, picked him up, and planted an affectionate kiss on his cheek.

"Did you miss me, James?"

"Yes, I did! So much!" James replied.

"Hello, James. I'm Nancy Wood, a friend of your dad," Nancy greeted James as she stood behind me.

James took one glance at her and shrank in my arms with fear.

"Mr. Moore, why is she here?" Tracy asked, sounding upset.

Silently, Nancy hid behind me, feeling as though she was being persecuted.

I shot Tracy a cold glance and asked, "Is she not allowed to be here?"

Upon hearing the question, she glanced down and dared not speak.

With that resolved, I touched James' head and carried him into the villa, while Nancy followed me behind.

The moment my father and grandmother saw that I had taken Nancy home, they both looked unhappy. They sat in the living room for a few minutes, but they went back upstairs not long after.

And before long, Grandma asked a servant to take me to her room.

"Charles, I know that you and Scarlett are having problems, but you haven't even gone through the divorce process yet. It's not appropriate for you to bring another woman home so openly! Besides, I've already observed that girl, and you're way out of her league. She's not a good fit for you."

"Oh, she isn't, huh? Then who do you think is suitable for me? Scarlett?" I asked.

Ever since Scarlett was a little girl, my family had believed that she was the only one fit to be my wife. But now, I realized that it was a ridiculous assumption.



Grandma let out a deep sigh. "Don't blame Scarlett for what happened. She's hurting just as much as you are."

I lowered my gaze and said nothing. Right now, I knew just how much hatred my eyes possessed.

'She's hurting?

She abandoned me time and time again. Am I not hurting as well?

I won't forgive her for the rest of my life! I just can't.'

Grandma held my hand, staring into my eyes. "Don't you get it, Charles? She's actually miserable."

"Are you sure? Whenever she's flirting with another man, she has that bright smile on her face."

I could no longer hide my grievances at this point.

Every time I thought of William held Scarlett in his arms, it felt like my heart was being torn into pieces.

"Maybe you're just not meant for each other. You need to let her go, my child. After all, Scarlett has left James to us." Tears welled up in Grandma's eyes.

"How are you so sure that she didn't want to abandon James, huh?"

Each word that came out of my mouth was like a knife, jabbing into my heart.

'How could she be so cruel as to abandon our son for another man?' I wondered.

"Charles, you'll never understand how a mother feels when losing her child. She's really hurting over it. I'm sure," said Grandma.

"Why are you always taking her side? This is all Scarlett's fault. She chose to abandon me!" Right after I said that, I chuckled with self-mockery.

"But you've also hurt Scarlett, haven't you? Charles, you're a grown man. You should learn to forgive her, and you need to forgive yourself."

I could see my ferocious face in my grandmother's eyes. And her soft gaze slowly comforted me. The sound of her voice lingered in my mind, and I found that I couldn't refute her.

At this point, my mind was in shambles. Suddenly, James' cries pulled me back to reality.

I hurried out to check on him. There, I saw the servant and Alice coaxing James while he cried in the hall. Meanwhile, Nancy was standing aside, seemingly bewildered.

"What happened?" I asked sternly.

"I was playing with James, when all of a sudden, he cried. I... I don't know what happened," Nancy explained incoherently.

As I looked at my son's face covered in tears, I felt really sorry for him.

Annoyed, I shouted at Nancy, "Get out!"

Nancy stood rooted to her spot as tears streamed down her face.

"But, Charles..."

"Didn't you hear me? I just told you to get out of my house!"

### [Chapter 322 You Don't Love Me](#)

Nancy's POV:

My heart raced in my chest in panic when I looked back in Charles's icy cold gaze. It turned out that he cared about James more than I thought. A sense of crisis swept over me at this sudden realization.

James was his child with Scarlett. Since Charles cared about his son so much, did that mean that he still had not moved on from that woman?

At the thought of Scarlett, my heart was filled with anguish and resentment.

Why could I not compete with her? I had done so much for Charles, but he only cared about Scarlett. Sometimes, I even felt that he could not see what I had done for him.

From now on, I swore to myself I would win Charles over. I would not stop until I became his woman.

At this moment, I called my brother and asked him to pick me up at the Moore mansion.

He arrived about thirty minutes later and drove me to the seaside.

There, I had a heartfelt conversation with him.

But first, he asked me about Charles.

"Nancy, are you in love with Charles?" he asked while looking at me with concern.

I knew very well what he was worried about. Charles was the heir of the Moore family. It did not take a genius to see that he was way out of my league.

I just looked at Nick in response.

'Do I love Charles? Maybe,' I answered, but I only kept it to myself.

Could I blame myself? He was handsome and endearing. Any woman would fall in love with him.

"I will win Charles over. I'm not only talking about his body but also his heart," I said with sheer determination. As I spoke, there was a crazy look in my eyes that even I did not notice.

If there was one thing I was sure about, it was that I would not give up on Charles without putting up a fight.

One day, I was certain he would realize that I was more suitable for him than Scarlett.

"Nancy, it's good for us if you manage to hook up with Charles. But stop being delusional. He will never fall in love with you. Scarlett is the only woman he has ever loved in his life."

"You're wrong, Nicky. Charles will fall in love with me," I insisted. I was confident in my charm.

Charles would eventually see how good I was.

"Nancy, don't be rash. Charles's love for Scarlett may be beyond your comprehension. Think about it. If Scarlett really betrayed him, there's a chance that he might never love again." Nick had known that it was useless to stop me once I had put my heart into it. Because of this, he decided to tell me the cruelest truth once and for all.

It was effective, though. His words rendered me speechless. Besides, I knew from the back of my head that what he had said was true.

If Scarlett had betrayed Charles, even I would not have the chance to get close to him.

All of a sudden, his icy cold gaze crossed my mind. I lowered my head as a feeling of dread washed over

me.

But then again, just the thought of losing Charles dismayed me.

Scarlett might be irreplaceable in his heart, my resolution was unwavering.

I would make sure to Charles over, no matter what it took.

Scarlett's POV:

In the afternoon, Tracy suddenly came to me while I was typing something on my computer.

"Tracy, what brings you here?" I asked in surprise.

Tracy should be taking care of James at the Moore mansion at this moment. What was she doing in my house?

"Mr. Moore took Nancy home yesterday. I couldn't control myself and said something harsh. And then, he fired me." Tracy complained with her head down.

My heart ached when I heard that Charles had taken Nancy in the mansion.

"Mr. Moore has brought another woman home before you two divorce. He doesn't seem to care about your feelings," Tracy added. The more she spoke, the more wronged she felt on my behalf.

I must admit, even though I was the one who chose to leave, I still had not completely let go of Charles.

All of a sudden, Tracy walked over and held my hand, bringing me back to my senses. "Scarlett, I have nowhere else to go. Please take me with you."

I was a little hesitant. I had planned to go to France once Charles and I were officially divorced.

That was my way of having closure with all the people I had known from the past. I wanted nothing to do with them in the future.

"Please let me stay with you," Tracy pleaded again. It seemed that she had made up her mind to stick with me until the end.

"Fine. You can stay here."

She had been by my side for a long time and had protected me dutifully. I would be on my conscience if I did not help her after, especially when Charles had fired her for speaking for me.

After everything she had said and done, there was no way I would leave Tracy behind.

Just then, my phone rang.

I picked up my phone and looked to see who it was.

Speaking of the devil, it was Charles.

He had not called for a long time. It was Nina who had been relaying my messages to him.

That got me thinking—why did he take the initiative to call me right now?

Anxious, I took a deep breath and answered the call.

"Scarlett, I'll wait for you at the gate of Moore Group at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Let's go through the divorce procedure once and for all," Charles said in a matter-of-fact tone. Then, without waiting for my response, he hung up the call.

His cold and emotionless tone saddened me.

That was on me, though. Leaving him was my decision.

Tomorrow, I would leave everything behind and start anew. At the thought of this, I concealed my sadness and forced a smile.

"Tracy, book a ticket for me to France tomorrow."

Once the divorce had been finalized, I would leave the country with my two children and start a new life.



"Are you sure? Are you really going to leave James behind?" Tracy asked with confusion written all over her face.

"I don't think Charles wants me to see James again," I answered with a bitter smile. The scene of James hugging me and calling me "Mom" suddenly flashed through my mind.

The thought that I would have to leave him brought a pang to my heart.

Of course, I did not want to do that, but I had no choice but to do so. It was for the betterment of the two of us.

When William came back in the evening, I told him straight away that I would leave the country tomorrow.

"William, I appreciate everything you've done for me. But, I want to let you know that I'm leaving. I've already asked Tracy to book a flight. I'll leave with the twins once Charles and I have divorced," I said indifferently as if my decision was not a big deal.

I did not want anything to do with Charles or William anymore.

William seemed to disagree with what I had said. He stepped forward, grabbed my shoulders, and shook them. "Scarlett, we agreed that we'd leave together, didn't we? How can you leave me alone?"

I shook off his hand and took a step back away from him. "That was all in the past. Things have changed now."

"Scarlett, how can you leave me behind just like that?" William asked in a hurt voice. He could not accept my decision, so he tried to persuade me to change my mind. However, I just smiled at him in response. What had happened between us traumatized me. I knew to myself that we would never be together.

William abruptly stood up. "Scarlett, I like you. I know you still haven't let go of Charles, but I will wait until you do."

I looked at him in the eye and said with conviction, "William, it's impossible for us to be together. I hope you meet a woman, who'll genuinely love you. But that woman isn't me."

However, William did not seem to hear what I had just said. He proceeded to tell me how much he loved me in hopes that that would change anything.

"William!" I snapped. I was starting to get impatient, so I reminded him, "Just so you know, I still haven't forgiven you for hiding James, and I'm not sure if I ever will. You knew how hurt I'd be if I lost my son, but you still lied to me. You made me believe that he was dead. You're so selfish."

I resented him from the moment I found out that he had lied to me. We were doomed to be together, and I was sure of it.

I turned around to leave. But before I could take a step, William grabbed me by my arm.

"Give me one more chance. I promise I won't lie to you again."

"William, you don't love me. You just want to conquer me," I scoffed. I then heartlessly shook off his arm in disgust. Although I could hear him begging behind me, I went upstairs without looking back.

### [Chapter 323 Say Goodbye](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After parting with William, I began to pack my things.

During the middle of the night, Tracy and I quietly went downstairs with the twins.

Upon our arrival downstairs, I found that William was already at the car, waiting by the door.

"Ha-ha, I knew you'd leave at midnight. At least let me give you a ride."

William took the kids from me, staring at me with sincere eyes. I fell silent for a moment, and I didn't object.

"Sorry that I'm troubling you again but thank you." I spoke in a polite and formal manner.

William's face appeared sullen. "Scarlett, you don't need to thank me."

I just smiled at him and said nothing.

As William carried the kids into the car, Tracy and I sat in the backseats.

"Can't we at least be friends in the future?" William asked with a bitter smile.

"Of course! I'll always be your friend."

I really meant what I said. William had saved James, and I'd never forget his kindness.

"Really? Don't hate me when I stick to you like glue, okay?" William remarked with a chuckle.

Having heard what he said, a memory popped up in my head.

"I'm cooking. Can you not hug me from behind just like that?"

"But why not? You're my wife, right? Am I not allowed to hug my wife?"

"Since when did you become so clingy, Charles?"

"Don't you like it?"

"You..."

Back when I was still with Charles, he would always stick by me. I often complained to him that he was too clingy. Even though I was complaining, I actually liked it.

All of the sweet words he said to me resonated in my mind. But sadly, things had changed between us.

Silence ensued in the car as I turned my gaze towards the window and tears fell from my eyes.

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The second morning, I dressed up carefully and took a taxi to the Moore group.

In the morning, I settled the kids and dressed myself before heading to the Moore Group. On my way to meet Charles, I felt a little bored, so I stared outside the car window, watching the passing scenery. It was still early, so most of the shops along the street hadn't opened. I happened to notice a hair salon that was open, and an idea crossed my mind.

"Please stop the car."

After paying the cab driver, I got out of the car and walked to the door of the hair salon. A faint ray of sunshine fell on the board of the hair salon.

The signage of the hair salon read, "Say Goodbye".

Despite how simple those words were, they struck my very soul.

For a long time, I just stood at the door of the hair salon until the owner of the establishment came out to greet me. "Madame, do you want a haircut?"

Coming to my senses, I flashed him a smile and said, "The name of your hair salon is beautiful."

Upon entering the place, I saw the brightly lit salon's spacious interior. There were words written on the wall, and they read, "Say goodbye to the past and embrace the future."

Say goodbye."

It was time for me to say goodbye.

I sat on the chair, and the man put an apron on me. "What kind of style do you prefer, ma'am."

I combed my long hair that went down to my waist, and then I put my hand on my chin. "Cut it at chin level for me. I want a neat and simple hairstyle."

"Got it."

Slowly, the man cut my long hair with the scissors. I had kept it this way for many years, but it was now falling bit by bit. And with every strand of hair that fell, I felt as though the bad memories and all the pain disappeared with them.

"Madame, it's done," said the man.

I stared at the short-haired woman in the mirror, barely recognizing myself.

The heavy, painful memories that weighed me down seemed to have disappeared without a trace. Now, all I wanted was to embrace the new future that belonged to me, and me alone.

At nine in the morning, I arrived at the Moore Group right on time. Charles was already waiting for me at the door.

He was wearing an Armani black suit, a black tie and black shoes today. It was as if he was going to attend a funeral.

But wearing all black was fitting. After all, today was the death of our marriage and it was officially going to be buried.

I stared at him from across the road. My heart was weighed down by grief and sadness, gradually sinking deeper and deeper.

As I walked up to him, I suddenly realized that I didn't know what to tell him.

Right now, it was hard for me to play it cool and exchange the usual pleasantries. One more look at him, and I knew that my heart would be torn apart.

"Why did you suddenly cut your hair short?" Charles asked, breaking the silence.

"Nothing. I just want to try something new,"

I answered nonchalantly, touching my chin-length hair.

Then, I turned sideways and said, "Let's go."

But Charles stood rooted to his spot.

"Charles, it's time to go," I said, urging him to move.

It was only then that he finally moved. When he took his hands out of his pockets, I happened to notice that his ring was no longer on his finger.

'Did he take off the ring?' I wondered.

My heart ached. I clenched my fists and felt my nails digging into my palms. It felt so painful.

"Let's go. The lawyer is waiting for us."

Just as I turned around and was about to walk on, I heard Charles' deep voice from behind me.

"Scarlett, take off that ring. You don't deserve it."

I turned around, staring at him. "What did you say?"

"I said you don't deserve it."

Anger suddenly overcame my heart.

"I'm the one who bought this ring. I decide whether I deserve to wear it or not!" I answered.

Charles took out a wad of cash from his wallet, staring at me with a sardonic gaze.

"In that case, I'll buy it from you. Is this enough?"

I was so enraged that I trembled all over. I pulled the ring from my finger, clenching it in my palm.

"Is one hundred thousand dollars enough? I seem to recall that you didn't spend much money on that

ring."

Charles took out his checkbook this time and wrote something down.

"As for the rest, just consider it as payment for sleeping with me after all these years."

He stared at me as though he was looking at a prostitute from a night club. His gaze was filled with contempt.

My eyes widened with rage. This man, whom I had loved since I was but a little girl, was now saying such horrible words to me.

It had been said that when people were extremely angry, they would break into laughter.

And right now, I was so angry that I wanted to tear him apart. I couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

"In that case, I should be the one to pay you!" I opened my purse and took out a stack of bills from my wallet, which I handed to Charles. Then, I raised my chin and said, "This is payment for your service after all these years. Sadly, your service is unsatisfactory. You're quite unprofessional as well."

Charles' face turned grim as he moved towards me.

"What did you say? I dare you to say it again!"

His threat meant nothing to him. I took the check from his hand, putting it into my purse. I wanted to add fuel to the fire, and I wanted to provoke him even more.

"You want the ring, huh? Here. I'll give it back to you!"

Having said that, I threw the ring away. Within an instant, the symbol that had carried all my youth and love in the past had disappeared into a sea of people.

"Great. Well done!"

Charles sneered as wrath filled his eyes.

"Are you going to divorce me or not, Charles?" I said through gritted teeth.

"I..."

"What's happening here, Scarlett?"

Before Charles could finish his sentence, someone suddenly chimed in. Charles and I looked at the man at the same time, and we saw William getting out of a car across the road and waving at us.

Upon seeing him, my heart skipped a beat.

'What on earth is he doing here?'

#### [Chapter 324 I Wouldn't Divorce You](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"You just couldn't wait, could you? You had to bring your lover with you even when you're here to get divorced. Are you planning on getting married right after the divorce?"

Charles sneered coldly.

I also became furious when I saw his disdainful look. "You are right about that, Mr. Moore. Would you like to give your ex-wife a wedding gift?"

Hearing that, Charles glared at me so seriously that it felt like his eyes were an abyss waiting to suck me in and destroy me.

I reflexively took a step back and fell into William's arms.

William put his hands around my waist intimately and raised his hand to stroke my hair gently.

"Baby, you look stunning with that new haircut of yours! Were you annoyed because the twins always ended up grabbing your hair?"

I was silent as I looked at him in a daze.

I had already made things clear to him last night. Later he did swear with a rational expression that he only wanted to be my friend.

If that was really the case, then what was he doing there now?

William lowered his head and looked at me affectionately. "I did not want you to come alone. You will be mine after today."

He then tried to touch my face, but I dodged him by turning my head aside.

However, he continued to hold me in his arms without giving up.

"Honey, don't be shy."

My mind was a mess. What was he even trying to do?

"Scarlett, go through the formalities and don't make Charles wait too long."

I glanced at Charles, who was clearly furious. All of a sudden, I understood what William was trying to do.

My anger for Charles made me almost forget the real reason I was there.

"You two can't wait any longer, can you?" Charles teased with a scoff, raising his eyebrows at us.

"I have no choice. Scarlett and I can wait, but our children can't. They need a father."

William put away his playful smile and looked at Charles seriously. I snuggled up in his arms and acquiesced in his words.

All of a sudden, Charles burst into laughter, making me have goose-bumps. He then walked a few steps forward as William and I stared at him in confusion.

Soon, he stopped in his tracks, turned around, and glared at me.

"Scarlett."

I looked up at him.

"Do you really want to get a divorce?"

There was a heavy trace of temptation and seduction in his voice that made him sound like the serpent that lured Adam and Eve to the forbidden fruit.

I suddenly had a bad feeling and did not dare to say anything.

"If that's what you want, then I won't let you have it. I won't divorce you!"

His words made me stand rooted to the spot.

He then passed by William and made his way to his Maybach. The next second, William came to his senses and stopped him.

"Charles, how can you call yourself a man if you break your promise like this?" William questioned him.

"Didn't you say that you only think of her as your friend? Do you really think that a real man would sleep with his friend?"

"I..." William was rendered speechless.

Charles cast a malicious glance at me before he turned around and left.

I quickly came to my senses, pushed William away, caught up with Charles, and held his hand.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean by bringing your lover here to spite me?"

Looking at the unmistakable hatred in his eyes, I knew that he had already made up his mind.

I grabbed his hand tightly to stop him from leaving.

"You promised me."

"Yes, Charles. You promised her that you would go through the divorce procedures with her today." Saying that, William stood behind me.

"I am not going to divorce you. Besides, there is no way that you can live happily with a guy like him! From now on, I am going to focus only on stopping you from getting what you want."

Charles shook off my hand and continued in a loud voice, "Let go!"

"No!"

"I said let go!"

I immediately grabbed his arm tightly with both of my hands.

Since he could not move his left hand, Charles stretched out his right hand and pinched my wrist. "I said I won't let you get what you want."

I felt a sharp, crushing pain in my wrist, which made me feel like he was going to break my bones.

After being with Charles for so many years, I knew the kind of person he was. He was the kind of man who would not let anyone get what they wanted as long as he did not get what he wanted.

He was overbearing in love.

"Charles, I will never marry William as long as you agree to divorce me," I blurted out.

Just as expected, he stopped in his tracks, glanced at me before he turned to William, who was behind me.

"How can I trust your words after everything you've done?"

"As long as you agree to divorce, I will give it to you in writing that I will never marry any man."

"So you won't get married for the rest of your life?"

"Yes."

I looked at Charles in hopes that he would be a bit more soft-hearted.

"Do I look like a toddler to you? Did you seriously think that I would fall for something as ridiculous as that?"

"What do you even want then?" I asked through gritted teeth.

"Scarlett, just give up, okay? I am never going to trust you again. I just want to see you live miserably."

Charles sneered. The minute I heard those words, all my hopes crumbled under my feet.

I immediately felt weak in my knees and took a step back while loosening my grip on his hand.

I felt like I was sinking to the bottom of the ocean. My fear was engulfing me from within and I was too powerless to even fight back.

William held me just in time and said, "Charles, you have hurt her deeply. What can I do to make you let her go?"

"You have no right to judge me. This is between me and her." Charles glared at William with his sharp eyes.

"Do you really think that your refusal to divorce her will stop me from being with her? That's ridiculous! A divorce agreement is just a piece of paper and I don't give a damn."

Charles clenched his fists. Just when I was expecting him to punch William, he turned around and left.

Were things between us really meant to end that way?

Was I really supposed to be trapped with him without any freedom or happiness in life?

No!

I broke away from William's arms and ran after Charles.

"Scarlett!" William grabbed my hand.

"William, please don't come after me. I beg you."

William stopped in his tracks and slowly let go of my hand.

I rushed out without hesitation and stopped Charles right before he got in the car.

I grabbed the car door with both hands and looked at him firmly. "Divorce me."

"Get out of my way."

"No, I won't."

I stubbornly blocked the door with my body.

"Don't push me. If it weren't for James, do you think that I will let you and William go so easily? Don't ever test me."

Charles grabbed my shoulders and was about to push me away.

"Do you really love James?" I questioned him.

The next second, a powerful force pushed me to the ground. It was Charles.

"Just wait and see. I will prove to you whether I love James or not."

Charles shot me a ferocious look, opened the door, and left.

I stared in the direction his car drove as I sat on the ground, enduring the piercing pain in my ankle.

What did he mean by that?

An ominous feeling enveloped my heart.

William quickly walked up to me and bent down to pick me up.

"Scarlett, let's go. We'll find another way. Tracy and the kids are waiting for you at the airport."

I leaned against William's chest, feeling desperate.

Was I never going to be rid of Charles?

#### [Chapter 325 Die In Front Of Me](#)

Scarlett's POV:

William continued to hold me as he carried me to the car. I let go of his hand and got in the car. "Go to the airport."

When we arrived at the airport, I saw a commotion in the VIP lounge not far away.

What was going on? I felt a chill freezing my heart as a bad feeling took over my mind.

Charles' words flashed through my mind.

William and I looked at each other and said in unison, "Jerry and Jason!"

It was clear that he also sensed that something was wrong.

I quickened my pace and ran to the lounge. There was a woman lying unconscious on the ground. It was Tracy!

Jerry and Jason seemed to have already disappeared.

All of a sudden, I blacked out and almost fainted. Thankfully, William held me.

Charles! It must be him!

And it was all my fault. But now was not the right time to think about it. The safety of the twins was the first thing.

Thinking of that, I turned around and ran out of the airport without looking back. All I wanted was to

find Jerry and Jason as soon as possible.

"Scarlett, wait for me!" I vaguely heard William calling me from behind, but I just could not afford to care.

As soon as I ran out of the airport, I hailed a taxi.

"Sir, please take me to the Moore Group."

After getting in the car, I kept calling Charles, but he was either talking to someone else or did not want to answer my calls. When he finally picked up, I could not wait to ask, "Charles, what the hell do you want?"

"I am only trying to give you a taste of your own medicine." Charles' cold voice came from the other end of the line.

"Charles, I am begging you. Please give my children back. I don't want anything else."

"You have no right to be negotiating with me," Charles sneered unwilling to make a compromise.

I gritted my teeth and promised, "As long as you give the children back to me, I will do anything you ask of me."

"Scarlett, William hid James away for a year. It's only fair that I pay him back for what he did to me, right?" His voice was so cold that it felt like someone was striking me with a block of ice.

"Charles, do you really despise me that much? Can we talk in person?" I pleaded.

"You want to talk? You are acting a little too self-righteous, don't you think?" Charles hung up. My heart sank as I felt a chill rise up my spine.

Clearly, the twins were with him. I needed to bring them back no matter what happened.

Soon, I arrived at the first floor lobby area of Moore Group. While I waited for the elevator, two bodyguards appeared by my side.

They gave me a curt nod and said, "Sorry, you can't go upstairs without the CEO's permission."

"Get out of my way."

"Scarlett, please don't make things difficult for us." The bodyguards did not want to leave my side.

I figured that Charles must have ordered them to do it. Did he really resent me that much?

Just when I was standing there lost in thought, I heard a familiar voice coming from behind me.  
"Scarlett?"

I turned around and saw Spencer.

He was like a savior sent by God. I was overjoyed to see him. "Spencer, can you take me upstairs? I have to talk to Charles about something urgent!"

"They did not let you go upstairs?" he asked, pointing at the bodyguards, and I nodded in reply.

"Fuck you! Don't you recognize her?" The two bodyguards lowered their heads and took a step back. Spencer then walked me to the elevator.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." Just when he was about to swipe his access card for the elevator, the door opened automatically.

Spencer turned around and smiled at me. "Charles is really stubborn, but he is soft-hearted. Your face recognition information is still in the company system."

"Really?" I smiled palely as I was not in the mood to think about it.

After entering the elevator, Spencer pressed the button and said, "Scarlett, you seem to have lost a lot of weight. Weren't you happy with William?"

"It has nothing to do with him. Spencer, can I meet Charles alone?"

"Of course, you can. In fact, Charles cares a lot about you. He's the kind of guy who doesn't know how to express himself. He ends up saying harsh things when he means something else altogether. Besides, if he's really angry, then you just need to say something sweet to cheer him up." Spencer was trying his best to persuade me.

Knowing that he was only trying to help me, I did not argue. "I understand. I will try my best."

"After you finish your conversation, let's go to the Mint Bar. Vivian misses you a lot."

"How is she? Now that you mention it, I miss her a lot."

"We got married, but something upsetting happened quite recently. Anyway, she will be very happy to see you."

"Okay, I'll come if I have time." I nodded.

While we were still talking, the elevator reached the top floor. My heart began to race uncontrollably.

"Go and find him. I'll talk to Amy." Spencer waved to me as he walked out of the elevator.

I knocked on the door once before I pushed it open, but I was shocked to see a man and a woman being intimate.

I felt my heart stop for a second. It was like someone had doused me with a bucket of ice cold water. Stunned by what I saw, I took a step back subconsciously.

Charles was sitting on his chair while Nancy was snuggling up to him. Although I was heartbroken, that feeling was quickly replaced by my worry for the twins.

I had not forgotten the reason I had come there, and I would get the twins back.

Charles seemed to be in a foul mood as he looked at me and asked coldly, "What are you doing here?"

I dug my nails into my palm to force myself to calm down. "Charles, I want to talk to you alone."

Charles' eyes were filled with disgust. "And why should I?"

"I..."

"Scarlett, can't you see that we're in the middle of something important here?" Nancy interrupted me with a complacent look in her eyes.

Charles raised her chin and said in a low hoarse voice while keeping his sharp gaze fixed on me, "Don't get mad. You won't be as pretty if you're mad."

If she doesn't want to leave, then she can stay and watch us have fun. That would be a little kinky but also exciting, don't you think?"

I knew that Charles was deliberately trying to provoke me, but I was determined not to fall for it as I was more concerned about getting the kids back.

"Charles, if you just give the kids back to me, I will do anything, okay?"

"You can save those words and say them to me a year later." Charles stroked Nancy's hair. He used to be so gentle only to me.

My heart ached, and the exhaustion from the past few days finally caught up with me. I couldn't help but shout, "What the hell do you want, Charles?"

Hearing that, Charles let go of Nancy and walked towards me. He pinched my chin and looked at me with sarcasm in his eyes. "Are you really willing to do anything?"

I nodded with difficulty.

He laughed, as though he heard a funny joke, but there was a maliciousness in his eyes. "Okay, if you say so. Since you're begging me, I want you to end your life in front of me!" Charles' voice was as vicious as that of a demon from hell. I stared at him in disbelief.

#### [Chapter 326 Begging Charles To Let Go Of The Children](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I could not believe my ears when I heard Charles' words. I knew that he resented me for leaving him and James behind, but I never imagined that he hated me enough to want me dead.

My heart felt like a knife was piercing through it whenever I met his cold gaze.

"I can't do that. Think of something else." I walked to him with a pleading look.

I couldn't die!

What would happen to my children if I died?

"Nancy, you go out first." Charles patted on Nancy's shoulder affectionately. His tone was very gentle, completely different from how it sounded when he talked to me.

Looking at them being so intimate with each other, I figured that they must be together already.

"Charles, I'll come to you later." Nancy let go of his hand and winked at him before she stood up.

"Scarlett, take your time with him. I'll be heading out now." There was a smug smile on her lips, and it was clear that she was showing off her intimacy with Charles.

I found it ridiculous, but I did not react.

All I wanted now was to get my children back. I was not interested in Charles. But Nancy obviously thought of me as her rival in love.

"Scarlett, do you really want the twins back?" After she left, Charles approached me with a cold gaze.

"Yes. Please give my children back to me."

"Scarlett, tell me, who is more important to you, James or the twins?" Charles ignored my pleas and

looked at me expectantly as though he was really eager to know my answer.

"They are all equally important to me," I answered honestly. James and the twins were all my kids, after all.

"Scarlett, don't play tricks. You have to choose." Charles was clearly dissatisfied with my answer. He approached me with a serious look in his eyes.

I took a step back, not wanting to talk about it anymore.

As a mother, all my kids were equally important to me. I could never choose between them.

"Charles, what should I do to get my children back?" Irritation and fear filled up in my heart. Charles obviously hated me for abandoning James, but if the twins continued to be under his custody, then I could not even imagine what might happen to them.

He smiled sarcastically when he saw that I was not interested in answering his question.

Looking into his eyes, I understood that he thought that I considered the twins to be more important in my heart than James was.

Although I wanted to tell him that he was wrong, I knew that he was not going to believe me no matter what I told him.

"When William hid James away, did he ever expect that he would also experience the pain of losing his kids one day?" Charles sounded really happy, as though he was seeing William in misery and grief.

His words felt like a knife, tearing through my soul. I had indeed experienced the pain of losing a child, and I had been overwhelmed with grief when that had happened.

Suppressing the sorrow in my heart, I walked up to Charles.

"Charles, you already have James. Why are you taking the twins away from me? Don't be too greedy!" I approached him, grabbed his sleeves, and begged him to let go of my kids.

I had already given James to him, so why was he still after my other kids?

"Scarlett, do you really care about James' feelings? If you really cared about him, then you would not have abandoned him for a man!" Upon mentioning James, Charles became furious and glared at me.

When I looked into his eyes, I suddenly thought of James. I knew that he must really hate me now, and that I was not qualified to be his mother.

"Get your hands off me! Filthy woman!" Charles shook off my hands and looked at me with disgust.

"Charles, you're the one that took James away from me! I never abandoned him!" Charles pushed me to the ground, but I endured the pain as I looked at him with tears in my eyes.

He had taken James away from me back then and had warned me never to see him again.

James was my son. How could I ever abandon him?

"Scarlett, you had sex with another man and gave birth to his children. Can you still say that you love James? How do you think James will feel if he finds out that his mother abandoned him for another man and had kids with him?" Fury rose in Charles' heart every time he mentioned my relationship with William.

"Charles, there has not been a single day when I did not think of James!" I retorted, suppressing the pain in my heart.

Only God knew how hurt I was when I heard that James had died.

"I think that you were eager to have another baby after finding out that our son died!" Charles stood up from the sofa, grabbed my chin, and stared at me with resentment.

I shook my head desperately to deny his accusations.

No one could replace James. The twins and James were all equal to me, but I loved them all for different reasons.

"Charles, what should I do to make you let the kids go?" I knelt down on the ground and begged with tears rolling down my cheeks as despair clouded my heart.

"There are many things that I want you to do, but I am never going to let you see those bastards again!" Charles loosened his grip on my jaw before he mercilessly pushed me to the ground.

My heart ached to hear him call my children bastards. I was overwhelmed by the pain and I could hardly breathe.

I knew I got pregnant on the Independence Day... The last time that I had sex with Charles.

He was calling his own sons bastards.

However, I could not bring myself to tell him the truth.

I felt that if he knew that the children were his, then he would definitely try to take them away from me, just like he had done before with James.

After losing James, I could not bear the loss of another child.

"Charles, what should I do to make you let them go?" Wiping away my tears, I looked at him. I was willing to do anything as long as he let my sons go.

"I want you to die!" Charles roared with an unmistakable hatred in his eyes.

I knew that he was not joking.

"Do you really think that I want to live in a world like this? You think that I won't dare to kill myself?"

There was a heavy trace of grief in my eyes as I looked at him.

It suddenly occurred to me that when I thought James was gone, I had been struck by so much grief that I had wanted to die at that very moment.

And it had been the twins who had given me hope during that desperate time.

I would have died a long time ago if it had not been for them.

Charles sneered. He seemed quite confident that I would not dare to kill myself.

"Don't you want to see the twins? Do it. And maybe I can let you see them for one last time before you die," he said sarcastically.

He then tossed me a knife and waited for me to pick it up.

#### [Chapter 327 Break The Promise](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I felt cold when I looked down at the knife that was on the ground.

It was evident that Charles hated me enough to really want me dead.

"Will you keep your promise? If I die, then will you take good care of the twins for me?" I asked, looking at him expectantly.

However, Charles just looked at me coldly without even saying a word. It seemed as though he was certain that I would not dare to pick up the knife.

But there was something that he did not know. It was the fact that a mother would do anything for her children. She would even die to keep her babies safe.

With a bitter smile, I picked up the fruit knife, and pointed it at my wrist.

Just when I was about to slit my wrist, Charles rushed to my side and held my hand.

"Scarlett, aren't you afraid of death? Are you crazy enough to sacrifice your life for the kids? William's kids? Do you really think that I would make your wish come true after you die in front of me?" He was livid with rage as he grabbed my chin and glared at me with an imperceptible hint of panic in his eyes.

I did not say a word.

"I will never let you see those kids! Scarlett, just give up whatever foolish ideas you have in your head!" Charles pushed me away in disgust before he slumped back on the sofa.

Shocked, I looked at him, wondering why he was breaking his promise all of a sudden.

Feeling helpless, I put down the fruit knife. Just when I was rambling my brains to come up with an idea to make him give up, something struck my mind.

Richard and Janet must have taken my kids away. If that had not been the case, then Tracy would not have been knocked out so easily.

Thinking of that, I figured that Richard must know where the two kids were.

Charles resented me so much that there was no way that he was going to willingly give me my kids, and all I could do now was to rely on myself.

I stood up from the ground and was about to ask Richard where the kids were.

However, before I could even take a step, Charles figured out what I was planning.

"Scarlett, don't try to get any clues from Richard or Janet. I am the one that hid your kids away, and I will never make it so easy for you to find them!" he threatened me as he stood up from the couch and slowly walked to me.

I stopped and glared at him.

That glimmer of hope in my heart disappeared in just a moment and I was rendered powerless again.

"Scarlett, I am warning you, if you try to annoy me one more time, you will only be seeing the kids' corpses!" Charles hissed, ignoring the fact that I was just as furious as him.

I looked into his cold eyes in disbelief. I never thought of him as someone who would harm my kids.

"Do you really wish to see me die? If you stop me from seeing my kids, then I will die right in front of you!" Saying that, I picked up the fruit knife and pointed it at my neck.

However, Charles gave me an indifferent look as though he did not care whether I lived or died.

I put down the knife in despair, not knowing how to make him compromise.

"Charles, have you ever seen the twins?" I walked up to him and held his hand.

I knew that if he had even seen them once, he would know how adorable they were.

After all, he was their father, and he would certainly love them.

"Scarlett, you are so disgusting. I am not going to see those bastards or have mercy on another man's children! Just give up already!" Clearly, he misunderstood me. He probably thought that I was interceding on behalf of the kids. He pushed me away again with a disdainful look.

The force made me reel backwards until I hit my back against the armrest of the couch, almost falling to the ground.

Seeing the cold and disgusted look in his eyes, I was desperate and at a loss.

"The stupidest thing I ever did was to believe that you would love me wholeheartedly. If I had known that you would be so disgusting, I would not even have touched you!" Hatred was burning in his eyes as he continued to deny that we shared a sweet past together.

"Charles, you can vent your anger on me. But I am begging you, please, let me see the kids."

I did not mind being humiliated by him as long as he cooled down.

I just wished that he would not take out his anger on my babies.

Charles glared at me, and it seemed like he did not want to say anything more.

He seemed to be leaving, but when he was about to pass by me, he stopped.

With a gentle smile on his lips, he asked, "What do you think of Nancy? I would like her to be James' stepmom and take care of him."

Thinking that he must be joking, I looked up at him in disbelief.

"Shouldn't James live in the Moore mansion and be taken care of by the elders? Why should Nancy have anything to do with him?" The thought of Nancy being my son's stepmom panicked and disgusted me.

If Charles really married her, then they would have their own child.

And when that happened, would they still take good care of James?

"Nancy is a gentle woman and I'm willing to let her look after James. We will live a happy life in the future as a family," Charles said with a sneer.

His words irritated me, so I shouted at him angrily, "Charles, you are truly shameless! You are not fit to be James' father at all! Give my children back to me, including James! He is also my son, and I will never allow you to treat him like this!"

"Not going to happen!" Charles shook off my hand resolutely and threatened, "Scarlett, I don't want to see you ever again. If you dare to show up in front of me again, then I swear I will kill those twins! I mean it!"

His words seemed to squeeze the life out of my heart. I stared at him in anger when I tasted the blood in my throat.

"Charles, are you even human? How can you say such a thing?" I was afraid that he might really kill my children, and the anxiety caused me to spit out blood.

Seeing that, he stopped and immediately reached out to hold me with a hint of panic in his eyes.

I could feel a stabbing pain in my chest, which made me think that I was about to die. I felt helpless and flustered.

Looking at his handsome face, I remembered the sweet past between us.

"Charles, have you ever loved me?" I raised my trembling hand to touch his face as I looked at him expectantly.

I was eager to get an answer from him.

### [Chapter 328 The Heartbreaking Truth](#)

Charles' POV:

"Charles, have you ever loved me?"

Every word that came out of Scarlett's mouth was like a needle pricking my heart. All of the memories we shared together came flooding back, and I was overwhelmed by sorrow and pain.

"I've never loved you, Scarlett. Not even for a second," I said resolutely.

All of sudden, she fainted.

"Scarlett? Scarlett!" I panicked the moment she fell.

I carried her to the parking lot and put her in the backseat of my car. "Scarlett, wake up! Don't close your eyes. I won't allow you to do this!"

While I was driving over the speed limit, I kept on talking to her. "Scarlett, open your eyes! Do not let yourself fall asleep. I'm taking you to the hospital. We're almost there. Hold on! God... don't do this to me, Scarlett. You hear me? You're not allowed to leave me like this! Open your eyes, damn it!"

Upon our arrival at the hospital, they took Scarlett to the operating room. I wanted to follow her in, but the doctor stopped me. "Sir, this is the operating room. I'm afraid we can't let you in."

With no other choice, I waited outside the operating room, staring at the red light just above the emergency room's door. An hour had passed by, but to me, it felt like an eternity. Waiting for that long almost killed me. By now, my eyes had turned red.

It was then that Tracy arrived, seemingly out of breath. "Is Scarlett okay?"

In response, I just pointed at the operating room in silence.

After quite some time, the door finally opened.

Several nurses pushed Scarlett out.

She lay on the bed with her eyes closed, and her face had turned pale. There was a needle on the back of her hand, and she was injected with an IV drip.

"How is she?" I asked, approaching them.

"She's safe now, but she needs all the rest she can get. You can wait outside until she wakes up."

As I breathed a sigh of relief, I felt the urge to go outside and smoke. However, Tracy stopped me. "Mr. Moore, did you know that the twins are actually your children? Why do you keep on hurting Scarlett?"

"What did you just say?" I stared at Tracy's face, suspended in disbelief because of what I had heard.

"A while after that we believed James was really gone, Scarlett wanted to commit suicide. Fortunately, I found her in time and brought her to a hospital. When the doctor ran a physical examination on her, he told me that she was pregnant."

Tracy couldn't stop from crying while she spoke. And in that moment, I realized how stupid I had been. I pushed the woman I loved to the edge of insanity.

"Damn it! Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Right now, I was overwhelmed by regret, anger, and sorrow altogether.

"Scarlett wouldn't allow me to tell you the truth. She said she wanted to raise the twins on her own. Besides, when William took her away, you never asked her to stay. But, sir, I can prove to you that Scarlett and William were never in a relationship," she said.

"Enough!" Suddenly, I felt like I had lost all my strength.

The doctor walked up to me and handed me a report. "Mr. Moore, your wife is in an unstable condition. She's very weak and showing signs of depression. Clearly, she's been under a lot of stress lately."

I almost dropped the paper as I looked through the report.

"The patient will need to be taken care of for a long recovery period," the doctor added.

"For how long?" I asked.

The doctor answered, "Based on her physiological and psychological condition, she'll need to recover for at least a year or two. Moreover, she has underlying health conditions."

"The doctor is right. Scarlett has been bedridden for most of the time during last year," Tracy cried.

"What? Is that true?" I asked. Every word that Tracy said was like a knife, cutting my heart into pieces. Right now, I wished that I was the one lying in the hospital bed instead of Scarlett.

"Mr. Moore, try not to worry too much. Your wife will be fine as long as she gets enough rest," the doctor remarked, attempting to comfort me. Then, he added, "Would you like to come with me to see the patient?"

I couldn't bring myself to move. For the first time in my life, I just wanted to walk away and escape. I didn't have the courage to face Scarlett right now. A part of me believed that I was the one that caused her current predicament.

"Tracy, go inside with the doctor." Richard helped me out and whispered to my ear, "I just received word that William is outside the hospital, and he wants to enter the ward."

"Go and tell him that Scarlett is fine," I commanded.

"Yes, sir!"

Once Richard had left, I stood outside the ward for a time. When Tracy said that Scarlett had woken up, I couldn't wait to open the door.

And when Tracy and the doctor saw me, they left the ward.

Scarlett, on the other hand, turned her back against me and said nothing.

A dead silence ensued in the ward. I wanted to speak to her, but I didn't know where to start.

I really wanted to be near her, but my legs felt so heavy that I couldn't take a step. The world before my eyes seemed to be collapsing, and a vast distance appeared between us.

At this time, it began to rain cats and dogs outside. Raindrops were falling on the windowpane. The resonating sound of dripping rain made me feel like they were raining down on my heart.

I walked towards the window, watching the heavy downpour of rain. A thought dawned on me, compelling me to rush out of the ward.

Upon my arrival at the first floor, I bumped into Richard. He stopped me and said, "Sir, it's raining heavily outside. Bring an umbrella with you."

"I don't need it. Take good care of Scarlett."

I rushed into the rain, got on my car, and drove all the way to the Moore Group.

Spencer's POV:

Vivian and I held an umbrella as we got out of the car. Upon hearing a loud car engine from behind me, I turned around.

"What's wrong?" asked Vivian.

"That looks like Charles' car," I replied.

"Really? Shouldn't he be with Scarlett at the hospital right now?" Vivian responded.

"Maybe you're right," I said, nodding affirmatively.

As soon as we entered the hospital, I put away the umbrella and saw Richard.

"Richard, where's Charles?" I asked.

"He went out for something," answered Richard.

"He left Scarlett alone in the ward? Why was he in such a hurry?" This was all a little surprising for me.

"I have no clue. He didn't allow me to follow him," Richard replied.

"Has Charles gone mad?" Vivian grumbled as she held my hand.

"Let's go upstairs and see how Scarlett is doing." Even though I didn't say anything else, I was also dissatisfied by what Charles did.

### [Chapter 329 Put The Ring Back](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As I lay on the bed, recalling everything that had happened, I felt my heart ache.

I felt like a fool for hurting myself for a man.

Just then, Spencer and Vivian walked into the ward, looking anxious.

But their appearance made me really happy.

Charles had ordered Richard to guard the ward so that I would not try to escape. I felt like a bird that was trapped in a cage.

Sitting up from the bed, I greeted them with a smile.

"Scarlett, how are you doing? It's only been a while since I last saw you, but you look so pale!" Vivian was really anxious as she held my hand.

"Don't worry. I'm feeling much better now," I replied with a faint smile, hiding the truth.

Although I did everything I could to make her not worry, she seemed to have figured it out.

"Scarlett, you should take care of yourself." With a worried expression, she patted me on the shoulder to comfort me.

Feeling the bitterness in my heart, I could not help but shake my head and cry.

I was the only one who knew that as long as I continued to stay with Charles, I would never be happy.

Vivian reached out and wiped my tears away with a pitiful look.

"You have suffered a lot! Would you like me to call some friends to teach Charles a lesson? I swear that

he would get beaten to a pulp!" Vivian clenched her fist in anger as she said those words.

Although Spencer remained silent, it was obvious that he was acquiescing in her suggestion.

When I saw how they were all riled up to avenge me, I could not help but chuckle.

"Charles has gone too far! How could he treat you so badly? Scarlett, don't feel sad because of him. He doesn't deserve your love." Seeing how worried I was, Vivian thought that I was still not able to let go of Charles, and that was the reason she was trying to comfort me.

Shaking my head with a bitter smile, I explained, "It's not that I cannot live without him. It's just that he is not willing to let go of me."

I could not help but feel desperate when I thought of the way Charles treated me.

"Spencer, can you step outside for a bit? I want to talk to her alone."

Hearing Vivian's words, Spencer nodded and left.

Vivian grabbed my hand and said, "Scarlett, pull yourself together. You have three children, and you need to think about them. What do you think will happen to them if you're not around?"

I felt worse at the mention of my children.

Tracy had informed me that Charles had already found out that he was the twins' father.

He would certainly try to take them away from me, just like he had done with James.

Now, I had nothing, and there was no meaning to my life.

As soon as Vivian helped me lie down on the bed, tears began to roll down my cheeks.

Noticing that I was feeling depressed, she let out a sigh and changed the topic.

I gradually calmed down and fell asleep.

By the time I woke up again, it was dark outside.

And I saw Charles leaning against the window. Seeing that I was awake, he walked up to me.

I closed my eyes, not wanting to see him.

A few moments later, I suddenly felt a ring on my finger.

Needless to say, Charles must have put it on my finger while I was asleep.

I remembered that I had thrown the ring away that day. How did he find it?

Looking at the ring, I suddenly recalled him telling me that he had never loved me. As I suppressed the pain in my heart, I felt the urge to take off the ring.

"Scarlett, don't take off the ring!" Charles stopped me.

I struggled, but he held me tightly.

"Charles, what do you want?" I could not understand why he was insisting that I wear the ring when he already told me that he had never loved me. However, it was also clear to me that he was unwilling to let go.

I had no choice but to give up and cry after seeing how stubborn he was.

"Scarlett, I don't like it when you bite your lip. It feels like you're inviting me to kiss you." When he saw me crying, he suddenly grabbed my face and kissed my lips.

His lips were as soft and warm as I remembered, but instead of the joy I always felt from his kisses, I could only feel sad now.

Using all my strength, I pushed him away, and slapped him.

"Don't touch me again!"

Charles took a few steps back. He seemed to be broken-hearted.

"Please get out! I don't want to see you ever again!" I roared.

"Scarlett, please let me take care of you. I promise that I won't touch you again." Charles softened his tone as he took a step towards me.

"Get out! I don't ever want to see you again! And take the ring back! It means nothing to me!" With that, I took off the ring and threw it at him.

It hit him in the forehead before it fell to the ground.

He bent down and picked it up with a painful look in his eyes.

"I..." He seemed to want to say something, but I was not willing to listen to him at all, so I covered my ears and buried my face in my knees.

Charles and I could not go back to the way we had been in the past.

Did he really think that he could pretend like nothing happened as long as he put the ring back on my finger?

Charles' POV:

I walked out of the ward with a heavy heart, gripping the ring tightly in my hand.

I did not expect Scarlett to resist my touch so fiercely. Recalling her cold gaze, I could not help but feel sad.

I smiled bitterly, and said something to Richard before I drove to the Moore mansion.

As soon as I walked in, I immediately approached the twins.

Since they were seeing me for the first time, they seemed to be very curious about me.

They resembled me a lot, and looking at their cute faces, I could not help but feel guilty.

I hated myself for not trusting Scarlett, and for asking someone to kidnap the children, which ruined her hopes to live.

I caressed the kids affectionately and played with them for a while.

"Charles, we already know that you are the twins' father." My mother patted me on the shoulder, pitying me.

"Charles, do you know their names?" She looked at the kids affectionately as she played with them.

"Their names are Jerry and Jason," I said.

"But which one is Jerry? And which one is Jason?" She was curious.

Looking at the kids in front of me, I felt a little frustrated.

Although I was their father, I could not tell them apart.

"He is Jerry! The kids are wearing small bracelets with their names engraved," Grandma reminded me when she saw that I was not able to answer my mother's question.

"So you are Jerry." I quickly raised the baby's hand, observed carefully, and found that his name was indeed carved on his bracelet.

I read the children's name gently, feeling a wave of mixed feelings in my heart.

### [Chapter 330 Slap Me](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I felt better than last night when I awoke in the morning.

I was a little hungry, so I decided to call Tracy to bring me breakfast. But before I could reach for my phone, Charles pushed the door open, a delicious food box in his hand.

He walked toward me and put the box on the small table by the bed.

"It's time for breakfast."

But I did not want to talk to him, and I refused to eat whatever he had brought me.

Despite the look of derision on my face, Charles did not seem to be discouraged. He took out the food from the box one by one, unperturbed. Now, I could see that he had brought fried eggs, bacon, sandwiches, and even a bowl of corn soup.

The familiar fragrance greeted me in an instant.

"Mom made it for you. Try have some," Charles urged, looking a little uneasy.

I knew what the look on his face meant. He was lying. The truth was, his mother, Alice, could not cook.

It must be him who had prepared the food.

But so what?

I had changed. I would no longer be touched just because he had made me breakfast.

Although the table in front of me was full of my favorite dishes, I remained unmoved. To spite Charles, I picked up the milk the hospital had provided and drank it.

He frowned and moved the breakfast closer to me.

"Eat the food I've brought. Hospital food is not as nutritious as you think it is."

I looked up at him and snorted. "Who are you? Didn't you say I'm filthy? You should stay away from me then, or else you'll get yourself dirty."

Charles stiffened and looked at me with an inexplicable look on his face.

"Jerry and Jason are waiting for you at home. Are you sure you want to continue talking to me like this?"

A sneer tugged at my mouth upon hearing this. How dare this bastard threaten me with my own children?

I looked into his eyes unyieldingly, but his face showed that he would not make a compromise. For a moment, we stared into each other's eyes. Neither of us seemed willing to concede. But in the end, I lost.

I hated his overbearingness. Exasperated, I put down the milk and leaned against the pillow sulkily.

"Are you implying that I should feed you?" Charles asked with a cunning look on his face.

I only looked at him in response. Then, I pressed the call bell, and a young nurse came running to me the next second.

"What's wrong, ma'am?"

"Nurse, this man broke into my ward without my permission and disturbed my rest. Can you please kick him out?"

"Well..."

Not knowing what to do, the nurse clasped her awkwardly and looked back and forth between Charles and me.

Charles looked at the nurse and ordered, "You can leave now."

The nurse breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, sir."

A deafening silence fell in the ward the instant the nurse left.

Charles sat on the edge of my bed, scooped a spoonful of soup, and brought it to my mouth.

"It looks like you really want me to feed you," he said with a smirk.

What the fuck? He really was serious!

With that, I sat up straight, grabbed the spoon from his hand, and gulped down the soup.

"Ahem!"

I must have drunk it too fast that I choked on it. Not only that, but I also felt that I was going to throw up. I covered my mouth with my hands and ran to the bathroom.

But as soon as I stood up, I felt a sharp, intense pain in my ankle. I lost my balance and fell to the ground.

But instead of hitting the cold, hard ground, I fell onto something warm. It turned out that Charles had caught me just in time. He then laid me on the bed as gentle as he could.

At this moment, I still had not stopped coughing. Charles did not let go of me and even gently patted me on the back. With his free hand, he pressed on the call bell and then took a tissue to wipe my mouth.

Of course, I would not let him touch me. I snatched the tissue from him and wiped my own mouth.

"Scarlett, I'm sorry for making you suffer again," Charles solemnly said.

To be perfectly honest, I thought that the pain in my ankle was making me hear things.

I wanted to push him away, but his warm embrace felt like it was the strongest cage in the world. He got me trapped in his arms, and I could not break away from him.

His embrace was so tight that it was hard to breathe. But then, I realized that it was not because of his arms but his presence. My heart ached because of him, and I was on the verge of breaking down.

He had known I would suffer. Why did he still do the things that would hurt me?

This man was cruel, and I would never understand him.

"Scarlett, how about you beat me up? Do anything to me—punch me, kick me, slap me. You can do anything to me as long as it makes you feel better."

Remorse was written all over Charles's face. Seeing that I did not move, he took my hand and slapped himself.

The flames of anger burned my reason to ashes.

Fine. Charles had asked me to beat him up. I would do what he wanted.

I slapped him across the face.

But this time, he was not holding my hand anymore. His face tilted sideways due to the impact, and a red palm print appeared on his cheek.

He was stunned for a second. But just like he had promised, he did not get angry and instead smiled at me.

"Do you feel better? You can slap me again if you're still not satisfied." Charles closed his eyes and moved his face closer to me.

I gritted my teeth in anger. I raised my hand to slap him again, but I could not bring myself to do it again.

While we were at a stalemate, the doctor came in to examine me.

Charles immediately stood up and made a beeline to the doctor. "Doctor, my wife sprained her ankle. Please help her."

The doctor came over and touched my swollen ankle. His mere touch hurt so much that I withdrew my foot.

"Has the patient hurt her ankle before?"

I did not answer and just shot daggers at Charles.

The doctor noticed my gaze, and he cast a reproachful glance at Charles.

"Sir, we need to take an X-ray of your wife's ankle to know the extent of her injury. If this has happened before, I'm afraid she may need more extensive treatment."

Charles's face turned dark and gloomy. The temperature in the ward seemed to have dropped a few degrees due to his temperament.

Not long after, a nurse wheeled in a wheelchair into the ward. Charles glanced at it and, to everyone's surprise, picked me up.

"You don't need a wheelchair. I would carry you wherever you want to go," he said in a familiar affectionate tone.

I did not answer and just lowered my head. His word was the law. There was nothing I could do once he had said so.

Charles's POV:

I carried Scarlett all the way to the Radiologic department.

The X-ray was done within an hour. While Scarlett was being sent back to the ward to take a rest, I followed the doctor into his office with the X-ray result.

"Mr. Moore, your wife's condition is not very good. I'm afraid that her recurrent ankle sprains have led to joint instability. The treatment for her injury may take some time and be very demanding."

My heart sank upon hearing Scarlett's diagnosis. Guilt and regret washed over me that I felt an urge to beat myself up.

It was because of me that Scarlett had been injured again.

Although I was morose, I forced myself to cheer up as I made my way back to the ward. As I walked to the door, I heard Janet and Tracy's voices inside.

"Don't worry, Scarlett. Jerry and Jason are being taken good care of, and James is having a good time with them."

"That's good," Scarlett replied weakly.

I just stood there in front of the door and did not come in until they finished talking.

When Janet and Tracy saw me, they stood up from the bed and left the room respectfully. Scarlett, on the other hand, turned her back to me.

She did not even spare me a glance.

Bitterness filled my mouth. I quietly walked to the bedside and stared at her back.

"Do you miss the kids? How about I take them here to see you?" I asked, hoping that that would be enough to appease Scarlett.

It worked just as I had expected. When I mentioned the kids, she turned around to face me. However, she did not speak and just stared at me with distrust.

Her wariness of me brought a pang to my heart. I unconsciously fumbled with the ring on my finger to somehow distract myself and relieve the pain.

"Eat right and cooperate with the treatment, and I will bring them here to see you. Deal?" I persuaded.

All of a sudden, Scarlett's eyes turned red, and she turned her back to me again.

"Scarlett..."

I heaved a sigh. Without another word, I lay next to her and held her from behind.

"Trust me, Scarlett. If that's too much for you, fine. Just talk to me, and I'll call the kids over."

I waited for her response, full of hope. I would give her everything she wanted as long as she asked. But in the end, the only thing she gave me was silence and defiance.