

Warning 331

[Chapter 331 No One Can Take Her Away From Me](#)

Charles' POV:

Alas, I could not get Scarlett to talk to me.

Disappointed, I walked out of the ward and met Spencer, David, and Icey, who came to meet Scarlett.

Icey walked into the ward to keep Scarlett company while the rest of us stood outside and talked.

"Charles, look at Scarlett. Do you even take care of her? Why does she keep growing weaker by the day?" Spencer complained.

David nodded in agreement.

"I think Spencer is right. You have to persuade Scarlett to forgive you this time. If you fail to do so, then your relationship is definitely doomed for good."

"Do you guys really think that I am not trying? I've tried everything. I have let her beat me to vent her anger, and I have also tried to tempt her with the kids, but she doesn't even want to budge. As long as she is willing to forgive me, I will even kneel before her and beg, but she just wants to take the kids and leave. What am I supposed to do?"

I held my head dejectedly, the feeling of powerlessness engulfing my heart.

Why did things become so miserable?

Perhaps, Tracy had been right, and if I had not let William take Scarlett away back then, then maybe things would not have come to such a complicated state.

For the sake of the children, she might not have focused on hating me. Perhaps, there would have been a chance for us to turn things around.

But unfortunately, I missed it.

"Charles, I have to remind you about one thing. If Scarlett continues to be so stressed, then it will only bring more harm to her than good."

My heart was a mess and I could not find a solution, so I fell silent.

"By the way, what happened to you that day? I heard that you used a knife?" Spencer asked in a cold voice.

Recalling that day, I felt a sharp pain in my heart.

I realized how crazy I must have been that day.

If I had been sane, I would not have done such a horrible thing to her.

I had asked her to kill herself, and I had told her that I had never loved her.

It was no wonder that she would not forgive me no matter how hard I tried now. I only had myself to blame.

I closed my eyes with a bitter smile to cover up the despair that was about to ooze out of my heart.

"I really don't understand why a couple that's in love would hate each other so much! What is even going on between the two of you?" There was a hint of regret and confusion in Spencer's tone.

I did not know how to answer his question, but there was one thought in my mind.

"I just know that I am not going to let her leave me again."

"Remember not to pressure her too much. Just take care of her, okay?"

"I will."

Spencer sneered, "Charles, remember what you said today. If Scarlett gets hurt again, then I will try my best to take her away from you."

I grabbed his collar and hissed, "How dare you!"

"We'll see about that."

Spencer and I fought like beasts, unwilling to give in.

He had never been good at fighting ever since he was a kid, not to mention that I was his opponent now.

I enjoyed the overwhelming superiority, and soon beat him to a pulp.

"Charles, don't push it!" Spencer covered his bruised face and said, "And you, David! Why aren't you helping me? Are you even my friend?"

David leaned against the wall, shrugged his shoulders, and said helplessly, "Spencer, just accept the truth. Even with my help, you can't beat Charles."

"Fuck!"

I straightened my wrinkled clothes and glared at them.

"If anyone ever dares to threaten me about taking Scarlett away from me, then I will kill that person, for sure!"

With that, I turned around and left. Spencer's angry roar echoed behind me.

"But you don't love her at all!"

"You have no right to judge that."

Anyone who dared to offend me should be aware of the consequences. I would not let anyone take Scarlett away from me.

Scarlett's POV:

I was depressed as I lay in the ward, listening to the men fighting outside.

However, Icey, who was sitting beside me, was not worried at all. She held my hand intimately with a bright smile.

"Well, it's their business, and they have to sort it out on their own. There is no need for us to worry."

Forcing a smile, I told myself not to be concerned with what was going on outside.

"Scarlett, you have given birth to three kids, and I haven't even got pregnant yet."

Icey and David had been married for a while, but they hadn't had children yet.

"Actually, I don't know how I got pregnant. I remember that we always used protections." I felt a little upset thinking about it.

"Perhaps, it was fated."

"No. It's probably because the condom was of a poor quality," I denied with a straight face.

Icey burst into laughter.

"Do you really think that Mr. Moore is the kind of man who would use a cheap product?"

Although I was smiling on the outside, I was not happy.

Maybe, it was fate.

I had thought that James was dead at that time, which meant that the only connection between me and Charles had been broken, but I had not expected that I had actually been pregnant with the twins.

It seemed like Charles and I were destined to be entangled for the rest of our lives.

"Are you and David planning to have a baby?" I changed the topic at once.

"No. My family's problem hasn't been solved yet, so I don't think having a child now would be a good idea. I've discussed the same with David. I would like to be a mom when I'm 35 years old," Icey said casually.

I couldn't help but look at her with envy.

She had her own plans for life, and she had a husband who truly loved her. Unlike Charles, David was willing to discuss everything with his wife and compromise for her sake.

After looking at me for a while, Icey asked with concern, "Scarlett, tell me honestly, what did Charles actually do to you? Did he hurt you?"

Upon hearing that, Charles throwing a knife at me flashed through my mind.

Although he had not hurt me physically that day, he did something worse, and the piercing pain kept reminding me of how ruthless and fierce he was.

"No, we just had a fight," I answered calmly.

"Then how did you end up in the hospital?"

I shook my head, and said, "I'm fine. It's just that my old injury hasn't healed yet."

"Alright. Don't worry about anything else and just take good care of yourself. Although the kids are very young, Charles' family can take care of them. You need to take care of yourself now. Only then will you have the strength to handle bigger matters." There was a hint of mystery in her tone.

I looked at her curiously and asked, "What do you mean?"

Icey blinked at me and said, "Only when you're healthy can you win the battle, right?"

"The battle?"

"Haven't you always wanted to leave Charles? If the queen is not healthy, then how will she have the strength to defeat the dragon and save her little princes?"

Icey's words struck me like thunder, breaking up the clouds in my head.

I realized that I could not continue to live such a muddled life anymore. I had to recover soon and take my children away from this place, away from Charles.

Thinking of that, I smiled genuinely for the first time in a while.

[Chapter 332 I Won't Let You Go](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Icey's suggestion sparked a glimmer of hope in my heart.

If I refused to take care of myself properly, it would only give Charles a reason to keep me in the hospital, leaving me no chance to object.

"Thanks for telling me that, Icey. Now I know what to do," I replied with a smile.

"Look, Scarlett, I know you have ideas in mind, but you need to keep in mind that Charles is not a man to be trifled with. You'll have a hard time going up against him. But always remember that you must follow your heart, and you must figure out what exactly it is you want to do." Icey smiled back at me, patting the back of my hand.

I was lost in thought.

'I want to leave this place with my children. And I want to get away from Charles, and live a peaceful life.

But I know that Charles and his family would never allow me to take me kids away.'

When I thought of my kids, I closed my eyes, feeling sad and defeated.

Icey and I chatted for a while, before she finally stood up and was about to leave.

"Scarlett, I have a meeting to attend later, so I have to go now. Get some good rest, okay? And if you ever want someone to talk to, just call me anytime." Icey smiled at me once more, and told me not to let my emotions get the best of me.

I said goodbye to her, and thanked her one last time. After speaking to her, I felt so much better.

Once Icey was gone, it occurred to me that I hadn't seen my phone during these past few days. Needless to say, Charles must've taken it away.

The thought of being locked up in this ward by that man and being deprived of the right to make phone calls annoyed me.

'I can't understand why Charles has to do such a thing! Isn't he satisfied with what he did to me?'

About half an hour later, I heard a knock on the door.

Soon, Charles came in.

He glanced at me before going to the bathroom without even uttering a word.

'What the hell is the matter with him?' I wondered.

Five minutes later, Charles came out of the bathroom. He touched his bruised chin while walking to the bedside.

The sight of his frustrated face brought joy to my heart.

It was then that I took out a piece of paper and handed it to Charles.

On the paper, it read, "Please give me back my phone. Moreover, I'll only eat the food provided by the hospital from now on. I won't eat anything you bring for me."

I'd rather not speak to him, so I wrote down what I wanted to say to him on the piece of paper.

Charles frowned upon reading it.

"Sorry, but I can't give you back your phone. You need to focus on your recover. If you prefer the food provided by the hospital, so be it. I won't cook for you again." From the look on his face, I could tell just how frustrated he was.

Moreover, I wasn't expecting that I would be able to get my phone back easily. Upon hearing his answer, I just turned my back to him and didn't even bother to speak to him.

Charles' POV:

I was really upset when I saw that Scarlett had no intention of speaking to me.

I had already planned to do my best to follow her wishes and help her recover as soon as possible, but seeing as she was being so cold and ruthless towards me, my patience grew thin.

Annoyed and frustrated, I walked up to Scarlett and forced her to face me.

"Do you still wish to leave me, Scarlett?" "Why can't she just stay with me obediently? And why would she rather give up her kids than to stay with me?" I wondered.

Scarlett didn't answer me, and she just stared back at me calmly.

The indifference of her gaze made me panic.

"Don't even think about taking my children away and fooling around with William again, Scarlett. I swear, if you try to escape again, I won't mind locking you in a cage and taking away your freedom!" I raised Scarlett's chin as I gave her a stern warning.

'I'm never going to give her a chance to leave me again, nor would I allow her to be involved with another man!

Scarlett belongs to me, and me alone!'

"Charles, what can I do to convince you to let me go?" Upon hearing my warning, Scarlett burst into tears, glaring back at me.

"I will never let you go for the rest of my life! You don't have a choice, so just accept your fate," I answered. Then, I wiped away the tears from the corner of her eyes. Seeing her cry like this made my heart ache.

But even so, I steeled my heart, for I didn't want to give her an opportunity to leave me.

The ward fell silent, and the light in Scarlett's eyes gradually disappeared.

When I saw her blank gaze, I was clueless of what to do. Suddenly, I realized that I was still grabbing her shoulders, so I quickly let her go.

I could see her lips trembling from fear and anger. Unable to resist the desire to kiss her, I leaned over and attempted to plant a kiss on her lips.

Scarlett seemed to have guessed what I was about to do, so she quickly turned her face away in an attempt to reject my kiss.

I wanted to hold her hand, but then she clenched her fists just so I wouldn't be able to hold them.

Once more, I forced her to look me in the eye.

Scarlett let out a muffled grunt, struggling to get rid of my hand.

This time, I took the opportunity to kiss her lips.

All of a sudden, the door was pushed open. I glanced at the door and saw Nina. When she saw us, she quickly apologized and closed the door with great force.

Just as I was about to kiss Scarlett again, I heard someone knock on the door.

"Mr. Moore, Nina and Abner have brought the child here. They want Mrs. Moore to see the baby," Richard said from outside the door.

Upon hearing that, I stopped trying to kiss Scarlett and just looked into her eyes, only to see resentment in them.

Thus, I covered her eyes and kissed her again.

Only when kissing her lips could I feel that she still belonged to me.

Scarlett struggled to break free from my grasp. She tried to push me away with both of her hands, but she was far too weak to do it.

"Scarlett, if you don't let me do what I want, I'm going to tie you up!" Having said that, I held her hands over her head.

This time, she stopped struggling and just shot me a stern glare.

"I'll let you see our children if you beg," I remarked, softening my tone just to get on her good side.

Scarlett sprang to her feet with difficulty, trying to reach the door.

The sight of her stubborn face only stressed me out and annoyed me even more.

Gently, I pushed Scarlett back to the bed, despite the fact that she had just sat up.

I pressed her under my body, caressed her face, and sighed. 'Scarlett, what am I going to do with you?' I

wondered.

'Why is she so headstrong? Can't she just do as I say?

As long as she complies with my conditions, even if she wants my life, I will die for her without hesitation!'

"Are you done? We're coming in." While Scarlett and I were caught in a stalemate, Nina spoke from the other side of the door.

She pushed the door open and walked in with James in her arms.

I stood up, albeit reluctantly.

"Scarlett, are you okay?" Nina asked worriedly.

Scarlett shook her head, saying that she was fine. Her eyes were locked on the child in Nina's arms.

"James!"

"Mommy!" replied James.

Scarlett was so excited that she spread out her arms to the boy.

"Are you sure you're strong enough to carry James right now, Scarlett?" Nina was concerned, because James was much heavier than he used to be.

"Of course!" Scarlett embraced her son, too excited to say anything else.

As I watched her hold our child with tears on her face, I felt envious.

Scarlett was willing to embrace our baby and cry for him, and she was capable of being nice to others. But to me, she was so cold, and she'd do anything just to avoid me.

[Chapter 333 Tit For Ta](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Scarlett, I'm so sorry. I couldn't get through to you before. Nina and I thought that you had already boarded the plane. Fortunately, she was cautious enough to find out that something was wrong and called Spencer. Only then did we find out that you are in the hospital."

Abner looked at me with guilt in his eyes.

"It's alright, Abner. I'm very happy that you came to see me."

Tears rolled down my cheeks as I held James in my arms.

James looked at me and whispered, "Mom."

I smiled brightly and said, "James, you're such a good boy! I missed you a lot."

"Mom, please don't cry."

He then raised his hand and wiped away my tears. I was touched by his soft and kind gesture.

I had feared that I might never see him again.

And that desperate feeling had made me feel like I was a zombie walking the earth lifelessly.

However, God showed mercy on my by letting Nina bring my son to see me.

A hint of satisfaction filled my empty heart as I held James.

"Scarlett, get better soon. Everyone at the TV station is waiting for you to come back to the show."
Abner's eyes were red, but he pretended to be calm.

The show?

I was in a trance for a moment. Thinking of my work and my dreams, I felt as though a century had passed since I last thought of them.

I was silent for a while before I wiped away my tears, trying to pull myself together.

"I'm sorry, Abner, but I am afraid that I won't be able to go back to that life anymore."

"What are you even talking about? You're the one that came up with the program, so you are more than qualified to continue it," he insisted.

Without saying more, I lowered my head quietly.

"Scarlett, you have to come back. While you were gone, a lot of negative news about pregnant women has been exposed. The purpose of our program is to show more people the hardships of pregnant women. Not all pregnant women are pampered and fragile. Some are quite independent and powerful. And I believe that you need to set an example for the rest of us." Nina's words pierced through my heart like a sharp dagger.

The dreams I had were rekindled again, and I felt the urge to continue my work.

"I get what you mean and I will think about it."

I know that they persuade me to get back to work so that I could get out of my toxic relationship.

"Why did you bring the kid here?" Charles asked coldly.

"What? Are you angry, Mr. Moore? And is it really because we brought him to his mother? Don't worry. Alice has sent eight bodyguards to protect him, so no one is going to be able to kidnap him," Nina complained in a cold and disdainful voice.

"How could I be angry? Even if you had not brought him here, I would have found time to bring him to see Scarlett," Charles explained with a frown.

I sneered in my heart. There was no way for me to believe anything that he said.

If he really cared about my feelings, then he would not have cruelly taken the twins away from me.

He was only saying such words in front of Nina and Abner to make himself seem like the perfect husband and father.

"Then Mr. Moore, you and I feel the same way," Nina sneered.

Charles didn't retort this time, and ignoring him, Nina raised her hand to stroke my hair.

"Scarlett, summer is almost over now. Your exposed neck will make you vulnerable to cold. Why did you cut your hair short?"

I was stunned for a moment before I said with a smile, "I just wanted to try a new hairstyle. It's okay. I'll pay attention to my health and keep myself warm."

"Mr. Moore, do you still remember that Scarlett got beat up and almost ended up becoming disabled last year?"

All of a sudden, Charles's pupils shrank and he frowned. He glared at Nina, who did not look away at all.

"It doesn't matter if you don't remember, Mr. Moore. It's understandable that a noble rich man like you intends to forget such a trifle considering your busy life. However, you seem to have taken Nancy back to the Moore mansion. Are you planning on divorcing Scarlett?"

I sometimes really admired Nina's courage for having the guts to provoke a devil like Charles.

"No, I won't," Charles said indifferently.

"Since you're not planning on divorcing her, do you think that she will continue to have her freedom

after she is discharged from the hospital?" Nina questioned.

"Of course."

"If that's the case, then why was I not able to get through to her before? I had to break into the ward with James."

Upon hearing that, Charles frowned and became noticeably impatient.

"Scarlett needs to rest quietly right now."

"Rest quietly?" Nina sneered. "Do you really want Scarlett to rest quietly or do you want to control her? I think that you're that only one who knows that. But I have to remind you, Mr. Moore. As long as Scarlett tells me that she wants a divorce, as her good friend, I will support her. At the same time, as a lawyer, I will appeal for her and fight for the custody of the children."

"What do you mean?"

"It's just a kind reminder. Mr. Moore, I know that you have threatened Scarlett before, and I know that you even said that she would never be able to see James if she divorced you. But let me tell you something, when a child is not even two years old, the court will generally let the mother have custody over the child when the parents divorce."

"Ahem..." Abner coughed awkwardly.

Ignoring him, Nina sneered, "With Mr. Moore's power, I might seem like I am trying to hit a stone with an egg, but how will I know that my efforts are futile if I don't even try?"

Charles stared at Nina with anger burning in his eyes.

"I only said that because I was angry at that time."

Crossing her arms over her chest, Nina looked at him.

"You know how cruel you have been to Scarlett. And there's no guarantee that you will be good to her in the future."

"She is my wife, so I am obviously going to love her with all my heart and soul," Charles said firmly.

Watching them argue so fiercely, Abner and I broke into a cold sweat.

"Nina, you have to appear in court this afternoon. Since Scarlett is fine, let's go first. I also have a business appointment at noon," Abner chimed in, interrupting them in time.

Nina glared at him before she turned to Charles and said, "Mr. Moore, may I talk to Scarlett in private?"

Although Charles obviously seemed to be reluctant, he gave me a meaningful glance before he stepped out with James.

"Wait a minute. Let James be here."

I touched Nina's elbow. She quickly understood what I meant and took James from him.

Charles walked out of the ward alone in silence.

Thirty minutes later, Nina and I were done talking, so she left. Once she was gone, Charles walked in with the twins.

The twins stayed in his arms quietly as they looked around the room curiously.

"Jerry, Jason, come to Mommy," I called out excitedly.

Charles put them on my bed and turned to get some water.

Holding them gently in my arms, I felt like I could not get enough of them.

We hadn't seen each other in a long time, so they kept smiling at me. Jerry suddenly tried to grab my hair and failed.

Looking at their cute faces, my heart melted. James was also attracted by their cuteness and kept looking at his brothers.

I stroked his head with a smile. "James, you are an elder brother now. You should be nice to your younger brothers, okay?"

"Yes." James nodded obediently and reached out to touch the bracelet on Jerry's hand.

It was evident that he was a little jealous.

Feeling a little down, I lowered my head, kissed him on the forehead, and said in a gentle voice, "James, I have one for you as well. It's in my bag. I will help you put it on once we're back home, okay?"

"Okay! Thank you, Mommy."

James blushed and kissed me.

"What are you talking about? Do I have one?"

Charles walked over to me with a glass of water, his eyes filled with expectation.

My eyes turned cold all of a sudden, but since I did not want to be angry with him in front of the kids, I lowered my head and said to James, "We'll play on the couch, okay? Let them sleep on the bed for a while."

James glanced at Charles. Holding his hand, I walked past Charles.

[Chapter 334 An Agreement](#)

Scarlett's POV:

James and I were happily playing on the sofa. He really seemed to like my hair a lot and he kept trying to grab it but he couldn't. All he could do was wrap his arms around my neck and giggled.

"Do you like my new haircut?" Holding him in my arms, I pinched his cheek.

"Yes, Mommy. You are beautiful."

Looking at me with his bright eyes, my son kissed me.

His sweetness melted my heart and I felt as though I had just drank a bottle of honey.

"James, how can you just give kisses to your Mommy? What about Daddy?"

Charles was so annoying. He walked up to James, asking him to kiss him too.

James immediately buried his face in my arms. Pouting, he said, "No! No kiss Daddy."

With a frown, Charles stared at James with a hint of dissatisfaction in his eyes. They kept staring at each other, unwilling to compromise

"Come here," Charles ordered with a serious look in his eyes.

He then stretched out his arms to James. Although James was stunned for a moment, he obediently went to his father, pouting.

"James, be a good boy and go home with your brothers later. Your mother needs some rest," Charles said in a patient voice, looking at our son, However, James give me a reluctant look.

Since I also did not want the kids to leave, I couldn't help but say, "I'm fine. Let them stay."

"I am not saying it because I don't want you to spend time with them. Once you are feeling better, and you're home, you are going to be with them all day. Right now, you are not strong enough to be holding them for too long." Charles denied my request irrefutably after glancing at me for a moment.

I curled my lips in response.

Just when I was about to argue with him, I heard his phone ring.

"Hello, Mom. What's up? Okay, I understand."

As soon as he disconnected the call, he turned to me and said "Mom will pick up the kids in the afternoon. So they'll be with you until then."

Those words were music to my ears.

Charles' POV:

The twins woke pretty soon, but they didn't cry at all. They just lay next to each other, playing.

Looking at their cute faces, my heart melted at once, and I could not help but feel a little upset.

I regretted putting them in trouble. If the twins had gotten hurt because of me, then I would never be able to forgive myself.

And the longer I looked at them, the more I felt like they resembled me, and I couldn't help but want to show them off.

I picked up Jerry and carried him in my arms. Turning to Scarlett, I asked, "Don't you think that Jerry looks just like me? Or do you think that he looks more like you?"

Scarlett glanced at me, lowered her head, and began peeling an orange for James, without saying a word.

Even after seeing that, I was unwilling to give up, so I asked the bodyguards to come in.

"Do you think he looks like me or Scarlett?"

In order to help them arrive at a fair conclusion, I raised Jerry in my arms, who smiled and gurgled.

The bodyguards glanced at each other, but they didn't say anything.

"What? Did I ask you a difficult question?" I retorted with a frown.

"I think that he looks more like Mrs. Moore," Richard said.

I told myself that Richard probably didn't have a good eye. It was clear that the twins looked just like me.

"Oh, really? Well, his lips do look like Scarlett's," I answered perfunctorily.

"I think that he is more like you," Janet said.

I could tell that she indeed had a good eye.

And Tracy nodded in agreement.

I glared at her.

Every time I looked at her, I couldn't help but get angry. After all, she knew that the twins were my kids, and yet she cooperated with William to deceive me.

Noticing my murderous gaze, she immediately lowered her head in fear.

"I'll settle scores with you later for what you did."

I then gently put Jerry back on the bed and said, "I still think that the kid resembles me. He is not as gentle as Scarlett."

As soon as Jerry was put on the bed, he began to play with Jason. I glanced at the bracelets on their hands. I suddenly remembered that James had not gotten his bracelet yet.

"Richard, bring Scarlett's bag here. It's in my office."

"Yes, sir."

Richard left with Janet and Tracy.

I turned to Scarlett and asked in a low voice, "Do you also think that the children resemble me?"

Holding James in her hand, she continued to remain silent.

"Why are you so afraid of letting me spend time with them, then?"

Looking at her, I felt all the suppressed emotions in my heart gushing out uncontrollably. Her silence was making my sanity collapse little by little.

"Sometimes, I really don't understand what is on your mind. How can you hide such a big secret from me? Didn't it occur to you that I will see them one day? And I'll know the truth when that happens, right?"

There was a hint of anger in my voice, and I really hoped that she would give me an answer. However,

she continued to remain silent.

Seeing that, I could not help but sneer, "Scarlett, even if you don't bring the kids out, I swear I will break into William's house, and take you and our kids back one day!"

Even after hearing that, she did not even look at me.

I couldn't help but pinch her chin, forcing her to look at me.

"There is no concealing the truth, and you know it better than anyone else."

Scarlett looked at me calmly and expressionlessly, making me feel like I was a joke.

I felt like I was being sucked deeper and deeper into the abyss while she was free to retreat at any moment.

It was really unfair!

"Are you going to keep silent for the rest of your life?" I asked, looking at her with amusement.

"If you keep silent forever, then I will let you go, but if you even say a single word to me, then I will kiss you right then as punishment. Do you understand?"

Scarlett trembled as she looked at me, with her eyes wide open as though she was looking at an unforgivable sinner.

I tried my best to endure my heartache while I continued to stare into her eyes. Even James, who was next to us, could feel the tension between us.

He gently tugged at the corner of my clothes and looked at me with wet eyes. "Don't bully Mommy."

"James, I am only playing a game with your mother. I'm waiting for her to agree."

James looked at me curiously, and just when I was about to say something, Scarlett pulled my hand.

She finally reacted! She turned around, grabbed a piece of paper from the table, wrote something on it, and handed it to me.

"Okay, deal! But if I keep silent, then you are not allowed to touch me."

[Chapter 335 Want A Divorce](#)

Charles' POV:

Disappointment instantly filled up in my heart as soon as I read that sentence.

"Okay." Although I was a little reluctant, I forced a smile and continued, "If you need anything, just write me a note."

Seeing Scarlett's expressions soften a little, I felt happy, thinking that I had found a way to please her.

I thought that it won't take long for her to start trusting me again.

I then approached the bed again and looked at the twins. "When did Scarlett get pregnant with them?"

I had always been careful when we had sex, and I used protection every time. I hadn't wanted to get Scarlett pregnant again, because I wanted to spend some quality time with her. But God had planned something else for us altogether.

Looking at the twins' sleeping faces, I couldn't help but adore them.

All of a sudden, my phone rang, and I cut the call at once. I wouldn't let anyone spoil my time with my family.

However, to my surprise that person kept calling me.

"You'd better answer. It's not easy to get Jerry and Jason to sleep, so don't wake them up," Scarlett reminded me, and I had no choice but to answer the phone.

"What is it?"

"Mr. Moore, about tonight's business dinner..."

"Stop calling me. Just call Amy if you have any doubts." With that, I hung up the phone rudely and turned to my wife and sons.

Staring at her, I felt as though there was a pulse of electricity passing through my body. My gaze fell on her lips and neck. Everything about her was a fatal temptation and I suddenly felt the urge to kiss her.

Just when I was about to approach her, James, who was playing with his toys until that moment, suddenly shouted, "Daddy, play with me!"

I was about to say no, but then an idea occurred to me. Pretending to be gentle, I turned to my son, and said, "James, how about we play a new game?"

"Okay! I love games!" James clapped his hands excitedly.

"Good! Now cover your eyes and don't open them until I say you can, okay?"

"Is it hide and seek?"

"Sort of."

Upon hearing my answer, James covered his eyes with hands, and the room became quiet again.

I quietly walked two steps forward and held Scarlett's waist tightly. "What are you doing? Help!" she whispered.

Lowering my head, I said in a hoarse voice, "You're killing me, aren't you?"

Before she could say another word, I held her waist, tilted her head softly, leaned in, and kissed her.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles kissed me passionately. Afraid that James might open his eyes, I did not dare to move. I could only stand still and let Charles kiss me.

After a long time, my tongue was numb and I could hardly breathe. Only then did Charles let go of my lips, but he continued to hold me.

We were being intimate with each other after a very long time, which made me feel like my heart was about to jump out of my chest. I leaned on his chest, completely forgetting to push him away.

"Daddy, what's the game?" James' childish question flustered me and I struggled to break free from Charles' embrace.

He looked at me with a snicker, embarrassing me even more. I reached out my hand, wanting to hit him. However, he tightly held my hand and said in a low voice, "You can hit me as much as you want once the kids leave."

"You!" Furious, I withdrew my hand, not wanting to look at him or talk to him anymore.

"You broke the rule first. You just spoke! And that's why I kissed you as a punishment." Charles' mellow voice coming from behind me was like a fatal temptation, causing my heart to race.

That afternoon, Alice and Christine came to the hospital to see me.

"Scarlett, how are you feeling now?" Sitting on the edge of my bed, Christine seemed to be really worried.

"I feel much better now," I replied, holding her hand.

"This is all Charles' fault. I will help you teach him a lesson," she said, glaring at Charles.

"Kneel down and apologize to Scarlett!"

I immediately said, "No, its fine."

However, Charles obediently got down on one knee, and said, "I'm sorry."

He was a very decisive man in the corporate world, and seeing him kneeling down in front of me with his head lowered made my heart ache, and I couldn't speak for a while.

Christine slapped him on the shoulder repeatedly, scolding him, "You bastard, don't always bully Scarlett. She gave birth to your children and she has suffered a lot because of you. You must be good to her, do you understand?"

"I do." Charles was still kneeling down on the ground.

"Have you ever sincerely apologized to Scarlett?" Alice asked, all of a sudden, interrupting them.

"Honey, I am sorry. Please forgive me. I will be good to you from now on, so don't be mad at me." Charles' tone was extremely gentle. He stood up slowly and walked up to me.

Looking at him, I recalled the cruel words that he had said to me right before I fainted that day. And suddenly, the idea of acting like we were reconciled in front of the elders vanished from my mind.

Hence, I didn't answer him.

However, Christine continued to mediate, "If you are angry, just vent it on him. I will support you."

Pursing my lips, I made up my mind. "I want a divorce. Can you help me with that, Grandma?"

Christine fell silent for a long time. It was clear that she wasn't expecting me to say that.

A moment later, she turned to Charles, who was looking pale, and questioned, "What on earth did you do to her? Why does she want a divorce so badly? What's going to happen to the kids if you two divorce?"

"I will never divorce her," Charles said to Christine before he turned to me and added calmly, "Divorce has never even occurred to me ever since the day we got married."

I couldn't figure out what was on his mind because his expression and his tone was so calm as though he was talking about the weather.

I turned to Christine, and said, "Grandma, please allow me to divorce Charles and take the children

away."

"How could I let that happen?" Christine frowned, looking at me in disbelief.

Alice also echoed, "I can't live without my grandkids."

"Yes. Besides, how will you manage to live on your own with three kids? We are not going to let you go anywhere. Alice and I will help you take care of the babies. You can focus on your career if you want." Christine was trying her best to persuade me.

"Grandma, I've already made up my mind. I want to get a divorce and leave with my children."

"No, I can't listen to this any longer. My head hurts!" As soon as Christine said that, she covered her forehead with hand and Alice rushed to her to support her.

"Grandma, are you okay?" I also got out of bed and tried to help her up.

Christine pushed my hand away and said, "I'm fine. I'll go home and rest. Alice, take the kids with us. Let Scarlett and Charles talk things through."

"Okay." Alice helped Christine walk out of the ward before she turned to Tracy and Janet, ordering them to take the kids away.

Feeling helpless, I let them leave the ward. The room fell silent once again.

When I turned around, I saw Charles glaring at me.

[Chapter 336 Do You Want To Leave Here](#)

Charles' POV:

My heart ached when I saw how determined Scarlett was when she asked for a divorce.

I walked up to her, held her chin, and forced her to look me in the eye.

"Scarlett, do you really want to divorce me?" I grunted.

The thought that she couldn't wait to get away from me only served to sadden me further. I was so dejected over that I could hardly breathe.

Scarlett didn't respond. She just stared at me with a cold gaze.

"I've already told you that I will never divorce you unless I die, Scarlett!" I growled. The way she looked back at me annoyed me. Frustrated, I scoffed at her and forced her to get closer to me.

I would willingly do anything for her aside from getting divorced. Never would I give her an opportunity to leave me!

"Charles, I just want to be away from you! I don't want to have anything to do with you ever again. Besides, you already have Nancy. It's not like you can't live without me. Why can't you just set me free?" Scarlett shook her head bitterly. I could see despair in her eyes.

"Just forget it, Scarlett. I will never agree to a divorce. I won't let you leave me, nor will I let you go back to William!" I warned.

Scarlett struggled to push me away and then she lay on her side with her back to me.

She was starting to get on my nerves, so I left the ward.

Around four in the afternoon, Richard and I had just finished playing tennis.

Just as I was about to take a shower, I received a call from Amy.

"Mr. Moore, during the lunch party this noon, one of the clients offended Nancy and she ended up slapping him across the face."

"Did negotiations fall through?" I asked impatiently.

Nancy was merely a means for me to infuriate Scarlett. Now that Scarlett had returned to me, Nancy was no longer useful.

"Yes, sir. The client left right after," Amy answered.

"Tell Nancy that if she wishes to keep her job, she has to do her duty. And if she wants to quit, then she can fuck off! The company will not tolerate anyone who gets easily offended by the littlest things!" I was already frustrated because Scarlett kept insisting on divorcing me. And finding out that the cooperation was ruined only served to fuel my anger, so I took it all out on Nancy.

Annoyed, I hung up on Amy and walked back to the court.

"Let's keep playing!" I picked up my racket and vented all my frustrations and anger by playing tennis.

I didn't stop until Richard raised his arms in surrender and tried hard to catch his breath.

But even until now, I was still too upset.

Now that we were done playing, I grabbed a towel and wiped away my sweat. Afterwards, I took a quick shower and drove to the bar.

Perhaps right now, only alcohol could make me temporarily forget my pain and ease my boredom.

Scarlett's POV:

As I lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling, I recalled Charles' warning and felt desperate.

It would appear that he had no intention of letting me go. Thus, I must figure out another way to escape.

The moment Janet knocked on the door and came in, a glimmer of hope sparked in my heart.

"Janet, how did you scale the wall in Kitsap last time?"

"Scarlett, are you still plotting to escape?" Janet asked directly.

But I didn't answer the question, fearing that she'd tell Charles about it.

If he were to find out that I'd been planning to run away, he'd certainly double the number of guards around me.

"Scarlett, just give it up. Mr. Moore has stationed countless bodyguards in the hospital. Honestly, not even Richard, Tracy, and I know the exact number of the guards around here." It seemed that Janet was intent on persuading me to give up.

I looked down, feeling like I was trapped.

"Has William been here, Janet?"

"Unfortunately not." Janet shook her head.

With that, I nodded and said nothing more.

I wasn't surprised because William was a calm and collected man. He probably wouldn't break in with reckless abandon.

Later that night, just as I was about to go to bed, the door of my ward was opened from outside.

I thought it was Charles, so I hid myself beneath the quilt.

But it turned out that it wasn't Charles. It was actually a man in a doctor's coat.

Even though the man was wearing a mask, I was able to recognize him right away. It was William!

I was so excited that I felt the urge to call his name.

But he quickly made a gesture of silence.

He then closed the door, quietly walking to my bedside. Upon seeing my pathetic state, he looked worried.

"Are you feeling better now, Scarlett? Did Charles hurt you?" William eyed me up and down; his eyes filled with worry and guilt.

I shook my head, chuckling wryly.

To be honest, aside from not giving me my freedom, Charles had actually provided me with everything that I needed.

"What are you doing in here, William? How did you even get in?" I asked, staring at him curiously.

Janet told me that Charles had stationed countless bodyguards throughout the hospital. I never thought that William would be able to sneak in without getting caught.

"That's not important. Did Charles hide your phone? I couldn't get in touch with you these past few days." "He did. Charles won't allow me to leave the hospital, and he won't even let me contact anyone from the outside world using my own damn phone!" The thought of Charles alone enraged me.

"Well, here you go, Scarlett. Use it whenever it's necessary." William took out a new phone and handed it to me.

I accepted the phone and nodded gratefully.

"Do you want to leave here, Scarlett?" he asked, staring at me with concerned eyes.

"Do you have a plan to break me out of here? I want to take my children with me." As I spoke, I looked at William with hope in my eyes.

While I was here, I had been thinking of countless ways to escape this God forsaken place, but Charles had assigned people to guard me during every hour of the day. There was nothing I could do to escape.

"As long as you're willing to trust me with this, I'll figure out a way to help you break out!" William put on a straight face, waiting for my answer.

"Yes, William. I really want to leave. The sooner the better." Tears fell from my eyes as I looked at him, eager to get out.

His appearance ignited a glimmer of hope in my desperate heart.

"Okay. Let's keep in touch." Upon hearing my response, William turned around and was about to leave.

But before he left, he glanced at my hair, letting out a wry smile.

"You know what? I just couldn't seem to get used to your new haircut."

"Just hurry up and go! Charles will be back sometime soon." I didn't answer the question. I just wanted him to leave, fearing that Charles might catch him.

[Chapter 337 Hugging And Sleeping Together](#)

Charles' POV:

I went straight to the hospital after coming out of the bar, and just when I was about to enter, I saw a doctor walking out of Scarlett's ward.

Without thinking too much, I entered the ward.

Scarlett was on the bed with her eyes closed.

I walked to the bedside, stared at her face for a moment before I leaned in and kissed her forehead.

Scarlett did not open her eyes, but I noticed her eyelashes quivering.

However, I pretended like I did not notice it and continued to kiss her.

"Charles, you're pushing it! Stay away from me!" Just when I was about to kiss her lips, she put her hand on my chest, stopping me from getting any closer.

"I know that you are pretending to be asleep. I saw the doctor just a second ago. Did he say anything?" I held her hand.

She looked at me in silence, but she was not willing to talk to me at all.

Knowing that she still hated me, I did not expect her to respond. But her coldness still made me feel powerless.

Sighing heavily, I let go of her hand, and walked to the bathroom to freshen up.

Scarlett's POV:

I heaved sigh of relief after I saw Charles walk into the bathroom.

No matter how coldly I treated him, he kept approaching me relentlessly.

His persistence only made me feel uneasy and upset, and I just wanted to run away from him.

A while later Charles walked out of the bathroom.

He then lay on the bed and hugged me tightly from behind.

"Good night, Scarlett." There was a hint of tiredness in his voice.

And I was clearly annoyed with his behavior.

Hadn't he promised that he wouldn't touch me as long as I did not speak to him?

I wondered if I should continue to pretend to sleep, or if I should remind him of our agreement.

"Scarlett, thank you for giving birth to the twins even in that difficult situation." Saying that all of a sudden, Charles held me even tighter.

But I didn't respond to him. I squirmed in his arms uneasily.

Noticing that, he moved even closer to me.

And now, our bodies were stuck together.

Charles' breath brushed against my ears, and my heart began race uncontrollably.

Just when I was about to say something, Charles suddenly pressed his hand against my heart.

"Scarlett, your heart seems to be racing. Is it because of my touch? You said you didn't want me, but your body seems to be disagreeing with your mind." There seemed to be a hint of complacency in his tone and he seemed to be quite happy with my body's honest reaction.

I blushed in embarrassment and hurried to pull his hands off my body.

"Scarlett, why did you stop pretending to be asleep?" Charles held my hand and suddenly turned me over to face him.

He was smiling.

I tried to remain indifferent and silent as I wanted to continue to resist his approach.

However, instead of giving up, he leaned in and kissed me.

I immediately turned away to avoid his kiss.

"Scarlett, I miss the feeling of your touch, and I don't care even if you do it to refuse me. So there's no point in resisting. I want you," Charles whispered in my ear.

He gently pinched my chin and kissed my lips.

It was so gentle and irresistible that I was taken back to our sweet past.

In the end, I could only give up on struggling and let him kiss me.

Noticing that I was not resisting him any longer, he kissed me more passionately.

Holding me in his arms, he ran his hands under my clothes, fondling and caressing my body.

My heart began to beat wildly. I was jolted back to reality, and groaned in pain.

"Scarlett, did I hurt you?" Charles stopped at once with a worried look in his eyes.

Looking at his concerned expression, I couldn't help but scold myself for being such a disappointment. Even after being hurt so many times, I still couldn't help but love him.

I wanted to turn my back to Charles, but he held me tightly, stopping me.

"Scarlett, don't move." Noticing the change in my mood, he quickly pulled me into his arms.

I tried to get away from him, but he only tightened his arms around me.

"Scarlett, the doctor said that you must protect yourself against the cold. You will feel warmer if I hold you," Charles said in a gentle tone.

"I can put on more clothes to stay warm. I don't need you! And I can't fall asleep if you keep holding me like this!" I retorted.

However, he ignored my words completely and held me in his arms.

I had no choice but to give up the idea of struggling because he was so stubborn.

I thought that I would be staying awake all night long, but I fell asleep quite soon.

The next morning, when I woke up, Charles was not in the room, so I thought that he must've left.

It was only a moment of happiness before he walked in with a nurse, who was a physiotherapist.

He stood aside, carefully learning all the massaging techniques from the nurse.

When his hand touched my body, our intimate moment from the night before flash through my mind, and I immediately flushed.

Fortunately, the nurse was in the ward, so I knew that Charles would not do anything inappropriate in front of her.

That moment, someone knocked on the door.

"Mr. Moore, Miss Wood and Mr. Wood are here to see Mrs. Moore." It was Janet outside the door.

When I heard Nancy was there, I could not help but feel angry and glared at Charles.

How could he ask her to come over when he clearly knew that I did not like her?

Was he trying to show off their intimacy again?

"I didn't ask them to come," Charles explained in a hurry when he saw how angry I was.

I continued to stare at him, not wanting to believe a word he said.

Nancy and Nicholas walked in, surprised to see Charles there.

"Scarlett, are you feeling better now?" Nicholas put down the gift box on the table and greeted me with a polite smile.

Looking at Nancy, I suddenly remembered the embarrassing scene from the bar, and I was annoyed.

I smiled at Nicholas, but didn't say anything.

He seemed to have foreseen my attitude, so he did not speak more.

"Now that you've seen her, please leave. She needs to rest." Charles stood up and poured a glass of water for me before telling them to leave.

I was surprised by the sudden change in his attitude towards Nancy.

Just a few days ago, he had said that he would marry her and make her James' stepmother. Why was he being so indifferent to her now?

"Scarlett, have a good rest. We'll come to see you another day," Nicholas said politely before walking to the door.

But Nancy stopped him and walked towards me.

"Scarlett, please help me." She then looked at me with pleading eyes.

I was surprised by the dramatic change in her attitude towards me, and turned to Charles in a daze.

He was also surprised, but he frowned and did not say anything.

"Scarlett is still sick. What do you want?" Nicholas gave his sister a disapproving look.

"I accidentally offended a client yesterday, and now Charles wants to fire me! Scarlett, please put in a good word for me. He always listens to you! I really can't afford to lose this job!" Nancy begged me pitifully, her voice filled with despair.

[Chapter 338 I Can't Help You](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Sorry, I don't know the Charles you're talking about. And I can't help you," I said and looked at Nancy. I refused her request without hesitation.

Nancy was stunned and didn't seem to understand what I meant.

"Drink some water first, Scarlett," Charles offered and smiled.

He handed me a glass of water and stared at me as if he didn't notice Nancy there, desperately begging for mercy.

"Charles, are you the man that Nancy mentioned just now?" I asked Charles deliberately in front of Nancy while taking the glass of water from him.

"No, I'm not. I have nothing to do with her," Charles denied immediately.

"Then who are you?" I asked Charles again.

"I'm your husband, Scarlett," Charles replied, holding my hand and looking at me affectionately.

I saw tears in Nancy's eyes as she stared at Charles in disbelief.

"How could you say something like that, Charles?"

"Who allowed you to call my name?" Charles snapped at Nancy.

Frightened by his cold eyes, Nancy's face turned pale, and she lowered her head in grievance.

"Nicholas, please get Nancy out of here. My wife needs to rest. I don't want anyone disturbing her,"

Charles urged Nicholas impatiently.

"Of course. Nancy, come on. Scarlett needs some rest," Nicholas said while flashing me an apologetic look. He gently took Nancy's arm, but Nancy didn't want to leave.

Unwilling to give up, Nancy shook off Nicholas' grip and addressed me once again.

"Please help me, Scarlett! I've been working hard all this time. You have no idea about the kind of hell I had to go through just to get where I am. I can't lose this job!" Nancy pleaded, practically kneeling by my bedside.

Looking at the desperate expression on her face, I kept silent.

As a woman, I didn't think Nancy had done anything wrong. If I were in her shoes, I definitely would've made the same choice.

But I still didn't understand why Nancy was asking me of all people for help. After all, our relationship was not that good.

All of a sudden, what Charles said a few days ago occurred to me. He said that he wanted Nancy to be James's stepmother, which made me feel extremely disgusted. I looked at Nancy coldly.

"Are you really unwilling to help me, Scarlett?" Nancy pressed.

"Nancy, you made the company lose an important client, and you didn't engage in introspection. What else can I say? Besides, I don't think it's my obligation to help you," I retorted, feeling a little taken aback by the sheer entitlement in Nancy's tone.

Did she think that I had to help her just because she sobbed and wailed in front of me?

"It's not my fault at all. Any woman would resist being sexually harassed. You're also a woman, Scarlett. You should take my side," Nancy said, trying to arouse my empathy.

"If it were Charles who sexually harassed you that day, would you have resisted?" I asked Nancy with a sneer.

Finally, Nancy was rendered speechless. She clearly wasn't expecting me to ask that question.

Her reaction was enough of an answer for me.

Since Nancy liked Charles so much, she must be eager to have more physical contact with him.

"Please leave. I'm tired. I want to rest," I finally said and looked away.

"I'm so sorry, Scarlett. Nancy's spoiled and doesn't know when to quit. Don't worry. I'll take her home right now," Nicholas apologized and put his arm around Nancy's shoulder. He hurriedly steered her out of the room before she could start a whole new conversation.

After they left, both Charles and I kept silent.

I picked up the magazine on my bedside table and began to read it.

I had almost completely recovered during the past two days. I was expecting to be discharged from the hospital as soon as possible.

I had no freedom here. I hated this place, and I hated Charles.

He just wouldn't let me go.

If I got discharged from the hospital today, Charles would surely take me back to the house in Garden Street or to the Moore mansion.

Thinking of Charles's overbearing attitude, I felt a little annoyed.

Nancy's POV:

After walking out of the hospital, Nicholas put his arm around my shoulder and sighed, "I wouldn't have come with you if I'd known that you only wanted to see Scarlett to broach the matter to her."

"Do you think Scarlett is beautiful, Nick? Who is more beautiful, me or her?"

Nicholas looked at me in confusion as if he didn't understand what I just asked.

After a while, he answered, "Of course you're more beautiful than Scarlett."

"Be serious! Do you really think I'm more beautiful than Scarlett?" I nagged, refusing to believe his answer.

If what he said was true, then why couldn't I ever compare with Scarlett in Charles's heart?

Every time I thought about Charles being gentle and considerate to Scarlett, I felt like I was going to die of jealousy.

What spell did Scarlett cast on him? Why was he so head over heels for her?

There had to be an explanation!

"Nancy, Scarlett is not a woman we can just judge," Nicholas said after a long silence.

Hearing this, I put on a disdainful smile.

"I admit that she used to be very beautiful, but now she's extremely ugly. She doesn't deserve to be compared with me!"

Scarlett looked horrible now. Her skin was sallow and lifeless. Charles would dislike her one day!

"Nancy, if Charles and Scarlett were divorced, I wouldn't stop you from pursuing Charles. But they're still married. You shouldn't be pestering a married man. I don't want you to end up like Rita," Nicholas told me with genuine concern.

"What does Rita have to do with Charles and Scarlett?" I asked, flashing Nicholas a confused look. I honestly didn't understand why he was bringing up Rita all of a sudden.

"More than a year ago, Rita suddenly disappeared. At that time, Charles and Scarlett also began to drift apart. Back then, a rumor went around that the reason for Charles and Scarlett's separation was the death of their child, which the gossipmongers attributed to Rita. Now no one knows whether Rita is alive or dead. That's why I don't want you to end up like her. I don't want you to just vanish into thin air someday," Nicholas said, looking at me worriedly.

"Why do you say that? Has Rita's body not been found?" I asked, starting to feel scared by Nicholas' words.

"With Rita's temper, if she was still alive, she definitely wouldn't let Charles and Scarlett live a peaceful life."

"Do you mean Rita's dead?"

I shivered unconsciously.

"Probably," Nicholas replied.

I suddenly felt lucky upon hearing his words.

If Rita was really dead, then I'd have one less rival in love.

A ruthless rival in love like Rita was terrifying.

"Nancy, if Charles has already made up his mind about firing you, you can come work in my company," Nicholas offered.

"No, I want to stay in the Moore Group," I refused decisively.

"Fine. If you want to stay, you have to solve the problem by yourself. Don't ask Charles or Scarlett for help again," Nicholas conceded.

"I will," I agreed and left the hospital with him.

[Chapter 339 Want To Run Away](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I wasn't sure if it was because of seeing Nancy during the day, but I had a nightmare around midnight.

In my dream, she took away my kids, and even mocked and humiliated me in front of Charles.

To make matters worse, Charles asked my three kids to call Nancy their mother.

When I woke up screaming, he was awakened.

He immediately got up to turn on the light. Then, he embraced me from behind and attempted to comfort me. "Were you having a nightmare, Scarlett? There's no need to be afraid. I'm right here."

The sound of his voice was soothing to my ears, and I could feel just how worried he was for me.

Sadly, it wasn't enough to appease my apprehension. It only made me feel more terrified.

As I recalled what happened in my dream, tears fell from my eyes.

By the time I composed myself, I found myself holding onto Charles.

I quickly let go of his hands.

"Hey, hey... are you alright, Scarlett? How do you feel?" Charles was staring at me with worried eyes.

I shot him a glare and turned my back to him.

If I ever get the chance to leave this place, I would certainly take all my kids away!

Never would I allow my kids to call Nancy their mother.

Not long after, Charles turned off the lights again, and embraced me once more.

"There's no need to be afraid, honey. I'll always be by your side." As he hugged me from behind, he wiped away the tears from the corner of my eyes.

His embrace was warm, but my entire body felt cold.

"Charles, stop calling me that. We can't get back together!" I tried to shake his arms off me, but he held me even tighter.

"If you keep moving your arms like that Scarlett, I can't guarantee that I won't do something to you!" Charles warned.

His words were enough to scare me. Fearing that he would actually try to escalate this into something sexual, I decided to give up on struggling.

The following morning, Charles told me that he had to go to a meeting at the company.

Once he was gone, I took out the phone that William gave me last time.

The only thing on my mind right now was to leave here as soon as possible, and get the hell away from Charles.

Nervously, I turned on my phone, only to find that there was no signal. It turned out that I couldn't even send out a text message.

Charles must've planted a signal jammer in the room somehow.

He was leaving me no chance to contact the outside world.

The last glimmer of hope in my heart was extinguished. Despair overwhelmed me, and tears fell from my eyes.

'What am I supposed to do to escape this place?' I wondered.

I sat on the edge of the bed for a long time, holding the phone.

This ward seemed ordinary, but it was actually heavily guarded. The thought of it alone was enough to make me feel suffocated to the point that I could hardly breathe.

For me, this wasn't a ward; it was a cage.

I opened the door, and there I saw three guards waiting outside.

Janet and Tracy walked up to me when they saw me at the door.

"Scarlett, is there something I can do for you?" asked Tracy.

"I feel stuffy inside the room. I wanna go downstairs to breathe some fresh air," I answered.

Janet and Tracy exchanged awkward glances.

At this time, Richard approached me and said, "Mrs. Moore, you're allowed to go outside, but please allow the three of us to accompany you."

After a moment of hesitation, I figured Tracy would be the best one to accompany me. "Can you just let Tracy follow me around? It's too eye-catching if all of you come with me."

"Please don't make things difficult for us. Mr. Moore has tasked us to follow you wherever you go. If anything bad happens to you, he's going to punish us for it," Richard responded, seemingly having read my mind.

Because of that, I had no choice but to agree.

This had been the first time I would leave the ward and go downstairs since I was hospitalized. However, I wasn't in the mood to appreciate the scenery.

I was looking around at all the people coming and going. Finally, I laid eyes on an old woman sitting on a chair and fiddling with her mobile phone.

As I stared at the phone in her hand, hope returned to my heart.

Calmly, I approached her.

"Hello, ma'am. Do you mind if I sit with you?" I asked politely.

The old woman nodded. I stifled my excitement and sat next to her.

While I was talking to her, I thought of how I could borrow her phone.

As our conversation kept going, I noticed that she was afraid when she saw Richard and the others behind me. This was when I realized that an opportunity had come.

"Can you guys give us some space? You're scaring her," I remarked.

"Janet, stay here and watch over Mrs. Moore." I could tell that Richard was concerned about leaving me alone. After a moment of hesitation, he left Janet here with me.

A frown appeared on my face, for I was dissatisfied with his decision.

Seemingly noticing my displeasure, Richard explained to the old woman, "I'm really sorry about this, ma'am. But Mrs. Moore is in poor health, and we can't leave her on her own. I hope you can understand."

Once Richard and Tracy were far away, I scoffed at Janet and asked, "Did Charles order you to spy on

me?"

"We're not spying on you, Scarlett. We're looking after you." Janet frowned back, immediately correcting my assumption.

This time, I didn't say anything. Clearly, this ruse of "looking after me" was just a term for monitoring me.

"You haven't been married for long, have you? It sounds like your husband cares about you very much," said the old woman.

A bitter smile appeared on my face.

Janet kept on staring at me the whole time, and for that reason, I couldn't ask the old woman if I could borrow her phone.

Even when I was back at the ward, I still didn't want to give up. I came up with an excuse to go downstairs again, but then I ran into Charles. He had just returned from the company.

I sat on one of the benches, feeling desperate.

"Would you like to sit there a little longer, Scarlett?" Charles walked towards me and sat down.

Ignoring him, I lowered my gaze.

After a moment of silence, he held my hands.

His hands felt warm to the touch, completely enveloping my own.

The thought of being imprisoned and monitored by this man for these past few days made me feel so disgusted by him that I wanted to escape from him. Sadly, I failed at every turn.

"Don't move. Your hands feel cold. Let me warm them up for you," Charles remarked, holding my hands tighter.

"I don't need you to do that for me!" I growled, struggling even harder.

He knitted his brows, pulling me into his arms.

"I know what you're up to, Scarlett. But mark my words; I won't let you go. Ever. Just give up on whatever you're planning," Charles whispered as he leaned close to my ear.

Upon hearing that, I felt tense.

I didn't expect that he'd figure out my plan so soon. I felt even more desperate now.

Once again, I began to struggle away from him in silence.

Charles exerted more strength to embrace me tight. And soon, I was running out of energy.

Desperate and afraid, I asked, "Charles, what can I do to make you let me go?"

"Nothing. I will never agree to that." Even as we spoke, he still wouldn't stop hugging me.

The stern manner in which he spoke brought despair to my heart. This time, I gave up on struggling and just let my tears fall down.

Charles was holding me as though he feared that I'd run away if he let go for even a second.

Silence ensued between us.

He didn't take me back to the ward until it was nightfall.

[Chapter 340 You're Evil](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I lay weakly in Charles's arms, barely breathing and surrounded by despair.

He gently laid me on the bed and held my hand.

"I'll arrange another physical therapy session for you later. Take a rest first."

For a moment, I felt like my heart was being pierced by a knife. I used to love the man in front of me with all my heart. But now, all I wanted was to get away from him as far as I could.

"I slept with William," I said out of nowhere.

It was a lie. After years of entanglement with Charles, I knew very well how to break his heart.

To my surprise, he did not go hysterical. Rather, he just calmly stared at me with his deep, emotionless eyes

"Didn't you hear what I said? I had sex with William!" I repeated with more conviction.

When I spoke, my chin was raised, and I looked at him with defiance.

"Scarlett, don't lie to me," Charles warned through gritted teeth.

We were staring into each other's eyes when, suddenly, a sharp pain shot across my arm. He had tightened his grip on my wrist, and I froze because of the pain.

"There's no point in hiding the truth anymore. The kids may be yours, but I indeed slept with William."

I endured the pain and continued to rub salt into his wound.

"Why do you have to do this?" Charles asked coldly.

"Do you want to hear more about it?" I looked into his eyes with a smirk and made a story up. "It was raining heavily that night. I went to his room—"

"Enough!" Charles roared. His veins stood out on his forehead, and he clenched my shoulder tightly in rage.

"I loathed you to the core. Just so you know, I slept with William because that was the fastest and the most direct way to take revenge on you."

My mouth automatically uttered those words to spite him. I could not even feel pain in my shoulder at all.

"Do you hate me that much? To think, you're even willing to use your body as a tool for revenge. I don't believe you."

Charles's eyes said otherwise. Pain and disappointment were written all over his face. He looked as though he was on the verge of breaking down.

"Trust me. I can do more than that. Do you really think we can get back together as long as you keep me by your side? Charles, I don't know if you're too naive or just stupid. Can't you see that I'm trying to make a clean break with you? I don't want to see your face again! You sicken me."

I could not control my surging emotions anymore.

Charles slowly loosened his grip on my shoulder and stood up. I thought that he had given up. Boy, was I wrong. "Do you think I will believe you just because you say so? Sad to say, but if you really have slept with William, then that's all the more reason why you can't leave me."

A sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach. "What did you just say? Do you really believe that we can just live together and pretend to be a happy couple for the rest of our lives?"

A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth.

"Why not? You can do whatever you want. It's up to you if you want our children to be unhappy. But I have to remind you. Even if you get discharged, you can't escape from my watch. Do you really think you

can leave me? Unfortunately, you'll have to wait until the day I die."

Charles's words hit me like a hammer. Ever so slowly, my heart sank into the abyss of despair.

"Charles, you're out of your mind!"

Instead of being angry because of what I had said, he put on a smile.

"When our children grow up, will they find out that their parents' marriage, as they know it, is just a show?" Why don't you explain to them by then that you cheated on me and gave your heart and body to another man?"

Charles was being aggressive in spitting what he thought were facts. How could I show any weakness?

"How dare you threaten me?! Do you think you're any better? Should I tell James that you remained indifferent when he had just died miserably in front of you? Or perhaps, should I tell him that you never loved me and that you cared more about the person who tried to murder him?"

"Scarlett!"

Charles pushed me onto the bed and pinned me with his body. Then, with his one hand, he held my hands above my head and pinched my chin with the other, rendering me unable to move.

"Listen to me carefully. Back then, Rita had no way of escaping. Killing her was easy, but what was the point of that? Her death wouldn't bring James back to us. And at that very moment, you were in my arms, dying. I wanted to save you. I had lost James. I couldn't lose you too!"

Charles stared into my eyes. As he spoke, his eyes were red, and his voice was choked with sobs. He then eventually released his grip on my hands. Without another word, he cupped my chin and stroked my cheeks over and over again.

"How could you say that I didn't love my son? Haven't you seen how much I loved him since the moment he was born?"

With tears streaming down my face, I lay on the bed in despair, my heart numb in pain.

In all honesty, I knew that he loved James. But the thing was, he was entangled with the woman who had almost killed my son. Of course, I could not pretend that that did not bother me.

"Scarlett, I'm begging you, don't let our relationship go to waste just because of one thing," Charles pleaded.

I turned a deaf ear to his plea and murmured, "Let me go,"

I did not care about who was right and who was wrong anymore. All I wanted right now was to get away from him.

"I won't. I will also make sure that you won't leave my side," Charles said in a matter-of-fact tone, ignoring what I felt.

With a sneer, I turned to look at him and said, "Then I will die in front of you."

Charles had crossed the line. Unfortunately, it seemed that death was the only way out of this hell.

"Die in front of me? Huh! Don't you want to watch our kids grow up? And when they do, do you want them to know that their mother had a mental breakdown because of a problem in marriage and then committed suicide? Is that what you want them to see?"

My mind went blank all of a sudden.

"If that's what you want, go ahead. But from then on, I'm afraid that they won't believe in love anymore. Do you want them to end up alone and lonely? I don't think so."

"You... You're impossible!"

Charles had struck me in the Achilles' heel. My children were the only ones I could never let go of. How could I bear to make them suffer?

"I don't care if you're going to cuss me out for the rest of our lives. If being good means that I'll have to let you leave and let our children grow up in a broken family, then I would rather be despicable."

"Get off your high horse. You're just manipulating me."

"You're right. I'm manipulating you to do the right thing for our children. You can't escape from me, Scarlett."

I stared at Charles's face, hoping to see even a trace of pity. However, the only thing I saw was his cold-heartedness and desperation.

"You..."

Before I could finish my sentence, my chest tightened, and my body convulsed. I also coughed uncontrollably as I felt that something would come out of my throat.

Without wasting another second, Charles sat up, held me in his arms, and pressed the call bell.

"Scarlett, what's going on? What's wrong?"

"Get... get away from me! Get away..."

At this moment, a group of doctors and nurses rushed into my ward and went to my aid.

"Mr. Moore, your wife is emotionally unstable. Please go out for now," a nurse said.

Although reluctant, Charles let go of me and retreated to the door. One of the doctors injected something in me, and I gradually calmed down.

"Mr. Moore, you'd better leave now," the nurse reminded him again.

"I have a few words to say to my wife."

A moment later, the doctors and nurses left the room. Once they were gone, Charles walked over to me again.

"About what happened between you and William... don't say that again. I knew he had disguised himself as a doctor and gave you a phone that night. Why else do you think he didn't send you any message in the past two days?"

A feeling of dread washed over me. "Charles, what did you do to William?"

How the hell did he find out about it?

I felt as if a bucket of cold water was poured over me. I could not begin to imagine what crazy things this man would do to assert his dominance.

"Don't expect William to come and save you. He could barely save his own ass. He did not only hide my wife and son for a whole year, but he also tried to take you away from me. After everything he has done, do you think I will let him off easily?" Charles whispered in my ear.

"I hope you die a horrible death!"

If I had not been sedated, I would have jumped up, strangled him, and brought him down with me.

"Scarlett, don't challenge my bottom line. You should know by now that I have no patience when it comes to you."

A chill ran down my spine as Charles stared at me with affection and, at the same time, malice.

Truth be told, I was terrified.

For the first time in my life, I feared the man I once loved.

"Charles, you're evil."