

Warning 341

[Chapter 341 Agreemen](#)

Charles's POV:

"No matter what you say, I won't let you leave!"

"Have I upset you in any way, Charles? Why are you being so cruel to me?" Scarlett asked and stared at me with red eyes.

"We don't need to be hostile to each other. You're still my wife, Scarlett. I'm willing to compromise as long as you're willing to make a concession."

"Your wife? You're treating me like I'm your prisoner! You torment me, and you seem to get off on it. But I won't give in. You better perish your foolish ideas now."

"How did we end up like this?" I asked her. I reached out and pulled my collar impatiently.

"You have changed. You used to be gentle and considerate, and you took good care of me. But somehow you've turned into a real devil!" Scarlett yelled, her voice trembling.

"Enough!" I snapped. I really didn't understand how Scarlett and I got into a bitter argument.

Scarlett stopped talking, but she still stared at me. Her hands were shaking.

I took a few deep breaths to calm myself down. Then, I turned around, walked to her, took her phone, and left the ward.

The next day, I finished lunch at noon, and I was on my way back to the hospital when I saw Nina from a distance. She was also headed to the hospital. I rushed over to her and caught up with her before she could jump into the elevator.

"What's up?" Nina said coldly.

"Can we talk?"

"Sure."

We went to a cafe near the hospital and sat down.

I told her what happened before me and Scarlett lately, especially our argument last night. After hearing me out, Nina looked at me with wide eyes and in slack-jawed amazement. She said, "You should comfort Scarlett instead of saying harsh words to her all the time, Charles. You're only upsetting her with your behavior."

"So she's being reasonable by using William to irritate me?" I backfired, tightening my grip on my coffee cup.

"Well, haven't you provoked and hurt her by being intimate with Rita?"

"At this point, I don't mind being the villain in the story as long as I can make her completely give up on William," I replied, evading Nina's question.

"With all due respect, Charles, you're being a massive jerk," Nina muttered and shook her head.

I didn't say anything. I just drank up the rest of my coffee and let the bitterness ravage what was left of my heart.

"You know what, when I first met you, I thought you were a real gentleman. I even felt jealous of Scarlett for landing such a wonderful partner. I used to admire you for being so kind and loving toward your wife, but now I'm finding that maybe you don't know Scarlett at all. Maybe you should let her go," Nina added.

"No way."

"If you want my advice, Charles, here it is: Set your damn pride down and ease off Scarlett. If you continue down this path, you're only going to make her drift further away from you."

Before I could reply, Nina stood up and left the cafe.

Scarlett's POV:

I stayed in my bed the whole morning as I stared at the scenery outside the window, and its beauty wasn't enough to cheer me up.

There was a gentle knock on the door. Thinking that Charles had come back, I covered myself with the quilt.

"Scarlett, may I come in?" Nina's voice came from outside. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Come in!" I called and quickly sat up. Nina walked in with a big smile on her face. She said, "Hi, Scarlett. How are you doing?"

Nina's arrival made me feel ecstatic. "Oh, I'm so happy to see you, Nina. I'm doing well, thanks for asking. Why are you here?"

"I have a bit of free time during lunch break, so I thought I'd come visit you. I've missed you."

"I've missed you, too. So how have you been?" I asked and beckoned Nina to sit on the edge of my bed.

She looked at me for a while and said, "I'm good. Wow, you look terrible. Did Charles pick a fight with you again?"

Tears started to well up in my eyes. I averted my gaze and stifled by sobs. I replied, "I'm fine."

"I have an idea that will allow you to be with the kids every day and avoid Charles," Nina started and patted me on the shoulder.

I held her hand excitedly and asked, "Really? Well, let's hear it."

"You go back to Garden Street. I've already spoken with Charles. As long as you don't leave there, he won't come and bother you."

"But I don't trust him now. Do you know what he's done to William?"

"William is fine. I just talked to him on the phone this morning. If you don't believe me, you can check," Nina said, took out her phone, and showed me her call log.

"Then why hasn't he contacted me?"

"He has work to deal with. He will come see you when he's less busier."

"I see," I muttered, feeling hugely relieved.

"So, do you want to go ahead with my plan?"

"Let me think about it first," I answered, unsure what to do. I trusted Nina, but I didn't trust Charles anymore.

"Scarlett, listen. You can't leave with your children on your own. Remember the day I brought James here to see you? On my way here, I saw eight bodyguards trailing me like I'm some politician with a mountain of death threats. Charles is going overboard with his idea of protecting you. If you return to Garden Street, you can have some peace of mind while spending time with your kids. Plus, you can regroup and make another plan."

"But I'm still afraid..."

"Don't be. This is the best option you have right now. If you try to leave with your kids, they will be taken away from you, and you may not be able to see them again for the rest of your life. Is that what you want?"

The thought of my children being taken from me made me shiver and broke my heart. If I didn't see

them again, I would die.

"No, that's not what I want. But are you sure that Charles won't bother me if I return to Garden Street?" I asked and looked up at Nina.

"Yes, I am, and I'll make sure he keeps up his end of the bargain," Nina assured me and looked straight into my eyes.

As I breathed another sigh of relief, tears streamed down my face.

Nina quickly took out a tissue and wiped off my tears. She comforted me in a soft voice, "Oh, honey, it's okay. Don't cry. That jerk isn't worth crying over. I'll always be here for you."

"I just feel a little frustrated," I confessed in between sobs.

"I know. Come on, cheer up. Let's talk about something else."

"Okay. What do you have in mind?"

"Abner hopes that you can come back to work at the TV station as soon as possible. Before you left, you planned a program, and it really doesn't make sense to hand that program to another host. You should do it. After all, money is essential, and you need it to raise your kids."

"That actually sounds like a terrific plan. I miss being on the job, and I can't wait to return to work."

After a few hours of catching up with Nina, I felt a lot better.

In the evening, Charles had dinner with me in the ward.

I had a lot of things in my mind, so I wasn't really in the mood for some spaghetti.

Charles remained silent as usual. After dinner, he said, "As long as you return to Garden Street and stay there, I will keep my promise and let you live there in peace. I won't come and disturb you."

"Fine."

"But I want to reserve the right to visit the children," he added.

"Of course you can come see them once a week. Just inform me in advance."

"Okay. Thank you," Charles said and then turned around and left.

[Chapter 342 Miss The Kids](#)

Alice's POV:

I felt very lonely after the kids were taken away.

I would wake up every day, missing the kids, but when I couldn't see them, my heart felt empty.

And after about a week later, I just couldn't take it anymore.

I approached Christine, and suggested that we go to see the kids.

"No, I don't want to go there. I am sure that if I did go there, Scarlett will only pester me to convince Charles to divorce her!" Christine rejected my suggestion instantly.

"In the worst case scenario, you just might have to continue to pretend to have a headache! The kids haven't seen you in such a long time and I am sure that they miss you a lot!" I continued to persuade her.

"Do you really think Scarlett doesn't know that I'm just pretending to be ill? And I am really embarrassed to put up this act! So I am not going! If you want, you can go on your own!" Christine snorted, it was evident that she was not moved by my words at all.

"Charles started a mess with his wife, and now he is expecting us to clean up after him! How can he make us elders worry about him?" I couldn't help but complain.

"Scarlett is also not that easy to be swayed away. She is really a smart woman!" Christine frowned, and she was really dissatisfied with Charles for getting ridiculed.

"Forget it. I'll go on my own, then." I didn't want to persuade her anymore. After taking a bottle of tonic with me, I left the house in a hurry.

Just when I was about to reach Garden Street, I called Charles and informed him that I was going to see the kids.

"Why are you telling me when you are only going to see your own grandsons?" Charles asked in reply.

"This is all your fault. You couldn't even handle Scarlett, and you're the reason I was separated from my grandkids!" I blamed him.

"I wasn't planning on letting the kids live in the Moore mansion for the rest of their lives, anyway. You were going to be separated from them sooner or later. As for Scarlett, I will handle her. You don't have to worry."

After arriving at Garden Street, I did not knock on the door, because Charles had already given me the password.

However, I was surprised to find that the door did not open even after I entered the password.

With a frown I figured that I must have entered the wrong number, so I quickly tried again.

But the door continued to remain locked.

Seeing that, I realized that something must be wrong.

The password was the wedding date of Scarlett and Charles. How could I have entered that wrong?

Just when I was about to try it again, the door suddenly opened from the inside.

"Mrs. Moore, you are here." Janet seemed to be a little nervous to see me.

"Did Scarlett change the password?" I asked her in a daze.

"Yes, she changed it a few days ago," Janet replied.

That made me feel a little uncomfortable, but I did not say anything to her.

As soon as I walked in, I saw James playing with his toys, alone.

The moment he saw me, he ran to me with a smile.

"James, my baby! I haven't seen you in such a long time. Did you miss me? Did you have fun here?" I then bent down to pick him up.

"Where are Jerry and Jason?" I asked with a worried expression, noticing that the twins were not around.

"They are sleeping in their room," Janet answered.

"Is Scarlett upstairs, then?"

"Yes. She needs to go back to the TV station, so she is getting ready upstairs. Tracy has gone up to inform her."

After giving her a nod, I continued to play with James.

Scarlett's POV:

By the time I walked downstairs, I saw Alice and James playing with Lego blocks.

"Mom." I hurried over to greet her.

Alice quickly held my hand, and we both sat down on the sofa.

"Scarlett, are you going to work now?"

I smiled and replied with a faint nod.

"I guess that's good. Once you start living a normal life, you won't be making blind or disorderly conjectures. By the way, do you have any clue of where Charles is living now? He has not come home in a while. Our house is really big, so even if you don't want to share bed with him, you can at least sleep in separate rooms. The kids might not be very happy to see that their father is not around," Alice said in a concerned voice.

I couldn't say anything to her, so I lowered my head in silence.

"Scarlett, your father passed away when you were very young, right? I am sure you will be able to understand the feeling of not having your father around. If the kids don't get their father's love because of you, then they might end up blaming you once they grow up."

Alice's words felt like thorns pricking my heart.

Sadness clouded my heart when I realized that it was my choice that was causing my kids to have an incomplete family.

"Scarlett, Christine also misses the kids a lot, so if you don't mind, I would like to take them back to the Moore mansion for a few days." Alice quickly changed the topic after seeing that I was quiet.

However, I did not want to agree to her request.

It had only been a week since I brought my kids home, and now she was trying to take them away again.

"Scarlett, if you are really worried about them, then you can also come and live with us. You focus on your work during the day, anyway. So you don't really have time to be with the kids during the day. Why don't you let me take care of them during the day and you can come back to the Moore mansion in the night to spend time with them?" Alice added.

"I have not been that busy lately, so I can very well take care of the kids on my own."

Honestly, I did not want to bear the pain of being parted from my kids again.

It had taken a long time for them to come back to me, so I did not want to let anyone take them away from me.

"Scarlett, how about I take the kids back to the Moore Mansion today and bring them back the day after tomorrow? You will also have some free time to hang out with your friends. I promise I will take good care of them."

Alice was very persistent on taking the kids away. Suppressing the anger and dissatisfaction in my heart, I tried my best to come up with a way to politely refuse her.

All of a sudden, the doorbell rang.

I hurried to open the door.

Seeing Charles outside my door, I was a little stunned.

Didn't we not agree that he would only visit the kids once a week?

He had only come to my place three days ago, so why was he back now?

"Why did you..."

Before I could finish my words, Charles explained, "Mom wanted to see the kids, and she asked me to come with her."

"Scarlett, I am the one who asked him to come," Alice echoed.

Hearing that, I glared at Charles, but I did not say anything.

"Where are the twins?" Charles asked at once after seeing that the twins were not in the living room.

"They are sleeping upstairs. Don't disturb them." Alice reminded him, worried that the kids might wake up.

Charles nodded in reply, and took James from her arms.

I couldn't help but feel a little upset, looking at the unexpected visitors in front of me.

Only three days ago when I had finished washing up and was about to go to bed, Charles had suddenly come here, saying that he wanted to see the kids.

After I had driven him away, I was worried that he might show up again, and that was the reason I had changed the password to my door.

"Mom, do you want to take the children back to the Moore mansion?" Noticing that I was upset, Charles seemed to have guessed the reason Alice was there.

"Yes, I miss the kids very much. I want to take them back to Moore mansion for a few days." Saying that, Alice give him a nod.

"Mom, you can come back later for that." Charles kept silent for a while before he started to persuade her.

Surprised by his gesture, I felt a little moved.

I actually thought that he would made me to let Alice take the kids. I was not expecting him to help me at all.

"Charles, I must take them back to the Moore mansion! You don't know how much it hurts me when I am not with them!" Alice gave us a stubborn look.

"Mom, Scarlett can't live without her children. She needs their company more than you do." Charles also felt helpless.

"I also need to be with the kids, and your father and grandparents also miss them a lot." Alice frowned and was about to persuade again, but Charles interrupted her in a serious tone, "You have to wait!"

Just when I was about to give in, I was surprised to see his tough attitude.

"You are so bossy! How can you yell at me?" Alice snorted with displeasure before she headed upstairs to see the twins.

[Chapter 343 Have Dinner Together](#)

Charles's POV:

"James, go play with your mother." After my mother left, I put James down.

James ran toward Scarlett.

"Have you had dinner?" I turned around and headed to the kitchen.

"Charles, don't..."

Scarlett suddenly stopped me.

Confused, I turned around and saw her striding toward me.

She walked in a hurry. When I abruptly turned around to face her, she took a step back.

Noticing that James was following his mother closely, I grabbed Scarlett and pulled her into my arms.

I looked down and saw Scarlett glaring at me.

"Let go of me, Charles!"

"James is behind you. I was just worried that you would knock him down because you didn't see him," I explained earnestly.

The expression on Scarlett's face told me that she couldn't wait to break free from my grip, and it broke my heart.

Scarlett turned around and saw James standing behind her. She cooled down at once.

Seeing that we were hugging each other, James naughtily stuck out his tongue at me.

Scarlett shook off my hand.

It wasn't easy for me anymore to hold my own wife, and when I did, she wouldn't allow me much time to enjoy the feeling. I reluctantly let her go.

"Daddy, you hugged Mommy!" James pointed out happily while covering his mouth and snickering.

I put on a weak smile, turned around, and proceeded to the kitchen.

"I don't need you to cook for us, Charles," Scarlett said flatly.

"I want to cook for my children," I snapped. I could understand why Scarlett was keeping her guard up around me, but she didn't need to be hostile. It was starting to annoy me.

I just wanted to be a good father to my sons. Why was she trying to stop me?

Scarlett was rendered speechless.

I entered the kitchen and started preparing dinner for my kids.

Scarlett's POV:

At dinner time, I sat at the table with James in my arms and asked Janet to go upstairs to invite Alice to dinner.

"Mrs. Moore has left," Janet reported.

I just nodded and said nothing.

At this time, Charles came out of the kitchen with a dish and was about to sit opposite me.

"You can leave now. There's no need for us to have dinner together," I said and frowned.

"Can't I have dinner with my children? Seriously, Scarlett. Just let me spend some more time with them. They're my kids, too," Charles replied, pulled out a chair, and sat down. His tone was full of impatience.

"Charles, we have an agreement. You're only allowed to visit the kids once a week. You've already come to see them twice in three days," I retorted and glared at Charles, dissatisfied that he didn't keep his end of the bargain.

"Yes, I've come here twice in three days, but those three days are right in the middle of two separate weeks, so I'm not violating anything," Charles reasoned and put on a smug smile. He was obviously pretty pleased with himself that he found a technicality that he could milk. I rolled my eyes, mostly because he was right.

I found myself out of ways to drive him away.

Seeing that I didn't say anything more, Charles grinned.

"James, how's the food Daddy made for you? Is it good?"

James held his bowl happily and replied, "It's so yummy, Daddy!"

Smiling, Charles stroked James's head and filled his bowl with more soup.

Seeing that James was enjoying spending time with his father, I kept silent. I just hoped that Charles would leave as soon as dinner was over.

However, Charles didn't leave at once after dinner. Instead, he held James in his arms and refused to go.

"Scarlett, I want to sleep beside James tonight."

James chimed in, "I want to sleep with Mommy and Daddy!"

Hearing James's request, I didn't know what to say.

Allowing Charles to stay overnight here? No way!

"James, you have to ask for Mommy's permission first. Only when Mommy agrees can Daddy stay with you," Charles said and rubbed James's little head.

"Mommy, can I sleep with you and Daddy tonight?" James asked expectantly.

James's question made me feel backed in a corner. I swallowed, and I felt my palms tingle. I felt like weeping, but no tears came out.

"Scarlett, can James sleep with his Mommy and Daddy tonight?" Charles rephrased James's question and looked at me with a smile.

I kept my mouth shut, fearing that I would start screaming at Charles if I tried speaking. Reading my silence correctly, Charles finally quit pestering me.

"You know what, buddy, we can bunk together tonight since we're gentlemen. Mommy is a lady. She'll sleep in her own bed,"

Charles told James while staring at me with affectionate eyes.

He seemed to tell me with his eyes that we could all have a family sleepover party next time.

I felt relieved.

Charles took James upstairs to get him ready for bed.

I went upstairs after cleaning up in the dining room and in the kitchen.

As I walked to the babies' room, I overheard Charles telling stories to James.

Charles spoke in a low, gentle, and patient voice.

Standing at the door, I thought of the past and suddenly felt a little sad.

Charles and I couldn't get back together anymore.

Then, Charles suddenly came out.

Seeing me standing outside the door, he smiled and asked, "Scarlett? What are you doing? Are you waiting for me?"

His voice snapped me back to my senses.

I glared at him and said crossly, "I'm waiting for you to leave."

Charles seemed to have expected that. He nodded and closed the door gently.

"Well..." I pressed when Charles didn't make a move to leave.

"I also want to see the twins. I haven't seen them today. Are they in the master bedroom? I'll get going

after I see them."

Seeing that I didn't say anything, Charles turned around and was about to go to the master bedroom.

"Charles!"

I hurriedly stopped him. I didn't want him to enter my room.

"Scarlett, I just canceled an important appointment and rushed here to stop my mother from taking the kids away. Can't I just see them? I'm their father after all," Charles scowled.

"You promised me that you wouldn't come here without my permission!"

Charles stopped and kept silent for a long time.

Just when I thought he was going to make a run for the master bedroom, he suddenly turned around and went downstairs.

Seeing him finally leaving, I felt like a weight had been lifted off my chest.

I followed him downstairs because I was afraid that he would suddenly come up with a new set of excuses to stay.

"Can I spend more time with the kids next week?" Charles asked when we arrived at the door.

"Whatever," I groaned. I just wanted him to leave as soon as possible, so I agreed without hesitation.

"You have to keep your word," Charles pressed, looked at me, and beamed.

"Just go already, Charles. It's late," I whined and started practically shoving him out the door.

"Okay, okay," Charles muttered but still didn't move.

"Why are you still here?" I glared at him impatiently.

"I want to watch you close the door."

I cursed him in my heart and quickly shut the door.

But Charles suddenly put his hand against it.

Through the narrow crack, I saw his eyes that said more than all the words we had said to each other tonight.

"Good night, Scarlett," Charles said in a tender voice.

I shut the door in his face without saying anything.

Sitting at the same table as Charles tonight, I didn't eat much.

Now that he finally left, I could go find something to eat.

[Chapter 344 The Party Plan](#)

Charles's POV:

I went to the Mint Bar in a bad mood and headed straight for one of the VIP rooms. I started drinking like there was no tomorrow as soon as I sat down.

After a few moments, Spencer came in.

"So, it's really you. I thought I mistook somebody else for you. Aren't you supposed to be at a dinner party? Why are you here?"

"I didn't go," I muttered and gulped down another glass of whiskey.

Spencer came over and sat next to me. After pouring himself a drink, he began to tease me.

"Did you go see Scarlett and the kids?"

I paused at the question. Damn, was I that obvious?

"No."

"Don't be stubborn."

"Don't be nosy," I backfired and continued to drown my sorrows in alcohol.

"I heard Nina helped you keep Scarlett," Spencer commented, raising his eyebrows.

"Scarlett couldn't leave anyway, so technically, Nina had nothing to do with her staying. She just calmed her down."

Spencer played with his glass and stared at me solemnly.

"Charles, as your friend, I have to remind you not to be complacent with your arrangement with Scarlett. She's still a flight risk, and if she succeeds on running away with the children one day, then you'll be left alone, maybe even for the rest of your life."

"Running away with the children?" I sneered. "And where would she go?"

"Don't forget that William is still obsessed with her," Spencer reminded me.

William. That wife-stealing bastard.

I scoffed and downed another drink.

"By the way, why is there no news about William lately? Didn't he use to appear wherever Scarlett was before?" Spencer asked curiously.

"I don't know, and I don't care," I shrugged and then glanced at Spencer.

"Oh, my God! Did you do something to him?" Spencer raised his voice and looked at me with wide eyes.

"What do you think?" I asked Spencer in reply.

He was right. I did do something to William.

If he was indeed thinking about taking my wife and children away from me, then he was dreaming!

Spencer set his glass on the table and excitedly gave me a thumbs up.

"Way to go, buddy! You should've taught that jerk a lesson a long time ago, let him know that he can't mess with you and your family and get away with it."

"What are you so excited about, Spencer?" David pushed the door open and walked in.

"David? Why are you here?"

"Charles called me," David pouted at me. "This better be important, Charles, because I canceled a potentially wonderful night with my Icey just to be here."

David walked to the sofa and sat down. He stared at me intently as if telling me to get on with what I was going to tell him.

"I'm going to hold a big party for Jerry and Jason and officially announce their identities to the public."

"A party for the twins? That sounds like fun," David said, stroked his chin, and then asked, "But what about Scarlett? Is she okay with the idea?"

"Scarlett wants to take the kids and run far, far away from Charles. Do you think she'll want a big baby debut that'll tie her and her children to Charles forever?" Spencer smirked.

"I need your help," I blurted out at the expense of my precious pride. "That's why I asked you to come, David."

Spencer and David were rendered speechless for a few seconds.

"Fine. You're like a brother to me, man. Of course I'll help you convince Scarlett," David sighed, rubbed his forehead, and looked at Spencer.

Spencer nodded awkwardly and put his hands up as if in surrender.

"Okay, okay, I'm in."

After confirming my friends' cooperation, I left the bar with a smile on my face and hope in my heart. Unconsciously, I drove to Garden Street again.

Scarlett's POV:

I was writing articles in the study when the doorbell suddenly rang. I walked to the door and saw Vivian and Icey through the peephole.

As soon as I opened the door, Vivian gave me a big hug.

"Hello, Scarlett! Oh, I've missed you!"

Vivian raised her hand and touched my hair. "Honey, this hairstyle makes you look like a teenager. You better grow it out, or you'll make men feel guilty when they make love to you."

"Easy on the lovemaking comments, Vivian," I muttered, feeling blood rush to my cheeks.

"She's right, Scarlett. I also think you're more beautiful with long hair," Icey seconded.

"Let's talk about my hair later. What brings you two here?" I changed the topic and ushered them in.

My intuition told me that they must have an important agenda.

"Where are Jerry and Jason? I haven't seen them in a long time. Have them brought out so we can greet the little angels," Vivian said and handed the toys she bought to the nanny.

I smiled and asked the nanny to bring the twins out.

Vivian held Jason while Icey held Jerry. I could only beam as I watched Vivian and Icey play with my little boys.

"I don't think we've held a party for these little cuties since they were born. Am I right, Scarlett? We

should throw a party for them," Icey suggested and cooed at Jerry.

"Yes, yes, we must hold a grand party for them."

Vivian rubbed Jason's chubby face and lowered her head to tease him.

"What do you think, Jason? It's an awesome idea, isn't it?"

"But I've already held a birthday party for them in Kitsap," I smiled casually.

"That shouldn't count. None of your best friends were there," Icey frowned.

"What is up with you two today? Why do you insist on throwing a party for the twins?" I looked at them in confusion.

"Nothing. I just want to find an excuse to gather everyone together and have fun. Besides, I want to tell everyone that the beautiful Scarlett is back," Vivian said with a grin.

"Well, we can have fun anytime. There's no need to throw a big party for the twins," I retorted, shaking my head.

"Oh, don't be such a killjoy, Scarlett. If you don't want the party to be for the twins, then we'll throw it for me. I've suffered and survived a lot this year, you know? I was set up, had a miscarriage, and almost went through a divorce. I'm the only one here who deserves a party just as much as these two little bundles of joy here," Vivian said like a spoiled child asking for candy.

She had a miscarriage?

I looked at Vivian in shock.

"You remember Ethan? I fought with him and lost the baby," she smiled and said lightly after reading my surprised reaction.

Looking into Vivian's sincere eyes, I couldn't say no.

"Don't worry. We won't invite the elders. The party is just for us," Icey beamed and winked at me.

I was caught in a dilemma. I couldn't refuse, but I didn't want to agree either.

After Vivian and Icey left, I sat on the sofa and thought quietly.

I already guessed that they were helping Charles to persuade me to throw the party. But why did he want a party for the twins all of sudden?

I couldn't help sighing. I could never guess what that man was thinking.

When I went upstairs, I found Janet playing with the twins. I walked over, picked up one of them, and whispered, "Do you want a party, sweetie?"

"What's wrong, Scarlett? Are you all right?" Janet asked with genuine concern.

"My friends want to hold a party for the twins, but I can't make up my mind about it."

"I think it's a great idea. It's an opportunity for you to take more photos and videos of Jerry and Jason. I'm sure they'll enjoy seeing lots of their childhood memories in photos and in film when they grow up."

Really?

I lowered my head and looked at the twins, lost in thought.

The next day, I still hadn't made up my mind.

In the afternoon, Janet and I went to the supermarket to do some grocery shopping. I was surprised to bump into Nancy there.

"Hi, Scarlett," Nancy greeted me.

She didn't change at all. She still looked as sweet and innocent as before.

"I'm not sure if you already knew, but I recently moved to Garden Street. I live in the building behind your house. Guess we're neighbors now."

Nancy excitedly pointed out the direction of her house, but I kept my face neutral.

Ruthless ambition was written all over this girl's face.

When Charles had a car accident last time, she blatantly behaved as if she wanted to replace me.

I stared at her and thought for a second. Since we were neighbors now, I might as well make use of her to get what I wanted.

"Really? That's great. Well, since we live near each other now, we should exchange phone numbers. You know, just in case we need each other's help," I suggested with a smile.

"Oh, yes, of course."

Looking at Nancy's phone number in my contact list, I felt an inexplicable emotion surge through my heart.

A party for the twins?

I'd like to see what he was planning to do.

[Chapter 345 The Party](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as we got home, I sent a text to Charles, telling him that I agreed to attend the party.

Soon, he replied, "Okay, then. We will host one on the 10th of next month."

Putting down my phone, I took a deep breath. I knew that I would have to fight a battle soon.

Time passed quickly, and it was the day of the party.

As soon as I walked out of the TV station, I saw a black Rolls-Royce next to the gate, and Richard was standing beside it.

"Mrs. Moore, we are out of time! The kids have already gone to the party. Please get in."

Saying that, Richard respectfully opened the door for me.

Once I sat down, I noticed a huge black gift box in the back seat.

I gently opened it, and saw a custom-designed Valentino dress, which was simple yet elegant. The white velvet dress was covered in a layer of white organza fabric, and the skirt was made from a lacey material. I could imagine how it would enhance my slender waist. There were countless rhinestones and crystals on the dress, which made it look like the glimmering sky.

I admired its beauty in silence for a long time before I finally put the lid back.

"Is there a problem with the dress?" Richard asked nervously.

"No, it's beautiful, but I don't think it would be suitable for me."

Turning around, I looked out of the window. We fell silent again.

I figured out that Charles must have arranged the dress, and I could read his mind just by glancing at it.

It was so much like a... a wedding dress.

And because of that, I was obviously hesitant to wear it.

The Rolls-Royce slowly arrived at the hotel.

The moment I got off the car, I regretted it. At least a dozen reporters were waiting at the hotel entrance.

'Oh my God! What did Charles do behind my back?'

Looking at my blue business suit, I frowned, thinking that I was going to make a fool out of myself.

Even the reporters seemed to be stunned to see me show up like that.

"Mrs. Moore, you look so special today."

"That's right, Mrs. Moore. This party is such a grand event. Aren't you going to change into a fancy dress?"

I felt so embarrassed that I wanted to run away from there at once.

"There is no need for my wife to get changed. She looks perfect no matter what she wears."

Charles walked up to me slowly and put his hand on my waist.

He was dressed in a customized black Armani suit, which had a vintage double buckle design, and a shiny red rose brooch, which seemed to be carved from a precious crystal. It was exquisite and bright, making him look seductive.

It was his handsome appearance that led countless women to throw themselves at him, like moths darting into the fire, just like I had done in the past.

Charles walked me to the banquet hall. Although I was mentally prepared to face a huge crowd, the party was bigger than my imagination.

Everyone's gaze fell on us the moment we walked in.

"Oh my God! Who is that woman? And why is she dressed like that to Mr. Moore's dinner party?"

"She is apparently Mrs. Moore."

"Really?"

Upon hearing that chatter, I felt uncomfortable to be the center of attention. However, Charles quietly held my hand as he escorted me into the banquet hall.

"Scarlett, why are you dressed like that?" Icy, who was dressed in a black and white suit, walked up to

me in surprise.

I gave her a bitter smile.

No one had told me that the party would be such a grand one.

"She looks good," Charles said casually.

He then took off his coat, and put it on me.

I refused subconsciously, "No, thanks. I already have a coat."

"Put it on. It's cold here, and my coat is thicker than yours. It will help you stay warm." Charles continued to persuade me.

I had no choice but to accept it. After all, everyone was looking at us, and if I fought with him now, then I would surely be in the headlines of gossip magazines.

That moment, Vivian, who was wearing a long wine dress and black high heels, walked over holding Spencer's arm.

"Scarlett, here you are," Spencer greeted me excitedly.

I nodded to greet him as I stared at Vivian with reproachful eyes.

'Is this the 'small' party you mentioned before?'

Vivian looked away guiltily.

While we were talking, the nanny took James' hand and brought, Jerry and Jason over.

I instantly forgot all the displeasure, walked up to them, kissed them, and touched James' head lovingly.

"How's your day, sweetie? Do you have fun here, James?"

"Yes."

James looked up at me with his bright eyes and smiled.

Vivian took Jerry in her arms and tickled him, making him burst into laughter.

"Scarlett, the kids like me so much. Can I be their godmother?"

"That would be great! Then I would be their godfather!" Spencer echoed.

I smiled and handed Jason to Spencer.

With a big smile, Charles lifted James in his arms and joked, "It looks like our James is going to be out of favor."

"That won't be a problem, because I will always spoil him."

I grabbed James from him and hugged him.

"Then I will spoil him too."

Competing with me, Charles took James away from me.

Charles' POV:

While Scarlett and I were competing with each other, I heard a familiar voice.

"Charles, Scarlett."

Nicholas and Nancy were walking towards us.

'Why are they here?'

I had not invited them.

"Charles, Scarlett invited us," Nicholas explained in a hurry.

"Yes," Scarlett admitted.

I stared at her with dissatisfaction. What was she planning now?

Soon, I got the answer.

The party began, and it was time for the opening dance.

I was looking for Scarlett when I suddenly saw Nancy walking towards me.

"Charles, I..."

I didn't stop and just walked forward.

"Where is Scarlett?" I asked a servant.

"I think she just went upstairs," she answered respectfully.

I immediately understood Scarlett was avoiding me again.

I looked up before I turned to David. "You preside over the party for me. I'm going to find Scarlett."

"Okay, but you better come back soon." After giving me a nod, he walked onto the stage.

The moment I took a step forward, Nancy approached me again.

"Charles, the opening dance is about to begin. Since Scarlett is not around, let me help you."

There was a hint of shyness in her eyes, but I was already bored with her.

"I don't dance."

Saying that coldly, I left.

That moment, Janet walked downstairs.

"Janet, where is Scarlett?"

"She is playing with the kids in the presidential suite upstairs."

Hearing that, I immediately rushed to the presidential suite and saw Scarlett on the bed, playing with the kids.

Suddenly, her phone rang, and she sat up.

Our eyes met, but she glanced at me coldly and continued to answer the phone.

"Who's on the phone?"

I had drunk a little more than usual since the party started, so my voice sounded a lot louder than usual.

"It's none of your business. You should go now." Scarlett glared at me.

I grabbed her arm and asked angrily, "Do you really hate me that much?"

We were like the beasts fighting in the Colosseum, unwilling to give in to each other.

[Chapter 346 Charles, I Don't Love You Anymore](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Yes," I blurted out without thinking. At the same time, I was a little dissatisfied. Why didn't Nancy keep him downstairs?

Charles's face darkened. "You didn't have to answer the question so bluntly."

"You're not a kid. You're a grown man. You don't need me to sugarcoat things for you," I retorted.

Charles was rendered speechless. He raised his hand and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

After a while, he asked, "Why did you call Nancy here?"

"I want you two to be together so that I can get rid of you." As the words left my lips, a surge of bitterness almost stopped my heart dead.

"Do you know what you're talking about?" Charles asked through gritted teeth.

Some painful memories flashed in my mind. I took a deep breath and let the harsh words flow out of my mouth. "Yes, I know what I'm talking about. It's time for you to move on to a new partner. I'm no longer the pretty Scarlett you once loved. Can't you see how much I've changed since giving birth to the twins? Just leave, Charles."

I tried to walk past Charles, but he blocked my way. "Scarlett, no woman can compare with you."

I couldn't believe his words anymore. I scoffed and tried to walk away. Unexpectedly, he held me into his arms and said, "You're the only woman I'm capable of loving, do you understand? And it'll take more than just changes in your body for me to leave you."

Although his honeyed words were pleasant to hear, the past was still vivid in my mind. I shook my head and tried to break free from his grip. "I don't want to hear any more, Charles. Please, just go."

He looked into my eyes and said, "Listen to me, Scarlett." He held on to me.

"I'm begging you, Charles. Please. Just leave," I sobbed.

Thinking of the pain he had caused me, I couldn't help trembling. "I just want a simple and ordinary life. Please let me go with the children..."

Before I could finish my sentence, Charles crashed his lips onto mine.

I pushed him away with all my strength and hissed, "Stop it! Enough!" Tears started streaming down my face. The next second, Charles pulled me into his arms again.

"I won't leave you."

I tried my best to struggle but to no avail. Charles was much, much stronger than I, and he held me like he wanted to embed my body into his.

I could smell the alcohol in his breath. I pleaded once more, "Let me go, Charles."

Charles rested his chin on my shoulder. I felt his hot breath on my neck. He repeated softly, "I won't leave you. I won't let you go. I'll hold you in my arms forever."

All of a sudden, his phone rang, but he didn't pick it up. Afraid of waking up the children, I urged him to answer the phone, "Pick it up. The children are sleeping. The noise will wake them up."

Charles took out his phone and answered it, but he wrapped his arm around my waist, refusing to let me go. I caught a glimpse of the caller ID. It was Nancy.

"Hello?" he groaned.

"Charles, I won first place. Thank you for your gift," I heard Nancy say sweetly.

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

While Charles was busy speaking to Nancy, I took the opportunity to shake off his grip and go downstairs. I felt somewhat unhappy.

I went to the first floor, found an empty room, and called William.

I didn't know exactly why I wanted to speak to William, but Charles was definitely part of the reason.

I felt lost and confused. I needed someone to talk to.

"Hi, William. How are you?"

"Hey. Good to hear from you. I'm fine. I just ran into a little trouble. I'm handling it."

"That's good." I felt relieved.

"I heard from Nina that you went back to work. Have you decided to stay this time?"

"I'm glad to know you're safe. Let's limit our contact from now on." I didn't answer his question directly. Charles was alert. I couldn't put William in danger.

"If I find a way to get you and the children out of here, will you come with me?"

"I..." I was surprised by the question and didn't know how to reply.

"As soon as you make up your mind, I'll take you away. Just give me a few days," William promised.

"Can I trust you?" I asked. I felt a chill down my spine every time I thought about William's disappearance.

"Of course. I won't break my promise this time."

"Okay."

"Keep your phone on you. Wait for my call."

"All right."

After hanging up the phone, I left the room only to be greeted by Charles's cold gaze.

"Were you on the phone with William just now?"

"Yes, I was," I replied without hesitation and stuffed my phone into my pocket.

"If he dares to call you again, relay a message to him for me."

"What message?"

"A woman is going to give birth to his son," Charles said and smiled contemptuously, which made me feel incredibly nervous.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I arranged that woman for William."

Last time, in the ward, Nina told me that something happened to William's company, so he lost contact with me. It seemed that he was only lying to us.

Thinking of this, I suddenly felt a little relieved. Although I indeed considered to leave with him, I knew that it wasn't a good choice. If I had other options, I wouldn't have allowed myself to get entangled with William. After all, I didn't have feelings for him and I didn't want to owe him anything.

"Why are you so quiet all of a sudden? Are you scared?" Charles asked.

"No. I just think you did a good job," I smiled faintly and went to go upstairs.

But Charles didn't want to let me go. He grabbed my hand and asked me ecstatically, "You really think so?"

"Yes. Will you leave now?" I didn't want to be in Charles's presence anymore, but he held me tightly in his arms again.

"Scarlett," he called my name in a low, husky voice, put his arm around my waist, and lowered his head to kiss me.

His eyes were red. As we got close enough to share breath, I felt my cheeks burn.

I was so nervous that I closed my eyes.

The next second, when I felt his breath on my lips, I quickly turned away, and his lips only grazed my cheek.

"Enough, Charles. Please leave. Now."

"I don't want to leave," he whispered in a strained, pleading voice, which made my heart break into a gallop.

"If you don't go, then I'll go."

"Please don't."

"I don't love you anymore, Charles. Don't you get it?"

"Since when?" Charles challenged. I felt his body stiffen.

I gritted my teeth and answered, "Since my father passed away. The more you hurt me, the more I hate you. That's all I feel for you now. All the love and affection I once had for you went to the grave with my dad."

Charles was silent, but he tightened his grip.

"Does hurting me over and over again bring you happiness?" I finally raised my head and looked straight at Charles. He looked back at me, his blue eyes full of sadness.

"I don't want to leave. I want to give our children a complete family."

"Why are you saying this to me after telling me that you don't love me?"

After a long while, Charles said in a low voice, "What if I told you that I never stopped loving you?"

"I wouldn't believe you. Enough, Charles." I felt crushed.

[Chapter 347 His Heart Softened](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As I stared into Charles' affectionate eyes, I remembered how I had lost myself in his eyes countless of times in the past. Even until now, it seemed that I couldn't free myself from his gaze. But in the end, he broke my heart.

And now, I had learned my lesson. I would never be so foolish ever again.

"Have you forgotten what you told me before? You said you never loved me," I said in a calm voice.

I deliberately tore open my wound to remind myself of its pain, and to tell myself never to be addicted to his love again.

"Scarlett, those words were said in the spur of the moment. I never meant them!" Charles held my shoulders, visibly anxious.

"Is that so?"

Even though I had warned myself of this moment so many times, tears still welled up in my eyes and completely blurred my vision.

Each time that he said something to hurt me, he would always claim that he merely said those words because he was angry.

It was like I was his plaything. Whenever he wanted me, he would shackle me to his side at all times. And once he didn't want me anymore, he would get rid of me just as easily.

I had had enough of it.

His love for me was always fickle. The day he told me that he never loved me, I died inside.

In the dim room, I ran my hand along his face, down to his angular chin and his Adam's apple.

This face that had been engraved into my very soul was something that I could never forget for the rest of my life.

But I was exhausted. I didn't want to love him anymore.

"If you really love me, Charles, please set me free. I'll take my kids to a place that no one ever knows and I'll raise them on my own." I held his face as tears fell from my eyes.

"What about me?" Charles asked in a hoarse voice.

"You've got so many other choices, don't you? You have Rita and Nancy. There are countless women

obsessed with you. They're gentler, more considerate, and more obedient than me."

"But they're not you! Scarlett, I can no longer live without you. You can't just be selfish and run away like this," Charles grunted as he cupped my cheeks.

Tears streamed down my eyes. My mind was completely chaotic right now.

"Hush now... don't cry."

Gently, he wiped my tears away and embraced me.

"Please, let me go," I pleaded.

Charles didn't respond. He just hugged me like a dragon guarding his most prized treasure.

After that night, he disappeared.

It seemed like he had vanished from the surface of the earth.

I had no idea if Charles had gone softhearted, but his departure gradually helped me put my life back on track.

One day, on my way to work, I accidentally saw William in a cafe outside the TV station. It had been so long since I last saw him.

"Long time no see, Scarlett," he greeted while approaching.

"You're right. It has been a long time, hasn't it?"

William seemed to have lost weight, and he looked disheveled.

We then sat in the cafe in silence.

Too many things had happened lately, and we both needed some time to process it.

"Are you really going to stay? How did he persuade you?" William asked after taking a sip of his coffee.

"Charles said that he's going to another city to handle a new project and wouldn't come back in a few years, which means he won't be troubling me for the time being."

As I held the cup of coffee in my hand, I smelled the aroma of the coffee.

"Oh? What kind of project would need Charles to personally handle it?" William said sarcastically.

I looked into his eyes and frowned. Somehow, he looked kind of neurotic now.

"I think it's best that we don't see each other again, William."

"But why not?" William was visibly surprised.

"The only reason you came to this city was because your sister's heart was in Rita's body. Now that you've gotten it back, there's no more reason for you to be here. Besides, your career isn't here."

I stared at him, weighing the pros and cons for him.

"And besides, I don't have any extra energy to hang out with friends right now. Between work and my kids, I barely have any time for myself."

"Did he tell you to say that? Has he agreed to divorce you only under the condition that you cut off ties with me?" asked William. For some reason, he seemed riled up.

"Look, my decision has nothing to do with Charles. I just think it's time for both of us to start a new chapter of our own lives."

As a matter of fact, William and I had been stuck in the past. I figured it was time for us to move on.

"Scarlett, starting over a new life is a lie. You're just deceiving yourself. All I know is that the woman I love is sitting right in front of me. I can't just lie to myself by moving on and living as though nothing had happened. Can't you understand that?"

The sun shone down on William's face through the glass window as he stared at me with his firm yet gentle gaze.

I wasn't sure how I could persuade him from this.

"Look, it's fine. Whenever you feel unhappy and want to leave this city, you can contact me anytime. I'll help you unconditionally," he said.

Once William had left, I sat in the cafe on my own for a long time.

When my colleague finally called to urge me to go back, I let out a deep sigh and went back to the TV station.

A month later, the program about postpartum mothers had begun shooting.

My first guest was Mary Jones, a great mother who managed to raise three sons by selling homemade pizza.

Mary seemed restless in the studio, so I brought her a cup of hot cocoa to soothe her nerves.

"Don't be anxious, Mary. Just think of it as chitchat," I said.

She took the cup from my hand and took a sip. Gradually, she appeared more relaxed.

"Mary, why were you so determined to work during your pregnancy?" I asked.

"What other reason could it be other than money? I was really poor back then," Mary said in a bleak voice.

Not long after, a smile appeared on her lips. "Honestly, being poor isn't that terrible. Over the years, my husband and I have been supporting each other. We have three sons, and we both work hard to support our family. And now, we're living a much better life than before. I'm very proud of what we've accomplished."

The smile on her face displayed a realistic beauty that had overcome years of adversity. Somehow, I envied her. Even though her life wasn't as good as she hoped it would be, she still had the fervor and courage to push forward.

By the time the show was over, it was already late, so I drove home in a hurry.

As soon as I opened the door, I saw James playing on the carpet as little toys lay beside him.

"Hello, my dear! I'm home."

James immediately looked at my direction, threw away his toy car to the ground, and rushed to hug me.

"Mommy!"

All the exhaustion I had felt throughout the day seemed to have disappeared at this moment.

"Mommy, can you play with me, please?"

I caressed James' soft hair as he looked up at me expectantly.

"Mommy, where's Daddy?" he asked.

My hand froze upon hearing the question. "Do you miss your dad, James?"

"Yes, I do. It's been so long since I last saw him."

James looked a little disappointed.

I hugged him lovingly and said, "Dad is on a business trip. That's why he hasn't come to visit you. But when he comes back, we'll see him right away, okay?"

"Okay..." James leaned against my chest listlessly.

Suddenly, he pointed at the phone in my hand and exclaimed, "We can call Daddy!"

Upon hearing the suggestion, I let out a sigh. Even though I'd rather not see Charles, I couldn't deprive my child of the right to see his father.

At this time, Tracy came over, and it gave me a brilliant idea.

"Tracy, do you mind using your phone to video call Charles?" I asked.

Tracy's body trembled and her face turned pale.

"What now?"

"James wants to see his father."

I was confused. I couldn't understand why she was so scared.

"I, um... I'm here to pick up Jerry and Jason. It's time for them to eat."

She then grabbed the twins and ran out. I didn't even have enough time to stop her.

"Mommy..."

The way James looked at me made him look so pitiful.

'Fine. Calling him isn't a big deal!' I said to myself.

Finally, I picked up my phone and video called Charles.

[Chapter 348 My Son And I Are Both Neat Freaks](#)

Charles' POV:

After working for a whole day, I went back to the hotel, completely exhausted. Just as I was about to take a shower, I received a call.

I glanced at the phone's screen and froze. It was a video call from Scarlett.

It made me wonder if I was hallucinating.

'Why is this heartless woman calling me?'

The phone kept on ringing and the word "honey" continuously flashed on the screen.

'Damn! It's really Scarlett calling me!'

I rushed into the bathroom and stared at myself in the mirror. I looked disheveled, haggard, and unpresentable. These days, I hadn't been paying attention to my appearance, and I hadn't even shaved my beard.

I wanted to answer the video call, but I hesitated because of how I looked.

'I can't really show myself to her looking like this!

I need to look damn near perfect in front of her,' I thought.

Thus, I washed up quickly. After taking a quick shower, I dried my hair, shaved my beard, and put on some night wear.

Once I was sure that everything was perfect, I called Scarlett back. While I was waiting for her to answer the call, my heart was racing.

"Hi, Daddy!"

James' adorable face appeared on the screen.

'Wait... why isn't Scarlett on the phone?'

"Oh! Hi, James. Did you miss Daddy?" I forced an awkward smile.

"Yes, I did. Daddy, you haven't visited me in so long!" said my son.

"Daddy is busy lately. Anyway, where's your mom?"

With the phone in his hands, James looked around and jumped into a particular direction.

"Mommy!"

"James, watch out!" I exclaimed.

Fortunately, a pair of delicate hands caught him. Soon, I saw Scarlett's beautiful face.

Within an instant, the surge of yearning broke through my defenses that I had worked so hard to build. It had been only a few weeks since I last saw her, but I had been longing for her already.

"Why did you call me all of a sudden?" I asked nonchalantly.

"James misses you," she answered listlessly.

"Oh... he misses me, huh?"

I spoke in lilting syllables on purpose. And just as I had expected, Scarlett was flustered.

"Baby, now that we've seen your dad, can we go play with your little brothers now?" Scarlett said to James.

"But I haven't finished talking with Daddy yet." James shook his head.

'Good job, my boy! You deserve to be my son!'

"Daddy, when will you be coming back?" asked James.

"Around three days or so. Sorry if it is taking so long, son."

"Okay. Come back soon. I miss you, and Jerry and Jason miss you as well," the boy replied. Suddenly, the boy's face turned red. "And Mommy misses you too."

"James, don't say such nonsensical things!" Scarlett grunted.

The smile on James' lips disappeared and he looked at me in bewilderment.

"Scarlett, don't get mad at him. He's still young and he has no idea what happened between us," I said crossly.

Scarlett didn't argue with me. She just squatted down next to James and touched the boy's face lovingly. "I'm sorry, my love. Dad has been very busy recently. Let's not disturb him anymore, okay?"

"Okay. Daddy, I really miss you, but you have work. Bye, Daddy. I love you!"

James kissed the phone screen and waved his hand at me goodbye.

"I miss you and I love you too, son. I'll be back in a few days. Bye!"

I waved back at him.

Scarlett took the phone and hung up before I could even take another look at her.

It seemed that she really didn't want to see me.

After the video chat, I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling blankly for a long time. Scarlett's gentle, loving appearance flashed through my mind and her soft voice resonated in my ears.

I began to feel hot all over. The uncontrollable longing aroused my desire. Scenes of us having sex over and over flashed through my mind like clips out of a movie, arousing me even further.

How I wished I could tie up this gorgeous woman and fuck her as much as I wanted.

I was getting horny, so I started to masturbate. But then, my phone rang again.

I thought that it was another call from Scarlett.

But unfortunately, it was just Nicholas.

Disappointed, I picked up the call and asked, "What's up?"

"Charles, when will you be coming back?"

"In a few days. Why do you ask?"

"Two days from now, it'll be my birthday. Aren't you going to come to my birthday party?" asked Nicholas.

I fell silent for a while. I wanted to refuse, but I figured he might invite Scarlett as well.

Thus, I said, "If I manage to finish up on my work here early, I'll attend. But don't expect anything, alright?"

Nancy's POV:

I asked Nicholas to call Charles and invite him to the party.

After hanging up, Nicholas shook his head and said, "He's busy. I don't think he'll come."

I nodded in response, feeling aggrieved. My heart was filled with sadness.

"Nancy, you are a member of the Wood family. I must remind you not to provoke Charles. Our family cannot compete with the Moore family. Do not let our family suffer the consequences of your willful love. Understand?" Nicholas' remark was particularly harsh.

I was fed up by this, so I replied, "If anything happens, I'll draw a clear line with you. I won't implicate the Wood family because of my actions."

Nick sighed and tried to persuade me; gentler this time. "My silly sister, I am your brother. It's natural for me to support you in your pursuit of happiness. But Charles Moore isn't a man you can tame. I'm afraid you'll just lose the bait along with the fish."

Even though I knew he was just worried about me, I still felt uneasy about his comment.

'Why can't I win Charles' heart? I've been trying to win him over for a year, but he still hasn't given me a shred of hope. I cannot accept this!'

Two days later, my brother's birthday party was held at Mint Bar.

I made sure to dress up well for the day. I wore a customized blue fishtail skirt from Givenchy. My hair was permed into exquisite curly waves, and I even wore the latest necklace from Cartier.

As I held Nicholas' hand and waited in the hall, Charles soon appeared in my sight. He had a boy in his arms.

"Hi, Charles. I'm here too!" I greeted him eagerly.

Charles approached us and handed a gift to Nicholas. He didn't even bother to glance at me.

"Happy birthday, my friend."

"Charles, it's good to see that you're here! You didn't have to bring me a gift, bro." Nicholas grinned from ear to ear.

"My assistant bought it." Charles paused for a second and added, "That birthday gift is from me and my wife."

"Ah, then I should thank Mrs. Moore as well." Nicholas forced a smile.

I pursed my lips, annoyed by Nick's remark. 'Why does he still address Scarlett as Mrs. Moore? They're about to get divorced, alright?'

Unwilling to be ignored, I took the initiative to speak to him. "Charles, why did you bring your child here?"

Charles glanced down at his son and his face softened.

"He's rather clingy. I don't have a choice," he said.

"He's so adorable! Can I hug him?"

I reached out to take the child from him, but he moved back right away.

"Sorry, but my son is a neat freak just like me. He doesn't like it when strangers touch him," said Charles.

"Oh... I see."

I withdrew my hand, feeling awkward and kind of hurt.

'Don't give up, Nancy! It's not easy to meet with Charles. Do not miss this opportunity!' I told myself, trying to cheer myself up.

"I apologize if I've offended you just now, Charles. Anyway, thank you for coming to my brother's birthday party! I'd like to propose a toast to you."

I picked up a wine glass, gently clinking my glass with his as I fawningly muttered his name. I wanted everyone to know that Charles was here to see me.

"I've already told you that both my son and I are neat freaks. I do not appreciate strangers trying to touch my stuff. Did you not hear me the first time?"

Charles shot me a cold glance before throwing his wine glass at the table in disgust.

Suddenly, the tension in the room turned awkward. I could feel that everyone around me was looking at me with contempt. This humiliation brought tears to my eyes.

[Chapter 349 Misunderstanding](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Vivian asked me to join her for a drink at the Mint Bar, so I headed there after work.

Once I arrived there, I walked into the private room, and sat down between Vivian and Icey. "I can't stay here for too long. I have to leave in a few minutes. I'm worried about the children."

"Ever since you gave birth to your kids, you don't even have time to have dinner with your friends. When I see you like this, I don't even want to have kids in the future," Icey grumbled.

"I don't want a baby now, either." Seeing us talk about kids, Vivian suddenly became sad.

Noticing that they were so against the idea of having kids, I teased them with a smile, "You won't think

the same way once you find out that you're pregnant."

Pregnant women only cared about their baby, and would do everything in their power to bring their babies into the world safely and healthily.

"Scarlett, it's really you! I almost couldn't recognize you because of your new haircut!" Spencer walked in with a surprised look.

I gave him a faint smile.

He sat down at our table, but he was not sitting next to Vivian.

"Vivian, did you and Spencer have a fight? Why is he sitting so far away from you?" Icey whispered curiously in Vivian's ear.

"Hey! Don't try to sow dissension between us! Vivian and I are still on good terms!" Spencer glared at Icey, pouting.

"Spencer, did you come here to see Vivian?" I asked.

"Didn't you know? Nicholas Wood is holding a birthday party here. So Charles is also here. And he has brought Jerry with him too!"

"What?" I frowned, looking at him in surprise.

"Jerry is less than a year old. Why would Charles bring him to a birthday party? What would an infant eat here?" Both Vivian and Icey were also stunned.

"Sorry, but I have to go now." Sensing the awkward atmosphere at the table, Spencer came up with an excuse to leave.

I felt a little uneasy.

Charles had told me that he would only be back the next night, so why did he come in advance?

He even brought Jerry to Nicholas' birthday party.

Recalling what Charles had told me before, tears welled up in my eyes. He had said that he wanted Nancy to be the stepmother of my kids.

I stepped out to ask the waiter where Nicholas' birthday party was being held.

As soon as I opened the door, I saw Nancy coaxing Jerry at a distance. Seeing that, my heart ached.

"Excuse me." I knocked on the door, staring at her.

The moment she saw me, she held Jerry tightly in her arms.

And her sudden reaction caused Jerry to burst into tears.

Seeing that, Charles snapped, "Let go of him! Who allowed you to touch him?"

"Nancy didn't mean to hurt Jerry. She was just playing with him. Please don't take it to heart," Nicholas explained at once.

When I looked into Nancy's tearful eyes, I found it a bit ridiculous.

I saw what she was just trying to do, and I did not believe that she was doing it as a joke.

"Get out of my way!" I walked up to her immediately.

Seeing her pretending to be weak and innocent, I felt disgusted.

I took Jerry in my arms and coaxed him softly, "Baby, don't cry. It's all right."

Jerry began to sob as he lay in my arms.

I pitied him and felt angry.

"Nancy, if you like kids, then you should have your own. You have no right to touch mine!"

Nancy seemed to want to argue with me, but she looked a little scared.

"Scarlett, it is really just a misunderstanding. Nancy never meant to hurt him." Standing in front of Nancy, Nicholas defended her.

"That doesn't matter. As an adult, she should know better. Do you really think that your sister deserves to have everything good in the world for herself?" I sneered before I walked out of there, holding my son.

Charles' POV:

When I saw Scarlett leave with Jerry, I knew that she was angry, so I immediately stood up and followed her.

"Keep your sister under control. And if you can't, then don't blame me for being ruthless!" I warned Nicholas with a sneer before I headed out.

"Charles, I..."

Just when he was about to explain something, I interrupted him coldly.

"I am here because someone told me that Scarlett would be here tonight. I didn't come here for Nancy! Do you understand?"

And I only brought Jerry with me, because I wanted to use him as an excuse to go back home with Scarlett.

So I never thought that she would misunderstand me.

Recalling the cold look in her eyes, I couldn't help but feel regretful and anxious.

By then, Scarlett had already got in the car with Jerry, and was about to leave.

I hurried over to stop them.

Janet stopped the car quickly, and I motioned her to get off.

"Let me drive you home first. This is not the right place to quarrel," I pleaded.

Scarlett's eyes were still cold, but I was glad that she did not refuse me.

Breathing a sigh of relief, I hurried over to the driver's seat.

Soon, we arrived at Garden Street.

But the second I parked the car, Scarlett got off the car, holding Jerry in her arms.

Before I even closed the door, I ran after them.

"Scarlett, please give me a chance to explain."

"There is no need for you to explain anything." After saying those cold words to me, she continued to walk with Jerry.

I grabbed her wrist.

"Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Jerry will catch a cold if he stays outside for a long time, so let me take him inside first." Janet stepped forward.

Feeling helpless, Scarlett gave the baby to her.

Once we were alone, I held Scarlett.

She struggled hard to break free from my embrace, but she couldn't.

"Charles, can you let go of me?"

Afraid that I might annoy her, I loosened my grip at once.

"Scarlett, I didn't go to the party for Nancy."

"Why are you saying this to me? Is it even necessary for me to know?" Her coldness was making my heart ache.

"I just don't want you to misunderstand me again," I explained patiently.

"How is it going to make things any different? We are separated after all," Scarlett said indifferently, lowering her head.

Her words made me feel like she had really removed me from her world.

"Scarlett, your words are really hurting me, you know?" I smiled bitterly.

For some reason, I kept feeling like the distance between us was growing bigger and bigger.

"Scarlett, I didn't go there to find a stepmother for our sons."

"Charles, you don't have to explain anything to me. You just need to remember what you promised me." Scarlett smiled casually.

And just before I was about to leave, she added, "Since you have already seen the kids this week, you don't have to come tomorrow."

"Scarlett, I haven't seen the other two though!" I hurried to habitually grab her wrist.

[Chapter 350 Take A Photo](#)

Charles' POV:

"Let go of me. I have to go!" Scarlett gave a muffled grunt as she tried to withdraw her hand.

She probably did not notice that she was acting like a spoiled child.

It was hard for me to see her like that. How could I let go when she was being so cute?

But since she was struggling so hard, I had no choice but to relax my grip on her wrist.

"How about you let me stay over tonight, and in return, I will not come to see the kids tomorrow like you asked?" I tentatively said.

She frowned and sensed that something was wrong.

"If you stay tonight, then how would you not see the kids tomorrow? Or would you rather see them tomorrow as well, and give up seeing them for the next two weeks?" Scarlett was so smart that it did not take her long to figure out my plan.

When I saw that she was unwilling to suffer any loss, I couldn't help but laugh.

I had not seen her cute yet cunning side for a long time.

"My feet are cold. Can I go in now?" Scarlett asked, stomping her feet.

Cold?

I squatted down and put my hand into her sock, holding her ankle with my palm.

"Charles, what are you doing?" Startled by my sudden action, Scarlett blushed.

She wanted to step back subconsciously, but since I was holding her ankle, she couldn't move.

"You are wearing such thick socks. How can your feet still feel cold?"

"Charles, someone is coming. Let go!" she reminded me in a low voice before she pushed my shoulder away.

I helped her put on her socks before I stood up.

"Scarlett, can I take you to the hospital for a re-examination tomorrow?"

"I know my body well. Besides, it is none of your business! Anyway, I'm leaving!" Glaring at me, she left in a hurry.

After that, I took out my phone and called Richard.

"Richard, has Scarlett been taking a foot bath regularly?"

A moment later, Richard replied, "Yes."

"Got it." I quickly hung up and breathed a sigh of relief, but I still couldn't stop worrying about her.

I was standing down stairs for a long time before I finally walked to the next building.

I had bought an apartment in the building, so that I could be closer to Scarlet and the kids.

And I did not want to know about it for the time being, because she had made it clear that she wanted to stay as far away from me as possible.

Scarlett's POV:

Only after I was home was I able to take a deep breath.

Leaning against the door, I kept thinking of the way Charles held my ankle just moments ago.

He was the one who had handed me a knife and asked me to kill myself, and now he was pretending like he care about me.

What on earth did he want from me?

Why wouldn't he let me go?

Although I felt a little sad, I was trying my best to hold back my tears.

"Scarlett, the foot bath is ready. Would you like to soak your feet now?"

Janet walked out of the bathroom, holding a pedicure tub.

"Sure, thanks. You can rest now." I was moved by how thoughtful she was towards me.

"By the way, why did you come back so soon? You haven't hung out with your friends in a long time, right?" Janet tried to make conversation.

She was being very calm, trying to make herself seem natural, but I sensed that something was wrong.

Frowning, I carefully observed her expression.

"You thought that I wouldn't come back so early, and that's why you let Charles take Jerry away, didn't you?" I questioned her coldly.

Janet seemed to be guilty.

"Do you often do things like this behind my back?" I asked with a sneer.

"No, no! It is the first time..." Stunned, she tried to deny in panic.

But I could tell from just a glance that she was lying.

Whenever she was nervous or lying, her expression would become stiff and she would stutter.

"That's right. After all, Charles is the one paying you. So it is only understandable that you would only listen to him." I lowered my gaze and sighed.

"Scarlett, please don't say such things! You are the hostess!" Janet looked at me apologetically.

"Have you ever seen a hostess being monitored all day long? Are you also reporting everything about me to Charles, including how much water I drank, how many times I went to the washroom, and whom I met during the day?"

I felt a little ironic to hear her call me the hostess.

Gripping her phone tightly, Janet frowned in embarrassment.

"I know that Charles has a strong desire to control everything around him." I lowered my head in sadness. I was on the verge of tears.

Janet seemed to be frightened by my reaction, so she quickly denied, "Scarlett, please don't think that way! It's just that Mr. Moore cares a lot about you!"

"He cares about me? You think so because you don't know that he threw a knife at me and asked me to kill myself." I laughed with self-mockery.

"What?" Janet was shocked.

"You can go to bed now. I want to be alone for a while." Glancing at her, I found that my words had worked, so I pretended to wipe away my tears as I sent her away.

Janet nodded subconsciously and walked to the door before she turned around and came back.

"Scarlett, how about I stay with you for a while?"

She was rubbing her phone in embarrassment.

I watched her and did not say anything.

I sensed that she was acting a little strange, but I did not know what she was planning to do.

Janet walked up to me, glancing at the foot bath occasionally.

To my surprise, she suddenly took out her phone and clicked a photo of my feet.

"Why are you taking a photo?"

With a serious look in her eyes, she replied, "I'm going to send it to the doctor to check how your feet have been recovering."

'Can the doctor even make a judgment based on a mere photo?'

Frowning, I wondered what she was trying to pull now.