

Warning 351

[Chapter 351 What A Good Man](#)

Charles' POV:

Janet sent me a photo of Scarlett's foot bath.

The doctor had advised her to soak her injured foot in hot water every day to speed up the healing process. However, I was told that Scarlett was not taking his advice seriously, and often forgot to do it.

Since Janet reminded her from time to time, I finally felt a little relieved.

That moment, my phone vibrated, and when I saw that it was a call from Nancy, I cut the call at once.

I then called Richard.

"It has been getting really cold lately, so ask the others to take good care of Mrs. Moore. Don't let her fall sick."

"I understand, Mr. Moore."

The next morning, I took Grandma to Garden Street when Scarlett and the kids were still asleep.

She was sitting in the living room, relaxing, while I walked to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for everyone.

"Grandma, what are you doing here?" As soon as Scarlett walked out of her room, she was surprised to see the old lady there.

"Grandma was really missing you and the kids a lot, so I brought her along." Saying that, I walked out of the kitchen with the breakfast tray. I knew that Scarlett was not pleased to see me, but I ignored her displeasure as I sat down across her.

"Grandma, I've missed you so much."

"I missed you too."

Seeing them hugging so intimately, I felt like I was the only outsider there.

"Grandma, I'm sorry for being rude to you last time. I feel really bad about it." Scarlett's eyes turned red at the mention of it.

"Silly girl, I don't blame you at all. I know that Charles must have made you suffer a lot, and that's the reason you're so determined to leave. I feel really sorry for you."

Grandma reached out her hand and stroked Scarlett's short hair. With a pitiful look in her eyes, she continued, "Look at you! Why do you look so weak? You should eat well. Your health is more important than anything else."

"Okay, I will." Scarlett smiled through tears.

"But I think that I will look better if I lose some weight." She smiled sweetly, acting like a spoiled child in front of my grandma.

"Nonsense! You are the most beautiful girl. Look at you. The size of Charles' arms is twice as much as yours," Grandma mumbled.

"Yes, he is too fat," Scarlett complained with a pout.

I fell into a trance, looking at her adorable expression. The last time she had acted like a spoiled child in front of me felt like something that had happened a lifetime ago.

Scarlett was a calm woman, who rarely ever behaved like that, but once she started to talk sweetly, her face would turn red.

I suddenly felt the urge to hold her and wished that I could switch places with my grandma.

Grandma then held her hand tightly and asked, "By the way, how is your ankle now? I know a very famous doctor, and I want you to consult with him. Let me take you to his hospital another day, okay?"

"But I've been really busy lately, so I don't have time for such things." Scarlett was a little embarrassed.

I winked at my grandma secretly.

"When do you have time, then? How about next week?"

"Okay, we can discuss it next week. Don't worry too much, though. A well-known doctor is treating my injury, and I am recovering quite well," Scarlett comforted her.

Grandma frowned. "Really? What's the doctor's name?"

Scarlett thought for a while and shook her head. "I can't remember his first name, but I think that his surname is White."

"Scarlett, your doctor's name is Herman White," Tracy reminded her in a low voice.

"I've heard a lot about his remarkable medical skills."

Grandma gave me a wink.

I felt inexplicably upset. When I had been absent from Scarlett's life, William had not only been with her, but he had also gotten a famous doctor to treat her. He had completely replaced my role in her life.

Feeling dejected, I stood up and walked upstairs to see my sons.

James was playing with his younger brothers in the room, and the moment he saw me, he ran over to me.

"Daddy!"

I picked him up and looked at him. "It has only been a few days since we last saw each other, and you've already grown taller, my dear!"

With a firm nod, James straightened his back to prove that he had indeed grown taller.

I smiled and said, "Your mom and great-grandma are talking downstairs. Do you want to see great-grandma?"

James glanced at me, put his arms around my neck, and rested his head on my shoulder.

"Okay."

I carried him downstairs and said to Grandma, "Look who's here!"

"Oh, my sweetheart! Give me a hug."

Grandma stood up excitedly, reaching out her arms to James.

I put him down and said encouragingly, "Go ahead."

Glancing at Scarlett, James walked up to Grandma slowly and greeted her politely, "Hello, great-grandma."

Grandma held James in her arms and kissed him lovingly, making him blush.

Scarlett was drinking water and smiling as she admired them. I quickly walked to her and took the glass from her hand.

Our eyes met for a moment, but neither of us said a word.

After breakfast, Grandma was about to leave when Scarlett suddenly turned to me and said, "You saw Jerry yesterday, and James today. If you haven't seen Jason yet, then you can go upstairs and see him

now."

Stunned, I wondered what she meant by that.

"I'll come back later to see him. I have to send Grandma back first."

That way, I could come back again. It was a brilliant idea! Thinking of it, I was a little proud of myself.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles was really shameless. Was he planning to see only one of his sons at a time so that he could come to my house three times a week?

I glared at him in dissatisfaction. And the more I thought about his plan, the more I felt that there was something wrong with it. I felt the urge to say no to him, but I did not want to be rude in front of Christine.

After Charles left, I sent him a text, telling him that he should stop using the kids as an excuse to stay at my place. Then I left for work.

But he didn't reply that whole morning.

I invited Abner for lunch that noon during our lunch break to discuss about the program.

As soon as we entered the dinner, I heard someone mentioning my name. "Is that handsome man Scarlett's husband? He is so handsome and he can take care of the children. What a good husband!"

While I was in a daze, a colleague showed me his phone. "This photo was taken by our colleague at the park that's next to our TV station. Is the man in the photo your husband?"

It was a photo of Charles and the boys, happily playing on the lawn at the park. It was such a warm picture.

"Yes," I admitted reluctantly.

"Wow! Scarlett, you're so lucky. You're working while your husband is taking care of the kids all by himself."

'By himself?' What did they mean by that? Could they not see the nannies and the bodyguards beside them?

I secretly rolled my eyes and said nothing.

"Looks like your relationship is doing very well now," Abner teased.

I shook my head helplessly. "That's not true."

"Scarlett, don't be so stubborn. According to me, Charles is the kind of guy who can do anything if he wants to," Abner said to me with a meaningful glance.

I continued to remain silent while smiling bitterly.

With Charles' power, there was no one who could stop him from doing anything.

[Chapter 352 His Power](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After lunch, Abner told me that he needed to talk to me about something.

"What's wrong?" I asked, visibly confused.

'Did something happen to the program?' I wondered.

"Scarlett, I just got an interim notice that a certain someone will be joining the program," Abner replied, looking at me awkwardly.

I breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing his response. "It's fine. Do you know who it is?"

"Your husband." Abner appeared to be conflicted.

"What? Are you serious?" My eyes widened in disbelief.

Abner scratched his nose and sighed. "It was the director's order. After all, your husband is the sponsor of our TV station."

Anger flared up in my heart as I sneered.

"Does he think he can do whatever he wants just because he has money?"

"Scarlett, calm down! Don't let your emotions affect your work," Abner reminded me kindly.

For a moment, I fell silent. I was like a deflated ball.

"Look, I get that, but I need to have a serious discussion with him about this."

"What are you going to talk to him about?" asked Abner.

"This is an all-female program. Why does he want to be a part of it? Is he also a strong independent

mother?"

I gritted my teeth because of how angry I was. This was so ridiculous!

"Well, I don't want to get involved in whatever you two have going on. You should solve that dispute by yourselves." Abner sat on a chair wearily.

"Sorry to have dragged you into this," I said.

This program was the fruit of many people's painstaking efforts, but now, it was likely to be ruined by Charles, and it was all because of me.

'What on earth does he want to do?'

During the afternoon, I rushed home, angry and determined to have a talk with him. I sat on the living room sofa, waiting for Charles to come home.

It was getting dark, but he was still nowhere to be seen.

Unable to wait any longer, I decided to call him.

Just as I picked up my phone, I heard someone inputting the passcode of the door.

Soon, the door opened and Charles walked in along with the three kids.

'Wait a second... How did he know my new password? Did someone tell him again?' I thought.

I felt like I was coming down with a migraine.

"Mom!" James threw himself into my arms.

"Did you enjoy your day with Dad?" I asked, forcing a smile.

"Yup! Dad took us to the park and fed the doves with us!" James was staring at me, blushing and excited.

I touched his head and whispered, "James, be a good boy and go upstairs, okay? I just need to talk to your dad."

"Okay, Mommy." James nodded obediently.

"Why are you home so early?" Charles handed the twins to the servants and greeted me.

"Stop pretending like you don't know! You already know the reason I came home this early, don't you?"

I shot him a cold glance.

If my eyes could shoot arrows, Charles would've been riddled with holes by now.

He shot me a faint glance without giving me an explanation.

"I'm going to bathe James for now. Let's talk about this later. Anyway, where are my clothes?" asked Charles.

Afterwards, he caught up with James and went upstairs with the boy.

'Wait... he wants to take a shower? In my house? Does he intend to stay here?' I wondered.

"Hold on a second! Who said you could take a shower here?" I shouted as he walked away.

Charles stopped in his tracks for a moment, but then he continued going upstairs without even looking at me.

I glanced over at Tracy and asked, "Did you tell him the new passcode of our door?"

She shook her head, trembling in fear. "Of course, not!"

"Oh, really? Then how did he know the new passcode?" I asked, staring at Tracy suspiciously.

"You used the twins' birthday as the pass code. Honestly, it was easy to guess," Tracy responded, feeling attacked.

"Charles wouldn't have known about that! I didn't tell him the specific date of their birthday," I said.

It was then that I paused to think.

'I might not have told him, but he could've conducted a thorough investigation. God, why didn't I realize that I couldn't hide anything from him? Damn it, Charles!'

I sat back on the sofa, annoyed. I grabbed a pillow, imagining it was Charles. Afterwards, I hit it with all my might just to vent my frustrations at him.

After a while, Charles came downstairs. He walked towards the sofa, and sat across me, enjoying a cigarette.

His brazen act of behaving like he was right at home really got on my nerves.

"Why are you still here?" I asked impatiently.

"Because you haven't thrown my clothes away yet," he answered.

"Huh?" I couldn't understand what he met.

"Why haven't you thrown my clothes away?" he asked.

I was stunned by the question. 'Yeah... why didn't I?'

"I must've forgotten to do it. I'll ask them to throw those shit away tomorrow!"

Charles stared at me, clearly displeased. The moment our eyes met, my heart began to race. Fazed by his gaze, I looked away.

"Charles, it's time for you to leave," I remarked. Besides, you've already seen the kids twice this month. You're not allowed to visit them next month anymore," I added.

"Okay," Charles responded readily.

"But the next I come back, it'll be Christmas time. By the way, do you still remember Grandpa's birthday?"

"Yeah. It's on Christmas. How could I forget?" I asked, visibly annoyed.

"You have to come," he said sternly.

"Fine. You should go now."

The way Charles was looking at me made me feel uncomfortable.

"Can't you at least wait for me to finish my cigarette?"

Charles was holding a cigarette between his fingers, but he didn't take a drag. He was just letting it slowly burn away.

I could tell that he was just coming up with excuses to remain here.

I didn't want to say anything else, so the room fell into silence.

"Have you watched the news today?" he asked.

Upon hearing the question, I realized that I was so focused on trying to drive him away that I almost forgot the business.

"Let's not talk about the news for now. I heard from Abner that you want to be a part of my show?" I

asked.

"Yup. What about it?" Charles nodded passively.

"I don't want you there!" I blurted out.

"What? Why? Wasn't your director the one who invited me to be a part of your show?" Charles frowned at my remark. "I can't exactly refuse him."

'Wait... what? The director asked him to be there?'

I stared at Charles, doubtful of how true his words were. He was smoking leisurely, and he didn't seem to be lying.

"Why did our director invite you? It's an all-female program!"

"Yeah, and what makes you think I'd want to be part of an all-female program?"

Charles looked at me, raising his eyebrows. I thought that he would tell me that he wanted to be there simply because of me.

An awkward tension pervaded in the air, and his gaze made me feel even more uneasy.

At this time, my stomach growled, causing Charles to look at it.

'Oh, my God! This is so embarrassing!'

Blushing, I turned around without uttering a word.

When Charles sprang to his feet all of a sudden, I was startled.

"What are you planning to do?"

"I'm going to the kitchen to check if there's anything to eat. I'm really hungry."

Having said that, Charles put out his cigarette and walked towards the kitchen.

Once he was gone, I breathed a sigh of relief. I was really worried that he was just trying to buy time to stay here, so I followed him into the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen, I found Charles cooking steak. As I stared at him, I was at a loss for words. I wanted to say something, but I didn't know what to say, so in the end, I just left in silence.

Soon, dinner was ready. Charles and I sat at the dining table in awkward silence. I lowered my head,

having no intention of speaking to him.

But I could feel him staring right at me. As I raised my head and sighed, "Aren't you hungry?"

"Scarlett, why did you give my rights to another man?" Charles' question was puzzling to me.

I was so shocked that I almost choked on the beef in my mouth. "What's the matter with you now?"

"As your lawfully wedded husband, when you're pregnant, I should be the one by your side. Why did you give that privilege to William?" he asked.

"I don't understand what you are talking about," I replied.

Charles leaned closer and closer towards me. Frightened, I leaned backwards, but he got even closer.

As soon as I looked into his eyes, I was lost in his deep gaze, which rendered me even more confused.

[Chapter 353 Cared About](#)

Charles's POV:

"Didn't you understand what I've just said?" I snapped.

I was starting to get impatient as Scarlett kept dodging my touch like a caged animal. Frustrated, I held her chin with my thumb and index finger and forced her to look at me.

"No, I didn't!" Scarlett fired back.

She was violently panting under me. As she spoke, she looked me in the eye, her eyes red and lips pursed.

I should be the one who was by her side when she was pregnant. However, she gave that right to William, and that infuriated me. But then, my eyes fell on her soft, pink lips, and my anger dissipated in an instant, replaced by a burning desire to make her mine.

I wanted her—her love and body. The only thing I was thinking right now was to punish her in bed. Ridiculous as it might seem, I wished I could eat her so that she would always belong to me.

I followed my desire and kissed her like I missed her.

However, my phone suddenly rang. I stiffened for a second, and Scarlett took this opportunity to turn her face away.

She pushed me away with all her strength and reminded me, "Charles, your phone is ringing."

Who would care about that damn call right now?!

But instead of answering the call, I continued what I was doing. I reached out my hand and caressed Scarlett's face.

Her body was hot, and I noticed her eyelids tremble in anticipation. Moreover, her body fragrance wafted into my nose, which made her even more irresistible. I could not help but rub my face on her neck, obsessed with her distinct, pleasant smell.

"Charles!" Scarlett exclaimed, bringing me back to my senses.

I looked at her and saw that she was glaring at me with eyes brimming with tears. She seemed angry and frightened but she refused to cry.

Was I really annoying in her eyes?

"Suit yourself," I coldly said.

Disappointment flooded me like a tide. Unable to take it any longer. I let go of her, got up, and slowly walked out of the door without looking back.

Scarlett's POV:

A feeling of sadness loomed over me as I stared at Charles's receding figure.

I had already made a clean break with him, had I not?

One second he was fooling around with me. But the next second, he just left without a word.

I was fuming, but I could not find a way to vent my anger. Then I saw the dishes Charles had cooked on the table, and I lost my appetite to eat.

I picked up the plates and poured all the food into the trash can. As I stared at the discarded leftovers, I could not help but think how wonderful it would be when I had finally kicked Charles out of my life. How I wish it were easy, like throwing garbage.

In the evening, just as I got out of the shower and was about to soak my feet with warm water, I saw Janet come in with her phone.

"Are you going to take photos again?"

Janet nodded. "Yes."

I sighed in exasperation. "There's no need for that. Your boss and I had just had a fight. I don't think he

wants to see any update about me."

Feeling awkward, Janet lowered her head and did not look at me anymore.

After that incident, Charles did not show up in front of me again. From then on, my life was peaceful day after day.

Christmas was around the corner. So after work, I asked Nina to go with me to buy a birthday gift for Michael.

I knew that he liked playing golf, so I brought Nina to a golf equipment store.

The store was breathtaking. Golf clubs of various sizes were neatly arranged on the shelves, and the other equipment looked exquisite as well.

"Are you still planning on leaving Charles?" Nina asked me out of the blue.

I glanced at Janet and Tracy not far away, and a helpless feeling washed over me.

"How can I manage that? There are bodyguards watching me around the clock."

Nina's hand, which was holding a golf club, froze. With an inexplicable look on her face, she put the club down, clung to my arm, and whispered in my ear, "Relax. Since you can't leave Charles, why don't you drain him instead?"

Drain him? My face turned beet red upon hearing this.

With Charles's strength and stamina, I would be exhausted to death before I could even tire him in bed.

"Since he doesn't want to let you and the babies go, you can splurge on his money. Don't worry. I'm a lawyer. I'll help you," Nina offered. Judging from the look on her face, she was itching to have a try.

My face turned red again but, this time, because of embarrassment. It turned out that she was pertaining to Charles's money.

I could not help but look away when I realized that I was thinking the wrong thing.

Nina noticed that I was in a deep thought, so she waved her hand in front of my face and asked, "Scarlett, are you listening? Please think it over."

"I will," I answered perfunctorily.

The conversation had come to an end. With that, I began to choose my gift for Michael. A few moments later, a silver custom-made golf club caught my attention. I picked it up to have a closer look. Sure enough, it was the perfect gift for Michael. However, I could not help but frown when I saw the price tag. Given my current financial situation, it would take a while before I could fully pay it.

Nina came over and took a look at the price tag as well. Like me, she gasped sharply when she saw how expensive the golf club was. "What the hell? Rich people really do have expensive hobbies. Well, if you can't afford it, why don't you ask Charles to pay for it? I'm sure it won't make a dent in his wealth."

I shook my head in refusal. "No, thanks. I've decided to make a clean break with him, so I would rather not be indebted to him. Besides, I have a job. I can pay for this myself."

"In my opinion, you don't have to work so hard. You know, it's easier to ask for money from Charles." Nina nudged me with her elbow and raised her eyebrows at me meaningfully. "Why don't you take my advice?"

She brought up her plan of draining Charles's money again, but I immediately shut it down and shifted the topic.

"Do you think there's a chance that Nancy and Charles will be together?" I asked with a straight face.

Nina slapped me on the back as if I had just said something ridiculous. "Are you crazy?! Are you seriously thinking of pushing Charles to another woman?"

"Well, I can't get rid of him, so I think it'll be easier for me if he keeps himself busy with another woman."

Nina rolled her eyes and looked at me as if I was a freak. "Scarlett, you've gone nuts."

Of course, I did not take Nina's disapproval to heart. Without another word, I turned around and called the sales assistant.

"Hello. Please pack this golf club for me," I said with a smile and then paid for the item with my credit card.

"You're just asking for trouble. As you can see, Charles doesn't want to divorce you, so you two are still a married couple. Scarlett, there's no need for you to draw a line between you and him because, in the end, you'll be the one to suffer," Nina earnestly advised.

"Why do I have to ask for his money? It's not like I can't support myself and my children. I'm a strong independent woman, you know."

People who did not know about me and Charles believed that I was Cinderella and Charles was my prince charming.

Little did they know, Charles was not a prince, and I did not want to be a damsel in distress.

I could support myself and my children without his help. I did not need him. Besides, I was confident that, with my children, I would get by just fine.

"Silly girl, you should also plan for the future. Look at yourself. You have a weak shoulder, and your ankle hasn't healed yet. Not to mention, you're also suffering from tendinitis. You may be young right now. But when you get old, you might have to sit in a wheelchair. If you don't save up enough money, what do you think will happen to you in the future?"

Nina poked me hard on the forehead in disappointment.

With an annoyed look on my face, I rubbed my aching forehead. I did not know whether to laugh or cry at her advice.

But then again, even though Nina scolded me, I felt warm in my heart.

It felt good to be cared about.

[Chapter 354 Lubrican](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Calm down. If you suddenly had a heart attack because of me, how the hell would I explain that to Abner? Don't worry. I've been soaking my feet with hot water. Besides, as soon as the filming is over, I change into thick clothes right away. I'll get better soon," I assured Nina.

My assurance, however, did not dispel Nina's disappointment.

"You're an idiot. Charles is your husband, not an ornament."

"Nina, I live in his house, and he pays for the children's expenses. How else do you think I can afford this golf club?"

"Really?"

"Yes! Charles even pays for the kids' and my meal every day."

Nina smiled with satisfaction.

"Very good. You should spend his money!"

I breathed a sigh of relief. At last, Nina had finally stopped goading me into spending Charles's wealth.

But just when I thought that conversation about Charles was over, she asked me another question about him again.

"By the way, Scarlett, have you talked to Charles recently?"

"No," I briefly answered.

Charles and I had not talked nor seen each other since he left last time.

Nina's eyes widened in disbelief. "No? Shouldn't married couples talk with each other? Aren't the kids supposed to be a lubricant in their parent's relationship?"

"A lubricant? What do you mean?"

"Doesn't Charles video chat with them? You know, this is the best time to make amends and improve your relationship!"

"We don't need to video chat. The bodyguards live with me. If Charles wants to know what I'm doing, he can just ask them."

All of a sudden, Nina's mouth fell open as something dawned on her. "Wait a minute. Did you two have a fight?"

The memory of Charles walking away without a word crossed my mind. Even so, I shook my head to deny the truth.

"No."

Who knew what Charles was thinking at that time? He was just fooling around with me when, suddenly, he left.

At this moment, his strange question before we parted that night popped into my mind.

It was only now that I understood what he meant.

He must be pertaining to the time when I was in Kitsap.

How could I have informed him of my pregnancy? I resented him at that time.

On my way back to the TV station, I was lost in thought.

I could not help but reminisce about the moments when Charles and I were happy. But now, we were miserable.

Did he ever love me?

Did he love our children?

If so, how much did he love us?

"Scarlett, Nancy is here."

We had just reached home when I heard Janet's caution. I immediately looked out of the car.

Sure enough, Nancy was by the entrance, seemingly waiting for someone.

At this moment, Nancy walked over and greeted me.

"Hi, Scarlett."

She even reached out to support me as I got out of the car.

Although I clearly saw her outstretched hand, I deliberately left it hanging. "Miss Wood, what brings you here at this hour?" I asked with a faint smile.

Nancy glanced at the bodyguards behind me. "Scarlett, can we talk alone?"

I nodded in response. Then, with Nancy at my heels, I walked a little further away from the bodyguards.

Meanwhile, she looked at me with a grateful expression.

Once we were out of earshot, I went straight to the point. "What is it that you want to tell me?"

In all honesty, I did not want to be with Nancy. I could not stand her. But then again, I could not avoid her forever.

"Scarlett, I know you've been itching to divorce Charles. But now... have you given up?"

"I suppose so," I answered ambiguously.

I could feel that Nancy loved Charles with all her heart.

However, my blood boiled when I recalled the time when she forcefully picked up Jerry and made him cry.

"But why?" Nancy asked again.

She went as white as a sheet and kept fumbling with the hemline of her dress in apprehension.

"It's probably because I haven't found someone who's more suitable for me." I noticed the slight change in Nancy's expression and felt pleased with myself.

"Scarlett, I admire you very much. Can we be friends? If you're still mad because of last time... could you blame me? Jerry was so cute. I couldn't resist hugging him. Don't worry. I wasn't planning on taking him away from you."

Nancy shifted the topic and reminded me of what had happened last time.

"Nancy, let me clear things up for you. I don't care if you want to chase after Charles. Just leave my sons alone," I warned.

My children were my everything.

I would never let Nancy lay a finger on them, much less get close to them again.

As soon as I finished speaking, I turned around to leave.

But before I could take another step, Nancy ran in front of me and blocked my way.

"Scarlett, when Charles and I become together in the future, I swear I won't ask your children to call me 'Mom'."

"Get out of my way. We're not friends. Didn't I just tell you that I don't care if you chase after Charles? Just keep your fucking hands off my sons."

"Don't worry. I won't take them away from you. If I want a baby, I can have my own."

When Nancy spoke, her eyes were red and brimming with tears.

I looked at her with narrowed eyes. And, without a word, I turned around and left.

As if Nancy had not pestered me enough, she jogged to catch up with me. Fortunately, Janet stopped her, or else I might not have been able to restrain my anger.

"Miss Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Moore are not going to divorce. Please stop asking for trouble. If you don't stop, I'm gonna have to teach you a lesson. Mind you, I don't care if you're a frail woman. I'll hit you." Janet put on a fighting posture to intimidate and force Nancy back.

My phone beeped the moment I reached the door. I looked at it to see who had messaged me and saw that it was Nancy. What an annoying woman.

"Scarlett, rest assured that I won't take your sons away from you. You'll always be your mother, after all."

I could not help but sigh helplessly after reading the message.

Nancy was so obsessed with Charles.

I locked myself in the study when I got home.

I must admit, I felt a little uneasy as I recalled what Nancy had said.

After I long while, I decided to take the initiative to do something to protect my kids.

I figured it was better to do this now than when Charles came back and hooked up with Nancy.

At about nine o'clock in the evening, just as I had gotten out of the bathroom, Charles video called me.

I stared at the screen for a moment, debating whether or not I should answer his call. Albeit reluctant, I pressed the answer button a few moments later.

"What is it?" I asked with a frown.

"Can I see James?"

"Sure."

I took James to the bed and said to him, "James, your father wants to video chat with you. Come."

James had not seen Charles for a long time. So when he heard that his father wanted to video chat with him, he was thrilled.

I handed James the phone, and he took it from me excitedly. "Dad!"

"Hey, buddy. Have you been a good boy?" Charles asked with a smile. As always, his voice was gentle and patient whenever he was talking to our son.

"Yes, I have! Dad, when will you come back home?"

"In a couple of days. Does James miss Dad?"

"Yes! Mommy and my brothers miss Daddy too!"

When I heard what James had said, I felt awkward.

I never said that I missed Charles.

Just as I was about to refute James's words, he suddenly threw the phone at me.

Because I had just taken a shower, I was wearing a loose cotton bathrobe.

My phone happened to get caught in my collar. As a result, it went through my bathrobe.

It was a little difficult to take it out from the top, so I took it out from the bottom.

To my surprise, the call had not been hung up yet. All of a sudden, my mind went blank, and my face began to burn when I realized that Charles might have seen 'everything'.

Did Charles see it?

Embarrassed, I decided to change the topic. "Do you want to talk to James again?"

"What... just happened?" Charles asked in a hoarse voice.

Instead of answering his question, I handed the phone back to James. "Is there anything else you want to say to your dad? If not, we're going to bed now."

James held the phone and excitedly said to Charles, "Dad, come home soon!"

It seemed that he did not realize that something had happened when he threw the phone.

On the other end of the line, Charles ignored James and asked me again, "I said, what happened?"

"What else could it be? Didn't you see everything?" I scoffed.

Charles had known me enough to know how embarrassed I was right now. And yet, he kept on asking me what had just happened.

He must be annoying me on purpose!

With a red face, I hung up the phone without even saying goodbye.

[Chapter 355 Call His Dad By Name](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After hanging up the phone, I pondered on the matter. And the more I thought about it, the angrier I became.

Because James kept on talking about his dad, I grumbled, "Do you really want your dad to come home and accompany you? I don't even think he missed you! You shouldn't call him 'Dad' anymore. Call him Charles from now on!"

James looked at me, wondering why I was suddenly so angry.

At this time, my phone rang again.

It was another call from Charles.

I was getting more and more upset.

'Haven't we finished talking already? Why is he calling me again?'

I wanted to hang up, but James picked up the phone and put it on speaker mode.

"Hello, Charles!" exclaimed the boy.

Charles fell silent for a moment, and so did I.

I didn't expect that James would actually do what I said and he even brazenly did it to Charles right away.

"Charles?" James called out again.

"What did you just call me, James?" Charles asked, sounding confused.

"I called you Charles. Mom asked me to call Dad 'Charles' from now on. She said not to call you 'Dad'!"

I glanced over at James, slack-jawed and shocked.

'Ugh, this brat betrayed me! This actually stings!' I exclaimed inwardly.

Charles fell silent for a moment, letting out a sigh. "Is your mother with you?"

"She is!"

James handed my phone back to me.

"Scarlett, explain to me why my son is calling me by my name," Charles commanded.

The way he spoke left me silenced.

When I saw how upset he was, I couldn't resist the urge to chuckle.

I wasn't afraid of the consequences, because Charles wouldn't be able to come over here and hit me right away.

With that in mind, I became more confident.

"Daddy looks angry, and Mommy looks scared," James whispered.

After a short pause, Charles said, "Forget it. For our son's sake, I won't waste my time arguing with you."

Upon hearing that, I was relieved.

"Scarlett, James is growing up. You shouldn't be wearing those thin clothes when you're sleeping next to him," said Charles.

I rolled my eyes at him, displeased.

'James is a two-year-old boy! Besides, whatever I wear has nothing to do with you, Charles. Why do you have to poke your stupid nose into my business all the time?' I responded inwardly.

"Why are you even calling again?" I grunted.

"Because I wanted to talk to James again. But you know, what you did is also a serious problem. Do you want me to take the kids back to the Moore mansion and let the elders raise them, Scarlett?" Charles warned sternly.

"Whatever. I'm done talking to you."

Annoyed, I hung up the phone.

Charles knew that taking the kids away from me was the only thing I couldn't accept, and he would always use it to threaten me.

If things were to go on like this, that man would eventually drive me crazy.

As I stared at James' innocent face, I got furious.

"James, how could you betray me? You sleep in my arms every day!"

When the boy heard what I said, he put on a straight face.

I pinched his cheeks and said, "If you betray me again, Charles will take you away, and then you won't be able to see me ever again."

James nodded in response. I scoffed at him, took out a relatively conservative pajama from the wardrobe, and changed into it in the bathroom.

By the time I came out, James had already fallen asleep on the bed.

I tucked him in and planted a kiss on his cheek. The sight of his sleeping face warmed my heart.

Indeed, James had grown up. He was even brave enough to call his father by name today.

It seemed that I must pay more attention to the words that I would say around him in the future.

Charles' POV:

The day before Christmas Eve, I returned to Los Angeles.

As soon as I got off the plane, I called Richard. "Is Scarlett still at the TV station?"

"Yes, sir. She's currently recording the program."

After hanging up, I pondered for a moment and decided to go back to the Moore mansion to see my kids first.

Grandpa's birthday was near, so Scarlett sent the kids back to the mansion.

"Charles!"

Just as I walked out of the airport hall, Nancy ran towards me.

"Charles, the chauffeur is busy with something, so I came to here to help him pick you up."

Nancy was so insistent on badgering me. The mere sight of her made me frown in disgust.

"Nancy, you're fired," I said sternly. The way I spoke was so cold. I didn't even glance at her as I walked on.

But Nancy refused to give up. She followed me and asked, "Wait... why? Did I do something wrong?"

"Because you are crossing the line."

Having said that, I quickened my pace. Upon walking out of the airport, I found Richard waiting for me there.

Once he saw me, he hurried to greet me. "Mr. Moore, welcome back."

"Yeah, sure." I handed my suitcase to Richard and got into the car.

Nancy soon caught up with me, catching her breath. She slapped the car's window repeatedly, refusing to give up.

"Charles! I just wanted to see you. I wasn't planning to do something!"

"Just go," I said to Richard. Afterwards, I withdrew my gaze from Nancy.

On the way to the Moore mansion, Richard seemed nervous. "Mr. Moore, Miss Wood asked for my help, but I refused her. I didn't expect that she'd actually go to the airport herself," he explained.

"Okay." I stared at my phone and said nothing else.

The GPS showed that Scarlett was indeed at the TV station.

'Will she go to the Moore mansion tonight? Will we be able to meet? She's probably happy while I've been away these days...'

I let out a sigh, feeling powerless.

Upon my arrival at the Moore mansion, I learned from the servants that James was taking a video class, and the twins were in their room.

I didn't want to bother them, so I went back to my room and took a shower.

After coming out of the bathroom, I put dozens of clothes on the bed and began to ponder which one I should wear. To be precise, I wanted to look my best in front of Scarlett.

At this time, my father knocked on the door and came in.

"Charles, what are you doing?" Upon seeing all the clothes on the bed, he was confused.

"Nothing in particular. Just thinking about what to wear for tonight," I said.

He stared at me and frowned.

"Do you have a date tonight or something? Are you going to get divorced and marry another woman? Is that it?"

I glanced over at him, flummoxed. 'Do I look like I have any intention of divorcing Scarlett?'

"Have you met a woman you like during your business trip? Did you take her back with you?" asked he.

I frowned at him and said, "What are you even talking about? I'm just going to a dinner party tonight."

"Scarlett gave birth to three kids for you. Is it really appropriate for you to abandon her like this?" He seemed intent on persuading me.

"Dad, I wasn't—"

Just as I was about to explain my side, he cut me off.

"Charles, if you abandon Scarlett, I will be very disappointed in you!"

I was rendered speechless.

He wanted to say something more, but then my phone rang all of a sudden.

Right after I pressed the answer key, Nancy's voice resonated from the other end of the line. She sounded really upset. "Charles, please don't fire me. I know what I did wrong. I won't bother you again!"

Annoyed, I frowned at her in disgust and hung up.

"Was that Nancy?" asked my father.

"Yeah."

I threw my phone onto the bed, not wanting to talk about this anymore.

I wanted to draw a clear line between us right away. I'd rather not cause any misunderstanding between me and Scarlett again.

Otherwise, our relationship would become irreparable.

My father sighed and left.

I stared at him as he walked away, confused as to why he reacted like that.

'Did he misunderstand something?'

After a while, Spencer called me.

"Charles, you're back from your business trip, right? Come over tonight. We'll have a party to welcome you back!"

"There's no need to do that, dude!" I disconnected from the call because I was really annoyed.

[Chapter 356 The Kiss](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I did not return to the Moore mansion until it was around eight o'clock in the evening.

Alice happened to come out of the children's room when I arrived. "The twins are asleep. James is in the master bedroom."

"Thank you. I'll still go in and check on them."

I went to see the twins first. When I saw that they were sleeping soundly, I proceeded to the master bedroom.

Just as I was about to open the door, I suddenly realized that Charles might be inside.

On second thought, he should be on a business trip right now. He would not come home so soon, would he?

I tried to comfort myself.

But the moment I opened the door, I froze on the spot.

Charles had come back earlier than I had anticipated.

Did he not say he would be back on Christmas?

Why did he always come back early?

In the room, James, who was sitting on the bed, turned his head when he heard the door open.

"Mommy!" he shouted excitedly.

Then, he crawled toward me as fast as he could. He must have missed me so much.

But before he could get to me, Charles bent over and scooped James up.

"What? Aren't you going to greet your husband and son?" he asked with a cunning smile.

As he spoke, he sat on the bed, revealing his long legs underneath his nightgown.

Embarrassed, I looked away with a red face.

"When did you come back?"

"In the afternoon," Charles replied while staring at me with a smile.

As I just stood there, James tried to get out of Charles's arms to go to me instead. When he realized that that would not work, he opened his arms to me.

"Mommy! Daddy, let go of me!" he cried out.

How could I refuse my son's imploring eyes?

So even though I was reluctant, I walked into the room and took James over.

But as I did so, I accidentally touched Charles's arm.

My face turned red when I felt his skin that was hot to the touch.

I looked up at Charles, and sure enough, his eyes were burning with lust. Before he even thought of making a move, I hurriedly held James and kept a distance from Charles.

"James, did you miss Mom? Come on. Kiss Mommy."

"I missed Mommy so much!" James threw himself in my arms and kissed me several times on the face endearingly.

When he saw how happy his kisses made me, he kissed me a few more times.

I hugged James tighter, and the fatigue and exhaustion in my body after a whole day's work disappeared in an instant.

"Don't move!" Charles suddenly stood up and wiped my face with a tissue.

I frowned and took a step back in displeasure. "What are you doing?"

Why did he touch me all of a sudden?

"The saliva is full of bacteria. I'm just helping you clean your face."

I was at a loss for words. Nevertheless, I leaned back and avoided his hand.

"I'll sleep with James in another room."

Charles threw the tissue into the trash can and impatiently asked, "Which room?"

"Of course, the children's room."

With a snort, I turned around to leave the room with James.

I did not want to stay another second in the same room as Charles.

"James sleeps with me tonight." Charles took James out of my arms with a frown.

He looked so serious and adamant about staying with James.

Well, he was on a business trip for quite a while, so he must have missed his child very much. With that, I let go of James and nodded in agreement.

"Okay then. I'll sleep in the guest room."

But before I could take another step, Charles suddenly stopped me. "Scarlett, let's talk."

"Scarlett!" James echoed when he heard Charles call my name.

I was stunned.

Meanwhile, a frown tugged at Charles's mouth. At this moment, he put James on the bed so we could talk. But then, the little boy called Charles something that made his hackles rise.

"Charles, bad guy!"

With his teeth gritted in anger, Charles turned to look at me and asked, "Scarlett, do you often speak ill of me in front of the kids?"

The anger in his eyes terrified me, so I immediately answered, "Of course, not!"

Charles sneered. It did not take a genius to know that he did not believe what I said.

Feeling a little guilty, I avoided his gaze and retorted, "James also called me by my name just now. Did you speak ill of me in front of him?"

Charles stared daggers at me. "Do you seriously think I'm that kind of person?"

I felt even guiltier at his question, so I did not dare to look at him anymore.

Right now, there seemed to be one thing left to do—leave. But before I could do so, Charles grabbed my wrist.

The weather was freezing as it was winter. On the contrary, Charles's palms were so warm.

For a second, I felt the urge to let his warmth engulf me.

However, I only felt it for a fleeting moment before I realized that this should not happen.

I shook off his hand. "Let me go."

"Scarlett, I want to talk to you." Charles did not loosen his grip and instead tightened it.

"Talk about what? James is here," I reminded him.

James, who was sitting on the bed alone, looked at Charles and me with a curious gaze and then clapped his hands excitedly. "Kiss! Daddy and Mommy, kiss!"

I looked at my son in disbelief.

What a naughty boy!

Charles moved closer to me and whispered in my ear, "Scarlett, our son is asking us to kiss. Shouldn't we fulfill his wish?"

"Shut up!" I snapped.

But as soon as I finished speaking, Charles pulled me closer, put his hand on the back of my neck, and kissed me.

Our kiss was passionate yet gentle. I was in a daze for a moment, and it took me a while before I got ahold of myself.

"Why did you kiss me? I didn't say yes!"

"Should I have let James down? If he sees that our marriage is actually broken, he'll have a void in his heart."

Charles's words rendered me speechless. As I could not refute his words, I just shot daggers at him and then turned around and left.

He always used the kids as an excuse, which infuriated me. Sadly, even though he was driving me nuts, there was nothing I could do about it.

Fortunately, my anger dissipated after taking a shower.

But when I walked out of the bathroom, I saw Charles standing outside the door.

He had his back towards me. When he heard the door of the bathroom open and heard my footsteps, he turned around to face me.

I gasped in surprise and hurriedly reached out to cover my chest with my hands.

My clothes and pajamas were in the master bedroom. The only thing that was covering my body was a bath towel.

Charles looked at me with a piercing gaze but turned his head away at once.

I breathed a sigh of relief. As if nothing had just happened, I shifted my attention to the children's books atop the cabinet.

Charles did not seem to get the hint as he just stood there in front of me, not intending to leave.

"Why are you still here?" I asked coldly.

"We have to talk. Grandpa's birthday is coming," Charles reminded me.

I thought for a moment and nodded. "Oh, right."

The Moore family regarded Grandpa Michael's birthday as a big event, so it was imperative for us to discuss the preparations in advance.

All of a sudden, my eyes widened in shock when I saw Charles unfastening his nightgown.

I took two steps back and looked at him in horror.

"Charles, what-what are you doing?"

Charles stopped what he was doing and explained, "What? I was just fixing my nightgown. What did you think I was gonna do?"

I did not answer and just stared at him warily.

"Scarlett, why are you still standing there? Do you want to catch a cold so that you won't have to take care of our children?" Charles asked with a sneer while fastening his nightgown.

Just when I thought that my anger had subsided, it came surging into my veins once more. He had threatened me with my sons again. I was enraged, but I could not say no to that.

At last, I crawled into the quilt to warm myself up. However, it was still chilly.

"Charles, can you get me a pair of pajamas in the master bedroom?" I asked in a low voice.

It was not warm enough in this room. To make things worse, I was naked. If I slept in this room, I might really catch a cold.

Charles sighed. "You can sleep in the master bedroom. I'll sleep here instead."

I lowered my head in guilt.

Would it be unfair to him if he slept in the children's room?

A deafening silence filled the air, and the atmosphere in the room became a little awkward.

"Scarlett, why did you suddenly send the kids back to the Moore mansion?" Charles slowly asked.

"The Moore mansion is a little far from Garden Street. It'd be troublesome for the elders if they decided to visit the kids there. Besides, you don't want to divorce me for now, and I can't take them away," I answered without beating around the bush.

I looked into Charles's eyes and wondered, 'If he remarries in the future and has had another child, will he leave my children to me? If he have a child with his new wife, will he still care about his children with his ex-wife?'

"Not in a million years," Charles answered firmly.

I lowered my head and said nothing. In all honesty, I did not believe his words.

I was certain that he would eventually grow tired of me and divorce me. That being said, it was useless to refute his words now.

At this moment, I just nodded silently in response, even though my heart said otherwise.

[Chapter 357 Put The Ring Back On](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The room fell into silence once more.

Just as I was thinking of what to say, Charles spoke up.

"I'll pick you up after work for Grandpa's birthday."

"Huh?" I looked at him, visibly surprised.

Before I could refuse, he explained, "There will be lots of reporters for the event. If you don't go to the party with me, people will assume that we're not getting along."

Shocked by the explanation, my eyes widened as I tried to come up with an excuse to refuse his suggestion.

'A few days ago, Grandpa said that he only wanted to a small celebration at home. Why did he suddenly invite the media?'

"Grandpa is happy that he's gotten two more great grandchildren this year. The party this year isn't just to celebrate his birthday." Charles smirked.

"But we've already held a party for the twins, haven't we?" I asked.

"The elders weren't at that party. Grandpa thought it was necessary to hold an official one," he retorted.

Somehow, I sensed that things weren't as simple as he said they were, but I still calmly agreed to his suggestion.

"You should sleep in the master bedroom. It's warmer there,"

Charles said in a gentle voice.

I lifted the quilt, intending to get up. But the second I moved, the bath towel around my body came loose by accident.

Blushing, I hurried back to bed.

"No, it's okay. I'll sleep here. This bed is too small for you. You should go to the master bedroom now."

"Do you really care about me?" he asked. Charles knitted his brows, visibly surprised.

"I do. You can leave now," I answered. I wrapped myself in the blanket, lowering my head to hide my embarrassment.

Charles fell silent for a moment and then he scoffed at me.

"Scarlett, since I've been away, have you been enjoying yourself?"

I wanted to admit that I had been enjoying the fact that he was away, but then I remembered what hellish consequences there were in provoking him, so I just didn't answer the question.

Cautiously, I looked him in the eye and replied, "I'm feeling sleepy."

Charles seemed annoyed. He stared at me for a long time before he finally decided to walk away.

Breathing a sigh of relief, I picked up the bath towel and wrapped it around myself again.

Fearing that he'd come back, I bolted to the door, intending to lock it as soon as possible.

But because I moved so fast, I accidentally sprained my ankle.

I gasped in pain, limping towards the door before finally managing to lock it.

"Scarlett, why did you lock the door?" Charles asked from the other side of the door, sounding really annoyed.

"What are you doing here again?"

I was startled by the sound of his voice and I leaned against the door nervously.

"I brought you a nightgown."

I breathed a sigh of relief before opening the door swiftly.

Outside the door, Charles stood with a nightgown in hand.

I frowned upon seeing him, feeling conflicted.

The nightgown he had was a silk slip dress, which was his favorite style of dress.

But it was winter right now and the children's room wasn't warm.

"Don't you want it?" he asked.

"I do."

I gritted my teeth and took the nightgown, albeit reluctantly.

It was better to wear something than nothing!

Charles' POV:

After taking the nightgown, I noticed that Scarlett was about to close the door.

Seeing her so vigilant against me was starting to get on my nerves.

"Who were you so wary of when you locked the door just now?" I asked.

Scarlett gazed down in silence.

At this point, I lost my temper and snapped at her. "Get out of the way!"

"I'm not being wary of you. It's just that there are so many people at home, and I'm practically naked here," Scarlett cried.

Her eyes welled up with tears and she sounded sincerely upset about it.

When I saw that she was about to break down, I remembered how she cried because she was afraid of me the last time.

My heart softened because I didn't have the heart to force her into submission again.

"Scarlett, just go to bed. Good night," I said.

"Good night." Scarlett nodded in response.

In truth, I didn't want to leave things like this.

But as soon as I took a step back, I found that Scarlett had already closed the door.

When I heard her lock it, my heart sank.

I didn't want to let things go on like this.

As I leaned against the door, my mind was filled with images of Scarlett's body. Her fair skin and beautiful curves that appeared right after the bath towel fell from her.

I wanted to exercise my right as her husband. And I wanted to kiss her, and have her just as I did before.

On Grandpa's birthday, I asked Richard to park the car at the gate of the TV station.

After work, Scarlett walked out of the TV station.

All she was wearing was a suit, and she didn't even have a coat on.

Annoyed, I frowned before getting out of the car and striding over to her side just to put my coat on her.

Scarlett thanked me politely and then moved aside.

The fact that she was so eager to distance herself from me was annoying and disheartening.

"Take us to Ethan's studio," I said to Richard.

"Isn't that the studio that designed my wedding dress?" Scarlett asked, sounding confused.

"Yeah. We'll drop by there to pick an evening dress for you for the party tonight," I remarked.

Scarlett nodded in silence.

She then lowered her head and fiddled with her fingers.

When I noticed what she was doing, I felt even more dejected.

I wanted to tell her something important today, and I really needed her cooperation.

But I was afraid that she would just refuse my request.

I touched the ring on my finger and turned my gaze towards the passing scenery outside the window.

Upon our arrival at the studio, Ethan took out the evening dress that he had prepared in advance. Then, he took Scarlett to the fitting room to change.

When Scarlett came out of the fitting room, I was so amazed by her.

I had seen her wear many different styles of evening dresses, but the one she was wearing right now was a cut above the rest.

Tempted by her ethereal beauty, I hurried to her side; my eyes were glued to her.

Scarlett blushed while covering her chest. Her shoulders were slightly trembling, perhaps because it was cold.

"Is it too revealing?" she asked.

"A bit," I replied.

I glanced over at Ethan and asked him to bring us a shawl.

I stared at Scarlett's bare back, breathing heavily.

Even though the dress was beautiful, her entire back was exposed.

It was indeed a little too sexy.

The moment she would enter the banquet hall, I was certain that she'd be the center of attention.

The thought of countless men staring at Scarlett infuriated me.

Ethan approached me and handed a shawl that matched the dress. "Put it on for your wife."

Before leaving, he shot me a playful glance.

I kind of felt like he was making fun of me.

Casting that thought aside, I put the shawl on Scarlett and rested my hands on her shoulders.

She felt uneasy about my hand, so she took a step back to avoid it.

However, I exerted more force with my hands and said in a gentle voice, "It's cold outside. It'll be warmer to lean against me."

After a moment of hesitation, Scarlett nodded obediently.

Back in the car, I timorously took out the wedding ring from my pocket and held her hand.

Scarlett frowned in disgust when she saw the diamond ring. I could tell that she was aching to withdraw her hand.

My heart ached when she did pull her hand away.

"Scarlett, I just need you to put up with it for the night. Just think of it as theatrics. Once the party is over, you can take it off. I promise," I pleaded.

Having heard my request, Scarlett finally stopped resisting.

I put the ring on her finger and breathed a sigh of relief.

Even though I intended to give her the wedding ring tonight, I was still worried that she would resist me strongly.

I didn't want to quarrel with her over this matter again.

"Can you let go of me now?" Scarlett asked, trying to get rid of my hand.

Reluctantly, I obliged to her request and put my hands back on my lap, clenching my fists.

It seemed that it was the only way I could feel the warmth of her hands for a little while longer.

But at the back of my mind, I believed that someday, I would be able to hold her hand again for as long as I wanted.

[Chapter 358 Windfall](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The car soon arrived at the hotel. Charles was the first to disembark from the car. Meanwhile, I was sitting in the backseat, staring out the window and looking at the gate surrounded by media personnel. And as I looked at them all, I felt reluctant to leave the car.

Most of the guests today were celebrities, some of whom I'd only seen on the news before.

I wondered if I could actually handle being at an occasion such as this one.

The following moment, the car's door opened up and a hand reached out to me from outside. Seeing it made my heart skip a beat.

"Come, hold my hand and be careful on your way out."

Charles was standing right in front of me with his back towards the light. His hand was suspended in midair, and he wore a stoic expression. Reporters and paparazzi were squeezing their way past each other, and moving in on us like hounds. Fortunately, the bodyguards stopped them before they could get any closer. The only thing visible in Charles' eyes from the start until the very end was my reflection.

'This is a show... It's just theatrics.'

Gradually, I calmed down and held Charles' hand. He gripped my hand the moment I touched his, and shielded my head with his other hand.

While I was holding his hand, I showed up in front of everyone wearing a bright smile, and I nodded at the media personnel as a greeting.

"Charles, Scarlett, you're finally here. I've been standing here for too long that my legs have started to hurt. Come on! Help me greet our guests. Lawrence and I will go inside and say hello to the other guests."

Alice waved at us and welcomed us warmly. Upon our arrival at the gate, she held Lawrence's arm and they walked into the hall, leaving me and Charles staring at each other.

"Please, do her this favor. After all, it's Grandpa's birthday. As part of the younger generation, it's our duty to welcome the guests," Charles whispered in my ear.

Indeed, it was my duty to welcome guests for Michael.

I didn't object to the task at hand and stayed outside in the cold breeze along with Charles to greet the guests.

But I soon regretted this decision. As time went by, more and more guests arrived. I was merely nodding

and smiling at them, but those were enough to exhaust me. My shoulders had grown numb, and my legs became stiff because of how cold it was.

Spencer and Vivian arrived late. She was wearing a dark blue strapless evening dress, which matched his blue velvet suit quite well.

"Honey, we're here!" Vivian greeted me.

"Spencer, bro, come here." Charles beckoned Spencer to come closer, visibly upset. "Why on earth are you late?"

"Uh... well... Bro, I can't get into specifics, but it's something between couples." Spencer elbowed Charles gently; his face turning red.

I noticed that the veins on Charles' temple were about to pop.

"Scarlett won't be able to stand out here for too long. Help me entertain the guests," Charles commanded Spencer.

Afterwards, he took off his suit jacket and draped it over me before putting his hand on my waist.

The coat he put on me smelled of sandalwood. The scent wafted into my nose and it made me feel dizzy. His arm on my waist felt powerful. I couldn't break free from his grasp, so I had to walk on with him.

When we entered the banquet hall, I finally felt warmer.

Charles led me through the crowded hall and into the presidential suite upstairs. There, I sat on the sofa wearily, letting out a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, he took off my high-heeled shoes. When his warm fingers touched my cold ankles, I quickly retracted my feet as though they had been scalded by hot water.

"What are you doing?" I asked, visibly flummoxed.

Charles took out a pair of sneakers from the shoe cabinet. "It won't be good for your ankles to wear high heels for too long. Change into these shoes. They're more comfortable," he said.

"What? Absolutely not!"

'Evening dress and sneakers? Who would wear like that at the party like tonight? I don't want to look like a fool in public!'

"Just hurry up! The elders will be here soon to urge us to go downstairs." Charles held the sneakers

towards me while looking directly into my eyes.

I curled up on the sofa, refusing him in silence.

"Your ankles must feel numb from the cold. It's gonna hurt and you won't be able to sleep for the rest of the night." Charles' face turned grim.

"I don't care! I'm not going to wear those," I retorted, crossing my legs.

"Since you're not willing to wear them yourself, I'll have to help you."

Charles got down on one knee, grabbed my ankle, and straightened out my leg.

"No! Charles, let me go!"

The pain coming from my ankle made me want to struggle.

"Stop moving! If you keep moving, I'm going to kiss you," he warned.

"How dare you?" I shot him a glare.

"Oh, you think I won't do it? Resist again and I'll do something even worse. Try me!"

'God, this hoodlum! He's impossible!' I remarked inwardly.

Charles had always been a man of his word, so I dared not act rashly again. My only choice was to let him put the sneakers on for me.

I remained seated on the sofa, feeling so resentful that I wanted to throw my high-heeled shoes at his face.

Finally, Charles was done putting on the sneakers for me, and he even put some warm patches on my legs.

At this moment, I was wearing his black coat, a gorgeous evening dress, a pair of sneakers, and several warm patches on my leg. I braced myself in preparation to go downstairs with him.

In the hall, Grandpa was already giving a speech onstage. The moment he saw me and Charles coming down, his eyes lit up.

"Thank you all for coming to my birthday party today. Originally, I didn't want to host such a grand party. But recently, the Moore family has gained two new members, so I felt the need to invite you all to this party to share with my joy."

While he was giving an impassioned speech onstage, Grandpa waved at me and said, "Scarlett, come here, darling. You've made such great contributions to our family!"

All of a sudden, all eyes were on me. I pinched the corner of my coat, feeling awkward.

'This is all Charles' fault! I probably look really awful right now.'

Faced with everyone's surprised gazes, Charles put his arm around my waist and walked with me towards Grandpa.

"My granddaughter-in-law, Scarlett, is the only reason why the Moore family is able to have new members. Thus, I've decided to give her the real estate project the Moore Group is about to develop in the South as a gift."

The audience burst into an uproar and thunderous applause.

Everyone was so amazed by the incredibly generous gift that Michael bestowed upon me. They cast envious gazes at me. Meanwhile, I was still trying to process what was going on.

"Charles, what did Grandpa mean by that?" I asked Charles in confusion.

Calmly, he looked into my eyes and whispered to my ear, "It's just a gift from the elders. Nothing to be worked up about."

"Did you know about this?"

"Of course, I did. This is the project that I've been recently working on," he responded.

"Are you crazy?"

I was slack-jawed in awe. Icy once told me that the new project Charles was handling was worth at least ten billion dollars.

"Scarlett, the Moore family isn't lacking in money," he said.

His casual tone made me feel like he didn't give a multi-billion dollar project as a gift, and instead just gave out a dollar to a beggar on the roadside.

It was a windfall worth ten billion dollars. Anyone would be confused and amazed at the same time.

I clutched my purse and remembered that there was a document inside that still needed Charles' signature.

[Chapter 359 She Doesn't Love You At All](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"If you're feeling guilty, just consider it as a gift to your kids. You can accept it on their behalf, and give it back to them once they've grown up," Charles remarked in a soft voice.

'If that's the case, why won't he just give it to the kids directly?' I thought.

Just as I was about to rebuke Charles, Grandma brought the three kids onto the stage.

James was being led by Grandma, and the twins were carried onto the stage by their nannies. Today, James was wearing a black suit. The twins wore similar tailor-made clothes as well. When they were next to Charles, people saw at a glance that they were wearing parent-child clothing.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Allow me to formally introduce these kids to all of you. They are the heirs of the Moore family. I'm here to announce that I'll give them each a villa and one hundred million dollars' worth of money!"

I still hadn't recovered from the shock of receiving a surprise gift worth of ten billion dollars, and the Moore family had left me slack-jawed in awe again.

'My kids are still far too young. Why did the Moore family give them so much money? If all of my kids aren't wearing famous brands every day in the future, others might think that I'm embezzling the money the Moore family gave the kids. I cannot allow this to happen!'

I was about to refuse, but James had already accepted the gift happily.

"Thank you, Great Grandmother, Great Grandfather. I wish you good health and happiness every day."

'Who taught James to say those words?' I wondered.

I glanced over at Charles, suspecting that he was the culprit behind this. "Did you teach him to say that?"

Charles shrugged and acquiesced.

No matter how awkward I felt right now, these two things were set in stone. It was supposed to be Grandpa's birthday party, but now, the three kids had become the stars of the show.

"Michael and Christine's gifts are reasonable. If you ever divorce Charles in the future, you won't have to worry about money ever again!" Icey remarked, joining in on the fun.

David pinched her hand weakly. He glanced over at Charles and remarked, "Don't say such nonsensical things."

"What's the big deal? You men are so petty! What? I'm not even allowed to mention the word divorce

now? Surely Charles won't behave like you, will he?" Icey rolled her eyes at David, glancing at Charles provocatively.

"Sadly, I'm no exception," said Charles.

Now, Icey was rendered speechless. David, on the other hand, was giggling beside her.

"Since you won't allow us to mention the divorce, you need to be nicer to Scarlett from now on. Is that too much to ask?" Nina chimed in, staring at Charles sternly.

"She's right, Charles! If you ever try to bully Scarlett again, we'll help her escape from you. She deserves better than a jerk," Vivian added.

Because he was being criticized by these women, Charles sighed helplessly. "Aren't they a bit overprotected?" he asked me.

"Are they?"

I was really touched that my best friends were willing and ready to protect me. It turned out that I was never truly alone, and that they were always so considerate of me.

"In that case, I would like to thank you for your concern for my wife on her behalf. As for the other things you mentioned, we'll see how things play out."

Charles picked up his wine glass, proposed a toast, and drank it.

"Please, enjoy yourselves. Scarlett and I need to entertain some other guests now. Excuse us."

Charles took me away from my friends forcibly. I stayed beside him like a personal attendant, watching him toast and drink with guests after guests.

I couldn't stand the fact that he was drinking too much so I reached out my hand to stop him and whispered, "That's enough. Don't drink too much."

"Are you worried about me?" Charles stared into my eyes as his own lit up.

Feeling awkward, I turned around. "I'm just worried that my sons could lose their father early on in their lives."

He broke into a hearty laughter. He then combed my hair back and said, "There's no need to worry. I promise you that my sons won't lose their father, and you won't lose your husband either."

I frowned at his response. 'How did I become the subject of the topic?'

Charles didn't heed my advice and just continued drinking. And the more he drank, the more worried I became.

"Mrs. Moore, I'd like to propose a toast to you," said a guest, raising his glass towards me.

"Sorry, but my wife isn't feeling well today. I'll drink it for her." Having said that, Charles gulped down the entire glass of champagne.

'Damn... if he keeps drinking like that, he's definitely going to suffer from alcohol poisoning.'

I was about to walk away, but he pulled me back to his side and wrapped his arms around my waist.

"Where do you think you're going?" Charles asked, staring right at me; his eyes had turned red.

I glared at him and stopped a waiter passing by.

"Please prepare some hangover pills for Mr. Moore. Thank you."

"Yes, ma'am."

As I watched the waiter walk away, I sighed deeply, hoping that nothing would go wrong with my plan for the night.

The party was about to conclude. Janet came over and said to me, "The children have already fallen asleep upstairs."

I glanced at my watch and saw that it was almost midnight. "Got it."

"Honey, it's time for bed," Charles said to me. His face had turned red from all the alcohol he had drunk, and his vision was blurred. The strong odor of alcohol his body exuded was enough for me to infer that he was already hammered.

"What about our guests?" I asked.

Charles put his arm around my shoulder, leaned against me, and led me to Spencer.

"Help me... see the guests off." His speech was already slurred.

"Okay. We'll take care of it. You should go to bed, man," Spencer responded.

With that, Charles and I left. I couldn't stand the smell of alcohol on him, so I wanted to push him away.

"Don't move. Let's go to the bedroom. I'm about to faint," he said.

The paleness of his face didn't seem fake. At this moment, I no longer cared about my discomfort. All I wanted was to help him leave the banquet hall.

Just as we walked towards the door, we ran into Nancy. "Charles, are you drunk?" she asked.

"Did you ask her to come here?" Charles tightened his grip on me and his face turned grim.

I was just as surprised as he was. I didn't invite Nancy. 'Why did she come here without an invitation?' I wondered.

"Charles, you're clearly drunk. Scarlett, allow me to take him to the guest room."

Nancy approached and tried to take Charles from me, but he quickly shook off her hand. His reaction took her aback.

"Scarlett, are you still trying to push me to another woman?" Charles gripped my shoulders, staring at me with anger in his eyes.

I glanced at Nancy and saw that she was acting like she had been wronged. Then, I frowned at Charles and explained, "I didn't invite her here!"

"If you didn't invite her, who else could've invited her? She has no invitation. How did she get in here?" Charles was drunk and annoyed, and his voice was getting louder with every other word.

I lost my temper and didn't bother to explain myself to him anymore. "If you don't believe me, I don't care. Do you still want to go upstairs?"

Charles held my face, wearing an insidious expression. "Of course, I do."

He drew the outline of my body using his fingers and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm going to eat you up."

I sensed that he was planning something ominous, so I wanted to run away.

As a plan took shape in my mind, I grabbed my purse. In the end, I suppressed my instinct to run and stood rooted to my spot.

Nancy continued badgering him. "Charles, what happened to you?"

"Get the fuck out! Don't come any closer!" Charles turned around just to shout at her.

Nancy was frightened to the point of trembling. Her eyes displayed just how horrified she was. As she looked at him, tears streamed down her cheeks, making her look even more pitiful.

Unfortunately, Charles was heartless towards her. He held me in his arms and walked past Nancy

without even glancing at her.

"You're a fool, Charles! Scarlett doesn't love you at all!"

[Chapter 360 I Want You](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After helping Charles walk into the room, I pushed him onto the couch. He was drunk. Massaging my sore shoulder, I was about to go and check on my sons when Charles suddenly grabbed me.

I fell into his arms. "Charles, what are you doing? Let me go!"

However, Charles ignored my words and pressed me under his body.

"Honey, I feel so hot," he whispered in my ear seductively.

"Then you should go and take a shower. Why are you holding me? I have to check on the kids. Let me go."

"I want you."

Charles' eyes were filled with lust as he looked at me. He looked like a predator that was about to devour me whole.

My heart was racing so fast that I felt like it was going to jump out of my throat any moment.

I felt that it was too dangerous to be with him now, and I knew that I had to run away.

"Let go of me. Jerry is awake." I tried my best to push him away in panic.

"Jerry... Who named my sons? Was it you? Or William? Do you really hate me enough to even deprive me of my right as their dad? Or do I have to kill Rita to get your forgiveness?" Charles asked, gritting his teeth.

"Charles, you're drunk."

My heart was caught in a whirlpool of emotions. I blamed him for being ruthless while he blamed me for being so cold towards him. It felt as though we were caught in a stalemate.

The next second, Charles kissed me, his breath smelling like alcohol, and I immediately turned away.

He was irritated by my reaction that he suddenly grabbed my jaw so tightly that it felt like he was about to crush it.

"Why don't you let me kiss you? Would you rather have someone else kiss you?"

"Charles, what are you..."

Before I could even finish my words, he sealed my lips with a passionate kiss, making it impossible for me to move.

Like a fierce lion, he bit my lips, and stuck his tongue into my mouth. That deep kiss rendered me breathless and made me feel hazy.

I was about to suffocate from it when he suddenly withdrew his lips from mine and began to kiss my neck and my chest.

"Scarlett, I feel so hot. Help me," Charles whispered in my ear, his hot breath making me blush.

I suddenly felt his erection pressing against my vagina, ready to attack me.

"Can you feel it? It misses you too," Charles said in an ambiguous tone. Feeling his strong lust, I was at a loss.

All of a sudden, I vaguely heard a rustling sound coming from the door.

'Great! Tracy must have come to check on me!'

"Tracy... Ah!"

Before I could say another word, he ripped my dress apart, stripping me naked. "What are you trying to do?" I yelled.

"Fuck you, of course."

He quickly took off his clothes and pounced on me.

It had been longer than a year since we stood in front of each other, naked. I could see sweat dripping from his tan body and his sculpted abs. I felt my skin burn the moment his body touched me.

I immediately felt that something was wrong.

Charles' body was extremely hot to the touch and there was an abnormal flush on his face.

"Charles, you're sick. Get up! I'll get the doctor to check you." Saying that, I struggled to get up.

"You are the only doctor for me."

He pressed me under his body and began to fondle my naked breasts vigorously.

I struggled to push him away, but it was of no use. He grabbed my legs and wrapped them around his waist while his finger slowly penetrated my vagina. I felt both joy and fear from the sudden stimulation. I enjoyed the pleasure, even though my brain was screaming at me to push him away. Charles then pushed another finger into my vagina. His slender fingers teased and toyed with my sensitive areas until I felt a stream of fluid shamefully gushing out of me.

"Ah..." The pleasure caused my body to grow extremely hot until I was completely wet. Charles suddenly pulled out his dripping wet fingers from my vagina.

"Do you want it?"

By then, I had lost my mind completely into the vortex of desire that he had created.

"Yes..."

"I want you more."

He immediately penetrated me with his penis. We both let out a moan before he began to thrust deeper inside of me, making it hard for me to breathe. My tight vagina was completely consumed with his thick and long penis. Pleasure was surging through my body, and I could not help but let out an irresistible happy scream every time he thrust himself deeper and deeper.

I couldn't refuse the barbaric pleasure. I could only passively lie under him, undulating my waist. Soon, our nasty bodily fluids were all over each other's bodies, but he did not stop until he was satisfied.

After the sex, Charles lay on the sofa, hugging me. I glanced at my handbag which was on the floor. Hearing my phone ring, I was about to pick it up, but Charles held me tighter.

"Let go of me. I want to go to the bathroom." I glared at him.

Charles finally let go of me, and I quickly picked up my bag as I staggered to the bathroom.

When I looked at my reflection in the bathroom mirror, I noticed that my face was red and shiny. Anyone who saw me like that could tell that I just had sex.

I quickly washed my face with cold water and forced myself to calm down before I opened the handbag and glanced at the document inside.

I reminded myself that I must break up with Charles for good.

All of a sudden, there was a knock on the door. "Honey, open the door. I want to use the bathroom as well."

Charles was still knocking on the door, so I quickly put the document back into my bag.

"Honey, if you don't open the door, I am going to come in."

Determined, I opened the door, and fell into Charles' arms. "Honey, don't go. Let's go out together later."

Was he a beast? How could he not be exhausted?

I felt sparks of electricity in my body and my vagina was completely sore.

"Didn't you want to use the bathroom? I'll wait outside for you."

Just when I was about to walk out, Charles held me tightly again. I wanted to struggle, but I was completely exhausted.

"No, you will try to escape." Charles stared at me with his deep eyes full of scrutiny.

"Don't worry. I won't run away. Besides, I have a document here that I need you to sign," I said patiently.

"No."

My patience was running out as time passed, and I could not help but glance at the roof.

If things went according to my plan, then there should be a helicopter waiting for me and my sons on the roof.