

Warning 361

[Chapter 361 Escape](#)

Charles' POV:

As I leisurely washed my hands, only the sound of running water could be heard in the bathroom.

I could see Scarlett's upset face reflected in the mirror. Perhaps she hadn't noticed that she was pouting. Somehow, she reminded me of the sweet memories of the past. Back when she was younger, she liked staying with me. And oftentimes, she would pout at me when something annoyed her.

While I stared at the water, I remembered how Scarlett used to play with water with me back when we were kids. I wanted to do that again, so I splashed water on her.

Startled, Scarlett stepped back. "What are you doing?"

"Didn't you used to enjoy splashing water on me like this when we were younger?" A smile appeared on my face as I thought of the distant past.

"I'm an adult already, okay? I haven't played with water for a long time!"

I paid her words no mind and kept on splashing water at her.

"Stop it, Charles!" Scarlett wiped away the water on her face, visibly enraged.

Feeling a little disappointed, I decided to stop. She was no longer the little girl who always pestered me before. Now, she was either annoyed or bored with everything I did.

Scarlett sighed and said, "Let's just go out."

"But honey, I still feel hot," I murmured.

"What are you talking about?" Scarlett stood rooted to her spot, dumbfounded.

At this point, I could no longer repress my desire to have sex with her.

Slowly, I approached her and pressed her against the bathroom door. Her natural scent tempted me as it wafted into my nose. I caressed her face and whispered, "We haven't had sex for so long. Don't you want me anymore?"

"Charles, you bastard!"

Tears welled up in Scarlett's eyes. Her face, which was as fresh as a rose bud, turned red. The sight of her blushing face only made me want her more. I desired her so much that my dick grew hard. It was a

natural physiological reaction. There was nothing I could do to stop it.

I was aware that Nancy had added something into my wine last night, but I still drank it.

Fortunately, Scarlett didn't whore that woman off to me.

I pulled Scarlett into my arms, walked towards the bathtub, and put her inside the tub filled with warm water.

"You jerk! Let go of—"

I kissed her before she could finish her sentence. While I was kissing her, I took off her bathrobe, lifted her up, and slid my penis into her vagina. Soon, my cock felt the warm of her insides. Her body was so alluring, and it felt so good inside her. I felt like I was in heaven.

When I was satisfied, I finally let Scarlett go.

She didn't have any strength left to move. Gently, I held her in my arms and planted kisses on her cheek and neck. "Honey, please don't leave me," I pleaded.

Scarlett's POV:

While Charles was holding me in his arms, I remained still. When I heard his sweet words, I was not moved. Instead, I was confused.

'He doesn't love me. Why is he saying those words to me? He acts as though he loved me, and me alone, but that's just not true! His so-called love has hurt me time and time again. I don't think that's what love is,' I told myself.

I glanced at my purse at the door of the bathroom.

Inside, there was a waiver of custody.

I was certain that he'd be drunk tonight, so I planned to persuade him into signing the waiver while he was inebriated and barely conscious. That way, I could take my kids away in secret.

But something unexpected happened. He had sex with me over and over, leaving me no chance to take the bag.

It seemed that I must give up on having the waiver signed for the time being.

Weakly, I leaned against Charles' chest, thinking of what to do next.

Satisfied, Charles smiled and didn't bother me anymore. Afterwards, he carried me back to the bed and

lay down beside me.

After a while, I heard the sound of his steady breathing. As I stared at the innocence of his sleeping face, I was caught in a dilemma.

These past few weeks, I did my best to make Charles believe that I wanted to stay. But in truth, I just wanted to gain his trust.

Now that I'd done that, it was time to leave.

'Goodbye, Charles,' I muttered silently.

Carefully, I removed his hand from my waist. However, he put it back where it was on my waist again.

I was startled at first, but I played it cool. "Honey, I'm going to the bathroom. I'll be back soon."

With that, Charles let go of me. I let out a sigh of relief and got out of bed.

Then, I opened the door and snuck into the kids' room. I put the twins into the stroller and picked up James as he slept soundly. Afterwards, I sluggishly carried all three of them into the elevator.

Fortunately, the elevator was going up quickly. I felt at ease knowing that it was nearing the top floor. I knew that everything would be settled this time.

The kids and I were really about to leave this place.

Soon, the elevator arrived at the top floor. When the elevator opened, I saw a helicopter in the distance.

Quickly, William rushed towards me. "Scarlett, I thought you wouldn't come!"

"We'll talk later. Let's just get on the helicopter!"

The closer I was to escaping, the more uneasy I felt.

"Okay, hurry up."

William took the stroller and wheeled it forward. I held James in my arms, following William closely.

Because of the startling noise coming from the helicopter, James woke up. He rubbed his eyes, staring at me in confusion.

"Mom, where are we going?"

"Don't be afraid, my love. I'm taking you to a beautiful place," I replied.

"But what about Dad? Isn't he coming with us?"

As I stared at James' innocent lovely face, tears welled up in my eyes. "Dad has something to deal with right now. He won't be able to be with us for the time being. But once he's done with his work, he'll come see us," I said while sobbing.

Perhaps there really was a connection between a father and a son. James immediately sensed that something was wrong and threw a tantrum.

"No! I want to wait for Dad," he cried.

"James, my love... don't cry."

Seeing my son struggling violently made me uncertain of what to do.

William came over and carried James, visibly anxious. "I'll take him to the helicopter first."

At this time, the boy struggled even more violently in William's arms. "Mommy! I want my mommy and my daddy!" James whined.

My heart bled for my son. I took him from William's arms and attempted to comfort him. "Everything's going to be okay, James. Mom is right here with you. I'll be right beside you."

"Scarlett, you won't be able to handle him on your own. Just give him to me. Let's not waste another moment."

I decided to go with William's suggestion and gave James to him. Afterwards, he carried the boy onto the helicopter. Soon, he came down to pick up the twins.

Inside the stroller, Jerry and Jason were sleeping soundly. They had no idea that their mother was about to take them away from their biological father for good.

'Will they hate me when they grow up?' I wondered.

For a moment, I hesitated on going through with this plan.

William grabbed my shoulders and told me, "Scarlett, don't give up now. Otherwise, all of your efforts will be in vain."

He was right. I shouldn't give up now.

While William picked up Jason and walked ahead. I gritted my teeth and picked up Jerry.

For some reason, my heart was aching.

The endless pain almost drowned me. I crouched down beside the stroller as tears streamed down my face.

"Do you regret it already?" William sounded really disappointed.

As tears welled up in my eyes, I shook my head. Right now, my heart was torn in two. Half of me was excited that I was about to regain my freedom, but the other half was in pain because of the separation.

[Chapter 362 The Plan Of Escape Failed](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"What if the kids miss their dad?"

I was at a loss for words as I looked at William.

"They are young, and once they see that I am good to them, they will soon forget their biological father," William comforted me softly.

I smiled bitterly and shook my head, tears streaming down my face.

"Let's go." William walked up to me and held my hand.

Although I should have left, I did not want to move.

Ever since my dad passed away, I had been dreaming about him, and I would even cry in my sleep sometimes.

Was I really going to let my children also suffer like I did?

"William, I'm sorry but I don't want to leave." I looked at him apologetically.

I could never let my children experience the same pain.

All of a sudden, we heard the sound of footsteps.

I turned around and found a dozen men in black suits, surrounding the area.

Charles and Richard walked out of the elevator.

When I looked into Charles' cold eyes, I could not help but panic.

"Take the kids away," he ordered coldly.

Within a moment, all the bodyguards stepped forward, and took my children away.

My legs began to tremble.

A great sense of panic struck me, leaving me short of breath.

William held me right before I collapsed to the ground and comforted me in a low voice, "Never mind. I'll take you away and start a new life."

'A new life?'

Feeling desperate, I burst into tears.

I could never live a life without my kids.

"Scarlett, you can leave if you want, but you must remember that if you leave, then you will never be able to see the kids again," Charles said coldly.

Under the dim light, I could not see his face clearly, but I could feel his anger like the blazing hot air from a campfire.

"I can even allow you the freedom of finding a man you like, but not with my sons," he added.

"Scarlett, let's go."

William put his arm around my shoulder and continued, "We can have our own children in the future!"

He was trying to take me away by force.

However, I stood still as I looked at Charles pleadingly.

I couldn't lose my children. They were all I had!

William was so anxious that he carried me with all his strength.

I finally came to my senses.

"William, put me down!"

With a helpless look, he complied.

"I don't want to leave."

I couldn't leave my children behind, and I could not be separated from them!

"You won't live a good life if you stay. Charles won't let go of you easily!" William reminded me coldly.

"But if I leave without my children, I will still not live a good life."

There was no one who knew better than me that it was painful to be separated from my kids.

I couldn't bear to lose them again.

"Scarlett, why are you being so silly? Charles is not the only man in the world!" William hissed.

"It's not because of him!" I retorted with a bitter smile.

Couldn't he see that I was doing it for my kids and not Charles?

"Then you come with me, and I will find a chance later to bring the kids to you, okay?" William pleaded, holding my hand.

"You can't!" I retorted feebly.

The moment Charles appeared, I knew that I had no other choice.

William was about to continue his persuasion when he was suddenly interrupted by a cold voice.

"At least, I let her decide her own fate, William. Can't you even let her make her own choices?"

William remained silent.

He looked at me for a while before he finally gave up and got on the helicopter alone.

After he left, Charles and I looked at each other in silence.

I lowered my head, clenched my fists nervously as I walked towards Charles.

"Since you chose to stay, no matter what happens in the future, you have to bear it," he reminded me coldly.

I lowered my head in silence.

As long as I was with my children, I was willing to bear anything.

Charles gave me a sneer and turned around.

I followed him desperately as I prepared for the worst.

After going downstairs, I searched every room, but I couldn't find the kids.

There were no maids or bodyguards in the suite either.

"Charles, where are the kids? Where did you take them?" I questioned him in despair as I stood before him.

With a cold gaze, Charles was sitting on the sofa, smoking.

Seeing him like that, my heart sank.

Charles' POV:

"Charles, where on earth did you hide the kids?" Scarlett asked in tears.

She was still wearing the wedding ring that I put on her while she was trying to elope with another man, taking my sons with her.

'How cruel!'

After a long time, she squatted down before me, grabbed my arm, and pleaded, "Where are our kids? Please, I want to know, okay?"

My heart softened for a second when I saw her pleading so humbly.

But the moment I remembered the stupid things that she had done, I could not help but get angry.

Sneering, I pushed her arm away as I looked at her disgustedly.

I had long known that she would try to leave, but I thought that she would stay for the sake of our kids, as long as I begged her not to.

However, I had forgotten that her heart was as cold as a stone on a winter night.

She would not hesitate to kick me out of her life and run away with the kid the first chance she got.

I lit another cigarette. "Scarlett, why didn't you go with William?"

"I will be wherever my kids are." Scarlett lowered her head feebly.

"Scarlett, do you really think that you are even qualified to see them now?" I sneered with mockery.

"I'm their mother. How can I not be qualified?" Scarlett raised her head and glared at me.

"Well, you did try to elope with William, right? You have no right to see them ever again!" I reminded her coldly.

"No, I..."

"You are free now, Scarlett. Just like you always wanted. Go and pursue your happiness. I truly wish you a happy life." With that, I put out the cigarette.

[Chapter 363 Please Me](#)

Charles' POV:

"Charles, I am sorry. Can't you forgive me? At least tell me where the kids are."

Scarlett gripped my wrist tightly as though she was holding onto her last straw of hope.

I knew that I should feel happy to see her suffer like that, but that was not the case at all.

"If you can take them away from their father, why can't I take them away from their mother? Oh, yeah, they will have a mom. I can always marry someone else." I could not help but be cruel towards her now.

"Charles, you can't do that!" Shaking her head desperately, she pleaded with me.

"Why not? You gave up the kids on your own, didn't you?" In a fit of pique, I pinched her chin hard.

Scarlett broke free from my grip, stood up, and threatened coldly, "If you dare to separate me from the kids, then I will kill myself right before your eyes!"

"You can try," I sneered with mockery in my eyes.

Did she really think that I would go soft on her just because she threatened me with suicide?

Wiping away her tears, she bolted to the door.

Her stubbornness to leave hurt me deeply.

All of a sudden, I remembered that day when she was holding the fruit knife in her hand, willing to commit suicide, Thinking of that, my heart skipped a beat.

"Scarlett!" I hurried forward and held her.

I heaved a sigh of relief when I felt her warmth.

"I should have fucked you to death!" I roared, gritting my teeth as I squeezed her tightly.

"Charles."

A long time later, Scarlett finally managed to call out my name before she feebly slipped out of my arms.

I picked her up, walked to the master bedroom, and threw her on the bed.

She was still wearing my coat.

It was clearly too big for her.

How could she dare to run away with another man while wearing my coat?

I stepped forward and rudely took off my coat from her.

"Scarlett, how could you let that man hug you while you were wearing my coat?" I threw my coat on the ground. Jealousy was eating up my soul from within and I could no longer control myself.

"Charles, what are you doing?" Scarlett questioned angrily.

"I am obviously going to do whatever the fuck I want!" I sneered as I hastily removed my tie.

I then unbuttoned my shirt and pressed her under my body.

"Charles, don't touch me!" Scarlett struggled desperately.

She kept patting me on the shoulder.

"Scarlett, if you dare to move one more time, I will make sure that you never see your kids. And I mean it!" I grabbed her wrists and pressed them over her head.

Scarlett calmed down and gradually gave up.

Her intense cry turned into a low sob, but it sounded quite helpless.

I was inexplicably irritated as I ordered coldly, "Don't cry!"

Scarlett's shoulders trembled violently as though she was frightened by my loud voice.

She then burst into tears.

Her eyes were red and tears continued to stream down her face.

I was upset to see her in such a pitiful state, so I gently held her face.

"Stop crying, okay?" I coaxed her.

"Charles, let me see the kids," she pleaded again, holding my hand.

"No!" I refused without hesitation.

Hearing that, she began to wail again.

"Scarlett, stop crying already!" Annoyed, I bit her neck.

Scarlett groaned in pain and stopped sobbing.

When I looked into her aggrieved and stubborn eyes, my heart suddenly softened.

"Charles, what should I do to make you let me see the kids?" Scarlett asked, choking back her sobs.

"Please me."

When she heard those words, her eyes widened in surprise.

"If you want to see them in the future, then you have to please me first."

Scarlett was stunned. She could not believe her ears.

"If I am happy, then I will bring them to see you," I added.

Scarlett's eyes widened in shock.

My fingers fondled her delicate skin. And just when I was about to take off her bra, she suddenly grabbed my wrist.

"Charles, I can do it, but you have to promise me something, okay?" Scarlett tried to negotiate with me, pretending to be calm.

However, she had no idea that her shaky voice had already made it obvious that she was panicking.

I couldn't help but chuckle when I saw that.

After all, she still had not changed.

"What do you want? But whether I agree to it or not, depends on how I feel."

I lowered my head and looked at Scarlett's delicate body greedily.

Nancy had added a lot of aphrodisiacs into the glass of wine, so that one sex session was not enough to vent the desire in my body, but since I was worried that Scarlett might not be able to handle it, I had been trying my best to control my desires.

I was surprised to see that she still had the energy to escape even after I fucked her ruthlessly.

Thinking of that, I suddenly realized that she did not deserve to be pitied at all.

"Charles!" Scarlett glared at me, trying to avoid my touch.

"You don't agree to it?"

I stopped what I was doing and raised my eyebrows at her.

I reminded myself that I would not let her see the kids again if she did not accept my terms.

I was sure that she also thought of the same.

Clenching her fists, she began to bargain with me again.

"Charles, first you have to promise me that you won't let Nancy or any of your girlfriends touch my children!"

"If you're allowed to let another man touch my kids, then why can't I do the same?" I asked in reply.

"But I didn't take them away from you, did I?" Scarlett reminded me angrily.

"That was only because I asked my men to stop you in time! Scarlett, since you don't want to be my wife, we are just partners from now on, but I will be Party A, and I have the final say!"

Scarlett's POV:

As Charles spoke, he held my hand bit my ring finger.

I frowned, trying to withdraw my hand, but he held it tightly.

"In fact, you don't deserve to wear this ring anymore." Charles stared at the ring on my finger coldly.

I stared at him in silence, not knowing what to do.

Did he want me to take off the ring?

That was what I wanted too!

"What do you think?" Charles asked, looking at me.

"You are right. Take it off!" I said, nodding in agreement.

We had originally agreed to take it off after Grandpa's birthday party.

"Take it off yourself." Charles' voice suddenly turned cold.

I did not even hesitate as I reached out to take off the ring.

However, Charles suddenly held my hand and stopped me.

"I've changed my mind. From now on, you are not allowed to take off the ring. You have to be a good wife, on and off the stage."

[Chapter 364 This Is Compensation](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"I'm going to take a shower now, and in the meantime, you can think about my suggestion." After saying those cold words, Charles walked into the bathroom.

Looking at his receding back, my heart sank.

I knew that he had become the ruler since the moment I chose to escape from him.

And since I could not resist anymore, I had no choice but to face the consequences.

I smiled bitterly as a sense of despair crashed into my heart.

I wanted to get out of bed, but just before I could stand up, I heard Charles' voice coming from the bathroom. "Scarlett, come and join me for a shower."

Frowning, I wanted to say no, but Charles suddenly walked out of the bathroom, picked me up, and carried me to the shower.

"Charles, you..." I immediately grabbed his clothes in fear.

"This is a compensation."

"Compensation for what exactly?" I was confused.

"You almost made me lose my kids to another man, and you have to pay for it," Charles sneered as he

turned on the shower head.

Soon, the water poured down, drenching me completely.

The lights were off, so the bathroom was completely dark.

I subconsciously tried to escape, but he held my waist tightly.

He then ripped my clothes off and began to kiss me everywhere.

However, he was not being gentle at all, and it seemed like he was using me like a tool to vent his desires.

When I woke up on the next day, it was already noon. I felt sore as I lay on the bed.

My head was pounding from the pain, and my skin felt like it was on fire.

I put my hand on my forehead.

Sensing the extremely high temperature, I realized that I was having a fever.

I wanted to call someone for help, but I could not even bring myself to shout, so I had to lie in despair.

A long time later, Janet opened the door and walked in.

Touching my forehead, she shouted, "Tracy, Scarlett has a fever! Let's take her to the hospital!" She was also panicking.

By the time I woke up again, I saw that Janet and Tracy were standing by my bed.

"Scarlett, you're finally awake!" they cried out in unison with a worried look in their eyes.

"Where are the kids?" I asked in a hoarse voice.

I looked at them expectantly, but they fell silent at my question.

"Are they okay?" With a bitter smile, I changed my question.

Seeing that I was not asking about my kids' whereabouts, they heaved a sigh of relief.

Janet nodded and said, "Scarlett, don't worry. They are fine."

I felt at ease after hearing those words.

Charles did not show up for the next two days.

I could only ask Janet and Tracy about the kids.

On the third night, my phone rang all of a sudden, surprising me.

It was a call from Charles.

I grabbed my phone and stared at the screen for a long time before I finally answered it.

"Hello?"

"Is your fever gone?" I heard Charles' cold voice coming from the other end.

"Yes," I murmured.

"James wants to talk to you. Say something to him."

"Mom?"

Hearing my son's soft voice, I could not help but cry.

"Mom?"

Seeing that I was not saying anything, James called out to me again.

"I'm right here, honey. Did you miss me?" I asked, choking back my sobs.

"Yes! Why haven't you come home yet? Please come home, Mom!

Jerry, Jason, Daddy, and I miss you a lot." James was clearly perplexed.

"Okay." I could not help but cover my mouth to force myself not to cry.

"We're at Garden Street," Charles said coldly.

"Okay." I was stunned to hear that.

After hanging up, I immediately got off the bed and washed up.

I carefully put on some makeup to not appear so gaunt in front of my kids.

"Let's go back to Garden Street."

I quickly changed my clothes and hurried out.

Janet and Tracy followed me.

As soon as we arrived, I opened the door, and got off the car.

"Scarlett, be careful!" Janet seemed to be concerned.

However, at that moment, the only thing that I could think of was to see my kids.

"Scarlett." I suddenly heard someone calling my name.

I turned around and saw Nancy and Nicholas.

Nancy was standing in front of me, smiling.

"What's up?" I stopped in my tracks and looked at her coldly.

"Scarlett, I didn't expect to see you here. What a coincidence! Did you come here to see Charles? Can you come with you?" Nancy asked expectantly.

"No," I refused coldly.

I did not want to waste my time talking to her.

"Why not? I just want to say hello to Charles! Are you really that afraid that I might take him away from you? Didn't you want to divorce him?" Nancy asked, staring at me vigilantly.

"No, I don't," I blurted out without even hesitating.

Thinking of Charles mentioning that he would make her my kids' stepmother, I felt disgusted by her.

"You don't want a divorce?"

Her eyes widened in surprise.

"Miss Wood, Mrs. Moore will never divorce Mr. Moore. So please stay away from them! If you ever try to get in between them again, then I will have to settle things in my way!" Janet and Tracy glared at Nancy, raising their fists.

Frightened, Nancy took a step back with a pale face.

I cast a cold glance at her before I walked past her.

"Scarlett, you don't deserve Charles at all!"

I heard her roaring loudly, but I did not have the time or the energy to care about it.

The moment I tried opening the door, I realized that the password had been changed, so all I could do was to stand there and knock.

Charles opened the door and stared at me coldly. "Who said you can come here?"

Looking at him with a blank expression, I suddenly remembered our phone conversation.

He had only told me that they were at Garden Street. He never said that I could come.

My heart twisted as I looked at him with a bitter smile.

"Charles, can I please see my sons?"

"No!" Charles refused decisively.

"Just for a little while," I begged in a low voice.

It had been days since I had last seen them and I was missing them a lot.

"I said no," Charles repeated coldly and was about to close the door.

"Charles, please." I grabbed his sleeve and pleaded desperately.

He stopped and glanced at my hand that was holding his shirt.

"Charles, I promise I'll leave as soon as I see them!" I continued to plead with him, bowing my head down.

"Do you even deserve to see them?" he asked in a low voice.

"Why don't I deserve to see them? I'm their mother!" I retorted angrily.

"If I feel like you don't deserve to see them, then you don't! I'm not happy now, and I don't want to see you." Sneering coldly, he shook off my arm, turned around, and was about to slam the door on my face.

'Happy?'

An idea came to me.

"Charles, I'll make you happy. Can you let me see the babies now?" I stared at him expectantly.

"You're going to make me happy? Can you even do that?" Charles asked with a sneer.

"I can!" I answered with a firm nod.

I was determined to do anything to make him let me see my babies.

[Chapter 365 Please Him](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Mom! Mom!"

James suddenly appeared at the door. The instant he saw me, he ran towards me as fast as he could.

I squatted down and waited for him with open arms.

With a beaming smile, James ran into my arms and hugged me tight. "Mommy, you're back!"

"Yes, Mommy is back." I hugged James back. Tears were welling up in my eyes as I held him. Only God knew how excited I was for this moment.

However, this happy moment did not last long. Charles bent down and took James out of my arms.

He rubbed the little boy's head and coaxed him, "James, your mother has something important to do. Why don't you go to your brothers first?"

"Okay..." James looked at me reluctantly. I could see in his eyes how he wanted to stay with me a little longer. But in the end, he had no choice but to do as told.

"Mom, please come back soon."

I could only watch as James walked away from me. All of a sudden, I felt an impulse to rush over and hug up.

But I knew that I could not.

At this moment, Charles locked the door and passed by me, and then he walked to the house across the street and opened the door.

"Come in."

I looked at him in confusion.

"I bought it," Charles briefly explained in a low voice. Then, he walked into the house without even

waiting for my response.

Although I was unsure of what was waiting for me, I followed him still.

Charles sat on the sofa and looked at me with disdain.

"Scarlett, you haven't forgotten what you've said, have you?"

I looked at him with a confused expression. It took me a moment to realize what he was talking about.

I lowered my head and smiled bitterly. "No."

I was at a loss as I looked at Charles, who was sitting on the sofa expectantly.

I wanted to run away from him, but I held that thought in an instant.

I could not leave.

Only by pleasing Charles could I see my beloved children.

At the thought of this, I gritted my teeth and walked over to him.

Charles's legs were crossed, and his arms were spread out on the back of the sofa. And the way he was looking at me brought a chill down my spine. It felt as though he was teasing a pet.

I swallowed my shame and sat on his lap. Then, I put my hands on his shoulders and leaned over to kiss him on the lips.

To my surprise, Charles dodged in disgust and said "I don't feel your enthusiasm."

"What do you mean?" I asked confusedly.

"You're good at seducing men, aren't you? Why are you acting like you're not? Do you want me to teach you?"

I lowered my gaze and did not answer.

My heart felt like it was being cut open by a sharp knife as Charles mocked and humiliated me.

"Forget it. It looks like you're insincere anyway." Charles pushed me off his lap and was about to stand up.

Seeing that he was about to leave, a feeling of panic washed over me. Just as he propped himself up, I quickly held his face and kissed him.

I forced my tongue into Charles's mouth and unbuttoned his shirt at the same time.

Charles suddenly grabbed my hand and looked at me with narrowed eyes. "Did I say you could kiss me?"

I did not want to argue with him, so I just continued kissing him.

Suddenly, Charles grabbed me by my behind and threw me into the sofa. "Strip off your clothes."

I felt a little dizzy because of the impact, but I obediently did as told.

Charles stared at my body with burning lust. Once I was completely naked, he clasped both of my wrists with one hand and kissed my neck.

His kisses trailed down my neck, shoulder, and breasts. He also left deep red hickeys along the way as if to say I was his.

I just lay weak on the sofa the whole time as I let him ravage me.

He must have sensed that my mind was wandering, so he bit my nipple hard as a punishment.

"Ugh. Charles, be gentle..." I begged in a low voice.

Charles snickered and ignored my plea.

The way he handled me told me that I was not in the position to bargain.

This went on for a moment, but it felt like forever. All of a sudden, he clasped me by the waist and turned me over. Without warning, he inserted his manhood into me. We did not even have foreplay as he just went straight to the home run.

The sex was rough. There was no pleasure at all.

I just felt like I was being punished in a way that brought pleasure to Charles but not me.

Charles left afterward and did not even ask how I was.

But before he walked out of the door, he reminded me, "You can come and see the children tomorrow night."

I curled up weakly on the sofa and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why tomorrow night?"

"Don't you want it? How about the day after tomorrow? Or next month?" Charles asked in a threatening tone.

I lowered my gaze and did not speak anymore.

At last, Charles walked out and slammed the door behind him.

I covered myself with the coat and huddled up on the sofa.

A sense of despair swept over me as I thought of Charles, who had just left heartlessly.

This was what I was dreading from the very beginning. I had known that this would come. Now, in his eyes, I was like a sex doll that he could use anytime to satisfy his needs. And once he had gotten tired of me, he would discard me.

Unfortunately for me, I had no right to say no.

My eyelids started to feel a little heavy after a long while. Just then, I heard the door open.

"James?" I called. I tried hard to open my eyes and looked in the direction of the door.

My hope was shattered when I saw who it was.

It was not my son, but Janet and Tracy.

I could not help but laugh with self-mockery.

After what had happened, why was I still hoping that Charles would bring the children to see me?

Tracy handed me a clean set of clothes and asked with concern, "Scarlett, are you okay?"

"Just a little dizzy," I answered.

In the evening, I soaked my feet with hot water as usual.

Tracy saw my morose expression, so she decided to comfort me. "Scarlett, Mr. Moore loves you; or he wouldn't ask us to check on you. He's just not good at expressing himself. Please give him more time."

I leaned against the back of the sofa and smiled bitterly.

Charles brought me nothing but pain.

If it were not for the children, I would have not entangled myself with him again.

In the middle of the night, I broke into a high fever again.

I did not know what had happened for the rest of the night. But when I woke up the next morning, I was still a little dizzy and lightheaded.

When Tracy saw that I was finally awake, she walked over to me and exclaimed, "Scarlett, you're awake!"

"Tracy..." I called in a hoarse voice.

"You scared me to death. You were burning with fever last night."

"What time is it now?"

"It's half-past eleven o'clock. Just rest. I've already called in sick on your behalf." Tracy glanced at me tentatively and added, "Also... Mr. Moore was here this morning."

I was surprised.

Why did Charles come here? He must have been pleased when he saw that I was sick and in pain.

All of a sudden, what had happened last night flashed in my mind, and I could not help but laugh scornfully at myself.

"Where are the kids?" I asked in a low voice, suppressing the expectation in my heart.

Charles should be at the company right now. Did he leave the kids alone at home?

Could I see them?

Tracy wanted to say something but decided not to on second thought. After hesitating for a moment, she finally told me the truth. "Mr. Moore took the kids to the company."

My heart sank upon hearing this.

I recovered a week later. At last, I could finally go to work again.

While I was at the company, I received a call from Charles, in which he firmly ordered, "Come here tonight."

I mumbled a reply and hung up the call.

Charles had taken the children to another city, and they stayed there for a week. Fortunately, they were back now.

As soon as I finished my work, I hurriedly packed my things, so I could get off work early. I could not wait

to go to Garden Street and see my children.

"Mommy!" James called the moment he saw me. He was having dinner at the moment.

I stepped forward to hug him, but Charles stopped me.

"Take off your coat first. Don't let the dirty things from outside touch my son."

Although I was a little uncomfortable, I took off my coat just like he said.

"James, I miss you so much! Do you miss me?" I walked quickly to James and bent over to pick him up.

"Yes! Mom, where have you been? I miss you so much!" James wrapped his arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek.

Now that my son was in my arms, my empty heart was filled with joy.

I playfully messed James's hair and asked, "James, are you full now? Do you want Mommy to feed you?"

"Yes!" James nodded excitedly and opened his mouth.

Charles, however, seemed displeased.

"Don't spoil him. It's not like you can see him every day," he spat.

[Chapter 366 Not Enough](#)

Charles' POV:

"It doesn't matter I feed him once in a while." Scarlett forced a smile after being stunned for a moment.

She then carefully picked up the fork and fed the spaghetti to James. He was obediently sitting on the chair, looking at her with his big eyes, waiting for her to feed him another mouthful.

Looking at them being so close with each other, I felt like a complete outsider.

Soon, James was done eating and he let out a satisfied burp.

He patted his belly and said, "Mom, I'm full."

Scarlett smiled as she reached out to lift him up.

"Nanny, you can take James away," I ordered impatiently.

"Yes, Mr. Moore." The nanny immediately came forward and took James away from Scarlett.

"Mom!" But James did not want to leave his mother.

"It's alright, baby. I'll come to you soon."

"Okay."

Only after hearing her comforting words did James go with the nanny, leaving me and Scarlett alone in the dining room.

"Come and have dinner," I ordered.

"I don't want to eat. I just want to go upstairs to see Jerry and Jason."

"You don't want to eat? Are you sure?"

I stared at her meaningfully and saw her blushing.

"Fine."

She reluctantly walked to the table and I served her a large slice of beef steak, which she began to cut with her knife and fork.

"Drink some soup first," I reminded her with a frown.

Scarlett stopped immediately and looked at me in confusion.

"Why are you looking at me like that? You don't think I am caring for you, do you? I am just worried that you might end up with a stomach problem later, and if you have issues like that when we're having sex, then it will ruin my mood."

Hearing that, Scarlett quietly began to drink the soup.

I glanced at her from the corner of my eye as though I did not care about her.

She seemed to have lost some weight and was looking more haggard than before.

'Damn it! Are Tracy and Janet even taking good care of her? Why does she look worse than she did on Christmas?'

She seemed to be wearing makeup, though. And she was looking gorgeous, which made me wonder if she did it to please me.

Distracted, I shook the glass in my hand unconsciously.

Time passed quietly, and I did not come back to my senses until I heard her putting down her knife and fork.

I took out my phone and saw that more than an hour had passed.

I could not believe that I had just sat there for an hour watching her eat, which made me chuckle helplessly.

Scarlett wiped her mouth, glaring at me.

I turned to her and asked coldly, "Why are you staring at me like that? Don't you know that you've been eating for an hour now? It was just a steak and some soup. Why did it take you so long to finish it?"

I was about to burst into laughter, looking at her angry and aggrieved expression.

"Are you done now? Go and take a bath, just so that you don't smell like another man," I said on purpose.

"You!"

Scarlett stared at me angrily for a few more seconds before she gave up and walked to the bathroom.

The moment she stepped into the bathroom, her phone rang.

I unzipped her bag and took out her phone.

When I saw that it was a call from William, my heart burned with anger.

I answered the phone coldly with a sneer, "Hello, William. Why are you calling my wife's phone at this hour?"

"Why are you answering the phone? And where is Scarlett?"

"Are you still not done bothering another man's wife? I think you should worry about yourself first," I hissed.

"Charles, what the hell do you want?"

Upon hearing his exasperated voice, I smiled.

"I am warning you, don't you dare to call my wife again, or you will never see that woman."

"Charles..."

Before William could curse me, I hung up.

He deserved to be treated like trash for seducing my wife.

When I was putting her phone back in her bag, I noticed a document inside.

I took it out and saw that it was a document that was meant to declare the waiver of custody. Looking at it, I figured that Scarlett must have arranged it right before Christmas.

Why was she still holding onto it?

A weird feeling filled up in my chest. I could not help but wonder if she would have coaxed me to sign it that night if I had been just drunk. It would have given her the right to take my kids and elope with William.

'I will not let it happen!'

I unconsciously tightened my hand, crumpling the document in my hand.

That moment, the bathroom door opened.

Dressed in a white bathrobe, Scarlett walked towards me slowly. Her delicate face was flushed from the hot bath, which was enough to make me thirsty for her body. I was immediately turned on.

"Do you want to take a bath? I've filled the bathtub for you."

As I silently looked at her, I felt a storm surging from the bottom of my heart.

"What's wrong?" Scarlett awkwardly tugged the corner of her bathrobe.

"I don't feel like taking a bath." Looking deep into her eyes, I ordered, "Go to bed."

Scarlett's eyes widened in an instant, and unable to hide her panic, she blurted out at once, "No."

"Would you rather talk about this document with me first, then?"

I waved the document in front of her eyes, and she turned pale, biting her lip.

"You should be glad that I am not in the mood to discuss such depressing things now. And you should know what to do if you're really smart enough."

My deep voice was filled with great anger and desire. I slammed the agreement on the table and turned to the bathroom.

"Change into something else. I want the sexiest lingerie you have," I reminded her.

When I walked out of the bathroom, I saw Scarlett lying on the bed, dressed in a sexy black silk slip dress. The silk fabric wrapped around her body like a second skin, and the cut-out lace design exposed just the right amount of skin to make me go crazy. There was a long slit on one side of the dress, which revealed her beautiful long legs.

She was so fucking sexy.

Looking at her like that, I was almost about to have a nosebleed, like a virgin boy.

I walked up to her and found that she was still talking to Nina about work.

With a frown, I grabbed the phone from her hand and tossed it aside.

"Not the right time for that." I looked at her with dissatisfaction in my eyes.

"You... I didn't know that you were done." Scarlett turned away to avoid meeting my eyes and moved back a little.

I stared at her and said in a sarcastic tone, "What? Are you going to please me by lying still?"

"I've torn up the waiver," Scarlett explained immediately.

Glancing at the trash can beside the bed I noticed that it was indeed full of torn up pieces of paper. Looking at it, the anger in my heart seemed to dissipate a little.

But I was not satisfied at all.

I looked at her coldly and asked, "Do you really think that I can pretend like you did not want to me sign it just because you tore it to shreds?"

[Chapter 367 What The Hell Do You Wan](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"What the hell do you want, then?" I asked Charles in a shaky voice.

"What do you think I want?" He approached me with a sullen look in his eyes.

My heart sank, but I knew how furious he would be once he found out about the waiver of custody when I had prepared it.

Tearing the document into pieces was not enough to satisfy him, so I could only appease his anger by

making love to him.

After all, he would only let me see my kids if I pleased him well. And I was already prepared to sacrifice anything for their sakes.

I closed my eyes for a moment to pull myself together before I put my arms around his neck, gazing into his eyes.

However, Charles said coldly, "What? Is that all you got?"

"I can obviously do a lot more, but will you let me sleep with the kids after you're satisfied?" Gritting my teeth, I tried to negotiate with him.

I was missing my kids a lot, and if it was possible, I would do anything to spend time with them.

"Do you still want to sleep with the kids? Do you really think that you will have the strength to get out of bed after I am done with you?" Charles asked in an ambiguous tone, looking at me with his hungry eyes.

He then began to kiss me without any warning, and I could only smell his sandalwood perfume.

I felt so nervous as though I was waiting for a beast to devour me, and I subconsciously dodged.

"Why do you look so humiliated?" Charles stopped kissing me all of a sudden, and ordered, "Smile."

'What does he think of me? Do I seem like a prostitute from a nightclub?'

Thinking of that, I glared at him, not willing to compromise at all.

"What? You got a problem with that?" Charles raised his eyebrows at me.

I shrunk like a deflated ball under the pressure of his domineering question.

I knew that I had no choice but to compromise for the sake of my children.

"Okay. As long as you allow me to accompany the children," I said, clenching my teeth.

"Do you really think that you're qualified to negotiate with me?" There was a contemptuous look in his eyes, which made me feel like a plaything that he was going to use to satisfy his desires.

It was true that I was not qualified to negotiate with him about it, but what else was I supposed to do?

I couldn't help but smile bitterly, thinking about it.

"Scarlett, you'd better not be demanding. I've already been very kind to you by letting you see the kids,

so don't try to push your luck."

I was their mother, but I was forbidden to see them, which made my heart sink deep into the abyss.

How pathetic my life was!

Charles' POV:

Scarlett loosened her arms around my neck, looking ghostly pale. It seemed as though she had lost all hopes.

Seeing her like that, I felt a little uncomfortable. "Scarlett, how are you going to please me with that long face?"

Without saying anything, she turned away.

'She doesn't even want to please me, does she?'

I looked away, and my gaze fell upon her sexy cleavage and I felt my breath getting heavier.

"Scarlett, if you put on a long face again, I will..."

Before I could even finish my words, I felt her soft lips on mine.

Scarlett closed her eyes as she kissed me. Her face was so close to mine that I could see her eyelids quivering.

However, she boldly used her tongue to pry into my mouth and twirled it.

But it did not feel like a passionate kiss at all. It felt more like a baby beast learning to chew with new teeth.

Although I was complaining in my heart, I couldn't help but indulge myself in her unskillful kiss, which was making my heart race.

'How can this be counted as a kiss?'

We had kissed countless times before. How could she still be a novice?

'Silly girl!' I had no choice but to take control.

I pushed Scarlett onto the bed, wrapping one hand around her waist while holding her head with the other.

I instantly took charge, sucked her tongue, trapping it between my lips and teeth. I then bit her tender lips, sucking her saliva until I felt her gasping for breath and pushing me away.

I was holding back my desire a lot as I leaned backwards a little and saw that her face was red as a sun-kissed tomato.

She quickly put her arms around my neck shyly, trying to kiss me again, but I dodged deliberately. "Did I allow you to kiss me? You are not allowed to kiss me. Do you understand?"

Scarlett pursed her lips and put down her arms.

"Okay."

Her lips were red and swollen by my kiss, like a ripe cherry. The moment she gently pressed her lips together, my mind went crazy for more, and I could not wait to turn off the lights.

'What a temptress.'

Holding her in my arms, I kissed and sucked on every part of her body, except for her lips while indulging myself in her soft moans.

The intense sex made me temporarily forget the love-hate relationship between us, and it felt like we were the only two people in the universe.

After the sex, I lay on bed, holding Scarlett in my arms, enjoying the aftertaste.

I sensed that she was trying to escape while I was half-asleep.

'Isn't she exhausted? Where is she trying to go now?'

I pulled her back into my arms, displeased. "Where are you going? Sleep here tonight."

"I want to see Jerry and Jason." Her voice was weak and sore.

"The nanny will take care of them. You don't have to worry."

"But I want to be with them," Scarlett insisted.

Was she really that eager to be rid of me?

I wrapped my arms around her waist tightly and said firmly, "Sleep now."

After that, Scarlett finally gave up.

The next morning when I woke up, I felt the bed, and saw that she was not there.

Where did she go?

I immediately felt awake and sat up. I could tell that she was not in the room.

'Where has that woman gone now?'

I quickly got out of the bed and walked out at once, without even putting on my clothes. As soon as I opened the door, I saw Scarlett walking out of the kids' room, holding Jerry in her arms.

"Why are you here?"

"Why don't you go and put some clothes on?"

We spoke at the same time, but I forgot to lower my voice, which frightened Jerry.

Pouting his lips, it seemed like he was about to cry, so Scarlett coaxed him, "Honey, it was Mom and Dad's fault. We're sorry for scaring you."

Seeing how gentle she was with the kids, I could not help but get furious.

She did not care about me at all, and only valued her kids. She would not hesitate to abandon me at any time.

Holding back my anger, I walked to the master bedroom, but just before I closed the door, I shouted at her, "Give Jerry to the nanny, and come with me!"

Scarlett reluctantly handed the baby to the nanny and slowly walked into the bedroom.

"Who allowed you to see the baby?"

Scarlett's face turned deathly pale. She leaned against the door, afraid to even step forward.

"Charles, what more do you want?"

Chapter 368

Scarlett's POV:

I was clearly furious when I saw that Charles was trying to go back on his words, but there was nothing that I could do to fight him now.

"Didn't you say that you would let me see the kids if I pleased you?" I muttered in a low voice, hanging my head.

Charles walked up to me, lowered his head, leaned closer, and asked, "What did I say? I want you to tell me very clearly."

His deep seductive voice, and his hot breath made me feel numb all over. Although he was only casually standing in front of me, it was enough to make me lose my composure.

I couldn't let things continue to be that way.

Gazing at his bare feet, I reminded him in a low voice, "You forget to wear your slippers. They're beside the bed."

I was clearly trying to evade the topic.

"I know where they are. You don't have to remind me."

Just when I was expecting him to turn around and grab his slippers, he pressed his arms against the door, trapping me.

"Scarlett, you haven't answered my question yet. What did I say?"

I could feel his sharp gaze piercing through me, and I did not dare to look up.

Why did he have to make me say it?

"You told me that I have nothing to worry about, and that as long as I please you in bed, you will allow me to see the kids." Closing my eyes, I threw away my sense of shame to the wind.

"And do you think you have completed your task?"

I looked up at him subconsciously, and saw that there was still only coldness in his eyes.

"As you can see, you have not made me happy yet, so why were you holding my son?"

His face was barely an inch away from mine, and his tone was very domineering.

"Anyway, you can't see the kids without my permission. Do you understand?"

"Charles, don't push it!"

According to him, as long as he did not allow me to see the kids, I could never see them.

It was so unreasonable, and I felt like he was bullying me.

"Yes, I am bullying you, oppressing you, and even humiliating you. If you don't want to take it, you can always walk away. No one will try to stop you,"

Charles said in a mean tone. He was confident that I would do anything for the sake of the kids, and he was not wrong. I really could not afford to take the risk.

Until now, I had been concealing the pain in my heart. It was the only way in which I could bring myself to survive.

However, there was a sharp knife that was piercing through the protective barrier that I had put up around my heart. Grievance took over me like a wave, and my eyes were wet with tears.

"If you dare to even shed a single drop of tear in front of me, I will not let you see the kids for a month as punishment," Charles threatened me with a frown.

"Charles, you are such a jerk!"

Furious, I could not think about anything else and I pushed him away hard.

Surely, I was just making a rash attempt. He grabbed my hands so tightly that I began to cry instantly from the pain.

"Is it really that hard for you to please me? We've been together for years. Don't you know what I like?" he questioned me aggressively.

I obviously knew what would make him happy, but I could not bring myself to do what he wanted.

"Why are you crying so much now? Isn't there anything that you can do apart from crying? I just want you to please me, and not to..."

"Charles, how can you so blatantly say that you were not happy last night? When you were on top of me..."

Thinking of our wild sex from the night before, the words got stuck in my throat and I could not speak.

"What did I do lying on top of you?"

Charles asked knowingly as he moved his face closer to mine.

I resented him so much now that I could not help but grit my teeth. If only I had been stronger, I would have punched him in his handsome face.

I glared at him for several seconds before I turned away in silence.

All of a sudden, I felt a sharp pain in my jaw that was caused by Charles forcing me to look at him.

"Scarlett, look at me! It is an order."

I stubbornly lowered my eyes, not wanting to obey.

The next second, Charles raised my chin, and said, "If you don't look at me now, you will never be allowed to see the kids."

My children were always my weakness. I had no choice but to look at him now.

"You look really delicious when you're angry. How about we continue in bed?" Charles suddenly said with a mischievous smile.

I blushed instantly. He was an animal! My body was still hurt from our last night's wild sex. How could he still want to continue?

Thinking of our fierce sex from the previous night, I trembled subconsciously.

"Why do you look so scared? I don't want to have sex now. However, you have to promise to be on call from now on, and once I am done with you, I want you to go to the opposite room to sleep. I do not want to sleep in the same bed with a woman who always thinks about leaving me. Do you understand?"

When I heard those heartless words, my heart froze like it had been thrown into a bottomless ice river.

Clearly, he was asking me to be a sex slave for him, but I did not care about that now. All I wanted to know was if he would let me see my kids.

"When can I see the babies?" I asked numbly.

Charles raised his eyebrows at me and asked, "Didn't you just see Jerry?"

"That's what you promised me." Tears welled up in my eyes again.

"I will let you see them every day, if I am satisfied with your performance in bed, but I am not sure if you're cut out for it."

"I am, and I will do it."

"Are you sure?"

He looked at me ambiguously, making me feel as though I was stripped naked in front of him, which made me blush at once.

"Let's see. Don't be like the way you were last night, or I might feel like I am fucking a dead fish."

'A dead fish?'

If that was true, then why was he holding this 'dead fish' so excitedly and refusing to let go the whole night?

"Deal!"

I hissed through clenched teeth.

That week, Charles called me to bed every night, torturing me with sex as he dragged me into an abyss of desire. And once he was done fucking me, he would coldly say, "You can get out now."

Whenever I heard those words, I would obediently tidy myself up and run to the children's room.

All my grievances would fade away when I saw the lovely sleeping faces of my babies. They were the only reason I was able to endure Charles' verbal and physical tortures every day.

And I continued to be his sex slave for a long time until the day he had to leave on a business trip. That was the day I felt like I had a moment of freedom.

[Chapter 369 Plane Crash](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The first night after Charles had left, I tossed and turned in bed all night long. Our argument a few days ago was still fresh in my memory as if it had just happened yesterday.

Restless, I sat up and picked up my phone to check the time. It was already four o'clock in the morning, yet here I was, still wide awake.

While I was scrolling through my newsfeed, a headline caught my attention. I read through it and found that the plane N873GK bound for BL had crashed at one o'clock this morning. The rescue team had confirmed that thirty-five people had died in the crash.

My phone slipped from my hand upon reading this. My mind went blank for a moment, and I felt as though I had been struck by lightning.

Wasn't N873GK the flight Charles had taken?

It couldn't be. It was impossible!

A sinking feeling emerged in my heart. Well, thanks to this, I snapped back to reality. Where was the remote control? There must have been a mistake!

I jumped out of bed and fumbled for the remote control with trembling hands. It was on the sofa. As soon as I saw it, I picked it up and turned the TV on.

The news anchor was broadcasting the tragedy with a heavy heart. As she spoke, the number of deaths increased by the minute. And now, the death toll had climbed to 105.

Shell-shocked, I sat motionless on the sofa while staring at the TV screen with lifeless eyes. The rising death toll numbed my heart.

But what I was worried about the most was that God would pronounce Charles's death the next second. If that moment came, my heart and soul would die with him.

I lived like a walking dead in the following week. There was still no news about Charles until now. We had no idea if he was still alive.

My reason told me that there was no hope that he would return, but I forced myself to believe in the minuscule possibility that he was just out there.

I saw with my own eyes that the Moore family had turned upside down overnight. When Grandpa and Grandma heard that Charles's plane had crashed, their blood pressure spiked, which caused them to faint. Fortunately, they were rushed to the hospital in time. Alice's face bathed in tears every day, and there were deep and dark circles under her eyes. Only Lawrence managed to remain calm and composed among the whole family.

A few days later, I decided to move back to the Moore mansion with the kids.

One day, Richard came back at last.

I immediately walked up to him and eagerly asked, "How's the investigation going?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Moore. I still haven't got any news about Mr. Moore."

All of a sudden, a loud noise came from the door. I looked in the direction of the sound and saw a young and beautiful woman.

"Scarlett, you're a fucking bane. You're the one who should have died!"

I stood petrified on the spot as a huge Hermes bag closed in on me, along with an array of insults. Before I could even react, Richard strode in front of me at a lightning speed and protected me from being hit by the bag.

It was only then that I saw the woman's face. She looked like Charles, but her features were softer and feminine. She was like a thorny rose, fierce yet delicate.

"Chloe?" I uttered in surprise.

This woman was Charles's sister, the only daughter of the Moore family, Chloe Moore.

"Shut up! You don't deserve to call my name! If it weren't for you, our family wouldn't have gotten into trouble one after another!"

The more Chloe spoke, the more enraged she became. In a fit of anger, she rushed over to hit me, but Richard jumped to his feet and grabbed her hand.

"Miss Moore, please calm down," he urged.

"Who are you? How dare you stop me?! Go away!" Chloe bellowed while glaring at Richard.

However, Richard remained unmoved. He just stood in front of me like a loyal knight and calmly explained, "Before Mr. Moore went on a business trip, he ordered me not to let anyone hurt Mrs. Moore. I'm just following his order."

Chloe looked at him from head to toe with utter disdain and sneered. "You should know that this woman got Charles killed. You should kill her instead of defending her! This woman brings nothing but misfortune. Not only her own parents died because of her, but she also brought disaster to our family. I want her to pay for my brother's life!"

Her vicious words echoed in the living room, and all I could do was stand there in a daze.

Was I really a bane?

Did I really cause those misfortunes?

Remorse washed over me because of what Chloe had just said.

"Miss Moore, the search and rescue haven't stopped yet. Mr. Moore can still be alive," Richard reminded.

"Bullshit! If Charles is still alive, where is he? Answer me! Where is my brother?" Chloe fired back with tears streaming down her face.

I heaved a heavy sigh and said in a low and weak voice, "Let her go, Richard."

Richard looked at me worriedly, but he did not question my order. The moment he released Chloe's hand, she rushed to me and slapped me.

"Mrs. Moore!" Richard exclaimed.

Before I knew it, there was a searing pain on one side of my face. Chloe had slapped me. And judging from the pain, she did not hold back. My face must be red and swollen right now.

Chloe raised her hand again to slap me for the second time, but Richard stopped her.

"Enough!"

She shook off his hand and took two steps back. "Scarlett, let's wait and see. If anything happens to my brother, I will make you pay," she warned through gritted teeth.

I just looked at Chloe, who was hysterical and fuming with anger, and said nothing.

It was time for me to leave.

Without a word, I turned around and went upstairs to pack my things.

I finished packing about an hour later. When I went down, I saw Alice and Chloe on the sofa, hugging each other. They both had tears in their eyes, most probably from grieving for their lost loved one.

When Alice saw me, she stood up and asked, "Scarlett, why are you leaving?"

"I... I want to move back to Garden Street for the time being. Please let me know if you get any news about Charles."

"Scarlett, you don't have to—"

"Mom, don't ask her to stay," Chloe interjected. "She'd better get out of here. And don't let her take the kids. They belong to the Moore family."

Alice looked at Chloe with a disapproving look. "Chloe, don't be so rude to Scarlett..."

"Mom, don't you think she has done enough harm to our family?" Chloe pouted and acted like a spoiled child. Meanwhile, Alice avoided eye contact with me in embarrassment.

I endured the pain and forced a smile. "It's okay. I won't bring the kids. Just please let me know if they cry and call for me."

With tearful eyes, Alice nodded understandingly. "Thank you, Scarlett."

Just as I was about to go out with my luggage in tow, Janet followed me.

"You should go back, Janet," I said before I walked out of the door.

"Scarlett..." Janet protested.

"Please? Just think that you're looking after the children for me."

Janet's eyes turned red. As she saw that I would not budge, she lowered her head and finally agreed.
"Okay."

Janet's POV:

After Scarlett left, I kept my promise and took good care of her three children.

But without their mother, they would cry for a long time before they fell asleep.

James was a little older, so he was sensible. Jerry and Jason, however, were not. They were still babies, after all. My heart ached every time I saw them in the swaddle, crying until their voices became hoarse.

I had made up my mind. One day, when I saw Lawrence walk into the study, I followed him and blocked his way.

"Mr. Moore, please let me take the kids to see Scarlett. They haven't seen their mother for a long time. They wouldn't stop crying every night."

I looked at Lawrence expectantly, hopeful that he would agree for the sake of the children.

Just as I had anticipated, Lawrence sighed and nodded in agreement. "You're right. Kids shouldn't be separated from their mothers for too long."

I was ecstatic that he had agreed to my request.

"Thank you very much. Scarlett and the kids will appreciate it," I replied, too excited to speak with utmost politeness.

Lawrence waved his hand in response and added, "Please tell Scarlett that if she needs anything, she can come to me at any time."

Without a word, I looked into his deep and wise eyes, bowed deeply, and turned to leave.

[Chapter 370 If The Moore Family Doesn't Want You, I Want You](#)

Scarlett's POV:

A few days had passed, and there was still no news about Charles.

Sitting on the sofa dejectedly, I turned around, hugged Tracy, and cried bitterly.

"There, there. Don't cry." Holding me softly, she comforted me.

"Okay." After a while, I sniffled, and wiped away my tears.

I couldn't cry now.

I should cheer up and wait for Charles to come back.

While I was talking to her, I heard my phone ring.

I glanced at the caller ID and saw that it was from William.

After hesitating for a while, I answered the phone.

"Scarlett, are you okay?" I heard his deep voice from the other end of the line, and he seemed to be a bit worried.

"I'm fine," I replied with a faint smile.

"You still have not heard any news about Charles?"

At the mention of Charles' name, I began to cry again.

It had been a long time since the accident, and there was still no news of him.

But for some reason, I firmly believed that he was still alive.

"No news is good news, right? He'll be fine," William comforted me in a low voice.

"He can't die yet! We still have a lot to solve!" I said in a firm voice, gripping my phone in my hand tightly.

"Charles and I also have a lot to sort out," William echoed in a low voice.

Lowering my head, I fell silent.

After all, William had offended Charles many times because of me.

Thinking of the past, I felt pain engulfing my heart.

"Anyway, I am glad to hear that you're doing okay. I was worried that you might become depressed like the last time when Rita hurt James," William said in a low voice after a long moment of silence.

"Thank you for your concern. I can take care of myself." With a grateful smile, I hung up.

That moment, the doorbell rang, and I immediately stood up to open the door.

Janet and Richard were outside the door, holding my kids. They both seemed to be concerned.

My eyes turned red with excitement the moment I saw the kids.

"Janet, Richard! How do you bring the kids back?"

"Scarlett, we brought them over to keep you company. They miss you very much." Janet smiled gently as she handed me the baby.

I was moved when I saw how worried they were.

I smiled with satisfaction that night when I saw the kids sound asleep on the bed.

After kissing them on their foreheads gently, I walked out of the room, and locked myself in the study.

Curling up on the sofa, I read the last text that Charles had sent me before the accident. He had mentioned that he wanted to talk to me about something after he returned.

Looking at it, tears streamed down my cheeks.

Hours later, I fell asleep.

I saw Charles motionlessly lying on an iceberg in my dream.

The ice cold wind, and the snow kept raging over his skin, but he did not wake up.

"Charles, wake up! Please wake up..."

I rushed to him and kept calling out to him, but it did nothing at all.

I had dreamed that dream for many nights.

The next day was family gathering day. Michael sent a car to pick us up.

So I took the kids to the Moore mansion.

However, when we arrived there, Chloe blocked me outside.

"You don't have to come in. Just leave the kids." She raised her head, looking at me arrogantly.

"Fine, then. Please tell them that I will pick up the kids tomorrow."

Her contemptuousness was indeed annoying me.

But since I was not in the mood to argue with her, I had no choice but to compromise.

By the time I got home, I saw Janet and Tracy preparing dinner, and Richard was helping them.

An indescribable sense of bitterness filled my heart when I looked at the table that was filled with a variety of delicious food.

That moment, my phone in my coat pocket rang.

Wiping away my tears, I took it out.

A hint of surprise flashed through my eyes when I saw William's name on the screen.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Scarlett, were you driven out of the Moore mansion?" His voice was full of anger.

"How do you know about that?" I asked in surprise.

"Do you mind if I join you? I'm right outside your door."

Although I was a little startled to hear that, I quickly walked across the living room to open the door.

William was indeed standing outside the door.

He was well-dressed, but there was a hint of dejection in his eyes.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Do I look like a stray dog to you?" He looked down at himself with a smile of self-mockery.

"Why are you here?" I asked in confusion.

William followed me with a helpless sigh and said, "I'm a stranger to this city, so there's no difference for me no matter where I spend the night. I took the liberty to come here because I believe we're friends, and I hope you don't mind it."

He then sat down beside us and watched us prepare dinner.

After a long time, he looked at me seriously, and said, "Scarlett, if the Moore family doesn't want you,

then let me have you."

Janet and Tracy suddenly looked up and stared at him vigilantly.

"Don't make things worse." Shaking my head helplessly, I refused politely.

"Scarlett, I'm being serious. We still don't know if Charles is dead or alive, and the Moore family is already trying to kick you out. What would be your stand in his family if he already died?" William frowned with concern.

"Miss Moore was the only one who was cold to Scarlett. The others did not hurt her in any way," Tracy explained anxiously.

"Scarlett is Charles's wife and the mother of his children. Why is she at home on family gathering day with her bodyguards instead of with her family at the Moore mansion?" William asked coldly.

The bodyguards lowered their heads in silence.

Looking at them, William could not help but sneer.

"Can't defend the Moores anymore, right?"

Scarlett, now is the best time for you to leave. And I will help you with that if you want," he said in a sincere tone, looking at me.

"Mr. Moore has not been found yet, and it is not wise to be making hasty decisions now," Richard said coldly as he walked out of the kitchen with a dish in his hand.

"And what if you're never able to find him?"

"William, if you're going to keep talking nonsense, then I suggest you get out!" I scolded him seriously.

His words were like a sharp knife, stabbing my heart, making me burst into tears.

He opened his mouth and was about to defend himself, but after a moment, he remained silent.

There was an awkward silence in the room.

A long time later, he stood up from the sofa.

"Where are you going?" I asked hurriedly.

"I am going where I should have been. Take care, Scarlett. See you." With a faint smile, he picked up his coat and was about to leave.

"William." I stopped him.

Hearing that, he turned to look at me.

"I wish you a happy life."

William looked down in disappointment, smiling bitterly.

He waved to me and left without turning back.

After he left, I looked around the house.

It was a place filled with sweet memories of me and Charles.

We used to snuggle up to each other in the living room, whispering in each other's ears...

As I curled up on the couch, tears began to stream down my cheeks again.