

## **Warning 381**

### [Chapter 381 Unfriendly Visitors](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The pain coming from my waist gradually disappeared, but I still looked haggard.

I glanced at Christine's ward number before leaving the hospital in silence.

In the car, I called Edward. "Dad, can you tell Hugo that I want his help right now? I heard that Christine isn't feeling well."

As I leaned against the seat, I felt powerless.

Even though I hated Charles with every fiber of my being, I could never ignore the fact that Christine was ill.

She had always treated me as though I was her own granddaughter.

Thus, when I heard she was ill, I felt anxious.

My sudden departure must've been hard for Christine, but I had no choice at the time.

Elena could tell what was on my mind, so she patted my shoulder in an attempt to comfort me.

"Christine is a good person. You said that she's always been kind to you, right? God will bless her. She'll recover soon."

"I agree. Christine is a strong and gentle woman," I concurred, putting on a smile.

Christine's loving appearance appeared in my mind, and it brought a sliver of warmth to my heart.

"Caroline, you are also strong and kind," Elena replied.

"I'm strong, but I am not kind; at least not anymore. Some say that good people are often taken advantage of by bad ones. If that saying is true, then I'd rather be one of the bad ones. I'll become more evil than any one of them. I'll trample them underfoot and make them eat their own shit!" A wry smile appeared on my lips, and my eyes were filled with sadness, hatred, and resentment for all who had wronged me.

Elena frowned, visibly disgusted.

I was amused by her reaction. "Do you feel sick because of what I said? What those people did to me was beyond disgusting. Their black hearts are dirtier than the shittiest mires in existence."

The smile on my face gradually disappeared, and my face turned cold.

I could never forget how Charles used my children to blackmail me just to satisfy his carnal desire. He loved Rita, a devil woman who almost killed James. And now, he was going to marry Raina.

All of these things were incredibly disgusting.

Now that I had returned, I was determined to put a stop to certain people's good days.

'As long as I'm alive, I will haunt them to ends of the earth!' I promised myself.

Soon, we arrived at West Bank Manor.

This was the villa that Edward bought for me. It was the best property available along the west coast.

There were many guards stationed within and outside the villa, so it was well-secured.

The second I got out of the car, I saw Nancy. I hadn't seen this bitch in a long time.

She was wearing a white dress, stomping her way towards me with a snarl on her ugly mug.

"Scarlett, is that really you? You're really back?"

Nancy stood before me, eyeing me up and down before scoffing at my face.

"You suddenly disappeared a year ago. I thought you were dead! What a pity! You must've heard that Charles is going to marry Raina now. If I can't have him, neither can you!"

"At the very least, Charles and I used to be married. But what about you? Even though he and I are no longer in a relationship, you still have a rival in love, and it's now Raina." It was so funny for me to see Nancy acting as though she was shrewd.

She shot me a glare, raising her hand and intending to slap my face.

But before she could even do that, Elena came just in time to grab her wrist. Nancy struggled to break free from Elena's grasp, and in the end, she accidentally slapped herself.

Nancy was stupefied. Not a second later, a red palm print on her face was seen.

I leaned against the car, crossing my arms.

"My dear Miss Wood, why did you just slap yourself? Is this some sort of new greeting?" There was a triumphant smile on my face as I said those words to her.

"How dare you hit me, Scarlett? Don't you know who I am now?" Enraged, Nancy covered her face.

"Miss Wood, you are blaming me for something I didn't do! I've been standing here the whole time. Weren't you the one who hit yourself earlier? I mean, just look at your own hand! It's as red as your face. That's called an equal opposite reaction. Have you not learned physics in high school?" I retorted, scoffing at her.

As I looked at her arrogant face, my heart sank when I realized something.

'How cowardly was I to let myself be bullied by this stupid bitch?'

"You bitch!" Nancy was rendered speechless and her face turned red with rage.

I could sense her hatred from the way she was looking at me.

"If you want to cause trouble for me, you should go home and read some more books first," Having said that, I began to walk away.

"Scarlett, why did you even return? Just because you're back, that doesn't mean Charles will want you again. He and Raina are in love! You're the other woman now!" Nancy shouted from behind me. I could tell that she was irked by my attitude.

I walked onward without looking back.

'The other woman? Me?'

This is just ridiculous!

Did she forget how she tried to seduce Charles while we were still married? How dare she accuse me of being the other woman of my marriage with my husband?' I remarked inwardly.

Raina's POV:

During the evening, a heavy downpour of rain began pouring.

Because of that, many of the guests were stranded on the road.

The banquet couldn't go on any longer with Charles being there, so we had to conclude the party earlier than scheduled.

In my attempt to catch up with Charles, I accidentally sprained my ankle and had to limp-walk home.

The second my feet entered the premises of the house, I began shouting curses. "This is all that Scarlett's fault! She ruined my birthday party! Why didn't she die?"

"Hey, Raina! Keep your voice down, will you? You shouldn't speak ill of Miss Wilson in public. I'm sure you understand the consequences of doing so, right?" My father warned sternly.

"Miss Wilson, you say? She's a fraud!" I countered.

When I thought of how Charles pushed me away and chose Scarlett, I felt resentful.

"Raina, are you sure you didn't mistake Miss Wilson for someone else?" my mother asked with a frowned, seemingly conflicted.

"Well, of course! Even if I made a mistake, Charles never would. They've been married for so many years. He'll be able recognize her from a mile away!" I retorted angrily.

"If what you're saying is true, then this is a tough nut to crack," said my father.

"Do you think we'll get into trouble? Why are you so afraid of Scarlett?" I really couldn't understand why he seemed apprehensive.

"I'm not scared of her. I'm scared of her backer, the Wilson family. Scarlett returned so suddenly, as the daughter of the Wilson family even. I'm sure that she came here with bad intentions in mind." My father sighed, visibly concerned.

Confused, I frowned and asked, "Do you think she's coming for us?"

"You should not have offended her. Because of the Wilson's Group ambition to conquer the business world, they have set up a branch in Los Angeles in a short span of time. I'm afraid we'll be having a hard time in the future."

### [Chapter 382 Three Hundred Million Dollars](#)

Charles's POV:

The sky was overcast, and a thunderstorm was brewing.

I stood in front of the window and lit a cigarette.

The smell of nicotine calmed my nerves and alleviated my searing headache.

All of a sudden, my phone rang. I immediately picked it up and answered the call.

"How is it going? Have you found anything?" I asked Richard without beating around the bush.

"Sir, Miss Wilson's identity is indeed suspicious," Richard answered at once.

My heart skipped a beat upon hearing this.

"Send me the information. I'll read it myself. Then, I want you to look into what happened to Scarlett when she 'died'. Examine her medical records if you must," I ordered sternly. As soon as I finished speaking, I hung up the call without waiting for Richard's reply.

I put my phone aside and then checked my email to carefully read the file Richard had sent.

According to his investigation, Caroline was Edward Wilson's only child. She was arrogant and domineering, the exact opposite of Scarlett.

Apparently, Caroline had lived with Edward since she was a child.

The more I read, the more depressed I felt.

For a moment, I suppressed my anger and frustration and sent Richard a message.

"Is this all?"

"Wilson's family is too mysterious. Aside from that, I've only found out that Mr. Wilson has a secret affair with a rising star named Olivia. It is said that she and Miss Wilson don't get along," Richard quickly replied.

I tried my best to remain calm. But deep inside, I was on the verge of breaking down.

I was dying to know everything about what happened to Scarlett. I wanted to know why she suddenly disappeared a year ago and why she did not even deal with the divorce procedures herself.

I wondered where she had been the past year. Was she living a good life?

A few moments later, Richard sent another message in which he asked, "Sir, I'm curious about Miss Wilson and Mrs. Moore's relationship. Are they twins?"

"No. They're the same person. You've known Scarlett for years. Don't you feel a sense of familiarity with Miss Wilson?"

"Then why is she pretending that she doesn't know us? Does she have an unspeakable reason for doing that?"

Annoyed, I turned the phone off and closed my eyes.

My head ached once again. It was excruciating as if something was desperately tearing my nerves over and over again.

The corners of my mouth twitched at Richard's question.

How could Scarlett have any unspeakable reason?

I bet she just did not want to have anything to do with me anymore.

Perhaps she had come back to take revenge on me.

I could live with that. That would mean she had come for me.

As long as I could see her, I was happy no matter what price I had to pay.

While I was in deep thought, my phone rang yet again.

"Hello?"

"Sir, there's news from the hospital. Dr. Neame has asked someone to pick up your grandmother's case."

I stood up from the sofa excitedly. "Has Hugo finally agreed to save my Grandma?"

"Yes, but it comes with a price."

"I don't care how much he wants. I'll give him the money."

It did not matter to me how much he wanted as long as he could save Grandma.

"He wants three hundred million dollars," Amy said in a hushed voice.

"I don't care how much I'll have to pay as long as Grandma can be cured."

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that I saw your wife in the hospital the other day."

"Where?" I asked at once.

"At the end of the corridor of the Department of Neurosurgery. You were sitting by the door of the ward when she passed by. But at that time, you had a terrible headache, so I was unable to tell you," Amy replied in a low voice.

I was astonished. When I heard that Scarlett was in the area, my heart pounded wildly in my chest.

"Not long after Mrs. Moore left the hospital, they informed me that Dr. Neame is interested in your grandmother's case."

I frowned. It was too coincidental to be a coincidence.

"Mrs. Moore was in France for several years. Does she happen to know Dr. Neame? If so, what a coincidence!"

"Maybe," I replied in a low voice.

I agreed with Amy's speculation.

It seemed that Scarlett still cared about my family.

She had not changed. She was still softhearted, just like before.

For the first time, a glimmer of hope lit up my heart.

'Scarlett, I will find you, and I will get you back.'

Scarlett's POV:

It was raining heavily outside the window. I stayed in the room and looked through Christine's medical records.

While I was busy reading, Nina suddenly called.

I picked up the phone and answered the call. "Hello."

"Caroline, how is everything going?" Nina asked with a chuckle.

I smiled mysteriously. "Guess what."

"Are you sure that your ex-husband will give you three hundred million dollars?" Nina asked in disbelief.

"If he doesn't, I won't save his Grandma." I chuckled with feigned indifference.

Truth be told, I had carefully studied Christine's case.

Hugo had written detailed notes on the files, which could be easily read and understood, even if a person had little medical knowledge.

After a moment's silence, I reminded her, "Nina, don't tell anyone that I'm back,"

"Don't worry. I won't," Nina sincerely promised.

After hanging up the phone, I put the records on the desk and turned around to leave. But then, I accidentally knocked over a picture frame.

It was a family photo.

I was with Charles and was holding my children with a bright and innocent smile.

My gaze shifted to Charles's face, which I had crossed out in anger.

All of a sudden, my mood darkened as I recalled the past.

At this moment, a knock came at the door, interrupting my thoughts.

"Come in." I put the picture frame back to its place and turned to look at the door.

Elena came in with a tray in her hand. "Caroline, would you like some sandwiches?" she asked with a smile.

I stood up and walked over to her. My irritable mood disappeared in an instant when I saw what she was holding.

"They look so delicious. Thank you, Elena."

Elena scratched her head shyly and handed me a sandwich.

I immediately took a bite of it, and the taste of its filling burst in my mouth. "Hmm! This is so delicious. Elena, your cooking skills are getting better."

"Mr. Edward has just called and said that he has something important to tell you. It's urgent."

"I returned for the ecological park project on the west coast. I'll check it out in a few days. Tell him to rest assured. Since I'm the one who proposed that project, I'll be responsible for it until the end."

"Actually, he's not really concerned about that. But what he said has something to do with the project."

I looked at Elena in confusion.

"Mr. Edward is happy that you've taken over this project. But Mr. Adam..." Elena continued.

"Adam doesn't want me to take charge of this project, does he?"

Elena sighed heavily. "He got into a heated argument with Mr. Edward this morning. He said that you were too young to shoulder such a heavy responsibility."



"Adam has been throwing into a fit recently. Just reassure my dad for the time being. I'll deal with Adam myself." I leaned against the chair, and my lips curled into a sly smile.

### Chapter 383 You Really Got The Wrong Person

Scarlett's POV:

I worked late into the night to check and verify the information and updates on the west coast project. I was poring over some data when Elena rushed into the room.

"Caroline, I've found out which school James is going to."

In an instant, my mind went blank, and I dropped the documents I was holding.

"Really?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"Yes. He goes to Chadwick Kindergarten. That's great news, isn't it? You can come see him there tomorrow." Elena's face lit up with excitement.

"Finally, I can see my little boy."

I couldn't help raising my hands and covering my face. My eyes burned with tears of joy.

Early morning the next day, I jumped out of bed, washed up, and got dressed in an awful hurry. I couldn't wait to see James.

On the way to his school, I was both happy and nervous.

"It's been a year since I saw him last, Elena. Do you think he'll remember me?" I asked, miserably failing to mask the worry in my voice.

"Of course he will. James is your son. He won't forget you. Don't worry," Elena comforted me.

Before long, I was in front of the school gate.

It was at least fifteen minutes before classes began, so there were many parents saying goodbye to their kids at the gate. In the crowd, Charles's handsome face jumped at me, and without meaning to, I locked eyes with him.

Damn it! What was he doing here?

This wasn't the best time for the world to turn small on us!

Charles walked through the crowd and headed straight for me.

My mind immediately went into shambles. If I tried to run now, he'd know that I was only pretending not to recognize him.

Charles stopped one meter away from me. He stared at me and asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you here to see James?"

No, I couldn't expose myself.

I gritted my teeth and answered, "You misunderstand, Mr. Moore. I'm simply passing by."

"I drive James to school myself every day now," Charles started and then continued, "In the past, I had promised my wife that I would take good care of her and our children, but I had broken that promise over and over because of my job. It's such a shame that she's not here anymore to see me keep my promises now."

A wave of sadness surged in my heart. Charles used to be very busy. Most of the time, either I or the servants drove James to school and picked him up at the end of the day. Now, Charles was finally acting like a real father.

But what was the point? It was a little too late now for me to be moved by such a change.

"Really? Well, that is a shame, Mr. Moore. Next time, maybe you can try not to make promises that you can't keep. That way, you won't waste time regretting," I said indifferently.

After a pause, I added, "Late affection is worthless, Mr. Moore. Don't you understand that?"

Charles's face turned pale instantly, and his bright eyes suddenly dimmed.

The pleasure of vengeance welled up in my heart. No one should cry over spilled milk, especially those who purposely tipped the glass.

Casting a cold glance at the absentminded Charles, I turned around and prepared to leave.

Suddenly, Charles grabbed my wrist and pulled me back.

"Do you really hate me this much, Scarlett?"

Charles's eyes were full of sadness and remorse, an emotional combination that I had never seen in his face before.

His eyes used to deceive me so easily, but looking into them now, even with them brimming with heartbreaking sorrow, all I could think about was the bitterness in my tongue.

"Mr. Moore, I've already told you. I'm not Scarlett. Please let me go."

Charles only tightened his grip on me, and I couldn't get rid of his hand.

I was completely annoyed and struggled hard. "I said let go of me! Haven't I made it clear to you last time? Or are you just too obsessed with your dead wife?"

Charles frowned and pursed his lips, but he still didn't loosen his grasp.

"No. You're Scarlett, aren't you? Tell me the truth! Scarlett, Scarlett..." The dejection on Charles's face suddenly got replaced by a crazed look that scared me. He grabbed onto my shoulders and kept calling me Scarlett.

Finally, I couldn't stand the drama anymore.

"Fuck off! I've told you a million times that I'm not Scarlett. Are you deaf?"

I glared at Charles. His eyes had turned red, and his hands had begun to tremble.

Then, my phone suddenly rang. I snapped back to my senses and pushed him away.

"Stop pestering me!" After saying that, I walked away.

I was in such a hurry to get rid of Charles that I bumped into a warm embrace.

"Scarlett?"

Hearing the familiar voice, I looked up and saw Spencer's beaming face.

Spencer excitedly grabbed my shoulders. "Oh, my God! Scarlett! Is that you?"

Seeing an old friend again, I had mixed feelings, but I had to pretend to be indifferent. I was no longer Scarlett.

"I'm sorry, sir. You got the wrong person."

"What? But how could that be? You're Scarlett. It's me, Spencer. Don't you remember me?"

I pushed Spencer away and said, "No. You really got the wrong person. Excuse me."

Then, I fled and mixed in with the crowd.

"Caroline, over here. I'll take you to the back gate to see James." Elena ran to me and held my hand.

We sneaked to the school's back gate. Through the gap in the fence, I saw James playing with other kids.

A year had passed. James had grown a little taller, and he was beginning to look more and more like Charles.

I just kept watching him from a distance, and I didn't want to leave until he was out of my sight.

After a long while, Elena told me, "It's time to go."

I came back to my senses. I couldn't stay. I still had a lot of things to attend to.

Taking a last look at James, I forced myself to turn around and leave.

I swore to myself that I would get my children back one day.

Charles's POV:

"Did you see that, Charles? That's Scarlett, right? She's really back," Spencer said and looked at me in shock.

Scarlett had already disappeared in the crowd.

"Why didn't she talk to me? Didn't she recognize my handsome face just now?" Spencer pressed.

"She just didn't want to talk to you."

"Why? I didn't wrong her in any way. You're the one who divorced her, remember?" Spencer looked a little offended.

"Just be happy that you saw her and she didn't curse you in the face."

I cast a cold glance at him, shoved down my disappointment, and asked, "What are you doing here anyway?"

"Oh, right. I almost forgot. Raina has been looking for you lately. Because she can't find you anywhere, she barges into my bar and harasses me," Spencer complained.

I lost my interest at once. "If she comes to you again, just ignore her."

"Yeah, because I totally haven't tried that already. Also, I heard that she went to the hospital today to visit Christine."

"What? Why didn't you lead with that? Let's go!"

I grabbed Spencer and headed straight to the hospital.

When we arrived at the ward, we found Raina standing beside Grandma's bed. I couldn't read Grandma's mood from her face.

"Charles. There you are." Raina walked briskly toward me with a surprised look on her face.

"Who allowed you to come here? Come on, let's talk outside."

I glared at Raina and towed her out of the ward.

"From now on, you are not allowed to visit my grandma here without my permission," I told her bluntly.

With an embarrassed look on her face, Raina sobbed, "But why? Charles, I just care about Christine's health. I've asked one of my friends to find a doctor that can help her, and she found one."

"No, thanks. Grandma already has a doctor. We don't need your help."

"Do you mean that doctor named Hugo Neame? I heard he's asking for three hundred million. He's insane. He's obviously trying to scam you," Raina exclaimed.

It turned out that she just cared about the money.

I flashed Raina a mocking stare. My disgust for her just reached a whole new height.

"I can afford my grandmother's hospital bills on my own. I'm not asking you to get involved financially, so you don't get to make the comments."

#### [Chapter 384 How Did Things Get So Bad](#)

Charles's POV:

Under my gaze, Raina lowered her head in guilt.

"Charles, Hugo is asking for three hundred million dollars. He's obviously trying to rip you off," Raina reminded me over and over again.

"How about you treat my Grandma yourself then?" I asked sardonically with a sneer at the corners of my mouth.

Raina fell stunned, but she regained her composure a few seconds later. "I'm... I'm not a doctor."

"Then shut the fuck up and leave."

Without waiting for her response, I turned around to go to the ward.

Raina wanted to follow me in. But before she could take another step, Spencer stopped her.

"Why are you still here? Don't you feel any shame? If you want to make yourself useful, go to Hugo and negotiate with him. I will admire you if you manage to persuade him to give us a discount or something." He slammed the door in her face, not in the mood to talk to her anymore.

Now that he had gotten rid of Raina, Spencer clasped his hands and sighed in relief. "At last, it's quiet now."

I did not bother to see Raina's reaction when Spencer gave her an idea. She would not be able to do it anyway.

At this moment, I sat on the chair by Grandma's bed and worriedly asked, "Grandma, are you feeling better? Don't worry. I won't let Raina bother you again."

"I heard that Scarlett has come back. Can you... can you bring her to see me?" Grandma asked weakly. As she spoke, her eyes were full of warmth and hope.

I was stunned, and bitterness filled my heart as I recalled what was going on between Scarlett and me.

But of course, I smiled at Grandma reassuringly and answered, "I will."

Scarlett's POV:

After checking on James, I went to follow the progress of the project I was working on on the west coast.

The scenery outside the car window passed by in a blur. All of a sudden, Charles's melancholic expression when I left crossed my mind, and the memories of our past consumed me once again.

When we were married, my heart was overflowing with my love for him. He, however, only cared about Rita.

Brokenhearted, I stayed in France for three years. But when I finally decided to let go and divorce him, he kept pestering me. I thought he was sincere this time, so I figured I could give him another chance. Wrong move. Just as I thought that things would get better between us, he broke me into pieces again.

Over the years, I suffered because of him. Not only did my health deteriorate, but I also got separated from my three children. As if that was not painful enough, I lost one of them forever.

My happy memories were swept by the wind. How did we end up like this?

"Caroline, it seems that the road ahead is under repair. We can't get through."

Elena's voice brought me back to reality.

"Stop the car. I'll get off and have a look at it."

I opened the door and got out of the car. The road was bumpy and muddy. There were workers to and fro, and several people were arguing loudly about something.

I frowned at the sight of the scene in front of me. Meanwhile, Elena walked up to one of the workers and asked, "Who's the person in charge here?"

A middle-aged man with a big belly walked over to us.

"Who are you? Why are you looking for me?"

I took out my business card and handed it to him. "I'm the person in charge of the Wilson Group. I'm here to ask why there's no progress in the project you're responsible for."

The man read the business card, and a fawning look suddenly appeared on his face. "Miss Wilson, I'm happy you've finally come. The thing is, we didn't delay the construction on purpose. It's just that this project can't go on. There's a problem with the project funds. We couldn't order the construction materials, and the workers weren't getting paid. That is why they go on strike. Because of all these things, how can the project go on smoothly?"

"That's a serious problem. Didn't you tell the company about this?"

"Of course, I did. I've talked to the superior several times, but the responses I get are ambiguous. They promised they'd handle it, but nothing happened," the man complained.

How could this be?

My intuition told me that something far more serious was behind this.

Without another word, I took out my phone and called my father.

"Dad, do you know why the project funds of the west coast ecological park always get cut off?" I asked without beating around the bush.

"What else could it be? Those parasites in the company always gnaw at the funds. Those greedy bastards!" he exclaimed in rage.

"Are you referring to Adam and his men?" I teasingly asked.

"You're so smart."

"As far as I know, the company still has working capital. But the problem is that Adam has his hands on it. He's obsessed with horses. Just recently, he wants to bid for a piece of land on the east bank so he could build a large racecourse there. A lot of companies are competing with him for the land. He must be strung out right now."

Dad snorted. "That bastard sets aside the betterment of the company for his own interest. Such a person shouldn't even be in that position."

"Don't worry, Dad. I know a way to make him spit the money out."

I had been itching to give Adam the taste of his medicine. He had been impressively dodging my attacks. Unfortunately for him, he happened to be in the line of fire this time.

"But if Adam comes to me, you have to protect me," I said with a jest to ease the atmosphere.

"Ha-ha! You better handle him yourself. I don't want to get myself involved."

The call ended shortly after. Just as I put away my phone, I got a call from the hospital.

"A lady named Raina Hill came to the hospital. She said she wants to talk to Doctor Neame."

I sneered in disdain. "Raina? Does she think she deserves to see Hugo? Dismiss her."

I hung up the phone as soon as I finished speaking.

Raina's POV:

I sat in the hospital director's office anxiously. I had asked him to bring Hugo over.

To me, that Hugo was nobody but a greedy man. How dare he ask for three hundred million dollars for a mere surgery? To impress Charles, I would do whatever it took to make Hugo lower his price.

A few moments later, the call between the director and Hugo ended.

"What did he say?" I asked eagerly.

"Doctor Neame said you're not worthy enough to see him," the director replied with a look of embarrassment.

I slammed the teacup on the table in a fit of anger. "How could that be? He's just a doctor. Why is he so full of himself? Isn't he afraid of offending the Hill family?"

"I don't think so," the director answered euphemistically.



I could no longer restrain my anger anymore. "I don't care what he says. I have to talk to him!"

"What happened here?"

The door suddenly opened, and Charles and Spencer came in.

What were they doing here?

The moment I saw Charles, I poured out my grievances to him. "Charles, Hugo has gone too far. I wanted to talk to him, but he said I wasn't worthy enough to see him."

Charles turned to look at me, and his icy cold gaze brought a chill down my spine. It felt like a sharp arrow going right at me. All of a sudden, my brain went blank, and words got stuck in my throat.

Meanwhile, Spencer sat on the sofa leisurely and whistled arrogantly. "That's too bad. It turns out that you can't even see him. I'm disappointed but not surprised. Well, what can I expect from someone who disrespects Miss Hill? I'm curious about this Hugo. He seems to be a cool guy."

I gritted my teeth to hold back my anger, but I could not take it anymore. "Spencer, do you really have to be sarcastic to me all the time? Besides, what's the big deal about that Hugo? He's just a doctor. Why don't you just find someone else?"

The more I spoke, the more enraged I felt. I was even on the verge of breaking down.

"Didn't you hear what the doctors said? The tumor in Christine's brain is located in a tricky location. Removing it will be extremely risky. Even the experts in neurosurgery don't dare to operate on her. Just the slightest mistake during the surgery will cause permanent and significant brain damage. And even if they finish the surgery, there's a chance that Charles's grandmother will be disabled for the rest of her life. In a word, the surgery must only be performed by the best among the best. Hugo Neame happens to be that person. Now, do you still think that he's just another doctor?" Spencer asked with a sneer tugging at the corners of his mouth.

My heart skipped a beat upon hearing his words. I took a look at Charles and saw that his face had turned gloomier.

Damn it! Why did I even say those words? What if I got on Charles's nerves again?

At the thought of this, I walked over to him and tried to talk my way out. "Charles, I didn't mean that. I—"

"Enough!" Charles interjected, "I've told you many times before that we have nothing to do with each other. You don't have to worry about my money. Just get the hell out of here."

I stared at him in disbelief. "How could we have nothing to do with each other? We will get married

eventually."

"No, we won't. I will never marry you. I only have one wife in my life, and that is Scarlett. You and I are nothing but business partners. Don't you ever forget your place."

Charles stared at me, not a hint of affection in his eyes.

How did things get so bad?

### [Chapter 385 Arrange The Operation](#)

Charles's POV:

I cast a cold glance at Raina, turned around, and left the office.

Raina hurried to catch up with me and yelled after me, "Charles, whether or not that woman is really Scarlett, it's obvious that she doesn't want to have anything to do with you anymore. Why can't you just forget about her?"

Raina's words felt like daggers in my heart.

I suddenly turned around and shot her a death glare.

She was so frightened that she took a step back. Her eyes glistened with panic, but she still said stubbornly, "I... I'm just telling the truth."

"How could you mention Scarlett in front of Charles, Raina? Do you have a death wish or something?" Spencer commented and pushed her away.

"Why can't I mention her? She divorced Charles and left. It's been a year. I don't understand why Charles is still hung up on her. Why can't he just be with me?" Raina complained in tears.

"You really don't know Charles at all. He hates being forced into doing anything. And are you serious, Raina? Your sister hurt Scarlett and almost killed James. How could you expect Charles to be with you? You're delusional," Spencer sneered.

"I didn't hurt Scarlett or her child. It was Rita. Why do I have to suffer for my sister's transgressions?" Raina reasoned, looking up at me.

"I know what you're up to, Raina. If you keep pestering me, I'll have the guards throw you out," I scolded her, restraining my impatience.

Raina's eyes were full of resentment and unwillingness, but she didn't dare to say anything more.

When I returned to the ward, I saw Grandma packing up her things.

I hurried in and asked, "Grandma, what are you doing?"

"I don't want to stay here anymore. Let's go home. If I sit around in this ward for one more day with all the restrictions and the pills, I'm going to explode. I want to go home and be with my three great-grandchildren. I miss them so much," Grandma chattered while packing up.

She managed to fold all her clothes and stuff them in her bag, but soon, she began to feel tired.

I hurried to help her sit on the edge of the bed and comforted her, "Grandma, I have contacted the internationally renowned neurosurgeon, Hugo Neame. He's a capable doctor. He can perform the operation on you and cure you."

"Is the operation risky? What happens if I refuse it?" Grandma asked worriedly.

"Grandma, please undergo the surgery. I'll bring Scarlett to see you if you do, alright?" I persuaded her, desperately keeping my voice steady.

"Really?" Grandma murmured and held my hand. Her eyes suddenly lit up.

I nodded seriously, suppressing my bitterness and guilt.

I had to convince my grandmother to go under the knife, but I didn't have the heart to tell her that even though Scarlett was back, she wasn't the same Scarlett that had once been our family. Not anymore.

Scarlett's cold eyes flashed in my mind. I wasn't sure if I could convince her to show herself to Grandma.

After calming Grandma down, I walked out of the ward and breathed a sigh of relief.

I contacted Hugo's people and transferred the money to the designated account for the surgery.

With a funny look on his face, Spencer put his hand over his chest and teased, "I must see this Hugo. He must be quite sensational if he's charging three hundred million dollars for one surgery. If he were a woman, I'd be bending over backward to win his heart."

"Did you really think that he'd pay attention to you if he were a woman? And why would you even try to court someone else? You have Vivian," I backfired and glanced at him in disdain.

"We're getting a divorce," Spencer faltered and hurriedly changed the subject, "How old is Hugo supposed to be? Fifty? I'm turning thirty this year. Then I will suffer a great loss! I guess this foreign doctor just wants to make a fortune from this operation and then retire right after!"

I pressed my lips together and kept silent.

After transferring the money to the designated account, Hugo's medical team informed me that they were going to arrive at the hospital tomorrow afternoon, and they did right on schedule.

Grandma grabbed my hand before one of the nurses rolled her into the operation room.

"Charles, where is my dear Scarlett?" Her voice was weak, but her eyes were full of expectation.

I didn't know how to answer.

My heart ached so much that I could hardly breathe.

"Christine, Scarlett can't make it today. But after you recover from your operation, I'll take you to see her, okay?" Spencer stepped forward and rescued me from my predicament.

Grandma nodded. Then, the nurse wheeled her into the operating room.

As the doors of the operating room swung shut, fear and anxiety began to swallow me from the inside out.

Spencer patted me on the shoulder to comfort me.

At this time, my father and my grandfather rushed over. They were both obviously in a state of disquiet.

"Has Mom gone in?"

"Yes," I answered and then asked with a frown, "Where's Mom? Didn't she come with you?"

"She stayed at home to watch over the kids," Dad explained.

I nodded and turned around. Seeing that Spencer was leaning against the door of the operating room and looking inside, I was confused.

"What are you doing, Spencer?" I asked, knitting my brows.

"I want to see this Hugo person. Why is he so mysterious?"

Indeed, Hugo was a mysterious character. He never showed himself in public. Even the hospital could only contact him through a middleman. I was also curious about who he was.

I especially sent Richard to investigate him before, but Richard wasn't able to glean anything apart from the well-known fact that Hugo was French.

Trying not to worry too much, I sat on the bench in the corridor outside the operating room. I struggled

to sit still and not to let my mind wander too far.

As the minutes ticked by, I only became more and more flustered.

'Grandma will get through this. She's a fighter,' I told myself.

Dad and Grandpa began to pace back and forth in front of the operating room.

My heart raced wildly, and I got butterflies in my stomach.

All the waiting drove me to the edge of my sanity, and soon, my head started aching.

If only Scarlett were here with me now.

I forced a bitter smile.

#### [Chapter 386 The Operation Was Successful](#)

Charles's POV:

Five hours later, the light of the operating room finally went out.

Dad exclaimed, "Charles, get up! Your Grandma is coming out!"

After sitting for five hours, I could hardly stand. My legs had fallen asleep, and I had to brace one hand against the wall for support.

The doors of the operating room swung open. Grandma was still unconscious on the bed when the nurse wheeled her out.

Dad, Grandpa, and I rushed over to her bedside.

"How'd she do?" Grandpa anxiously asked the nurse.

The nurse beamed, "She did very well. The operation is a raging success. The patient's tumor has been removed completely."

"Oh, that's great. Thank goodness," Grandpa heaved a sigh of relief.

While Grandpa spoke to the nurse, I whipped my head toward the operating room and saw a slender figure through the gap between the doors.

But before I could make out a face, the doors closed.

But why did that woman feel so familiar to me? Who was she?

"What are you looking at, Charles? Come on, let's go," Dad patted me on the shoulder.

I snapped back to my senses and shook my head.

The nurse took Grandma to the intensive care unit, and we followed. After telling us the dos and don'ts, the nurse turned to leave.

I reached out to stop her. "This is going to sound like a strange request, but will it be possible for me to meet Doctor Neame? He saved my grandmother. I want to thank him face to face."

"My son is right. Our family owes him, and we must thank him properly for saving one of ours," Dad echoed.

"I'm sorry, but Doctor Neame has left the building," the nurse told us regretfully.

"What? Already?" I was surprised.

"He really is mysterious," Grandpa sighed.

I left Dad and Grandpa to watch over Grandma while I went to the hospital director to talk about Grandma's follow-up treatment.

When I passed by the nurses' station, I heard the nurses whispering.

"Did you see that beautiful lady with Doctor Neame today? Who was she?"

"I heard that she was his translator. He doesn't speak English."

That familiar figure appeared in my mind again and lingered.

Could it be her? All of a sudden, my heart started racing.

I immediately took out my phone and sent a message to Richard.

"Have you found out anything about Caroline Wilson?"

He replied quickly, "I've gotten some pieces of important information."

Scarlett's POV:

When I got home from the hospital, I was so tired that I collapsed on the sofa.

But I was glad to see with my own eyes that Christine's surgery went amazingly well.

I couldn't help sending a message to Hugo to express my gratitude.

"Thank you for saving a very important person in my life."

Hugo replied a few moments later.

"It's a doctor's sworn duty to save lives and heal the afflicted, Scarlett. But I'm a little curious. Charles hurt you in the past. Why did you still help him this time?"

After a short pause, I replied, "I didn't do it for him. I did it for Christine. She's a good person. She treated me like her own granddaughter and showered my children with unconditional love. I owed her."

"I see. You are very kind indeed. If you need anything else, you know how to reach me."

I put down my phone and took a deep breath.

It was time to focus on my business.

Early morning the next day, I went to the east bank with Elena. I wanted to see the land that Adam was interested in.

There was no traffic on the way, so we arrived at the east bank in almost no time. Elena and I got out of the car and looked around. The place was deserted, and there wasn't a soul to be seen.

When we turned a corner, we came across a group of people.

Charles easily jumped out of that group, and my eyes instantly darted to him.

His eyes flashed with joy. "Miss Wilson, what a coincidence. What are you doing here?"

"Well, since this place isn't owned by the Moore family, I figured I'd pay it a visit and have a look around. Is that okay?" I backfired, letting my voice drip with undisguised sarcasm.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that you're not allowed to come here. I just meant what a small world, don't you think? Of all places that we could run into each other, it had to be here," Charles said with a smile.

I bit down the curses that threatened to leave my lips.

Small world?

Perhaps he was right. The world was getting too small for us, and I wasn't relishing it.

"Would you like to explore the place with our boss, Miss Wilson?" Amy offered.

I refused directly, "No, thanks. I can't stay anyway. I have other things to attend to. I should go."

After saying that, I turned around and left with Elena, but Charles rushed after me.

When did he become so annoyingly persistent? He wasn't this shameless before.

"Are you also interested in this land, Miss Wilson?" Charles asked, starting the conversation.

Without looking at him, I replied calmly, "No, I'm not."

"Oh? But I heard that Mr. Adam Wilson had been scoping out this place for something. I thought it was a family decision," Charles said meaningfully.

I stopped and squinted at him. "What else do you know?"

"Well, I heard that Mr. Wilson wanted to buy this land to build a racecourse. But to be honest, considering the soil moisture and the surrounding environment, this isn't a good place to turn into a racecourse. It's a bad investment, and you stand to lose tons of money."

I shrugged.

"Okay. Then why are you interested in this land?" I asked.

"The Moore Group wants to expand its hotel business. This land meets our requirements."

As Charles spoke, he stared at me with tenderness in his eyes. "But if you're really interested in turning this place into something profitable, why don't we agree on a cooperation?"

"Mr. Moore, I appreciate your offer to do business with me, but I'm very picky when it comes to people I work with. Character matters to me. And I don't mean to be blunt, but the first time I saw you, I knew that you were not the kind of person with whom I'd want to initiate a business cooperation."

I looked straight into Charles's eyes and politely expressed my dislike toward him.

Charles frowned, and his face darkened. He opened his mouth to say something.

But all of a sudden, his phone rang. Charles fished his phone out of his pocket, glanced at the screen, and rejected the call.

From where I was standing, I could see his phone's screensaver. It was a photo of us taken a long time ago. In the photo, I had my arms around his neck, and our faces were pressed cheek-to-cheek as we smiled at the camera.



I was stunned. Why did he still have that photo as his screensaver?

My icy heart melted a little.

'We're divorced. We're no longer in each other's lives. What is that photo still doing in his phone? And why is it his screensaver? Isn't he afraid that Raina will see it and get jealous?'

A tidal wave of thoughts flooded my mind.

Charles's phone rang again. This time, I clearly saw Raina's name.

At that moment, I felt like someone dumped cold water over my head, instantly extinguishing the warm feelings and taking me back to a frozen wasteland of hate.

### [Chapter 387 You Have To Believe Me](#)

Charles's POV:

I finally got a chance to talk to Scarlett, but Raina kept calling me, which annoyed me out of my wits.

When I hung up on Raina again, Scarlett snapped.

"Is your fiancée calling to check on you?"

She looked at me coldly, and I instantly panicked.

"A good man always answers his fiancée's calls, Mr. Moore. You should talk to Miss Hill. She must be worried about you. I'm leaving now."

The moment Scarlett turned around, my passion trumped my reason, and before my brain could sound off the alarms, my body had already moved.

I reached out and grabbed Scarlett's wrist. There was only one thought in my mind. 'I can't let her leave me again.'

"Scarlett... Please don't go."

In a fit of desperation, I lost all control. Scarlett groaned, "Let go of me!"

It was not until then that I realized what I had done, and I loosened my grip at once. "Oh, my. I'm sorry. Please listen to me, Scarlett. I have nothing to do with Raina. You have to believe me."

Scarlett raised her head and looked at me with mockery in her eyes. "You want others to believe you, but tell me, have you ever trusted anyone?"

"I..."

My retort got stuck in my throat, and I suddenly understood the root of Scarlett's resentment.

Although I had lost my memory and forgotten the events of the past six years, I could infer from the words of the people around me how much I had distrusted and hurt Scarlett.

I could reasonably ask anyone else to believe me, but I had no right to ask Scarlett to do the same.

"Let's go, Elena." Scarlett turned around and walked away.

This time, I didn't have the courage to ask her to stay any longer. I could only stand still and watch her leave.

As the wind blew against my cheek, the feeling of abandonment broke my heart in a million pieces.

My phone began to ring again, but I turned a deaf ear to it.

"Mr. Moore, it's Mr. Hill," Amy told me.

I answered the phone and said expressionlessly, "Hello, Mr. Hill."

"Hi, Charles. Are you busy? I hope I'm not bothering you or anything."

"No, not at all. What's up?"

"Raina's sick and has been asking for you. I had no choice but to call you. Can you come and see her?"

Why should I care if Raina was ill?

When I was about to refuse, Scarlett's words echoed in my head.

She once mentioned that she had lost a child.

When did Scarlett miscarry? Did Raina have a hand in it?

It was then that I agreed to see Raina. I decided that I'd ask her what happened to Scarlett a year ago.

She'd better have nothing to do with it. Otherwise...

"Okay, I'll be there soon."

I lowered my eyes to keep the people around me from reading them.

Raina's POV:

"What did Charles say, Dad? Is he coming?" I looked at my father expectantly.

He nodded with a smile, "Yes. He's on his way."

"Great!" I couldn't help cheering up.

I knew that Charles still had feelings for me.

As soon as he heard that I was sick, he agreed to see me.

But my mother decided to dump cold water on my enthusiasm and said, "Don't get too excited. Don't forget that there's still a complication named Scarlett standing between you and Charles."

My excited heart calmed down in an instant. "I must drive her away!"

"I have to remind you, Raina. Don't forget the reason why Scarlett miscarried that year. If Charles finds out what really happened, you're going to be screwed," she told me seriously.

Yes, there was a time bomb between myself and Charles. Once Charles learnt the truth about what really happened a year ago, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"Have you forgotten? We still have Nancy. We haven't used that pawn yet." I came up with an idea.

Dad's eyes darkened.

He raised his wrist and looked at his watch. "Put it aside for now. The most important thing we need to accomplish right now is to secure a marriage between you and Charles. I have to go. I have an important business meeting I can't be late to. Sweetie, please be a honey-lipped girl and don't lose your temper. Be nice to Charles. We have to unite our family with theirs through your marriage to Charles as soon as possible."

"Yes, Dad, I know." I blushed with shyness. "I can handle it. You and Mom go ahead with your work."

After my parents left, I called my maid Bella in.

"Hurry up. Put one more layer of powder on my face and lips to make them look even paler."

By the time Charles arrived, I had put on a full face of sickly-looking makeup. I lay in bed weakly as he walked in.

"Hi, Charles. I'm so happy you came." I pretended to struggle to prop myself up. I winced as if I were in

real pain.

I thought my acting skills were flawless, but Charles just stood far away from me and looked at me coldly.

"If you don't feel well, just lie down."

He walked over and sat on the sofa three or four meters away from my bed.

"Why are you sitting so far away from me? Can you sit beside me? I want to see you clearly." I forced a smile.

Charles didn't move. He just lit a cigarette and started smoking as if he didn't hear me.

"Why have you come here if you're not even going to talk to me?"

The smoke that Charles blew through his mouth and nose shrouded him, and he looked like a god that watched all of his creation from the clouds. His blue eyes shone brighter than the most beautiful seas I'd seen in my entire life.

Sometimes, I just couldn't believe how good-looking he was. How could I not be attracted to a man like him?

I bit my lip, tears welling up in my eyes. "Are you still mad at me? I didn't mean to speak ill of Hugo. I just thought that he's asking too much and..."

"That's enough," Charles rudely interrupted me and added, "Hugo has saved my grandmother's life. I won't allow you or anyone to badmouth him."

He narrowed his eyes at me.

I sensibly changed my tone, "He saved Christine? Oh, thank goodness. I'm glad."

"I've come here to ask you something," Charles said in a meaningful tone, his eyes glinting with menace.

I suddenly got a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Miss Wilson said that Scarlett died with her unborn child. Is that true? Did you have anything to do with it?"

I got goose bumps all over my body.

"Answer me, Raina,"

Charles said in a flat tone, but I could feel a perfect storm brewing underneath his calm face. I felt like I was sitting in front of a volcano that was about to erupt.

I clenched my quilt tightly and tried my best to look undisturbed. "I'm sorry, Charles, but I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh?" Charles raised his eyebrows.

"Never mind. I'll seek the truth myself. Since you know nothing about it, you're worthless to me. I won't be coming here again. I think it's best if you just give up on your stupid wishful thinking from now on."

Charles put out his cigarette, stood up, and left without hesitation. He didn't even look back to check my reaction to his last remark.

### [Chapter 388 I Miss You So Much, Scarle](#)

Charles's POV:

After leaving the Hills's house, I got into my car and shut the door.

The words "died with her unborn child" was a huge mystery that couldn't get out of my mind.

Scarlett was never a person to talk nonsense.

What happened a year ago that made her leave without even saying goodbye to her three children?

I had a guess at the back of my mind, but I eventually set it aside. I was too scared of thinking about it.

It scared me to my core that once I found out what really happened a year ago, I wouldn't deserve the right to ask Scarlett for forgiveness.

I leaned against the back of my seat and pinched the bridge of my nose.

My thoughts and worries had been doing a horrible number on my heart and nerves.

Then, my phone rang and broke the silence in the car.

I picked up right away without looking at the screen.

David's anxious voice came through. "Charles, Spencer has been in a car accident."

"What? Is he all right?" I asked in shock.

"No. The doctor said that he might require an amputation," David explained in a low voice.

He was all choked up as if he was on the verge of tears.

"Where are you? Which hospital?"

"Where Christine had her surgery. This is quite serious, man. Should I give Gemma a call?" David asked in a trembling voice.

"You should."

I hung up the phone and told Richard to drive to the hospital immediately.

When I arrived, I saw David waiting in front of the operating room, his eyes red with frustration and helplessness.

When he saw me, he immediately rose from the bench.

"There you are."

I nodded, glanced at the closed operating room, and asked, "How is Spencer?"

"I haven't heard anything yet since they rolled him in. He was conscious when he was rushed here. I was also told that his car was totaled and had to be scrapped," David sighed deeply.

"Where's Vivian? Didn't you inform her?"

"They're divorced..."

"Call her. Even if they're not together anymore, Vivian still has to know," I said with a long face.

Although I didn't know why Vivian and Spencer divorced, their relationship had always transcended social approval.

Spencer needed Vivian now more than ever.

David nodded in agreement and immediately took out his phone to call Vivian.

I leaned against the back of the bench in the corridor and unblinkingly stared at the closed door of the operating room. My heart was racing madly.

Gemma rushed over, tears streaming down her face. She grabbed my sleeve.

"Charles, how's Spencer?" she looked up at me and sobbed.

"He's undergoing surgery. He's going to be okay. Don't worry," I tried to comfort her.

Just then, a nurse came out of the operating room. She asked anxiously, "Where is the patient's family? We need to perform an amputation, and we need some consent forms signed."

"Amputation? No, I won't allow it! If Spencer wakes up and finds his leg missing, he won't be able to deal with it." Tears continued to roll down Gemma's cheeks. The timbre of her voice told a vivid story of pain and despair.

Her cries echoed in the quiet corridor. A sense of powerlessness suddenly gripped my heart with icy fingers.

Scarlett's POV:

On the way home, I sat in the car and looked out the window in silence.

Every time I saw Charles, the wound in my heart got torn open all over again.

The pain was so great that it knocked the air out of my lungs.

Realizing that my mood had been affected by that awful man again, I despised myself more than I'd ever had before.

I forced myself to concentrate on my work. I seriously thought about how to take the project on the east bank from Adam, and what to do with it to maximize the company's profit.

Adam was by no means easy to deal with. He would never easily give away any project.

I had to think about what to do next.

Elena reminded me, "There will be an auction in a few days."

I nodded.

At this time, Elena's phone suddenly rang.

"It's Christine Moore." Elena handed the phone to me with hesitation.

I was surprised to see Christine's name and phone number on the screen.

Why was she calling me all of a sudden?

Did she know that I had come back?

Did Charles tell her?

For a moment, I was paralyzed by indecision.

Although I asked Hugo to perform the operation and save Christine's life, it didn't mean that I still wanted to have any contact with any of the Moores.

"Answer the call for me," I ordered Elena.

I turned away and clenched my hands into fists.

"Hello?"

Elena pressed the answer key and put the phone on speaker.

Christine's familiar voice sounded in the quiet car, and my eyes immediately stung with tears.

"I would like to speak with Scarlett, please. I know she's with you." I could hear in her voice that she was still weak from the surgery.

But I caught a hint of expectation in her tone, which made me want to talk to her.

Elena handed the phone to me.

"Hello." I took the phone and greeted Christine with a smile.

"I miss you so much, Scarlett. Since you suddenly disappeared, we have been worried about you every single day." Christine choked with sobs.

It broke my heart hearing her tear up.

I pressed one hand over my mouth to keep myself from crying out.

Elena patted me on the shoulder and comforted me silently.

Christine continued, "Scarlett, I saw you before the anesthetic took effect that day. You were in full surgical garb and a mask, but I'd recognized your eyes. I'd recognize them anywhere. Did you observe the operation because you were worried about me? You are such a kind person with a big, big heart."

Hearing her words, I was a little surprised.

I thought that I had disguised myself well and that I wouldn't be easily recognized.

I didn't expect that Christine would know that I was there just by looking at my eyes.



"Are you feeling better? If you're feeling any discomfort at all, no matter how minor, you should tell your doctor right away, okay?" Although I had someone reporting to me about Christine's physical condition and progress, I still couldn't help nagging her about strictly following medical advice and speaking up immediately if she wasn't feeling all right.

I heard the smile in Christine's answer.

"I'm feeling much, much better now, dear. Will you come see me here at the hospital one of these days? I'm alone here most of the time, and I get lonely." Christine's voice was full of grievance.

I frowned as my mind screamed at me to refuse.

If I went to the hospital to see her, I'd be appearing there as Scarlett Riley who, as far as I was concerned, was already dead. Besides, there was a great chance that I'd run into Charles there.

"Scarlett, if you're willing to come and see me, I'll ask Alice to bring the kids as well. You haven't seen them in a long time. It's time you see them again." Noticing my hesitation, Christine hurled my children right at me.

She knew just what would make me show up at her bedside.

Thinking of my three children, my heart twitched, and a tear rolled down my cheek.

"Scarlett, I don't know why you left without saying goodbye, but if you don't want to talk about it, I won't ask you. It's just that the kids miss you very much. They ask us every day why you haven't come back," Christine explained in between sniffles.

A new wave of tears started streaming down my face. The thought of my children was like a knife to my heart.

"Okay. I will come see you, but I have one condition," I said in a low voice after a moment of silence.

"What is it?"

"I don't want Charles to know about our meeting."

I wiped the tears on my face and spoke firmly.

"Okay," Christine agreed.

[Chapter 389 Scarlett Was Here](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I put on a mask and a baseball cap and then changed into a set of unisex clothes. When I was finally satisfied with my disguise, I went to the hospital to see Christine.

Because it was already evening, there were fewer visitors and nurses, so it was easy to sneak into her ward.

When I opened the door, I immediately saw her lying on the bed. I had not seen her for days. Thankfully, she looked much better now.

Without a word, I took off my mask and cap and made my way to her bed.

"Scarlett, my dear child!"

Christine sat up in excitement. It was apparent that she was happy to see me as her pale face flushed in delight.

I bent over and helped her sit up.

With tears welling up in her eyes, she grabbed my hand and said, "Scarlett, I know it's you."

I patted her hand comfortingly. "Please calm down."

"It's okay. How are you? I don't mind if you don't want to admit that you're Scarlett. Just promise me that you've been taking care of yourself."

My heart ached with guilt as I gazed at Christine's wrinkled and haggard face. Not only that, but I was also on the verge of tears.

She stroked my hair. "Don't worry, honey. I won't force you to come out if you don't want to."

She then took out her phone and handed it to me proudly as if it was a treasure. "You haven't seen the children for a year, so you must miss them so much. Here. I prepared this for you."

I opened the album on her phone. It was filled with pictures of my children.

"Look at how much they've grown. James is tall now, and your two little boys are growing every day."

Taking pictures was like magic. It let you go back time. Thanks to these photos, I was able to see moments that I had missed.

Slowly, I reached out and touched my children's faces. I felt a searing pain in my heart as if it was being grilled on a pan.

I scrolled down and saw that there was also a video. I clicked on it at once. In the video, James was standing by Jerry and Jason's bed. He seemed to be teaching them how to pronounce a word. "Repeat after me. Mo...mmy," he patiently said.

"Mo... mmy."

Before I knew it, my tears had fallen on the screen. I tried to stop myself from crying, but more tears fell.

I hurriedly wiped the screen of the phone, but it remained wet.

Christine handed me a piece of tissue and advised, "Scarlett, come back to Charles. You have children with him, after all. They're still young. They need you, Scarlett. They need their mother."

I took the tissue and wiped my tears. Then, I shook my head with a resolute look on my face and replied, "Grandma, I won't make the same mistake again. As for the children, I'll find a way to take them with me."

"Do you really want your children to lose their father?"

"Grandma, I've already made up my mind. I can't bring myself to forgive Charles, so I will never give up on my children. I'll take them with me someday."

What I had said took Christine's breath away. Literally. I watched with eyes wide in shock as she fell onto the bed and tried to catch her breath.

Horried, I pressed the call bell at the bedside at once.

As much as I wanted to make sure she was okay, I could not let anyone find out that I had come here.

"I'm sorry."

I took one last look at Christine and turned around to leave.

Charles's POV:

Spencer's operation was not yet over, so David and I went out to breathe some fresh air.

He handed me a cigarette, which I took and lit.

"Charles, what should we do next?" David solemnly asked.

"What else can we do? Tell Spencer's family to keep an eye on him. Don't let him do anything stupid."

I took a deep drag on the cigarette and exhaled a big puff of smoke. The nicotine left a bitter taste in my mouth.

"Where is Vivian anyway? Did she run away again? She'll come back after what happened to Spencer, won't she?"

"I'm not sure." I threw the cigarette butt on the ground and put it out with my shoe. "But for Spencer's sake, I'll find her," I added.

David and I smoked another cigarette, but neither of us spoke anymore.

Suddenly, my phone rang, breaking the silence. It was a call from the hospital.

"Mr. Moore, your grandmother has lost control of her emotions. Please come here as soon as possible."

Damn it.

Without wasting any second, I ran to the hospital and into Grandma's ward as fast as I could.

Once I entered her ward, I rushed to Grandma and looked at her up and down.

"Grandma, how do you feel now? Why did you lose control of your emotions?"

Grandma smiled weakly. "I'm fine. The doctor just made a mountain out of a molehill again."

Suddenly, something occurred to me.

"Did anyone come here?"

Grandma did not answer.

Well, she did not need to. I knew in an instant that Scarlett was just here.

Vivian's POV:

When David called me, I was in a suburban villa in France. Ethan had locked me up here.

Some time ago, Spencer kicked Ethan's lower body so hard. Since then, Ethan could no longer have an erection.

He had gone to many hospitals, but none of the doctors there was able to cure him. A few months ago, knowing that I was the top andrologist, Ethan tricked me into coming here.

When I did not agree to do what he said, he imprisoned me in the villa. Dozens of bodyguards guarded

the area day and night to ensure that I would not escape.

Of course, I tried several times to escape but to no avail.

But no matter what, I would never yield to his request.

Back then, Spencer and I were happy when I was pregnant. We were looking forward to having a happy family. But Ethan, this son of a bitch, did something that caused me to miscarry.

The doctor said that my uterus got injured because of the miscarriage, so I might not be able to get pregnant again.

I could not forget the disappointment and sadness in Spencer's eyes.

I could not look at him without feeling guilty, so I decided to ask for a divorce.

Spencer deserved someone better—a woman who would give birth to his children and would accompany him for the rest of his life.

When I heard that Spencer got seriously injured in a car accident, I felt like my world had collapsed around me.

It was only then that I realized that I could not let go of him.

I locked myself in the room in despair. And now, I had decided.

I would get out of here. I would come back to Spencer at all costs.

"Ethan, I've agreed to treat you. But you have to remember what you've promised me. When you're cured, you will set me free."

Sitting in the wheelchair, Ethan raised his eyebrows at me and promised, "I'm a man. Of course, I will keep my words."

"I trust you." I bent over and patted his cheek with a grin. "After all, only I can cure you."

Ethan stared at me warily and asked, "Didn't you say you'd rather die than treat me? Why did you suddenly change your mind? What are you up to?"

"Don't you like to take risks? Don't you love danger? Don't tell me... you're scared?" I asked with a sly smile.

Ethan's face darkened. "Scared? I, Ethan Johnson, have never been scared in my life."

"That's good."

I did not want to talk to him anymore, so I turned around and left.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ethan asked someone to bring all the medicinal materials I needed.

Meanwhile, I locked myself in the pharmacy to make his medicine.

While I was working, my phone suddenly rang. It was Emily, my mother, and now also Ethan's stepmother.

With a sneer at the corners of my mouth, I put down the test tube and put the phone on speaker.

"Vivian, is it true that you've agreed to help Ethan? Why? Didn't you say that you'd rather die than treat him?"

"Are you worried I'll poison your stepson?" I retorted.

"I'm warning you, don't you dare play any tricks on him, or else I won't let you and your sweetheart off!"

"I advise you to mind your own business. If you threaten me again, I might tremble in fear and accidentally poison your dear Ethan. I would like to see how you'll explain that to the Johnson family."

I could not help but sneer. Did Emily honestly think that I would yield to her threats?

"Stop being so full of yourself. I'll go there tomorrow and keep an eye on you."

Without waiting for my response, Emily hung up the call.

When I came out of the pharmacy, Ethan and two of his bodyguards were standing at the door with a large bundle of hemp rope in their hands.

A sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach.

"What-what do you want?" I stammered in fear.

A cunning smile tugged at the corners of Ethan's mouth.

"I'm sorry, beauty."

[Chapter 390 Don't You Get I](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I left the hospital in low spirits. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw the photos of my three children.

After seeing those photos, I became more determined to take them back.

In the evening, I went to a bar to get a drink and took Elena with me.

Not long after we sat down, Charles appeared out of nowhere.

He walked over to us and pulled out the empty chair beside me. He casually set his jacket on the back of the chair and sat down.

"Just my luck," I muttered under my breath.

Pretending not to hear me, Charles smiled at me and said, "Fancy seeing you here, Scarlett. Let me buy you a drink. Would you like a beer or a cocktail?"

"Why are you sitting at our table? Who told you that you could sit with us?" I glared at him.

The smile on Charles's face slowly faded. He pursed his lips and kept silent for a long time.

"I know you went to the hospital to see Grandma today. You still care about her, don't you?" Charles said and looked at me with confidence.

It took all my strength to keep the shock from reaching my face.

I had been very cautious when I went to the hospital to visit Christine. How did Charles find out?

I took a deep breath and looked straight into Charles's eyes. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Wine?" He opened a bottle of wine and poured me a glass. He beamed and pushed the glass toward me.

"No, thanks. I don't want to drink too much," I refused.

Charles took back the bottle of wine, opened a bottled soda, and handed it to me.

"Then you drink this, and I'll drink the wine."

Looking at Charles's face, I couldn't tell whether he was happy or angry. I felt a little unhappy.

"I don't like this kind of soda. It's awful." I pushed the bottle away.

Charles sighed helplessly.

"Miss Wilson, would you do me the favor of having a few drinks with me?"

That was the last straw for me. My patience had finally run out. I was so annoyed that I considered ripping the pleading look right off Charles's face.

I picked up my soda and dumped it on his face.

Startled, Charles looked at me in astonishment, his face full of bewildered embarrassment.

"Don't you get it, Charles? I came to the bar because I wanted a drink. I just don't want to drink with you. What part of that don't you understand?" I sighed in exasperation, rose from my seat, and left the bar.

Elena followed me and comforted me, "Don't be angry, Caroline. That guy isn't worth it. Don't let him ruin your night."

"You're right." I nodded, but I still felt a little upset.

I did lose control of my emotions tonight.

Whenever I saw Charles's face, I thought about the child that I miscarried.

"Scarlett!"

Suddenly, there was a rush of footsteps behind me.

Charles caught up with me, his eyes filled with pain.

"Please. I just want to ask for your forgiveness. I know how much I hurt you. Please give me a chance to make up for it," he begged.

He had always been God's favored one, and I had never seen him beg anyone for anything before.

However, seeing him like this, I almost laughed at the irony.

Could a simple apology erase all the pain he had caused me?

Could it bring back the child that I lost?

"Mr. Moore, I really don't understand why you're asking me for forgiveness. There's no bad blood between us. I simply don't want to hang out with you," I flatly told Charles and flashed him a smile.



"Scarlett..."

"I'm not Scarlett, okay? You got the wrong person. If you keep pestering me like this, I'll call the police." After saying that, I left with Elena without a backward glance.

As soon as I got home, I received a call from my father.

"Hi, Dad."

"Hello, dear. I'm just calling to remind you about the auction. I need you to take part in it."

"All right."

I was thankful for the work talk. It was the only thing that could ease my foul mood. I asked, "What's the starting bid?"

"Twenty billion. I've arranged for an escort to accompany you. His name is Simon Felix," Dad said in a tone that I instantly understood.

The escort wasn't just an escort. It was a blind date.

I frowned and put together my refusal in my head.

"You've been single for so long, sweetie. You need someone to keep you company," Dad pressed before I could turn down this mysterious Mr. Simon Felix.

I smiled bitterly.

I didn't want a husband or anyone to accompany me. I just wanted my three children back.

Charles's POV:

Watching Scarlett walk away, I felt my heart crack.

A gaping hole of fear devoured me whole and stole the air from my lungs.

I could feel her getting farther and farther away from me.

When Scarlett was finally out of my sight, I went back to my car and went home. When I arrived, I found my mother and Chloe playing with my children in the living room.

"Why are you all still up?" I looked at them in confusion.

"We were waiting for you."

Mom took a look at the three children and lowered her voice. "I heard that Scarlett was back. Is it true? Are you going to remarry her?"

I lowered my eyes and swallowed the bitterness that enveloped my tongue.

I would love to remarry Scarlett and spend the rest of my life with her. But she didn't want the same with me.

"Well, if you don't want to, that's okay, too. I mean, you can always find someone else. I think Raina can be that girl," Mom said when I didn't respond.

I cast a cold glance at Chloe. Chloe lowered her head at once, her face full of guilt.

Seeing her reaction, I suddenly understood why my mother brought up this topic.

I snapped at her, "How much longer are you going to stay here, Chloe? If you can't let sleeping dogs lie, then I think it's time for you to go back abroad."

"Honey, why are you being angry with Chloe? She told me about Raina because, like me, she wanted you to move on," Mom explained.

"I'll move on when I get Scarlett back. I don't want to be with anyone but her," I said firmly.

Identical disapproving frowns curled my mother's and Chloe's lips.

"Why are you still so hung up on Scarlett?" Chloe asked, her eyes full of disgust.

"If you dare utter Scarlett's name in that tone again, I will throw you out myself, do you hear me?" I snarled, looking her straight in the eyes.

Chloe immediately cowered in Mom's arms and didn't dare to speak anymore.

I scoffed, took the twins, and carried them upstairs.

I gently opened the door to the master bedroom and set the twins gently in their crib.

The walls and cabinets in the room were covered with our family photos.

I professionally had the photos made.

After Scarlett left, I realized that we never got around to shooting some family portraits.

I picked up one of the framed photos and stroked Scarlett's face on it.

She looked haggard in the photo, but she was still smiling.

However, the light in her eyes had dimmed, leaving only a shadow of despair and indifference.

And I was the one who caused all of it.

I tortured a lively and outgoing girl and turned her into a gray, empty husk.

I held the photo to my chest and let it shred what was left of my broken heart.

"Mom, Mom..."

At this time, the twins suddenly started calling for their mother.

I hurried over to them and assured them in a comforting voice, "Mom will be home soon, I promise. Now it's time to go to sleep."

Looking at our two sons, I was more determined to get Scarlett back.

After coaxing the twins to sleep, I heaved a sigh of relief. A few moments later, my phone vibrated in my pocket.

I took a look at it and found a new message from Richard.

"Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore's medical records were destroyed a year ago. I also couldn't find the doctor named Boris who treated her at that time."

My heart sank. I immediately replied, "Keep looking for him. We must find him even if we have to search every corner of the Earth!"