

## **Warning 391**

### [Chapter 391 Hit Me If You Dare](#)

Charles's POV:

I woke up from a nightmare.

In it, I was chasing Scarlett, but no matter how fast I ran, she only got farther and farther away from me. I couldn't catch up with her.

Fear and despair overwhelmed me and made it difficult for me to breathe.

Suddenly, my phone rang.

Richard called and said that he had gotten some news about Vivian.

After hanging up the phone, I immediately drove to the hospital to see Spencer.

When I opened the door and entered the ward, he was still awake.

He didn't turn his head when I came in. He just continued staring at the ceiling with eyes brimming with pain.

"Hey, buddy. How're you feeling?" I said, walking over to his bedside.

Spencer didn't respond. He just kept his eyes fixed upward.

Looking at him, I found that he had lost a significant amount of weight, and he just lay there like a soulless husk of a man.

The doctors did everything in their power in order to save Spencer's life. Sadly, he might still never be able to walk again.

As Spencer's friend, I couldn't let him give up on himself like this.

"Richard was able to glean some information on Vivian," I said tentatively.

Spencer remained silent.

"You know what kind of situation she's in now. Emily wants to snatch the Johnson family's fortune with Ethan's help. She's going to use Vivian as her tool. Vivian is alone and powerless now."

I sat on the edge of Spencer's bed and patiently tried to make him see reason.

"I know you still care about Vivian, Spencer. Otherwise, you wouldn't have gone to find her and caught in an accident. But what have you done for her? What changes have you made for her?" I looked at him with disappointment.

Spencer pursed his lips, and then tears started streaming down his face.

Seeing his reaction, I lowered my voice and said, "Spencer, you have to be strong. Vivian is waiting for you."

I knew that Spencer needed a reason to keep living.

"I don't even know where she is now," Spencer muttered in frustration.

"She's in French; in a suburb villa. I know the exact address," I assured him.

This time, Spencer whipped his head toward me. His eyes suddenly lit up.

"Really?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes. When you recover, you can go get her," I replied and gently patted Spencer on the shoulder.

"For now, you have to fight and beat this ordeal. Vivian needs you."

"Is she okay?" Spencer asked in between sobs, his eyes still red with tears.

I pursed my lips and didn't answer.

"I'm sorry. That was a stupid question. Of course she's not okay. Ethan's holding her captive," Spencer murmured.

I decided to stay for a while to accompany Spencer. Then, I left.

After walking out of the hospital, I breathed a sigh of relief.

Sure enough, only Vivian could cheer Spencer up.

The next morning, when I was on my way to the Moore Group, I received a call from Amy.

"Mr. Moore, the auction of the east bank land is about to start. Would you like me to arrange an escort for you?"

I thought for a while and ordered, "Send an invitation to Miss Wilson."

After hanging up the phone, I felt a touch of expectation in my heart.

I wondered if Scarlett would accept my invitation.

After pondering for a while, I called Richard.

"Pack up all the photos of the boys this year and send them to Scarlett... Oh, no. Send them to Miss Wilson's current residence."

Scarlett's POV:

On my way to the office, I thought a lot about the auction.

Suddenly, Elena cursed.

"Damn it! There's a car that overtook us and cut in front!"

I looked out the window and saw a black car in front of us.

"Does that car look familiar to you? Is it Raina's car?"

I took a closer look and found that the car indeed looked familiar.

"Can you make it stop?" I asked, staring dead ahead.

I didn't want to be the one to provoke Raina first, but that didn't mean that I was afraid of her.

She was obviously trying to pick a fight this time, and I wasn't one to back down.

"Of course," Elena answered confidently.

"Hold on, Miss Wilson."

As soon as she finished speaking, Elena sped up.

Soon, she was able to force Raina's car to a halt.

After pulling over her car, Raina rolled down her window. Seeing her face, I was a little startled. I always forgot that she was Rita's identical twin.

"Elena, right? Being a vicious woman's bodyguard won't do you any good. Why don't you come work for me instead? I can pay you more than whatever Scarlett's giving you," Raina offered smugly.

"You want to hire me? Do you think you deserve someone like me?"

Elena got out of the car and punched Raina's window.

The window quivered at the impact made by Elena's fist and looked as if it was going to disintegrate.

Raina ducked and took cover in response like she was in an earthquake drill.

"You're the vicious woman, Raina!" Elena exclaimed and kicked the wheel.

"I just overtook you. Is it illegal to do that?" Raina raised her eyebrows and laughed mockingly.

"Don't think that I don't know what you're up to. Be a responsible driver next time. If you do something like this to us again, both you and your car will be sorry!" Elena said in a menacing tone that even scared me a little.

"Hit me if you dare!" Raina growled, gritting her teeth.

I rolled down my window and stared at her coldly.

With a smile on my face, I said to Elena, "Did you hear that, Elena? Miss Hill wants to be hit. Come on, let's do her a favor."

With her eyes lighting up, Elena beamed and quickly got back in the car.

She switched gears, reversed the car, and then rammed it into Raina's.

"Ah!" Raina screamed in horror.

Our airbags popped out in the collision. Elena and I weren't injured.

However, Raina wasn't so lucky.

The impact gave her whiplash and slammed her head against the steering wheel, giving her a wound on the forehead.

Seeing her miserable condition through her window, I couldn't help feeling a bit elated. The blood on Raina's face improved my sour mood.

I was glad that we drove a rugged car today. Otherwise, we would've been injured as well.

Raina roared, "You're just jealous because I have Charles!"

"Oh, yeah? If he really liked you, then why did he leave your birthday party to beg me to take him back?" I scoffed.

"You..." Raina was too angry to curse me. Her eyes were full of grief and indignation.

"I must say that I truly misjudged you, Raina. I thought you were a self-respecting woman who wouldn't grovel at the feet of any man. I suppose you're just like those who don't mind secondhand spouses," I jeered and then told Elena to drive on.

I put on a satisfied smile as the wind behind us drowned out the string of profanity that Raina furiously screamed.

When I arrived at the office, I immediately went to the meeting room and presided over a regular meeting.

"I am going to bid for the land on the east bank at the auction. I'm determined to get it," I cut to the chase and announced my decision.

Everyone exchanged glances but said nothing.

I swept my eyes around the room and took mental note of everyone's expressions.

"There are still many problems with the Ecological Park project on the west coast. We have to resolve those within a week. If you feel like you're not up to the task, there's the door. Pack up your stuff and leave," I declared, keeping my face neutral.

After that, the meeting room fell silent as a tomb. No one even dared to breathe audibly.

I knew that they were not convinced of me and my leadership skills, but I would make them believe one day.

### [Chapter 392 Played Him](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I was finally back in my office after a tedious meeting with the executives. There, I sat on my swivel chair wearily. Unfortunately, my work was not yet over, so I turned my computer on to deal with other things.

A dialog box popped up on the screen, which showed that I had three new emails.

I clicked on it and found that the emails were, in fact, invitation letters. One was from Charles, another was from William, and the last was from a stranger named Simon Felix. They were all inviting me to the auction of the land on the east bank with them.

Who was this Simon anyway?

Something suddenly occurred to me. Just a few days ago, Dad told me that he wanted to introduce a young man to me. The man he was pertaining to was his old friend's son, whose name was Simon.

At that time, I thought Dad was not serious, so I just agreed perfunctorily. It turned out that he meant what he had said. I did not know whether to laugh or cry right now.

While I was in deep thought, the door opened. Elena then came in with two exquisite boxes in her arms.

"Caroline, someone sent you presents."

I took one of the gift boxes and opened it. When I lifted the lid, a navy blue tailored velvet evening dress welcomed me. On top of the dress was a set of dazzling jewelry. They resembled the stars in the night sky. They were gorgeous.

This was a kind of gift that a woman would fall in love with at a glance.

The brand of the dress was the same as the evening dress I had worn on Grandpa's birthday party last year.

I was certain that Charles had sent this dress.

He and I would be competitors in the coming auction. What was his reason for flattering me like this?

Elena looked at me and worriedly asked. "Caroline, Adam wants to meet you at the Mint Bar tonight. Do you want to go?"

The Mint Bar?

Wasn't that Spencer's bar?

I was hesitant at first. But after pondering for a moment, I decided to give it a go.

I believed that Adam would not dare to play dirty tricks in Spencer's bar.

"If that's the case, let me go with you. That scoundrel might have set a trap for you."

I shook my head in refusal. "No. I want to meet him myself. Don't worry. I'll be careful."

"But..." Elena wanted to say something but stopped on second thought.

"If you insist, you may stand guard by the door of the bar. If something happens, come to me immediately," I ordered.

Although reluctant, Elena nodded. "Okay."

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In the evening, I came to the Mint Bar as promised.

As soon as I entered the bar, the familiar scent of alcohol and cigarette greeted me. I could not help but look around the hall to see if Charles and Spencer were there. Thankfully, they were not.

I went straight to the reserved private room and pushed the door open. There were many people inside. It seemed that they had been drinking for quite a while now as the table was full of empty bottles.

"Caroline, you're finally here. Come and take a seat," Adam greeted me warmly with a glass of wine in his hand.

I looked around the room to find a relatively clean spot for me to sit down.

"Adam, why did you ask me to come here?"

"Pretty lady, business talk can wait. Let's have fun for now. Since you're late, you have to be punished. You have to drink three glasses of wine first." A drunk blonde man with slicked-back hair came over and sat beside me with a glass of wine in each hand.

I immediately moved away from him in disgust. However, he continued to look at me with a lascivious gaze. How I wished I could gouge his eyes out.

"I can't take my eyes off you. But even though you're pretty, you have to show some respect to me. I want you to drink this all up then we can be friends. What do you say?" The man handed me the glass without waiting for my approval.

"That's right, beauty. You have to drink if you want to do business. Drink it up!" another man echoed. With that, everyone started to goad me into drinking. Some even whistled in anticipation.

Adam, on the other hand, was just watching me silently. He neither joined nor stopped these filthy men.

It seemed that he wanted to make me suffer. Unfortunately for him, that would never happen.

"Fine." I took one of the glasses and drank it all up.

When I finished it, the crowd erupted into cheers "Whoo!"

"Adam, let's cut the crap. If I drink these three glasses of wine, I will get the land on the east bank." I picked up another glass of wine and gulped it down.

There was a dead silence. To everyone's surprise, Adam stood up and threw his glass on the table, causing it to shatter.

"Caroline, who do you think you are? You're just nobody. Don't forget that Edward just picked you up from nowhere. How dare you get in my way?!"

"Really? Let's wait and see then." I cast a scornful glance at Adam and turned to leave.

"Stop her!"

As soon as Adam gave the order, several men surrounded me.

"It seems that I have no choice but to teach you a lesson today so that you can remember your place."

At last, Adam showed his ugly side.

His men grabbed my shoulders, immobilizing me.

"Let go of me!" I ordered through gritted teeth.

The blonde man approached me with a sinister smile. "There's no point struggling. I'm afraid you won't be able to escape from here."

I struggled as hard as I could to get out of the man's grasp, but he was stronger than me. Meanwhile, the blonde man's hand was getting closer and closer...

"Police! Nobody moves!"

All of a sudden, the door was smashed open. Several uniformed police officers entered the private room and took everyone down, including Adam.

A policewoman stepped forward and rushed to my aid.

"Ma'am, are you okay?"

"Thank God you came right on time. These people were trying to rape me. I..." I cried while acting pretty shaken up.

With my acting skill, it was a shame that I did not go to Hollywood.

"Ma'am, it's a misunderstanding. I'm that lady's uncle." Adam tried to talk his way out.

However, the policewoman turned a deaf ear to him and instead gave her subordinates an order. "Take him away!"

"Caroline, I swear to my grave I won't let you go!"

Once Adam, his men, and the police were gone, a triumphant smile appeared on my face.

Adam was not and would never be a match for me.

Of course, I was not stupid enough to get myself in harm's way. That was why I called the police before coming here. I just played Adam in his own game. This should serve as his lesson for playing his dirty tricks on me.

With a complacent smile, I smoothed my hair and turned around to leave. But before I could take a step, someone stopped me.

I looked up, and I met a familiar set of deep, blue eyes.

It was Charles.

I backed away and looked at him warily.

"Mr. Moore, what can I do for you?"

Charles stared at me with discontent. "Why are you always so reckless? Don't you know how to protect yourself?"

"It's none of your business," I snapped back.

Charles's POV:

I was displeased when I saw the stubborn look on Scarlett's face. But at the same time, I was tempted to hold her in my arms.

It had been a long time since I last saw her full of vigor.

While I was looking into her eyes, the desire to possess her surged in my heart. I swallowed hard as my eyes fell on her red lips. All of a sudden, my mind went blank. And before I knew it, I was kissing her like crazy.

For a moment, Scarlett was stunned. I took this opportunity to force my way into her mouth with tongue.

I hooked her tongue with mine and sucked her saliva like crazy.

Scarlett struggled to break the kiss, but I held her tighter and kissed her harder. A few moments later, she finally gave up and just let me do as I wished.

The taste of her lips was addictive as ever.

"Charles, what are you doing?!" Raina roared.

Why did this woman always appear out of nowhere and ruin my mood?

I begrudgingly broke our kiss when I heard Raina's voice. Slowly, I turned around and saw her standing behind me with tears streaming down her face.

Her gaze shifted to Scarlett, whose lips were now red and swollen. The next moment, a sly smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. It was as if she had expected this to happen.

It seemed that this little fox played me as well.

I smiled bitterly but, at the same time, gazed at Scarlett with affection.

Meanwhile, Raina did not cry or make any noise. She just looked at me with tearful eyes as if I was some jerk who broke her heart.

At this moment, Scarlett straightened her clothes and smiled as if nothing had just happened. "Mr. Moore, it seems that your fiancée is here. I'd better go now."

I could only watch as she walked away from me, again.

"Charles, how could you do this to me?"

Raina's voice brought me back to my senses. Annoyed, I glanced at her and coldly said, "Stop playing the victim. I won't buy it."

"Charles!" Raina grabbed my sleeve and let out a sob.

Her tears did not make me feel anything, even pity. Without a word, I left the bar, got into my car, and drove more than a hundred miles away from this annoying woman.

### [Chapter 393 Revenge](#)

Scarlett's POV:

When I finally walked out of the bar, I found Elena waiting for me at the door.

She walked up to me, looked at me up and down, and asked worriedly, "Are you okay?"

I nodded, "I'm fine."

"I just saw Adam being taken away by the police. Do you think he's going to get back at you in the

future?"

I flashed her a big smile. "I doubt it. He can barely keep his head above water now."

"That's good." Elena put her hand over her chest and breathed a sigh of relief.

After getting in the car, I suddenly thought about the three invitations I had gotten. After thinking for a while, I sent an email to Simon.

"Thank you for your invitation, Mr. Felix. I would love for you to be my escort."

I got a reply soon.

"Thank you for your response, Miss Wilson. It'd be my honor to attend the auction with a beautiful lady like you. I look forward to our first meeting."

After that, I put my phone aside. Feeling dizzy because of the wine, I leaned against my seat and closed my eyes for a bit.

"Caroline, I just got the news that Spencer caught in a car accident and was seriously injured," Elena said ominously.

"What?" I sat up in an instant.

"He was so badly hurt that he may not be able to walk ever again in his life."

I could only stare at Elena as my brain struggled to process the news.

How could God allow such a horrible thing to happen to someone as sweet and loyal as Spencer?

"What about Vivian? Does she know what happened to Spencer?" I asked, desperately willing myself to calm down.

"That's another thing I want to tell you. I found out that Ethan kidnapped Vivian and took her to France. The details are still unknown."

How could that be possible?

I slumped on my seat and pinched the bridge of my nose. My mind imploded into a hot mess.

Vivian's POV:

"What are you doing, Ethan?" I stared at the hemp rope that one of the bodyguards was holding and took a step back.

"Take the medicine from her."

At Ethan's order, the other bodyguard snatched the medicine I just prepared from my hands.

"I heard that Spencer was disabled in a car accident."

My heart leapt to my throat. I pretended to be shocked by the news. "What did you say?"

"Stop acting, Vivian. The reason you changed your mind all of a sudden is that you want to go back to that cripple. Am I wrong? I won't let you get what you want. I'd like to see if Spencer would still want a woman who had been sullied by another man." Ethan put on a hideous, perverted grin that made his face look distorted and crazy.

He took the medicine, licked his lips, and said, "You better pray that this medicine of yours works. Then, we can have a wonderful night."

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The next day, I woke up with a splitting headache.

I lay on the bed naked. I felt as if my whole body had been stuck into a meat grinder, and there was a burning pain on my face.

It was the pain that brought to me the humiliating memories of last night. They flashed through my mind like an awful slide show.

'Get up, get up, you can do it!'

Tears welled up in my eyes, but I bit them down stubbornly. I struggled to slide out of bed and go to the bathroom. Standing in front of the mirror, I saw every dreadful mark that Ethan left on my body.

My cheeks were red and swollen and burning with pain. There were bruises all over my tender chest together with Ethan's handprint. My body was covered in scratch marks of varying depths and degree of redness because I was tied up in a hemp rope the entire night.

I looked like a worn doll that some savage child ravaged.

Tears started streaming down my face. I stepped into the bathtub and let the hot water swallow me, hoping that it would wash away the filth that Ethan mercilessly left on my skin.

Lying there in the tub, I felt like I was being suffocated. Ethan's obscene words from last night echoed in my ears. Then I remembered the sticky, disgusting feeling of his tongue all over me, which made me want to vomit.

I remembered the humiliation of being kneaded and slapped by Ethan's dirty hands, the pain as the rough hemp rope rubbed against my skin, and the tearing in my private part when Ethan forcibly stuck his fingers into me.

If my medicine had worked, Ethan would've had the time of his life raping me last night.

At the last moment, Ethan smashed me to the floor, making all my limbs and bones ache. Seeing that he couldn't get an erection and that he was almost foaming at the mouth with humiliation, I laughed loudly and wildly until I burst into tears.

Before my lungs ran out of air, I sat up in the tub and hugged my shins. I was kidnapped and defiled, and the only man I ever truly loved was badly hurt. I felt like someone had dropped an anvil on my heart.

As my eyes burned with a new wave of tears, I put both my hands over my mouth. I sobbed and sobbed quietly until I had no more tears to shed.

'I swear that I will make you pay for what you've made me suffer, Ethan. I will make you experience so much pain that you'll wish you never laid a finger on me.'

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After that night, I continued to prescribe medicine every day, never mentioning that I was almost raped.

One day, I came to Ethan with the medicine I prepared. He sat on his wheelchair and stared at me suspiciously, unwilling to take it.

"Don't worry. It won't do me any good to poison you," I muttered.

After hesitating for a bit, Ethan took the pill and swallow it.

"There. You've taken the medicine. I've completed my task."

I lowered my head, afraid that Ethan would catch a glimpse of the excitement I was feeling. Then, I turned around and started heading back downstairs.

"Wait. Do you really not want to be my wife? If you marry me, glory and wealth will be all yours."  
Ethan's tone was full of coquetry and expectation.

After a pause, I jeered, "I'm sorry, but I don't want to be married to someone with subpar skills in bed."

"You little bitch!"

Ethan roared, but I turned a deaf ear to it. I proceeded downstairs.

As soon as I reached the first floor, I saw Emily sitting on the sofa. The woman was always well-dressed no matter where she was.

She turned to look at me and said, "I heard that your sweetheart was in an accident. Is that true?"

I frowned and stared at her fiercely.

"If you're smart, you're going to give up on Spencer and seize the chance to be with Ethan. A wise woman always knows when to cut her losses,"

Emily said in a tone that made me want to slap her.

I averted my gaze, hoping to hide the raging anger that would surely reflect in my eyes. I walked to the kettle and pulled out two mugs. I made two cups of tea and laced one of them with something.

"Do you think I'm the same as you? That once a man goes useless on me, I'll just discard him without hesitation?"

I raised my eyebrows and handed the laced cup of tea to Emily. She took the cup willingly.

"Did Ethan say anything to you recently?" Emily asked with the cup of tea in her hand.

"He asked me to be his wife. He also promised that he would give me glory and wealth," I answered indifferently.

"It seems that he doesn't know you're still in love with your recently crippled ex," Emily commented, grasping the cup tightly and looking a little nervous.

I smiled, leaned in, and whispered in her ear, "Nonsense. I don't love Spencer anymore. I only love glory and wealth. I also have an interest in the Johnson family fortune."

"Really? Well, you don't deserve it," Emily snickered and took a sip of her tea. Then, she set down the cup on the table.

She patted me on the shoulder and warned me in a threatening tone, "Forget your inordinate ambitions, Vivian. Whether you like it or not, you're on my side. You can only take what I give you. Don't dream that you can get what Ethan has promised you."

After saying that, she stood up and left.

Looking at her back, I suddenly called to her, "Mom."

Emily stopped and turned to look at me in confusion.

"I have something to tell you. Come to my room, will you?"

She narrowed her eyes at me, and I saw a hint of suspicion in her eyes. After a few moments of indecision, she finally went to my bedroom like I asked.

I heaved a sigh of relief and looked up at the clock in the living room. I was right on schedule.

I took the cups to the kitchen and washed them carefully. Making sure no one was around, I took a tiny fruit knife and hid it in my sleeve.

It would be a case of kill or cure.

When I went to my room and opened the door, I found Emily sitting on my bed and smoking.

"What took you so long?" she snapped, her face full of impatience.

"I washed up in the kitchen. I cleaned the cups we used. We don't want to be inconsiderate to their next users, do we?" I replied.

Emily wasn't alone in my bedroom. The two bodyguards who were with Ethan last time were there with her, and the moment I walked in, the one holding a rope walked toward me.

I stared at him and felt numb. Since arriving in France, I had spent my nights tied up in ropes. I struggled and resisted in the beginning, but eventually, I got so used to it that I didn't even feel it anymore.

"Stop. You can tie her up after we finish talking," Emily ordered the bodyguard in a low voice.

"No, go right ahead. Just have them tie me up now. I don't want to delay their work," I beamed.

Emily sneered, "You scornful little girl. Fine. Now that you've asked for it, go on, tie her up."

I stood still and let the two bodyguards tie me up.

"Get out. I need to speak with my daughter."

After tying me up, the bodyguards walked out without saying a word, leaving me and Emily alone in the room.

"It's so embarrassing to see you like this," Emily said, looking at me contemptuously.

"Yes, it is quite embarrassing," I shrugged.

"You shouldn't have been so stubborn. If you had listened to me and chosen Ethan, we wouldn't have

ended up like this," Emily said regretfully.

"Really?" I asked with a smile.

Emily blew a puff of smoke in the air. She stared at me with misty eyes that was suddenly full of nostalgic fondness. "Your character is really similar to mine when I was younger."

I didn't say anything.

Awkward silence descended upon the room.

"Your father died not long ago," Emily said abruptly.

I lowered my head and stared blankly at the floor, not knowing what to say.

My father?

I already forgot that I once had one.

I thought they had already lost contact.

Emily put out the cigarette and asked, "What do you want to say to me?"

"How did he die?" I murmured.

"He died of an incurable disease."

Emily's eyes were still misty, but no tears rolled down her cheeks.

I tried my best to recall my father's face, but I failed.

My heart was empty and numb like it was trapped in a block of ice.

Emily looked sad and lost in thought.

Then, she stood up and started to leave.

"Stay with me for a little while, will you?" I pleaded.

Emily turned to look at me, closed her eyes for a moment, and then acquiesced to my request. She sat back on the edge of my bed.

Eventually, the drug I put in Emily's cup of tea kicked in. She dozed off and passed out on my bed.

I slipped the fruit knife down my sleeve and started cutting the ropes.

When I got free, I stood up and carefully checked on Emily.

She was in deep sleep with an abnormal flush on her face.

I breathed a sigh of relief, turned off the light, and hid behind the curtains. Then, I waited quietly for the second protagonist of the play.

Late at night, while Emily groaned weakly in bed, Ethan came in.

He staggered into my bedroom.

The next second, he gasped, quickly took off his pajamas, and threw himself in bed beside Emily.

In the dark, Emily asked in a hoarse voice, "Who's there?"

"It's just me, baby. You are mine tonight."

Then came Emily's high-pitched moans and Ethan's grunts of pleasure. The moonlight shining in through the window illuminated their naked, intertwined bodies.

The aphrodisiac I dosed them with worked very well.

Watching the exciting scene unfold before me, I felt my heart settle into a calm that I hadn't experienced in a long time.

The pinhole camera hidden at the head of the bed was recording everything.

My plan had succeeded.

When Emily and Ethan were finally done, I stepped out from behind the curtains. They were so exhausted that they had fallen asleep right away.

'Didn't I tell you I'd make you pay for the pain you'd caused me, Ethan?'

I took the camera away, left my bedroom, and disappeared into the night.

### [Chapter 394 Scandal](#)

Daniel's POV:

I took the red-eye flight, so I could get home early in the morning.

As soon as I entered the house, the butler came running to me with a look of utter shock. "Mr. Johnson, oh, what a calamity! Please read the news quickly!"

I turned on my phone, and my eyes widened when I saw a piece of shocking news.

"Unbelievable! Sex tape gone viral! An incestuous love affair between the heir of the Johnson family and his stepmother? Click this link to read more."

In a fit of anger, I threw my phone on the floor, causing it to break into pieces.

Without a word, I stormed into the bedroom with the bodyguards. Just as I had expected, my son was hugging his stepmother in bed, naked.

My blood pressure rose because of what I had seen. I also felt dizzy as if my brain was lacking oxygen. Suddenly, my knees buckled under my weight, causing me to stumble. Fortunately, my men caught me on time.

"Someone wake this slut and my unfilial son and tie them up!"

Several bodyguards quickly fetched two basins of cold water and poured them onto the two people on the bed.

"Ah!"

Ethan and Emily got up at the same time. Confusion was written all over their faces.

It was the latter who first realized what was happening. "Ah!" she screamed in surprise.

Ethan looked around to figure out what was happening. When she saw Emily, a look of displeasure appeared on his face. "What the fuck is going on? Why are you in my bed?"

Emily went white as a sheet. In a panic, she covered her naked body with the wet quilt.

"I'm the one who should be asking you that!" she retorted.

"Enough!" I interjected, "Have you no shame? Get dressed and come to my study!"

About half an hour later, the bodyguards brought Ethan and Emily to the study.

I stared at Ethan, who was shame-faced, and Emily, who was as pale as a ghost. As I looked at the two of them, the rage inside me burned even more.

I pointed at Emily and ordered one of my men, "Slap her!"

A bodyguard walked over to her and slapped her across the face.

Emily groaned in pain. That single slap made her face swell in an instant.

"Do it again, and don't stop until I say so."

I watched with pleasure as the bodyguard slapped Emily over and over.

Emily's face was now bruised and swollen, and there was blood at the corner of her mouth. Unable to take the slapping anymore, she fell to the floor feebly.

"Enough!" I ordered.

The bodyguard stepped aside at once.

I shifted my gaze to Ethan, who was watching the scene in front of him with horror.

"Father, believe me, I went to see Vivian last night. I don't know how I ended up sleeping with Emily. I have no interest in that old woman at all," Ethan explained anxiously.

I just stared at him in response. Even though he was my only son, I was very disappointed in him.

"Give me a whip," I ordered sternly to my men.

Ethan fell stunned as he immediately realized what was about to go down. He tried to flee. However, the bodyguards came forward, grabbed him by the shoulders, and forced him to get down on his knees.

"Father! No!"

With a whip in my hand, I slowly made my way toward Ethan. For a fleeting moment, I felt sorry for him. But then, I hardened my heart and began whipping him to my heart's content. The sound of the whip whooshing, along with Ethan's screams, echoed in the study.

I calmed down a little after giving my son a whipping.

When I finally threw the whip away, Ethan was lying on the ground and groaning in pain.

I shifted my attention to Emily, who was trembling like leaf.

I had doted on this woman for many years. Never in my life did I imagine that she would cheat on me. I was wrong. To think, she cheated on me with my son!

The remaining pity in my heart turned into rage. How I wished I could peel off her skin with my bare hands.

I grabbed her collar and pulled her up from the ground. "Over the years, I doted on you, gave you shares of my company, and made you the hostess of the family. I even turned a blind eye whenever you messed around with your toy boys. Couldn't you keep your hands to yourself? How dare you seduce my son? Do you want to die?!"

"No. I didn't seduce your son. It was Vivian!" She planned this!" Emily explained in a hoarse voice.

"Yes. It must be her! She's taking revenge on me. Where is that bitch anyway?" Ethan echoed with a ferocious look on his face.

I let go of Emily and strode toward Ethan. Without warning, I slapped him on the face as hard as I could.

"She's gone! How could that woman fool you over and over again? Now, the whole world thinks that you two are having an affair. How am I supposed to face others now?"

"Honey..." Emily hugged my legs and sobbed, "Trust me. I was set up. How could I betray you?"

I just watched her acting with a sneer at the corners of my mouth. There was no pity in my heart, only disgust.

"Get her out of here," I ordered through gritted teeth.

"Yes, Mr. Johnson." The bodyguards walked forward and dragged Emily out of the study.

My head ached after dealing with my treacherous wife, so I sat on my swivel chair to rest.

Meanwhile, Ethan stood in front of me as though he had something to say.

I felt a myriad of emotions as I stared at the heir I had been cultivating for years.

Could it be that the Johnson family was not destined to have a successor?

At this moment, I sighed heavily and asked, "Do you know why you're still alive?"

"Because I'm the only son of the Johnson family," Ethan answered under his breath.

It turned out that he was aware that he was the only hope of the Johnson family.

Furious, I slapped him yet again.

"Then why don't you learn? How could you let that woman have you in the palm of her hands? You played with fire, and you ended up burning yourself. What the hell are we supposed to do now?"

Ethan covered his face and bellowed, "Just kill both of them!"

I was taken aback by his response. What a despicable son he was!

I stared at him with disdain.

"Those two only want the property of the Johnson family anyway. Their deaths are not to be regretted," Ethan explained with a sneer.

"Then what have you done for this family?"

"I..." Ethan opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out of it.

"I've been married to Emily for so many years. Do you seriously think that I only treat her as a plaything?"

Ethan lowered his head. "No, I—"

"Then how could you sleep with her?!"

My heart was broken. Emily and I had been married for decades. I loved her. How dare this bastard suggest that I should kill the woman I loved?

"What's done is done. There's nothing we can do about it anymore." Ethan paused for a few seconds and then added, "There must've been something wrong with the medicine Vivian gave yesterday."

"What about Emily? Was she drugged, too?"

"I think so." Ethan suddenly pounded on the table and exclaimed, "Damn it! We were all set up by that woman!"

I sighed deeply. "Ethan, forget Vivian. You're no match for her."

"That's all the more reason why I have to kill her," Ethan retorted.

"It's easy for you to say that. Just to remind you, you're not the only one who's searching for her. I'm sure someone will come and ask for her soon."

"Are you talking about that cripple—Spencer?" Ethan asked crossly. Judging from the look on his face, he did not take my words seriously.

"He may be a cripple, but he's not dead. Once he finds out that you kidnapped Vivian, he'll come for you."

"I would rather kill that bitch than hand her over to Spencer. If I can't have her, nobody else can!" Ethan roared with a crazy look on his face. I could only stare at him blankly and wonder where I had gone wrong.

Could I really hand the Johnson family over to him?

Scarlett's POV:

I stood in front of the wardrobe as I chose the evening dress I would wear in the auction.

While I was busy trying out dresses, Elena stormed in and exclaimed, "Oh my God! Caroline, check your Twitter. Ethan and Emily's sex tape was uploaded!"

Without missing a beat, I threw the dress in my hand and picked up my phone.

I was pleased. It seemed that my camera had come in handy. This could only mean one thing—Vivian's plan was a success.

I smiled knowingly. "Good job, Elena. Vivian must've escaped seeing that their video is now out there. Let's leave the rest to Spencer."

Elena sighed. "Caroline, you haven't changed at all. You're still so kind."

I froze. Was I really kind?

I did not think so. After what I had gone through, my heart was now as hard as a stone.

I shook my head and explained, "Elena, don't think too highly of me. I helped Vivian because she and Spencer are my friends. I don't want anything to happen to them."

"I know. You're just being in denial," Elena mumbled.

"Whatever. Anyway, let's choose which dress I should wear in the action first."

I shifted the topic. As I spoke, I opened the red box in front of me excitedly. I received this at the same time I received Charles's present.

At first, I thought it was from him. But when I opened the box, I saw a note which read, "Miss Wilson, please forgive me for my rudeness. Please accept this present as a peace offering. I believe that this would look good on you. Simon."

Under the note was a dark green V-neck slip dress. The design was simple, but it was elegant. Its close-fitting design would show the curve of the woman who would wear this. Gentleman as he was, Simon also prepared a set of pearl jewelry that would match the gown perfectly.

"Aww. Simon is so thoughtful. Caroline, are you going to give him a chance?" Elena teasingly asked.

I gazed at the green gown Simon had sent and the blue one from Charles. Which should I choose?

#### [Chapter 395 Put In A Good Word For You](#)

Vivian's POV:

I scaled the walls of the villa and ran across the empty road.

Soon, a car pulled over beside me and the driver rolled down the window.

'It's Richard!' My eyes widened in surprise.

"What are you doing here?"

"Spencer asked me to pick you up. He can't really come himself right now," Richard explained.

'It's Spencer...'

Merely hearing his name made my heart ache.

"Get in the car. We need to get the hell out of here first, or else we'll get caught," said Richard.

I knew that those people weren't going to let me escape so easily. They would probably catch up with me if I tarried here any longer.

Thus, I opened the door to the passenger seat and got in the car.

"Richard, how is Spencer?" I asked worriedly.

Ever since I heard that Spencer had a car accident, I had been worrying about him every day.

"His legs were badly injured. He almost had them amputated. Fortunately, the doctors managed to keep his legs intact. But... he can't walk anymore," Richard responded, sounding melancholic.

"How... how could this be?" I cried. My heart bled for Spencer.

'He's such a proud man. What has he been experiencing these past few days?' I asked inwardly.

"Vivian, he's been waiting for you. You're the only motivation he has to live," Richard replied in a heavy tone, and then he sighed.

Tears blurred my vision and my heart was broken.

"Can you tell me why you divorced Spencer all of a sudden, Vivian?" Richard asked tentatively.

I wiped the tears from the corner of my eyes and explained, "After my miscarriage, it damaged my uterus, causing it to become more difficult for me to conceive again. I just don't want to be a burden to Spencer."

Richard fell silent for a while and shook his head. "Actually, you don't have to do this. It will only make him feel guiltier."

I touched my flat belly, and it invoked feelings of bitterness.

Raina's POV:

At breakfast, Dad mentioned the auction.

"Dad, are you going to attend the auction?" I asked.

My dad nodded in response.

Feeling distressed over it, I lowered my head and pursed my lips.

"I don't think Charles wants me there," I remarked.

Ever since Scarlett's return, Charles had been giving me the cold shoulder.

'What's so good about Scarlett? Why can't he just move on from her?'

As I gritted my teeth, sadness and indignation flared up in my eyes.

"Raina, you need to fight for your happiness. Only when you cater to his pleasure can you win him over," said my mother.

My eyes lit up when I understood what she meant.

After eating breakfast, I called Chloe and invited her to go shopping with me.

She was glad to accept my invitation.

While we were shopping, I casually mentioned the auction.

"Are you going to the auction?" Chloe's eyes lit up with excitement as we entered a store.

"Raina, my brother loves this brand of clothing the best. Let's go inside, so you can choose one!"

"Thank you so much, Chloe!"

I was pleasantly surprised that things went much smoother than I had expected, and I was excited about that.

"Hello, Miss Moore!" the sales clerk greeted Chloe warmly.

Chloe gestured her hand towards me and said, "This is my brother's fiancée, Miss Raina Hill."

The sales clerk seemed delighted to meet me when she heard what Chloe said, and she flashed me a bright smile.

"A few days ago, Mr. Moore came by our shop and ordered a limited edition dress. He said that it was for his wife. Well, I guess it turns out that he had it prepared for you, Miss Hill."

I was so surprised and my heart was filled with joy upon hearing that.

'Did Charles buy me an evening dress? Yes! He finally showed his care for me. Does this mean he'll definitely invite me to the auction?'

When I locked eyes with the sales clerk, I was mildly abashed.

"Raina, my brother is so considerate. He even prepared a dress for you! How sweet of him," Chloe remarked proudly.

"I guess you're going to be my sister-in-law officially pretty soon," she added.

My heart was pounding and my eyes displayed just how joyous I felt.

"Well, since Charles has already bought you a dress, why don't you just choose a pair of shoes and some accessories to match the dress?" Chloe suggested.

I nodded with excitement.

This time, I wanted to seize the opportunity.

Charles' POV:

After work, I went back to the Moore mansion to accompany the children.

Ever since Scarlett left, James had often been asking where his mother had gone.

I wasn't sure how to answer the question, so I just told him that his mom was out of town.

At this time, my phone rang, interrupting my thoughts.

It was from Richard.

He said that he had successfully retrieved Vivian. I breathed a sigh of relief.

Once the phone call had ended, James suddenly looked up at me.

"Dad, I know that Mom is back. I want to see her," he said.

"How did you know that? Who told you?" I asked, staring at my son in surprise.

"Nobody did. I just noticed how you're smiling more often lately. I'm sure something is fishy about that!" James gave me a knowing look, making it seem as though he had seen through everything.

I chuckled helplessly at his remark. But in truth, my heart was overcome by bitterness.

"James, I also want your mom to come back, but she doesn't want to come back right now."

At the moment, Scarlett was like a hedgehog.

Each time I tried to get close to her, she would brandish her thorns against me.

I could tell that her hatred was far beyond what I had initially imagined.

"This is all your fault. You shouldn't have hurt Mom like that!" James scoffed, his eyes filled with disappointment.

Even though he was young, he was certainly wise beyond his years.

My heart ached.

"I deserve this. I've hurt Scarlett too much in the past."

"Mom won't come back until you apologize!" James put his hands to his chin and analyzed the situation. "Mom may not want to see you, but she's definitely willing to see me. I suggest you arrange a meeting for us as soon as you can! Once I make her happy, I'll put in a good word for you, Dad!"

The solemnity of James' face made him look like a sophisticated adult.

However, his face was youthful, and his voice was just as youthful.

He didn't sound mature at all. On the contrary, he sounded so adorable.

I smiled at him, dotingly rubbing his little head.

"Fine... I'll wait for you to put in a good word for me. I'll arrange a meeting for you and Mommy as soon as your great-grandma is discharged from the hospital, okay?"

Then, I carried James and giggled.

### [Chapter 396 A Clean Break](#)

Vivian's POV:

Richard and I flew back to Los Angeles via Moore family's private plane.

As soon as I got out of the airport, I went to the hospital.

I couldn't wait to see Spencer.

But when I entered the ward, I saw him talking and laughing with a woman I'd never seen before.

All the joy and longing I had felt turned into anger, causing me to kick the woman's leg as hard as I could.

"Get out! Who on earth let you in?"

"Who are you?"

The woman rubbed her leg, visibly in pain and displeased.

"Me? I'm Spencer's wife. Who the fuck are you? Why are you acting like you're so close to my husband?" I asked, staring at her arrogantly.

Spencer caressed the woman's hair and spoke to her in a gentle voice. "She's no longer my wife. We're divorced."

The way he acted so affectionate towards her made it seem like they were a loving couple.

"Vivian, she's Freya, the woman my mom introduced to me. I'm going to marry her." Spencer smiled at me.

Astonished and enraged, I gritted my teeth while glaring at him.

It had only been a few weeks since we'd gotten divorced, and he was seeing another woman. 'How could he do this to me?'

He whispered something to Freya's ear and wore a mysterious smile. "Don't forget our agreement."

"Spencer, are you really going to marry her?" I asked as tears fell from my eyes.

"Of course! Do you think I'd still want a woman who's been fooling around with another man?" Spencer was looking at me as though he was disgusted of me.

His gaze was like a sharp blade, jabbing into my heart.

It felt like my heart was being strangled by a pair of invisible hands, and the pain almost suffocated me.

Richard said that I was Spencer's only motivation to live on, and the same was true for me; Spencer was, and remained, the only reason for me to continue living.

But now that I struggled to come back to him, he was telling me that he no longer wanted me.

And so... I left the ward, feeling only bitterness and anger.

Spencer's POV:

As I watched Vivian walk away, my heart was torn apart. I never knew that heartbreak could be painful enough to suffocate someone.

I was certain that she must be devastated right now, but I had lost the privilege to hold her in my arms and comfort her.

Later, David walked into my ward and said to me, "Spencer, do not do something you'll regret. You're not going to marry Freya anyway."

"I will!" I replied in a fit of rage.

Having heard my response, he sighed and left the ward.

If I didn't marry Freya, Vivian might never give up on me.

To my surprise, Vivian suddenly returned.

The anger on her face was gone, and she looked surprisingly calm.

She stood in front of me, slowly unbuttoning her shirt.

"Spencer, look at me carefully. That bastard, Ethan, has been torturing me every single day. My life has become a living hell. If it weren't for you, I would've killed myself by now!" Vivian's eyes were filled with pain and despair.

I stared at every scar on her body and it fueled rage inside me.

I clenched my fists and thought, 'Ethan, you beast! How could you treat Vivian like this?'

I tried my best to stop myself from embracing Vivian and averted my gaze from her.

"Spencer, are you sure you don't want me anymore?" she asked in a choked voice.

"I'm certain." I turned my face away from her again, pretending to be indifferent.

The hope in Vivian's eyes gradually faded, and only disappointment was left in the end.

With that, she buttoned up her shirt again.

"Had I known this would happen, I would've rather died with those two monsters." Vivian chuckled with self-mockery and left without looking back.

When I saw the desperation on her face, my facade almost broke.

I clenched my fists tightly and watched as she disappeared from my sight outside the ward.

The extreme pain coming from my chest made it hard for me to breathe.

Freya shouted at me, "Spencer, this is too much! You know how much Vivian loves you. Why did you have to push her away?"

"You don't get it, do you? I don't deserve her anymore! She deserves a much better man." I shook my head, chuckling with self-mockery.

If I were to continue being with Vivian, I'd only be a burden to her.

I didn't have the heart to be that selfish.

"You're right. I don't get it. But I think that whatever you're doing right now will only hurt her more," Freya replied.

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During the afternoon, Charles came.

As soon as he entered my room, he growled, "Spencer, are you fucking insane? You pushed her away after saving her life? That's beyond cruel! If you were going to do this in the first place, you never should've saved her!"

"I'm not the one who saved Vivian. You're the one who persuaded me to get her back!" I said stubbornly.

"I have nothing to do with Vivian. If it weren't for you, I would never save a woman irrelevant to my life for no apparent reason," Charles responded flatly.

I pursed my lips and fell silent.

"Spencer, what you did will only drive her to the edge of desperation, and soon, your relationship will become irreparable. My only hope is that you won't regret your decision someday." After casting me a look of disappointment, Charles left the ward.

I forced a smile as my heart was filled with bitterness.

'I already know that. But I don't have any other choice.'

The next morning, David walked into the ward, seemingly relaxed and happy.

Surprised, I asked him, "Why do you look so perky?"

"Guess what news I heard?" he asked.

"Tch! Never mind." I lost my interest and lay back on the bed.

David chuckled at my reaction. "Spencer, you're still as impatient as before. The news is about Ethan."

"Ethan? Is he coming?" I bolted upright on the bed.

"No, but I heard that he had four of his ribs broken, and his penis is just as broken." David laughed as though he was gloating.

### [Chapter 397 Convince Alice](#)

Charles' POV:

I left the hospital with a heavy heart.

I just didn't want Spencer to make the same mistakes I did.

'He and Vivian love each other with all their hearts. Why is he pushing her away?'

Back then, if I hadn't hurt Scarlett deeply, she would've been willing to give me a chance to atone for my sins now.

Annoyed, I loosened my tie and drove back to the company.

Upon my arrival, Amy handed me some documents about the Ecological Park project on the west coast.

"Mr. Moore, this project has been shelved for three years, and it has only recently been restarted. This is Miss Wilson's first official project after returning home."

"I want a stake in this project. Oh, but... make sure not to put down an investment under my name. File it with another person's name," I commanded.

Despite my reluctance to admit it, Scarlett clearly didn't want to have anything to do with me.

If she were to find out that I got involved in this project, she'd surely be furious.

I pursed my lips, feeling only bitterness.

"Got it, sir. I'll do that right away." Amy nodded in response, and then she went to the door.

"Amy, hold on," I said.

She paused, looking back at me.

"I've asked you to send Miss Wilson the evening gown and the pictures of the kids a few days ago. Have you sent them already?" I asked with a frown.

"Yes, sir. But Miss Wilson has yet to respond," Amy answered cautiously.

Upon hearing that, I felt lost and powerless.

"Sir, there are only three days left until the auction. Would you like me to find you another companion for the evening?" asked Amy.

"That's not necessary. You can go back to work now," I said, still frowning.

Silence ensued in my office again. I took a deep breath and lit up a cigarette.

The white smoke spread out, blurring my vision. All of a sudden, I saw Scarlett's indifferent face in front of my eyes.

Gradually, my eyes turned red.

'Scarlett, what on earth must I do to gain your forgiveness?'

It took me a while, but I finally managed to put those thoughts aside and pick up the phone to call Richard.

"Richard, have you found Boris' whereabouts?" I asked him.

"Not yet. It seems like he's disappeared from the face of the earth." It kind of sounded like Richard was annoyed.

"There's something fishy about that guy. Otherwise, why would he suddenly disappear? Keep looking for him, Richard. No matter where the bastard hides, find him!" I ordered sternly.

After hanging up the phone, my head started to ache again.

I tried to recall the details of the day Scarlett disappeared from the hospital. Something must've happened on that day.

The memories of the day were like scattered fragments in my mind. When I tried to capture them, they disappeared without a trace.

And the more I tried to recall it, the more my head felt like it was about to explode.

Chloe's POV:

Once Charles had left, I called Raina immediately.

"Raina, Charles has left. You can come over now."

After the phone call, I spoke to my mother.

"Mom, Raina is coming for a visit. I know you don't like her, but she loves my brother, so be nice to her when she comes by, okay?" I took my mother's hand and tried to persuade her.

"How could you let that woman come to our house? Charles will get angry if he finds out about this!" Mom's eyes widened in shock.

"Just think about it, Mom. Charles and Scarlett have been divorced for so long. Do you want him to be alone for the rest of his life?" I countered.

Charles was my mother's weakness. I was certain she didn't want to see him die alone.

All the things I said must've hit her sore spot.

"Of course, I want Charles to move on sooner. But I'm worried he'll get mad at us if we insist on setting him up with Raina like this." Mom seemed worried, but she didn't look as firm as before.

"Mom, Charles adores you. How could he get mad at you? As long as you will it, he'll definitely agree in the end," I said firmly.

Seeing that she still seemed hesitant, I added, "Can you really bear to watch him hurt himself over Scarlett again and again?" The mere thought of that woman made me feel disgusted.

In the end, my mom reluctantly agreed to it.

Now that I had her consent, I was happy. A smug smile appeared on my lips.

'Scarlett doesn't deserve Charles! I will never allow that woman to step foot in the Moore mansion ever again! Besides, Raina is clearly the best choice for my brother. She loves him, she has a decent family background, and most importantly, she obeys me.'

All of a sudden, I heard a commotion outside.

I went out to have a look and found Raina being stopped outside the gate by one of the guards.

She looked really humiliated.

"She is my friend. Let her in this instance!" I commanded.

"My apologies, ma'am, but Mr. Moore has specifically ordered that Miss Hill is not allowed to come in," the guard explained.

My face turned grim upon hearing that.

"What if I insist on inviting her in?"

The bodyguard pursed his lips and fell silent.

Seemingly having heard the commotion, Mom came out of the house.

"What's going on here?" she asked.

Raina's eyes were red and tears were falling from them.

Her pretty face made her look even more pitiful while crying.

Mom's heart softened upon seeing Raina's face. She hurriedly said, "Please, come in. This guard can be ignorant at times. Try not to take it to heart."

After I brought Raina into the living room, I halted Tracy.

"Tracy, bring the twins here," I said to her.

She seemed reluctant to do it.

The anger I had managed to suppress finally broke out, causing me to raise my voice. "What? Am I not allowed to give you orders? Believe it or not, I can and will ask my brother to fire you!"

Mom patted me on the shoulder as if to reassure me. Then she turned to Tracy and said, "Tracy, go upstairs and take care of James, will you? Leave the twins here. I'll take care of them."

This time, Tracy agreed to give the twins to my mother.

She then glared at Raina before going upstairs.

Raina, on the other hand, smiled at the twins and gestured to me using her eyes.

I understood what she meant, so I said to my mother, "Mom, let's go prepare some fruits for Raina."

After a moment of hesitation, Mom placed the twins in their stroller.

While preparing fruits, I whispered to her, "Mom, what do you think of Raina?"

Mom pondered for a moment and then she nodded. "I think she's okay; at least, she's much better than that harlot, Rita."

Her eyes were filled with disgust upon mentioning Rita's name.

#### [Chapter 398 Call Me Mommy](#)

Raina's POV:

Alice and Chloe went to the kitchen to prepare the fruits. Jerry, Jason, and I were left in the living room.

I couldn't stand to watch the twins. As long as these children were alive, there was no way for me to separate Charles and Scarlett completely.

But I had to suppress my disgust for them. After all, they were important tools for me to successfully marry into the Moore family.

I picked up the baby snacks that were prepared in advance, put on the gentlest smile I could muster, and slowly approached the twins. I coaxed them, "Hello, Jerry and Jason. Will you call me Mommy, please?"

Jerry and Jason, who were playing, suddenly stopped. They turned to look at me. I smiled more brightly, waved the snacks in my hand, and secretly pressed the recording key on my mobile phone. "Come on,

call me Mommy."

As I expected, the twins stared at the snacks without blinking. Then, they said, "Mommy."

I was overjoyed.

If I could make the twins like me, then it would be easy for me to make them acknowledge me as their stepmother.

With a smile on my face, I reached out and tried to pick up Jerry.

"Stop!"

A sudden roar came from behind me, which scared me. I withdrew my hands in an instant.

When I turned around, I saw James and Tracy standing behind me.

"James, I..." I started, wanting to say hello to James.

"Stay away from my brothers, you ugly woman! You are not welcome here!" James screamed at me, seething with rage.

Ugly woman?

That remark made me tremble all over with anger.

I was about to lose control of my emotions when James cast a cold glance at me, which sent a chill down my spine. I froze at once.

He looked so much like Charles. The condescending look he flashed me now was just like the one Charles showed me every time he was angry with me. Looking at James's eyes, I couldn't help feeling frightened, but in the end, I decided that I wouldn't let a kid scare me.

"Don't get me wrong, James. I just wanted to give Jerry and Jason a hug. Look, I prepared some snacks for them. I also prepared some for you. Let me give them to you, okay?" I stepped forward, hoping to appease him.

Ignoring my flattery, James walked straight to the stroller. The twins immediately put me out of their minds and reached out to their big brother.

James touched Jerry's face and said coldly, "No, thanks. Keep your snacks. And we only have one mom. No one can ever replace her. I think it's time for you to leave."

Damn!

I had never felt so wronged in my life. I would've already slapped this arrogant brat if I hadn't wanted to leave Alice with a good impression.

"What are you talking about, James? How could you be so impolite?"

Just then, Alice and Chloe happened to come out of the kitchen. Chloe seemed to overhear James, so she snapped at him.

It was my chance.

"Chloe, don't blame James. He didn't mean it," I said, stepping back and pretending to be sad.

"James, you are a good boy. You should treat Miss Hill with respect, okay?" Chloe knelt in front of James and gently reminded him to behave.

My trick worked. Without anyone noticing, I cast James a triumphant glance.

I was surprised when James suddenly pursed his lips and then burst into tears.

Everyone instantly panicked.

Alice rushed over to James and hugged him. "Oh, honey, what is it? What's wrong? Tell Grandma."

"Miss Hill... bullied... me... She pinched me hard. She even wanted to... hurt... Jerry..."

James spoke in between sobs, tears continuously streaming down his cheeks. He showed Alice his arm, and there was indeed a red mark on it. It looked raw and painful.

At this time, everyone, including Chloe, looked at me suspiciously.

That was a false accusation!

"No, I... I didn't touch him at all..." I explained, trying desperately to keep my panic at bay.

"Grandma, please ask this bad woman to leave. I don't want to see her again."

James cried louder and louder in Alice's arms, and Alice's eyes filled with the sort of coldness that I didn't want to see.

"Raina, my grandson is frightened right now. How about you leave for now?" Obviously, Alice was getting upset.

James was crying and fussing, leaving me with no chance at all to defend myself.

"You can come next time, Raina. It's just not a good day today," Chloe also persuaded me.

I stood helplessly in the living room. Everyone was asking me to leave. Grievance, unwillingness, and humiliation crashed over me like a tidal wave, and the back of my eyes started to sting with bitter tears.

This was all James's fault. He made a villain of me in front of his family!

I clenched my fists and forced an apologetic smile.

"Very well. I'm so sorry to have bothered you today. I'll come visit at a better time," I muttered, turned around, and left.

As soon as I made it out the door, I frowned and let the flames of fury consume my heart.

I thought about my successful attempt at recording the twins calling me Mommy. Suddenly, my heart was full of joy.

Holding my phone tightly, I put on a complacent smile.

'I won't let you off, Scarlett!'

Chloe's POV:

After Raina left, James stopped crying immediately. He snuggled up in Mom's arms, looking calm and collected as if he wasn't just bawling his eyes out minutes earlier.

Did this little boy just make fools out of us?

"James, did you lie about Raina bullying you?" I asked seriously.

"Yes, and I did it on purpose," James answered without remorse.

"You disappoint me. You know it's wrong to lie, don't you? Why did you do that?" I reprimanded him.

"I hate her. I hate that ugly woman. She touches my brothers, and she even wants to replace my mom. Who does she think she is?"

James looked at me with eyes full of disdain.

"Let's go, Tracy."

James walked to Tracy and asked her to bring the twins upstairs with him.

"Give it a rest, Chloe. He's just a kid," Mom told me.

"Mom, James is not a kid anymore. Sooner or later, he has to accept that Charles is going to have a new wife. I truly believe that Raina will make a good wife to Charles and stepmother to the kids," I said firmly.

Seeing that Mom was a little hesitant, I decided to strike while the iron was hot. I held her hand and said, "The auction of the land on the east bank will be held soon. Charles doesn't have an escort yet, does he? Can you please ask him to take Raina with him?"

I looked at Mom expectantly, and she finally agreed, "Okay, but if Charles says no to Raina, we won't force him."

"Okay," I replied, heaving a sigh of relief, and added, "Charles doesn't know that I know, but he bought a lovely dress. It must be for Raina. How about we give her a necklace to match that dress?" I smiled.

"Sounds like a plan," Mom nodded, returning my smile.

She took my hand and led me toward the basement. There was a special jewelry room that our family built in our mansion.

It was an underground space lined with glass display cases and cabinets. Inside those cases and cabinets were a variety of jewelry that would make any woman swoon.

The last time I paid the jewelry room a visit was before I flew abroad to study. At that time, Mom gave me an exquisite yellow diamond necklace, but unfortunately...

"How about this one, dear?" Mom's voice snapped me back to reality.

She held up a shining blue diamond necklace. The blue diamond was perfectly embedded in a daisy-shaped base and surrounded by a circle of little diamond studs that shimmered under the light.

"Wow. This one will look amazing."

"Then give this necklace to Raina, but don't make your brother angry this time, all right?" Mom exhorted.

"Don't worry," I promised her confidently.

This time, I would make a match between Raina and Charles.

[Chapter 399 Speed Up The Process](#)

Scarlett's POV:

During the afternoon, I sat in my office reading some documents when Elena knocked on the door and came in.

"Caroline, someone is willing to invest in our project on the west coast. Here's all the related information regarding said company."

She handed me a stack of documents.

I read through each document carefully. The company was going to invest in the project was named KD Group, and its CEO was someone called Corey Stanton.

'Corey Stanton? I've never heard this name before. Why did a stranger from a lesser known company suddenly want to invest in one of the Wilson Group's projects?'

After a moment of contemplation, I looked at Elena and said, "Can you set up an appointment with Mr. Stanton for me?"

"Actually, he's also asking to meet with you. He's trying to schedule an appointment with you at May Cafe at ten tomorrow morning," she replied.

Surprised, I raised my eyebrows. 'It seems that he's well prepared,' I thought.

I nodded in response and said, "I see. Help me set up the appointment. I'll meet with him personally."

Around seven in the evening, I finally finished all my work and got off duty.

The second I walked out of the building, I noticed a limited edition black Maybach parked by the entrance. Charles got out of the car dressed in casual clothes, followed by Janet.

Upon seeing me, Janet's eyes lit up. She waved at me, visibly excited.

It had been a year since we last saw each other, but she hadn't changed at all. She was still as childlike as ever.

It was hard to resist the urge to smile when seeing her.

But when I looked at Charles standing beside her, the smile on my face disappeared.

He had been haunting me this whole time.

Calmly, I turned around and walked towards my red Bentley.

The following second, someone blocked my way.

"What? Are you seriously going to pretend like you didn't see me?"

asked Charles.

I looked up at him, flashed him a smile, and distanced myself from me. "How could that be? Who would ignore the famous, infallible Mr. Charles Moore?"

"Miss Wilson, will you then do me the honor of allowing me to participate for the auction with you?" said Charles.

"Sorry, but I've already accepted someone else's invitation. If you have nothing else to say, I'll be on my way," I replied, ready to leave.

However, Charles reached out his arm to stop me. "Have you received the dress I sent you?"

Annoyed and restless, I clenched my fists and gritted my teeth. Each time that I ran into him, I'd become impatient and I'd easily get affected by him.

"Oh, that cheap dress you bought me? No offence, but it's not even worth a second look."

I pushed Charles' hand away and strode towards my car without hesitation.

"James, Jerry, and Jason are all waiting for you at home. Scarlett, are you really not coming back?" Janet shouted from behind me.

Upon hearing her say that, I stopped in my tracks. The bottled up emotions in my heart were about to burst. Because of how much I longed for my children, I couldn't walk on.

"It's time to go, Caroline." Elena got out of the car, gesturing at me.

I closed my eyes, holding back my tears.

Someday, I would get my children back. But that day was not today.

With every bit of willpower I had, I forced myself to move forward and get in the car. This time, nobody stopped me.

Once I was in my car, I was left dazed.

"Caroline, Charles' car has been following ours. What do you want us to do?" Elena asked, turning her head towards me.

In the rearview mirror, I saw the black Maybach following us like a silent, loyal knight.

Everything that happened in the past suddenly flashed through my mind like scenes out of the movie. Back then, that same black Maybach would be parked by the entrance of the TV station countless of times just to drive me back to our once warm home each night.

Those were the good times Charles and I shared.

This sudden moment of weakness made me panic.

'Scarlett, you're Caroline now. You can't be softhearted anymore!'

While closing my eyes, I urged myself to calm down.

"Ignore it. Let's just get home as soon as we can."

The Maybach followed our car all the way to my villa.

During the evening, I had a video chat with my dad. We discussed the project on the west coast.

"Dad, do you know anything about the KD Group? Why did they want to invest in our project? Something's fishy about this."

There were too many factors that made me doubt them, and they'd been clouding my mind ever since I heard their proposal to invest.

"I'm not sure about the specifics, but in my opinion, it's always good to bring in new investors. Still, you should remain cautious. Do not let others entrap you," Dad responded. It didn't seem like he took it seriously.

I fell silent after what he said. My only option now was to err on the side of caution.

"Dad, there's one more thing I need to tell you," I said, firmly looking at him. "I want to speed up the process of getting custody of my kids."

Charles' POV:

Once Scarlett had arrived home safely, I drove back to the Moore mansion.

The second I opened the door, a pleasant little guy threw himself into my arms.

James looked into my eyes with his sunny expression. He complained, "Dad, a bad woman came to our house this afternoon to make trouble. She bullied me and wanted to hug my brother. She..."

'A bad woman?'

"Was Raina here?" I asked, looking at Tracy.

She nodded in response, seemingly feeling guilty.

'Is that woman insane? How dare she lay a hand on my kids?'

"Tracy, what the hell were you doing? Why did you let that maniac in and get close to the kids?" I growled at Tracy.

Ashamed and afraid, Tracy lowered her head. Unexpectedly, James took a step in front of her and spread out his arms.

"Dad, don't get mad at Tracy! It's that bad woman's fault. You shouldn't blame Tracy for it." James raised his chin, looking at me with contempt.

This time, I was taken aback. I looked around, staring daggers at everyone around me. All the servants lowered their heads.

"From now on, no strangers are allowed to enter the house. Do you all understand?"

"Charles, you're taking things too far. Am I not allowed to bring my best friend home for some fun? Besides, Raina is no stranger to us anymore!" Chloe complained as her eyes widened.

I must admit that she could be spoiled. At times, she was naive, and sometimes even stupid.

"Chloe, you need to be more vigilant than that. Some people don't deserve to be your friend," I argued.

"Charles, you've gone too far!" She was so angry that her face turned red.

"What are you two arguing about? Just come over here and have dinner." Mom intervened on our argument and tried to smooth things over.

The whole family sat at the dinner table one after another. There, Dad was staring at me as he asked, "News about this Caroline Wilson is spreading like wildfire. Is she really Scarlett?"

I paused from cutting my steak, for I had no idea how to respond to that.

At this time, James was sitting next to me, staring at me and visibly confused. I touched his head and said nothing.

Dad let out a sigh. "I see. Well, this is between you two. We won't do anything to interfere."

Having said that, he shot Mom and Chloe a knowing glance. My mother turned her face away, while my sister pouted with displeasure.

"I'll handle it."

Once dinner was finished, I picked James up as he yawned and carried him upstairs.

The boy leaned his head on my shoulder, seemingly distressed about something. "Dad, I don't like that bad woman," he whispered.

I patted him on the back to comfort him. "Fear not, my darling. Dad doesn't like her, either."

James' eyes lit up as he looked at me. "Can you promise me that you'll never let other women come to our house again?"

I planted a kiss on his forehead and replied, "Sure. I promise."

"Pinky swear, Daddy? Remember, men should never go back on their words!"

James and I locked our pinky fingers and swore on it.

After that, he blushed with excitement and embraced my neck tightly.

At this time, my phone rang. It was from Richard.

"Mr. Moore, I've spoken to Corey about his meeting with Mrs. Moore tomorrow. He already knows what to do."

I felt relieved to hear that.

Since Scarlett wasn't interested in my help, it was best to ask someone else to help her.

"Okay. Got it."

Once I ended the phone call, James seemed really excited. "Dad, is Mom back?"

"She is." I nodded and smiled.

"Oh, that's great! I can't wait to see her," James cheered while raising his hands.

All of a sudden, I thought of a brilliant idea.

I poked my son's nose and said, "James, if you can behave well tonight, I'll let you see your mom tomorrow."

His eyes lit up with excitement yet again.

"Dad, you're the best!"

#### [Chapter 400 Mother And Son Mee](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The next morning, I dressed up and went to the May Cafe to see Mr. Stanton.

Elena and I were about to reach the cafe when something caught my eye at the amusement park nearby.

"Elena, stop the car."

Even though a little startled, Elena obeyed my order and pulled the car over on the side of the road.

I got out of the car and rushed toward the amusement park.

I wasn't sure exactly what it was that caught my attention, but I felt as if the park was calling me.

I heard children laughing, and an idea suddenly occurred to me.

What if I built an amusement park on the land on the east bank?

I was already ruminating about the feasibility of my plan when a little boy ran toward me.

I took a closer look at him, and my heart leapt to my throat when I realized who he was.

"James?"

I immediately ran to him.

Before I could even get my hands on my son, I was already overwhelmed with happy tears.

"Mom! Mom..." James also had tears in his eyes, and he threw himself into my arms.

I couldn't restrain my emotions anymore, and I held him up. I hugged him like he'd disappear on me if I let him go.

He had grown taller and heavier.

I couldn't believe that I finally got to hold him.

"Oh, my little boy, I've missed you so much," I exclaimed and showered James with kisses as tears streamed down my face.

"I've missed you, too, Mom. Where have you been? Why haven't I seen you in so long?" James sobbed, his eyes full of grievance.

"Well, it's a long story of difficulties that I've just had to deal with, sweetie," I explained in a soft voice, wiping the tears from James's little face.

"Don't leave me again, okay?" James said and then wrapped his arms tightly around my neck, his eyes full of expectation.

"Okay, I promise," I answered and stroked his hair. Then, I frantically wiped away my tears.

"Who's here with you, sweetie?"

I looked around nervously but didn't see Charles.

Janet walked up to me and comforted me in a low voice, "I am. Don't worry, Scarlett. It's just me and James. It's nice to see you again by the way."

I heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Thank you, Janet. It's nice to see you again, too. May I play with James for a while?"

"Of course. James has missed you a lot. All he wants is to spend time with you," Janet replied, tears welling up in her eyes.

I put James down and took him for a stroll around the amusement park.

"When are you coming home, Mom?" James asked expectantly.

Looking at his bright eyes, I felt my throat close up. I didn't have a good answer to his question.

I decided to coax him, "Honey, one day, I'm going to come and take you and your brothers away. Will you come with me?"

"But Dad misses you, too. Isn't it good for all of us to be together?" James shook off my arm and looked at me with eyes full of hurt. I felt like someone just knifed me in the chest.

I forced a bitter smile.

Charles and I weren't family anymore. We were never ever getting back together.

"Sweetie, please don't tell your father that you saw me today, okay? Let's just keep this a little secret between us, okay?" I asked and ran my fingers through James's hair.

James pursed his lips, averted his gaze, and then nodded.

He and I spent some time together in the amusement park. Eventually, Elena walked up to me.

"Miss Wilson, we should go now. You have a meeting to attend."

I glanced at my watch and reluctantly let go of James.

Once again, James hurled himself at me and held on to me tightly, unwilling to let me go.

"I don't want you to leave, Mom."

"I'm so sorry, honey, but I have to go to work. We'll do this again next time, okay?"

In the end, James let go of me with tears in his eyes. I almost broke down and ran back to him.

With a heavy heart, I turned around, got in the car, and headed to my meeting.

When I arrived at the cafe, Corey greeted me with a smile.

"May I ask why you want to invest in the project on the west coast, Mr. Stanton?" I asked directly.

"I have studied this project carefully, and I find it very promising. I think it's going to make me a ton of money, so I want to put money into it," Corey explained without a hitch in his voice.

"The Wilson Group has many other investment-worthy projects. I'm afraid your reason for investing in the west coast project doesn't convince me," I said, narrowing my eyes at him.

Corey suddenly flashed me a meaningful smile.

"I know, Miss Wilson, that you've just returned from abroad and that you're having difficulties running your company. I want to invest because I want to help you relieve some of the internal strife that you're experiencing."

"How sure are you that I'm having some internal strife in my company?" I challenged, cocking my head to the side and staring intently at the man before me.

"Well, it's all over the news. The Wilson Group is an industry giant, and every move your company makes attracts a significant amount of attention. As far as the business world is concerned, Miss Wilson, you're an open book," Corey smiled, perfectly evading the pointedness of my question.

I looked at him suspiciously and thought to myself.

'This person knows so much about the situation of the Wilson Group. Wait! Did Adam send him?'

"Very well. But I still want to think about this again."

"Take all the time you need, Miss Wilson. I can wait," Corey beamed, handed me the letter of intent, and then left.

I looked down at the letter and ordered in a low voice, "Elena, run a comprehensive background check on that man. If he has a clean background, we will consider signing a contract with him."

Elena nodded.

When I left the cafe, I looked at the amusement park in a daze and became more determined to get the land on the east bank.

Charles's POV:

When I saw Scarlett holding James and crying with joy, I couldn't help smiling.

At the same time, I felt jealous.

Scarlett kissed and hugged James while pretending that she didn't know me.

I averted my eyes and let the disappointment destroy what was left of my aching heart.

I told Richard to drive away a little bit so that Scarlett wouldn't find us out.

An hour later, I got a call from Corey.

"Miss Wilson is being very cautious. She's still having doubts about accepting our investment," Corey sighed helplessly.

"Just give her the letter of intent. We have to be patient and keep the cat in the bag for as long as we can," I reminded him with a smile.

"Yes, I've handed it to her. Don't worry. I made sure that the letter was absolutely flawless," Corey assured me.

After that, I thanked him and hung up.

When I arrived at the Moore mansion, I went straight to James's room.

"I have kept my promise, son. Did you have a good time with your mother today?" I asked, bent over, and picked James up. My eyes rested on his soft cheeks for a moment.

The image of Scarlett kissing James's cheek flashed through my mind, and my throat suddenly went dry.

"I did, but I wish we were together longer. There was so much I wanted to tell her," James replied and lowered his head, his eyes full of disappointment.

"Don't worry. You'll get to be with her longer next time. We have to do it step by step," I comforted him.

"What did you do to Mom, Dad? When I mentioned you earlier, she looked unhappy," James complained.

His words made me feel like someone tossed my heart into a meat grinder.

I immediately swallowed the lump in my throat.

I dodged his gaze and said vaguely, "I'm trying my best to make it up to your mom, buddy."

'I will never make the same mistake again,' I added in my mind.

"If you can't bring Mom back, I'll take my brothers and go live with her," James said seriously.

"I will bring her back. Our family will be reunited soon," I promised firmly.

"You've got to hurry, Dad. Mom is beautiful and excellent. She must have many pursuers," James muttered, flashed me a disdainful look, and made me put him down. Then, he walked to his brothers' crib.

"Did you hear that, Jerry and Jason? Dad promised that he'd bring Mom home soon," he said and put a hand over his chest.

The twins cooed in unison as if they understood their big brother.

Looking at my three children hugging one another, I was deeply touched.

After saying good night to the boys, I went to the master bedroom and began to think seriously about what James said.

I knew better than anyone how attractive Scarlett was.

My son was right. If I wanted Scarlett back, I'd better get a move on before someone else beat me to the punch.

At this time, my phone suddenly vibrated.

I frowned. I didn't appreciate being disturbed while I was thinking about something that was important.

I picked up my phone and found a new message from Raina.

"Charles, why aren't you replying to my messages? I went to see the twins yesterday. They are very cute. I like them very much. I believe I will get along well with them in the future."

I clenched my jaw and knitted my brows. Then, I blocked her without hesitation.