

Warning 401

[Chapter 401 As A Friend](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as I got home, I went straight to my study and began writing a plan for the amusement park project.

Just as I was about to finish it, I saw, from the corner of my eye, the investment letter of intent that Corey had sent.

Elena had asked our people to investigate Corey's background, but she did not find anything that linked him with Adam.

At this moment, I picked up the letter and took a careful perusal. The more I read it, the more pleasantly surprised I felt.

Many of his ideas coincided with mine. What was more, he also raised questions that I had not thought of.

The letter of intent he had written exceeded my expectations. Needless to say, it was amazing.

My perception of Corey changed upon reading it.

I must admit, he had talent whether or not Adam had sent him.

All of a sudden, my phone rang, disrupting my thoughts.

It was a call from the hospital.

I answered the call at once.

"Hello, sir?"

"Hello, Miss Wilson. Mrs. Christine Moore will be discharged from the hospital this weekend. Does Dr. Neame need to check her again before that? If yes, please tell me when it will happen, so that I can ask my people to prepare for it in advance," the director of the hospital asked with a smile.

"I'll go there when I have time. Let's talk about it then."

Just as I was about to hang up the call, the director spoke again.

"Actually, I have another question. Can Dr. Neame treat trigeminal neuralgia?" he asked hesitantly.

"What's the matter?"

"Apparently, Mrs. Moore's grandson had a traumatic brain injury, causing him to have temporary amnesia. He hasn't recovered yet. Here's the thing. Something must have triggered him a year ago and his condition worsened. Now, he's suffering from a disorder called trigeminal neuralgia. Mrs. Moore is wondering if Dr. Neame could have a radical cure for her grandson."

"I see. I'll ask him about it."

I hung up the phone as soon as I finished speaking. For a moment, I was a little distraught because of his words.

I did not expect that the lump in Charles's brain was still there. Not only that, but he was also suffering from a neurological disorder.

No wonder he looked pained and was being supported when I saw him at the hospital last time.

With that, I hurriedly opened the browser and searched for the symptoms and causes of trigeminal neuralgia.

When I was finished reading all about that disorder, a myriad of emotions surged in my heart.

That evening, I tossed and turned on the bed, unable to sleep.

All the happy and painful memories came flooding into my mind.

Charles could be extremely unpredictable.

On the one hand, he could make any woman fall in love with his affection and gentleness. On the other, his heart was as hard as a stone when he was cold and indifferent.

I should be happy that Charles was suffering from a painful disorder, should I not?

But why did I feel quite the contrary? I felt restless and concerned about him.

I spurned myself upon realizing what I was thinking.

I had returned to avenge my unborn child. How could I pity Charles now?

After a long while, I finally drifted to sleep. It was not a good sleep, though. Rather, it was light and filled with nightmares.

Because I did not sleep well last night, I had circles under my eyes when I went to work.

"Scarlett!"

I heard someone call my name when I arrived at the company.

I turned my head almost instinctively upon hearing the name. However, I immediately stopped myself from doing so and just continued to walk forward as if I did not hear anything.

"Caroline!" the man shouted again.

I stopped in my tracks and turned around to face him.

It was William.

He strode towards me while staring at me with his deep eyes.

"Caroline, can I have a word with you?"

As I gazed at the inexplicable look in his eyes, I nodded unconsciously.

We had not seen each other for a year. In the past year, I had completely reinvented myself. William, however, changed little.

His eyes lit up when I agreed to his request, but I pretended not to see it.

The two of us went to a nearby coffee shop to talk.

"Caroline, how have you been? I've been looking all over for you," William asked worriedly.

"Sir, you must've mistaken me for Scarlett. I'm not her," I replied indifferently.

"I know you are Scarlett. Even though I don't know why you're hiding your identity, I trust my gut."

"If you keep on insisting what you believe, then I have nothing more to say." I pulled a long face and got up to leave.

"Scarlett, why aren't you answering my emails?"

"I'm afraid you've sent them to the wrong person. I'm not the person you're looking for."

William smiled bitterly and said, "Don't get me wrong. I just wanted to talk to you as a friend, that's all."

When I thought of the vicissitude he had gone through, I suddenly remembered what Charles had said a year ago.

He said William had a child somewhere.

"Since you take me as a friend, then I would like to tell you something. I've heard that you have a child somewhere. Instead of wasting your time on me, why don't you go and find your child?"

William froze in shock.

Without another word, I turned around and left.

Chloe's POV:

I received a call from Raina after breakfast.

The instant I pressed the answer button, I heard her sobs from the other end of the line.

"Chloe, Charles blocked me! Is it because he got offended when I visited you yesterday?" Raina asked while stifling a sob.

I was stunned. Suddenly, Charles's warning from yesterday crossed my mind.

As I thought of his cold and gloomy eyes, I felt a chill down my spine.

"Chloe, are you still there?" Raina asked when she did not hear any response from me.

I put aside my worries and consoled her, "Raina, don't get discouraged. Besides, you have my mother's support. As long as you're patient enough, I'm sure you'll succeed."

"But what am I supposed to do now? Charles doesn't even want me to come near him."

Pain and loneliness could be heard in Raina's tone.

"I know that you feel like things are not going according to plan. But you can't rush things up. It has to be slowly yet surely. Don't worry. I'll help you get closer to Charles."

"Chloe, thank you. I don't know what I'll do without you."

Raina's flattery and gratitude warmed my heart.

I would help her as long as she could make Charles forget about Scarlett and help him start anew.

"No problem. What are friends for? By the way, I'd like to see you today. I have something to give to you."

Once the call ended, I dressed up and went to our meeting place.

Raina arrived a few minutes after I did. I handed her a small jewelry box, which contained an exquisite necklace.

"My mother picked this for you. It should go well with that blue dress Charles bought. I'm sure the crowd will be in awe when they see you," I said with a smile.

Raina took the necklace with a beaming smile. "Thank you, Chloe. Please thank your mother for me."

"I suggest that you don't go to Charles for the time being, or else you'll anger him again," I advised knowingly.

[Chapter 402 It's Time To Move On](#)

Charles's POV:

I was deeply immersed in my work when I heard a commotion outside.

Then, the door to my office slammed open, and Chloe marched in with smoke coming out of her ears and nostrils.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Moore. I told Miss Moore that you were busy, but she insisted on coming in," Amy apologized, looking embarrassed.

I rubbed my temples and nodded at Amy, "Don't worry about it. I got it from here. You may go."

"Thank you, Mr. Moore," Amy sighed in relief, hurried out, and shut the door behind her.

Chloe walked over and took a seat across from me. Then, she snapped, "Why did you block Raina?"

"You barreled through my office door just to ask me that?" I glanced at her indifferently.

Chloe flinched for a second and then said, "Are you still thinking about that bane of a woman?"

"Watch your mouth, Chloe."

I looked her straight in the eye, failing to hide the anger in my voice.

"Charles, it's been a year. It's time for you to move on. You were not happy when you were with Scarlett, so your subconscious chose to forget the memories that you had with her. Why are you still pining after her? She won't even admit to you that she's your wife. Besides, many other men are after her now. In my opinion, whatever feelings she had for you died out when she disappeared on you."

Chloe became more and more emotional as she spoke that she couldn't help standing up.

"Scarlett isn't just some ex-girlfriend to me, Chloe. We have three children together. We have a family, and I will stop at nothing to bring that family back together."

I spoke firmly, but deep in my heart, I didn't have the confidence. Part of me knew that what Chloe said was true.

"Oh, come on, Charles! Wake up! That woman isn't worth your love and affection anymore. Just focus on those who are actually in love with you, like Raina."

Chloe was still persevering to make a match between me and Raina. It seemed that she had been completely brainwashed by that woman.

Raina was not someone to be taken lightly. I hated people who schemed against my family, and she was one of those people.

"You still haven't taken my word seriously, have you? Raina is not a good person, Chloe. She's evil and manipulative, and you should be able to see through all that. You're a grownup, and you should be careful who you befriend," I persuaded her earnestly.

"You're prejudiced against Raina, Charles. She's deeply and sincerely in love with you, and unlike Scarlett, she's willing to do anything for you." Chloe kept making Raina's case and added, "Back when you two haven't divorced yet, Scarlett asked her lover William to prepare a helicopter and planned to elope with him. Don't you remember that?"

When I heard the name William, I felt inexplicably uncomfortable as if someone pierced my heart with a thousand needles.

"William? William who?" I asked with a frown.

"William Stevens."

Chloe's expression and tone revealed her disgust for the man.

I searched my memory diligently but came up empty. I couldn't remember someone named William Stevens at all. Even Richard never mentioned him to me.

Suddenly, I felt upset. I didn't like being kept in the dark, especially about things that involved my wife.

"Go home, Chloe. I have a lot of stuff to deal with today. Next time, don't bother me at work with such trivial matters," I muttered, focusing on the files on my desk.

"But Raina..."

Chloe opened her mouth to say something, but I immediately interrupted her.

"Stop it! Never mention her name in front of me ever again, do you understand?"

Chloe grunted in dissatisfaction, but she didn't dare to disobey my orders. Finally, she turned around and stomped out of my office.

After she left, I collapsed on my swivel chair. The name William Stevens kept popping up in my mind.

Who was he?

I took out my phone and started looking him up. The search led me to a Wikipedia page about him. I stared at his photo, and something deep in my memory stirred. The first thing that I thought about after seeing his face was how awesome it would be to punch it.

I memorized his face and stored it in my mind.

Then, a knock on the door pulled me out of my reverie.

"Come in."

Amy entered my office and said, "Mr. Moore, Miss Wilson has agreed to cooperate with Corey Stanton, and she hopes to sign the contract as soon as possible."

Great, my plan had worked.

Completely forgetting about William, I told Amy, "Perfect. Schedule the contract signing at the soonest possible time. Also, remind Corey to keep my involvement under wraps. I don't want him to give out even the slightest hint that I have a hand in the cooperation. Got it?"

Amy nodded, "Yes, Mr. Moore. Consider it done."

Everything was settled now, and I couldn't help smiling.

"I haven't seen you so happy and relaxed in a long time, Mr. Moore. I'm glad to see you in a good place," Amy commented.

I suddenly felt a little embarrassed. I cleared my throat and said sternly, "Thank you. Now hurry up and get things done."

After Amy left, I got a call from Spencer.

"Hey, man. I'm going to be discharged from the hospital."

"Really? So soon?" I had some doubts.

"Don't tell my mother, okay? And also you-know-who."

I was stunned for a moment and then smiled, "Right. I see. You mean Vivian, right? Don't worry. I'll let her know right away."

Liam's POV:

"Williom? Williom who?" I asked with a frown.

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Liom's POV:

I had been working overtime for the project on the west coast lately.

One morning, I went to Dad's office to discuss the project with him. When I was about to walk in, the door swung open and Raina stormed out. She looked quite upset.

"Hi, Raina," I greeted her.

But she just brushed past me and didn't look back.

I shook my head helplessly and then walked into Dad's office.

When I came in, my father was sitting in his chair. His eyes were closed, and he was rubbing his temples wearily.

I handed him the project plan and joked, "So, I ran into your precious adopted daughter on my way in. She was practically foaming at the mouth with rage. What was it this time?"

Dad took the project plan, glared at me, and replied in a sulky tone, "It's about her wedding. She's forcing me to find a way to get Charles to marry her, but the collaboration between the Moore Group and the Hill Group is almost done. I told her to wait and have more patience. She snapped and marched right out."

I frowned, feeling extremely dissatisfied with Raina.

She was just an adopted daughter, but she had been acting like she was the crown princess of the family.

"Dad, you know I hate being the one to remind you of the difficult stuff, but I'm all you have. Cut Raina off already, or she's going to destroy the Hill Group."

"What makes you say that?" Dad asked hesitantly.

I answered, "The woman is trouble. I've suffered a setback because of her sister Rita once before, and I'm telling you, Raina is way worse than Rita. She's more arrogant and domineering and has no sense of propriety. Sooner or later, she will be our family's downfall."

I really hoped that my father could see through Raina's true colors and get rid of her before it was too late.

Dad frowned, shook his head, and said, "At this point, it has become impossible for me to cut her off. I have raised her and given her everything that I have because I have a plan. Anyway, we can worry about Raina later. For now, we should get your wedding done."

I was silent at the mention of my wedding.

Dad sighed, "Son, I won't force you to get married if you really don't want to, but you have to deal with Nancy yourself."

"Yeah, I got it, Dad."

Now it was my turn to have a headache.

Dad looked at the project plan I handed over just now and then seriously instructed me, "I won't interfere in your private life, but you must not screw up this land auction. Otherwise, you will bring

shame on our entire family."

"Don't worry, Dad. I know what I'm doing," I said confidently.

After briefly exchanging a few words about other matters regarding the project, I left my father's office with a heavy heart.

[Chapter 403 I Want To Get Back Together With You](#)

Vivian's POV:

I was packing my things at home when I got a call from Charles. I had planned to stay at the hospital so that I could look after Spencer. Besides, he wouldn't be able to do anything to drive me away.

"Vivian, Spencer insists on leaving the hospital. He has asked you to pick him up."

'Spencer asked me to pick him up?' I was shocked by this.

"Did he mean it?" I asked.

"Of course. Spencer is a stubborn jackass. Nobody can force him to do something he doesn't want to." Charles sounded like he was chuckling a bit.

I dropped the call, threw my clothes aside, and went to the hospital to pick up Spencer.

Upon reaching the door of the ward, I saw him sitting on a wheelchair all alone. He was staring blankly at the scenery outside the window, seemingly lonely. To me, he kind of looked like an abandoned child at this moment.

Merely seeing him in this state broke my heart. In the past, this man was so flamboyant and animated, but now... he had to sit on a wheelchair for the rest of his life. The thought of never being able to stand up again must be tearing him apart.

Silently, I held back my tears and took a deep breath. I put on a smile, mustered my courage, and approached Spencer, hugging him from behind.

"Well? Have you finally come around to the idea? I just learned a new massage technique. Do you wanna try it?" I asked.

Spencer froze for a moment. Instead of struggling from my embrace, he calmly turned around and said, "Vivian, I want to get back together with you; as husband and wife."

"Are you serious?" I looked into his eyes, visibly surprised.

'What made him change his mind?' I wondered.

"I'm a cripple now, but if you don't think I'm a burden, then please take care of me from now on," Spencer remarked, wearing a face devoid of emotion.

He didn't look like he was excited about getting back together with me. On the contrary, it seemed as though he wanted me to back away from these hardships.

'Does he really think he can get rid of me? No way!'

I stroked Spencer's face and said, "It's okay. That's exactly what I want."

The second we got back home, Spencer started to give me a hard time.

As he sat on his wheelchair, he said to me, "You should take care of everything we need in the future. I don't like strangers touching the stuff I use."

I was sitting at the door changing my shoes when I heard him. "That can't be done," I answered without even glancing at him.

"You can't even do something that trivial? Then, how are you supposed to spend the rest of your life with me? There are so many more things you can and should do in the future!" It seemed like Spencer wanted to start an argument.

I didn't let his words vex me. I just stood up, and grinned at him. "Actually, I have something for you to do."

He fell silent for a moment. I grabbed the handles of the wheelchair, and wheeled him inside the house.

"What are you doing?" Spencer asked, panicking.

"We're going back to our room."

I wheeled Spencer into the bedroom. The way he kept looking at me vigilantly was amusing to me. It was hard to resist the urge to tease him.

Slowly, I leaned closer to his face; my breath, seeping into his face. Within the blink of an eye, the tension rose in the room.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Are you scared that I'll eat you up?" I asked.

"Vivian, stay away from you. I don't have thoughts about you like that right now." Spencer's face turned red as he ducked backwards.

The more he backed away, the more it excited me.

Gently, I brushed my fingertips against his skin. "But I have lots of thoughts about you, honey."

Embarrassed, Spencer grabbed my hand. "Vivian, can you please behave yourself?"

I chuckled at his reaction, pulled my hands from his, and stood up. While he was watching at me, slack-jawed in shock, I threw my underwear at him one after another.

My panties landed on his face. Annoyed, he tossed it right away. The next second, I threw my lacy bra at his face.

Unable to bear it any longer, he yelled, "Have you gone mad?"

"You may not be able to move your legs, but your hands still work, right?" I asked.

Spencer was stunned.

"Come and help me wash my clothes. From now on, you're the only one allowed to wash my delicates."

"Vivian, you're taking things too far!"

Spencer looked so hilariously pathetic on his wheelchair with a pile of panties and bras in his hands.

Swallowing my laughter, I said to him with a straight face, "This is only just the beginning. You can try to resist it if you can."

I walked over to the wheelchair and wheeled him into the laundry room.

The servants in the laundry room were surprised to see me.

"Listen up. From now on, Mr. Patel will wash my delicates himself, and none of you are allowed to help him, got it?"

Surprised, the servants exchanged glances before nodding and leaving the room.

I picked out my underwear, tossed them to the other side, and turned to Spencer. "Remember, my delicates must be handwashed."

Spencer remained seated on his wheelchair, his face, ashen. It looked like he wanted to tear apart the lacy undies that he had in his hand.

"What the hell are you trying to do?"

"Make you do your part. I have high hopes for you." I patted him on the shoulder as a form of encouragement.

I could see the veins bulging on Spencer's forehead. Needless to say, he was about to throw a tantrum.

It was then that I rolled up my sleeves, exposing the bruises on my arms. Even after so long, the marks resulting from the hemp ropes remained visible on my body.

Spencer was like a balloon that had been poked. All the anger he felt disappeared in an instant.

After a long silence, he began washing my delicates, albeit reluctantly.

As I watched him curse while trying to figure out how to wash my lacy panties clean without tearing them, I was so delighted.

Then, I picked up my phone and texted Richard. "Give me Caroline's number."

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Then, I picked up my phone and texted Richard. "Give me Caroline's number."

He quickly sent me a phone number. I sent Caroline a message.

"Scarlett, I know it's you. Thank you so much for your help. Someday, if you feel the need to talk to someone, please feel free to come to me. Your loyal friend, Vivian."

Susan's POV:

After Rita died, Ellison never came to me again.

As time went on, all the savings I had kept were gradually used up. I was reluctant to find a job, but I didn't want to be poor, either. Thus, I began gambling.

It was the only way I could think of to make a quick buck and possibly get my old lavish life back.

I gambled in various casinos and racetracks, but it seemed as though Lady Luck and fate had abandoned me. Instead of growing my savings, my debts grew because of all the losses I incurred from gambling.

Today was my last chance.

On the racetrack, there were seven horses competing against each other. I stood amidst the stands and shouted, "Come on! Go number five! You can do it!"

As I watched horse number five approach the finish line, I held my breath and hoped for victory.

But the very next second, horse number three ran past the horse I bet on and crossed the finish line first.

"Impossible! This can't be! How could my horse lose? Fuck! I'm going to bet again!"

I searched all of the pockets I had and found only a few coins.

'Fuck... I'm screwed.'

I collapsed to the ground, losing all hope.

"That's her! Take her down!"

Several burly men appeared from behind me. One of them, a man with a scar, pulled me up from the ground, grabbed my hands, and clasped them behind me.

"Who are you? Let me go! I demand you let me go!" I screamed in horror.

Another burly man stuck a ball of cloth into my mouth and dragged me away. Nobody in the crowd attempted to help me. They all just stared at the racetrack frantically waiting in anticipation of the winner.

Soon, I was taken to a dimly lit room. There, the man with a scar threw me to the ground.

Panicking, I raised my head. Standing in front of me was a middle-aged man in a floral shirt. He was staring daggers at me.

He leaned forward and patted my cheek. "Hey, you must pay your debts. When are you going to pay us what you owe?"

I was so scared that I couldn't move. In a trembling voice, I replied, "I... I don't have any money left."

"Then, do you have any family?" The look in the man's eyes changed.

I swallowed hard and replied, "My husband is in jail. And my daughter... she's dead."

The man spat on my face, revealing his dirty teeth. "Damned bitch! You're not going to pay, are you?"

He clasped my face, looking at me obscenely. He was gripping my face so hard that it felt like he could crush my chin at any moment.

"You know... you do look kind of pretty. Since you don't have any money to pay for your debts, you can pay us with your body." The man then gestured at his subordinates and said, "Take her away."

[Chapter 404 A Perfect Match](#)

Raina's POV:

During the day of the auction, I was waiting at home for Charles on the edge of my seat in anticipation.

I kept on fantasizing of going with him to the auction.

I'd wear the evening gown that he bought for me, take his arm, and greet the envious glances from countless guests.

The more I thought of it, the more excited it made me.

But as time passed by, Charles still didn't arrive, and nobody sent me the dress.

Feeling as though someone had poured cold water all over me, my heart froze.

'Why isn't Charles here yet? Is it possible that Scarlett is pestering him again and he's having a hard time getting rid of her? She already chose to leave. Why on earth did she come back?'

Disappointed and furious, I pinned all the blame on that bitch, Scarlett.

In a fit of rage, I threw all the accessories resting on the dresser to the ground to vent all of my frustrations.

At this moment, my mother opened the door of my room and happened to see me throwing a tantrum.

"Raina, what's got you so worked up? Why did you make a big mess in your room?" she asked in surprise.

I began to cry and told her the whole story.

"Mom, Charles hasn't come to pick me up yet. Do you think he's still mad at me? Or is it just because he didn't buy that dress for me?"

"Raina, I know you're confused, but the only way you can get answers is by going to the auction and asking him directly," Mom suggested. "Even if he doesn't come to pick you up, you can always come with us. Liam and Nancy are already waiting downstairs. You can't lose your composure just because of this trivial matter."

After a moment of contemplation, her advice made sense. All the anger in my heart was gradually dying down.

At my mother's insistence, I rummaged for the necklace that Chloe had given me.

Even though the necklace didn't match my outfit, I still wore it because I wanted to make Charles happy.

Scarlett's POV:

I put on the evening dress that Simon sent me and began to do my makeup solemnly.

"My word, Miss Wilson! You are stunning! I may be a woman, but it's hard not to get attracted to you. You'll captivate every person in the auction with your radiant looks tonight!" Elena was slack jawed in awe, and she was quite lavish with her compliments of me.

I chuckled at her remarks helplessly and suggested, "Would you like me to do your makeup? I'm not that half-bad with my makeup skills."

Elena waved her hands in refusal. "Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Wilson. I'll have to refuse your offer. I'm not used to such things."

"Alright, I won't force you." I withdrew my hand, albeit reluctantly.

At this time, I heard the doorbell ringing from downstairs.

"Elena, go open the door and take the box on that table over there to the living room with you. It might prove useful at the auction," I said to her.

Elena nodded in response and took the box downstairs.

Once I was done putting on makeup, I stared at my delicate, charming face in the mirror and smiled with satisfaction.

After a year of meticulous maintenance, my face had looked even more beautiful than before. It was as delicate as a budding rose.

I was in a good mood. I picked up my windbreaker, draped it over my body, and went downstairs.

In the living room, I saw a man sitting on the sofa, seemingly waiting for me.

I shot him a stern gaze.

'He's tall, his facial features are undeniably attractive, and his green eyes could pierce anyone's soul. He looks stable, mature, and he definitely looks like a gentleman,' I thought.

The man stood up and took the initiative to greet me.

"Good evening, Caroline, if I may call you that. I'm Simon Felix. It's nice to meet you. I apologize if I sound too forward, but I must say, you are more beautiful than I'd imagined!"

His words put a smile on my face, and I said, "Thank you, Simon. You're too kind. Anyway, it's still early. Why don't we get to know each other first?"

Scorlett's POV:

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There was very little that I knew about Simon.

Dad never skimped on compliments each time he mentioned Simon, so I was always curious about this man.

"That's a great idea!" Simon flashed me a tender smile and said, "My father has been Mr. Wilson's friend for many years. I, myself, am running a company."

I listened to him intently, and asked questions from time to time. He managed to answer all my questions easily.

His answers were solemn, yet humorous. Nobody would feel bored chatting with him.

"By the way, I heard that the project on the west coast was postponed. Mr. Wilson is asking me to help out if it's possible. Just let me know if you need any help," Simon said sincerely.

"Thank you for your kindness. The west coast project has made some progress. I'll be able to handle this one for the time being. But if anything else comes up, I'd be glad to cooperate with you," I replied, wearing a faint smile.

"Sounds great." Simon nodded, seemingly a little disappointed.

It was then that Elena came over and said, "Miss Wilson, Mr. Felix, it's time to go."

Just as I stood up, Simon stretched out his arm, ever the gentleman.

I chuckled and took his arm as though it was natural for me.

"Miss Wilson, you and Mr. Felix look like a match made in heaven!" Elena covered her mouth, visibly excited.

Instinctively, I looked up and accidentally met his gaze.

His soulful green eyes captivated me, and somehow, it made me smile.

While we were getting in the car, Simon asked, "Caroline, what's your target price for the auction?"

"Two billion." I raised two of my fingers.

After a brief pause, Simon suggested, "Perhaps you should start at one billion."

I shot him a knowing glance and smiled at him again.

[Chapter 405 Throw The Dress Away](#)

Raina's POV:

After getting out of the car, I looked around the place with both excitement and apprehension.

Dad looked at Nancy with a kind smile and said, "Nancy, I'll take you and Liam in. But I'll greet some business partners first before I formally introduce you to everyone."

Nancy nodded shyly in response. "Okay. Thank you, Mr. Hill."

She was a little shy. This was the first time she would attend a formal occasion as Liam's fiancée, after all.

I, however, had something else in mind. Instead of going in with them, I stood by the entrance and said, "You guys go ahead. I'll stay here for a bit and wait for Charles."

"Raina, the guests here are rich and influential. Do me some favor and, for once, stop being so stubborn," Mom advised worriedly.

"Don't worry, Mom. I know what I'm doing," I assured her.

Mom must have figured that nothing would change my mind, so she followed Dad and the others with a helpless sigh.

I looked around the venue to look for Charles. To my disappointment, he was nowhere in sight.

Although I was crestfallen, I did not forget who I was. I forced a smile and greeted the guests politely.

Many people looked happy to see me.

"Miss Hill, you look stunning," a guest said.

"Your outfit is amazing!" another praised.

They did not hold back on their compliments, which satisfied my vanity.

So many people were fascinated by me. For sure, Charles would be no exception.

God must have read my mind. At this very moment, Charles's car came into view.

My eyes lit up in delight. With a beaming smile, I hurried to greet him.

Charles's car drove straight to the entrance of the lobby of the five-star hotel, in which the auction was being held.

There were celebrities and businessmen everywhere. No wonder they adorned the already luxurious hotel to make it even more lavish.

Charles got out of the car a few moments later and instantly attracted the attention of many.

He was wearing a perfectly tailored black suit, making him appear taller and more sophisticated.

Even if he was wearing a cold expression, his temperament captivated the hearts of the women.

Holding the hem of my skirt in my hand, I trotted up to him to hold his hand.

"Charles, you're finally here!"

However, Charles avoided my touch with apparent disgust.

"Don't touch me," he coldly said.

My smile froze, and my outstretched hand stopped in midair.

Nevertheless, I was not discouraged. I still approached him and complained about my grievances.

"Charles, why did you block me? I couldn't get in touch with you."

"There's no reason for us to get in touch," he replied crossly. His tone was indifferent, and repugnance flashed across his eyes.

"Charles, how could you say that?" I asked, my lips trembling in disbelief.

I had done so much for him, hoping he would at least give him a second look.

But when he did, his icy cold gaze brought a chill all over my body.

At this very moment, a car stopped in front of me and Charles.

It went dangerously close to me that I almost got hit.

Rage coursed through my body, destroying the last piece of my sanity.

"Are you fucking blind?! Do you have an idea where you are? You almost hit me with your car. Come out and apologize!"

The guests in the area turned around to watch us when they heard the commotion.

The door of the car slowly opened. Everyone held their breaths to see who it was.

To everyone's astonishment, a dazzling woman got out of the car.

Her face resembled a goddess. What was more, her skin was pearly white, and her eyes were as bright as the stars.

Her elegant evening dress perfectly set off her hour-glass figure.

She was feminine yet bold and fierce.

Everyone fell silent as they gazed at her beauty. The guests could not help but stare at her, unable to resist her charm.

"She's so gorgeous!" a guest exclaimed.

"How can a woman be so beautiful and perfect? She's flawless!" another cried out.

"Who is she? Why haven't I seen her before?"

I felt as though my blood had coagulated when I heard the incessant compliments around me.

Scarlett?

What was she doing here?

How could she grab everyone's attention the instant she appeared?

Those who complimented me on being beautiful were now looking at Scarlett with admiration.

Even Charles was stunned because of her. His deep eyes, which had looked at me with distaste, were now gazing at Scarlett with affection.

Jealousy, hatred, and resentment surged toward me all at once. I could only grit my teeth to stop myself from throwing a fit.

All of a sudden, someone let out a gasp and broke the deafening silence.

"I've met her before. She's the ex-wife of the President of the Moore Group!"

Upon hearing this, everyone looked at me and Charles with an inexplicable gaze.

"Nonsense! That's Miss Caroline Wilson from the Wilson family. If you ask me, Miss Wilson is a thousand times better than Miss Hill in terms of appearance and family background. Even a fool knows who to choose!" someone bleated.

The guests who heard that chuckled and nodded in agreement.

"Although Miss Hill is beautiful, she is indeed slightly inferior to Miss Wilson. If I were Mr. Moore, I would never divorce my wife for her."

I felt like I was on the verge of breaking down.

In what way was I inferior to Scarlett?

What qualifications did she have to compare with me?

Did she think that changing her identity into the daughter of the Wilson family was enough to erase her

evil deeds?

I tried my best to calm myself down. With a forced smile, I came forward to greet Scarlett as if nothing had happened.

"Miss Wilson, I didn't expect to see you here."

"I didn't expect that either. It looks like I have to bring some air freshener with me next time," she replied with implication.

"What do you mean?"

"You heard me. Well, I have this trait where I feel sick when I see people I don't like." Scarlett covered her mouth and nose and looked at me as if I reek.

"Say that again!" I exhorted while glaring at her.

Scarlett snorted. "What if I don't want to?"

My hatred for her overwhelmed me. How I wished I could rush to her and tear her smile with my bare hands.

I cast an aggrieved look at Charles in hopes he would take my side. However, he was busy staring at Scarlett and did not even spare me a glance.

"Caroline, you're here." He walked up to Scarlett, his eyes full of yearning.

I stomped my feet in frustration. Before he could get near her, I grabbed his sleeve and complained, "Charles, I almost got hit by her car! Why don't you take me to the lounge so I could rest?"

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I stomped my feet in frustration. Before he could get near her, I grabbed his sleeve and complained, "Charles, I almost got hit by her car! Why don't you take me to the lounge so I could rest?"

I could not let him and Scarlett have an opportunity to be alone together. Otherwise, all my plans would be in vain.

"Let go of me." Charles yanked his sleeve from my arm and explained to Scarlett, "Believe me, I have nothing to do with Raina. Please don't misunderstand what you've seen."

Scarlett turned a deaf ear to his explanation and just eyed my neck for long while.

The look in her eyes made my hair stand on end.

"Miss Hill, your necklace is beautiful, but it doesn't look like it belongs to you."

I unconsciously clutched the said necklace and looked at Charles.

His cold gaze fell on my neck.

"That necklace belongs to our family. How did you get that?"

His voice, although monotone, terrified the shit out of me.

"Charles, I can explain!"

Charles ignored my plea and ordered in a deep voice, "Take that off!"

I blinked in confusion. "Charles, how could you be so rude?" You mother was the one who gave me this necklace. By the way, where's the dress you've bought for me? Did you forget to ask someone to deliver it?"

As if on cue, Scarlett waved her hand, and Elena hurriedly brought out a gift box.

Scarlett slowly opened the box, carelessly took the blue evening dress inside, and handed it to me.

"Miss Hill, are you talking about this?"

"Why-why is this dress here with you?" I stammered, my eyes wide in shock.

"Why don't you ask Mr. Moore."

Scarlett's cunning smile widened, and mockery could be seen in her eyes.

As I stared at the evening dress in question, my confidence burst like a bubble.

I clench my hands into fists as jealousy and resentment entwined my heart like poisonous vines.

At this moment, I glared at Scarlett viciously as if there were poisonous snakes in my eyes that would crawl out and kill her. If looks could kill, she would have been dead.

Charles's POV:

I lowered my eyes, feeling dejected. "Caroline, you can throw it away if you don't like it."

Without missing a beat, Scarlett turned to her assistant and ordered, "Elena, get rid of this dress for me."

Elena obediently took the dress and walked toward the bin without hesitation.

Scarlett's indifference brought a pang to my heart.

Although I had anticipated that she would not wear the dress I had sent, I was still disappointed when I saw it with my own eyes. To think, she even ordered to throw it as if it was just trash.

When I had first laid my eyes on the dress, I knew in an instant that nobody was more suitable for it than her.

For days, I would fantasize about what she would look like wearing it.

Sadly, she did not wear it in the end. She even attended the auction arm in arm with a man I had never met.

As I stared at the two of them, I felt like a sharp knife was ripping my heart open.

I looked at the man next to her with a scrutinizing gaze.

His eyes were not as bright as mine.

He was not as tall as me.

Although he seemed like a gentleman, he did not look sincere at all.

What did this man have that I did not?

Scarlett's taste had become worse.

[Chapter 406 Keep Raising That Paddle](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I flashed Charles a grin and held Simon's hand tighter.

Simon reached his hand out to Charles and said, "Ah, Mr. Moore. I'm Simon Felix. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Charles kept his eyes locked on me, completely ignoring Simon.

"Caroline, answer me. Who is this man?" He made no attempt to hide his jealousy.

Just as I was about to speak, Raina chimed in.

"My, my... You've already hooked up with another man so soon? You just can't live without a man, can you?" The way she spoke was dripping with sarcasm.

Simon and Charles both frowned at her remarks.

"Excuse me, Miss. Which family are you from? Why are you so ill-bred?" asked Simon.

Raina was stunned. She looked at him with disbelief. "I'm Raina Hill. Haven't you ever heard of me before?"

"Are you important or something?" Simon asked, sounding confused.

I almost burst into laughter. My blind date was hilarious.

Raina clicked her tongue. She was rendered speechless.

"Simon Felix, right? I must remind you to stay away from that woman beside you. There are things that you don't know. She's a bane to anyone who gets close to her. Everyone who ever has the misfortune of getting close to her suffers horrible fates," Raina said fiercely.

Meanwhile, I was just watching her humiliate herself. In my eyes, she was no better than a barking dog. Her words meant little to me, and they could no longer hurt me.

But since she was talking shit about me, I should teach her a lesson.

"Miss Hill, I can't help but notice that you care too much about me. Whether I attend the event or not and whoever I attend the event with is none of your concern. Don't you think you're being too nosy? What gives you the right to tell me what to do?"

I shouted at Raina, giving her no chance to respond.

Simon nodded firmly and said, "I think Caroline is right. It's a pity that elegance of the event tonight is being cheapened by a woman like this. It seems that Mr. Moore's taste in choosing a date needs some improvement."

'How eloquent!' I exclaimed inwardly. Having heard what Simon said, I really wanted to give him a thumbs up.

I glanced at Charles and Raina, observing the look on their faces. He was still as standoffish as ever, and it seemed like he had no intention of standing up for her. Instead, he stared at me with affectionate eyes. The way he was looking at me gave me goosebumps.

Raina, on the other hand, could no longer keep her composure. The ferocious expression on her face ruined her makeup completely.

"Caroline, the air around here is getting soiled because of a certain somebody. Let's just go inside, shall we?"

Simon turned his gaze towards me and chuckled. I tried my best to stifle my laughter. "Sure, let's go," I replied.

Ignoring Charles' fierce glare, I held Simon's arm and walked into the hotel's hall with him.

It wasn't until I was away from Charles' gaze that I finally whispered to Simon's ear, "Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Any proper gentleman would do the same thing. It's my pleasure and honor to protect a beautiful lady like you."

I must admit that Simon was quite the charmer.

As soon as he and I entered the hall, Adam approached us.

"Caroline, long time no see. I should thank you for how things went down last time," Adam said in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Uncle Adam, you and I are family. There's no need to be so polite with me." I flashed him a smirk and continued, "Thanks for giving me the chance to do something for you. If you want my help again, I'll definitely do my best next time."

Adam could hardly remain composed. Still wearing a fake smile, he said, "Caroline, the corporate world is a battlefield. I will not offer you any mercy next time. I'm determined to get this land. As your uncle, I will teach you a lesson out of the goodness of my heart."

"Is that so? We'll see who wins the bidding today," I retorted.

After the unpleasant conversation, the tension between me and Adam rose.

Charles' POV:

As I stared at Scarlett and Simon, I felt so damned jealous.

'How could she hold another man's arm so intimately in front of me? She's even smiling at him!'

At this moment, I felt so conflicted.

"Let's go, Charles," Raina said, trying to sound sweet. Her tone of voice was so fake that it made me feel like throwing up.

She even wanted to hold my arm.

I averted my gaze from her and moved my arm away from her, visibly disgusted. Then, I gestured to

Richard.

"Drive her away."

"Understood, Mr. Moore."

Richard grabbed Raina's hands and dragged her away.

"Charles, you cannot do this to me! I'm the date your mother chose for you!" Raina's eyes widened in disbelief.

When she mentioned my mother, I glanced at the glimmering necklace around Raina's neck, feeling really infuriated.

"I almost forgot. Give me back the necklace."

Tears welled up in Raina's eyes. "No! Charles, this is too much. I love you so much. How could you do this to me?"

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Tears welled up in Raina's eyes. "No! Charles, this is too much. I love you so much. How could you do this to me?"

"Do you think I'll let an outsider take valuables that belong to the Moore family? Richard, remove that necklace from her!"

Despite Raina's fierce struggling, Richard took off the necklace from her and handed it to me.

"Make sure to deal with her before coming in," I said.

Then, I put the necklace into my pocket and went on my way to the hall.

"Ah, Charles. Long time no see!"

I was halted when I saw a familiar face. I turned around and saw a young man wearing a white suit.

'His face looks so familiar. Who is he?'

Suddenly, a name flashed through my mind.

"William Stevens?" I blurted out.

The man raised his eyebrows, visibly surprised. "Do you remember who I am?"

The moment I saw him, I felt uncomfortable. I thought of what Chloe said about this man before, and I already had a poor first impression of him.

I shot him a glance before walking towards the auction hall, completely ignoring his words.

By the time Richard and I found our seats and sat down, the auction was about to begin.

Coincidentally, Scarlett and Simon were sitting right ahead of us.

Soon, the auction officially began. This was a closed auction. The land on the east bank was strategically located and it was known to be one of the most expensive lands in the market.

The host onstage made a brief speech before starting the auction. As I sat on my seat feeling anxious, all I wanted was for this auction to end as soon as possible. I really couldn't bear to see Scarlett sitting intimately with that damned Simon.

Soon, the bidding process began. I put Richard in charge of raising the paddle. He leaned towards me and asked, "Mr. Moore, what's your target price for this land?"

I stared at Scarlett's back as she sat in front of me, and the mere sight of it softened my heart.

'If she wants this land so much, maybe I should just concede to her.'

Just as I was about to speak, Scarlett leaned closer to Simon. The latter leaned close as well and they began whispering between each other.

'Damn it! Does she even remember that she's a mother of three? How could she be so intimate with

another man in front of the father of her children?'

I gritted my teeth, feeling jealous.

"Richard, listen to me carefully. As long as I don't ask you to stop, you just keep raising that paddle!"

[Chapter 407 I'll Make You Change Your Mind](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The bidding war for the land on the east bank was more intense than I had anticipated.

Soon, the price of the land climbed to one billion and two hundred million dollars. It was getting closer and closer to my target price.

Buying this land was harder than I had imagined.

I observed the crowd. Because the bid was exorbitant, only a few big shots remained.

A few moments later, the bid went up to one billion and three hundred million dollars. With the price this high, everyone conceded, except Charles, Adam, and me.

With the paddle in his hand, Simon moved closer and whispered in my ear, "Caroline, what should we do now? The price is rising too fast."

"There's nothing to be worried about. Just continue raising the paddle. I have a plan."

I had anticipated this. As long as the price of the land was no more than two billion dollars, I would surely manage it.

A few minutes later, the price reached one billion and six hundred million dollars.

Adam had no choice but to put down his paddle and admit defeat. Sadly for him, he could only glare at me across the audience. He looked as though he was going to eat me alive. How pathetic.

Now, I only had one competitor left—Charles.

His bidding price was close to mine. At this moment, the price had risen to one billion and eight hundred million dollars. Nevertheless, Charles was still unwilling to give up. I must admit, I was starting to get nervous.

Two billion was my limit. Truthfully speaking, I would have already gotten what I wanted if it were not for Charles.

Now, I was left with no choice but to use my trump card.

"Simon, give me the paddle."

Simon was taken aback, but he still did what I had asked.

"One billion and eight hundred and ten million," I confidently said.

As soon as I said these words, I turned around and smiled sweetly at Charles.

Charles's POV:

Unexpectedly, Scarlett smiled at me. Her bright smile made my heart flutter.

Countless women had smiled at me in my entire life, but none of them could make me go weak like Scarlett. In my eyes, all the good things in the world were nothing compared to her smile.

Even though I had the means to top her bid, I glanced at Richard and shook my head.

"Let it go."

I admitted defeat.

What Scarlett had done had me smitten. Honestly speaking, she could conquer the world with that charming smile of hers.

"One billion and eight hundred and ten million dollars. Going once... going twice... Sold! Everyone, let's give the Wilson Group a round of applause! Congratulations!"

The host banged on the gavel and congratulated the Wilson Group for winning the bid on the land on the east bank.

The crowd burst into an uproar as soon as the host finished speaking.

"Oh my God! The woman who won the bid is the daughter of the Wilson family, right?" an audience asked in disbelief.

"Wow. The Wilson Group is rolling in money," another remarked.

Under everyone's gazes, Scarlett and Simon stood up, arm in arm.

"Look. Who's the man standing next to Miss Wilson?"

"I think he's the heir of the Felix family—Simon Felix."

"The Wilson and the Felix family have been friends for generations. They're a perfect match. It looks like they'll soon unite the two of the most powerful companies in the business world."

Having a good hearing was both a blessing and a curse. I could not help but stare at Scarlett and the man next to her as the audience's whispers came to my ears.

I wished I could rush toward them, separate them, and hold Scarlett in my arms. Then, while she was in my tight embrace, I would announce to the whole world that she belonged to me.

Jealousy and rage were clouding my mind. Just as I was about to stand up, Richard stopped me.

"Calm down, Mr. Moore." He opened his mouth to say something more but stopped on second thought.

Did he just ask me to calm down? How the fuck could I do that?

I stared daggers at Richard and ordered through gritted teeth, "Let go of me."

"Mr. Moore, if you do anything reckless, you'll only make the situation worse. Why don't you talk to Mrs. Moore in private after the auction?" Richard advised.

It was only then that I calmed down. Richard was right. Scarlett was now 'Caroline Wilson' and the daughter of the Wilson family. Caroline had nothing to do with me.

If I stormed over to her, it would only complicate things. Besides, not only would my action be written in the headlines, but it would also do no good in improving my relationship with Scarlett.

It took all my willpower to restrain my urge to fight. Once I was sensible enough, I left the hall and waited by the door.

Scarlett and Simon did not come out until most of the guests had left.

Without wasting any second, I strode toward Scarlett and blocked her way. "Caroline, we need to talk," I said in a hoarse voice.

"Mr. Moore, I don't think we have anything to talk about," Scarlett replied stiffly.

"Caroline, do you really want to push me like this?"

My voice sounded calm, yet I was struggling to hide my overwhelming jealousy.

Scarlett stared at me with narrowed eyes, but I remained unmoved.

Simon, who was standing next to Scarlett, lowered his head and said to her in an understanding tone,

"Caroline, it seems that Mr. Moore has something important to say. I'll wait for you in the car, okay?"

I must say, I commended this man's reason.

The crowd burst into an uproar as soon as the host finished speaking.

"Oh my God! The woman who won the bid is the daughter of the Wilson family, right?" the audience asked in disbelief.

"Wow. The Wilson Group is rolling in money," another remarked.

Under everyone's gazes, Scarlett and Simon stood up, arm in arm.

"Look. Who's the man standing next to Miss Wilson?"

"I think he's the heir of the Felix family—Simon Felix."

"The Wilson and the Felix family have been friends for generations. They're a perfect match. It looks like they'll soon unite the two of the most powerful companies in the business world."

Hearing a good hearing was both a blessing and a curse. I could not help but stare at Scarlett and the man next to her as the audience's whispers came to my ears.

I wished I could rush toward them, separate them, and hold Scarlett in my arms. Then, while she was in my tight embrace, I would announce to the whole world that she belonged to me.

Jealousy and rage were clouding my mind. Just as I was about to stand up, Richard stopped me.

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I must say, I commended this man's reason.

Once Simon was gone, Scarlett looked at me expressionlessly and snapped, "What do you want?"

An overwhelming feeling of grievance surged up in my heart.

"Why... why did you smile at me? Was it only because you wanted me to concede so you could get the land on the east bank?" I solemnly asked, dying to know the answer.

"Yes," Scarlett answered without hesitation. "But you weren't playing fair either. Did you honestly think I wouldn't see it? You colluded with several companies to sue Adam. I thought we both agreed to have a fair competition.

It turned out that she knew everything.

"So what? The business world is full of deception. Who do you think I did that for? It's for you."

I unconsciously reached out my hands to hold her, but she dodged me.

"Charles, have you gone crazy?!"

"Miss Wilson, Charles, what are you doing here?"

All of a sudden, Gary's voice came from not far away.

I turned in his direction and saw that he and the members of the Hill family were walking toward us.

Shit. Why did this old bastard always appear out of nowhere and ruin my moment with Scarlett?

Meanwhile, a sarcastic smile tugged at Scarlett's lips. "Mr. Moore, since your future father-in-law is here, I'd better leave. I shouldn't hold you up from spending time with your fiancée's family."

Of course, I would not let her leave easily. I grabbed her hand and asked with my teeth clenched, "How many times do I have to tell you that I have nothing to do with the Hill family? We only cooperated on several projects, and all of them ended today. I promise you, from this day onward, the Moore Group will no longer cooperate with them. Do you believe me now?"

I found it very difficult to prove my innocence. And for some reason, Scarlett never believed that she was the only woman I had loved.

Upon hearing what I had said, Scarlett fell stunned. But then, she regained her composure almost immediately.

"You're the one who decides whom you want to cooperate with and be with. Not me. Now, let go of me. I have to go."

Scarlett's gaze was icy cold as if she was not moved by my words. I loosened my grip in frustration. I could only sigh as I watched her walk away from me.

What a heartless woman! She ignored my feelings and just discarded me after using me.

Just before she disappeared around the corner, I could not help but utter what I had been wanting to do for the longest time.

"Caroline, stay away from that man. Even if you don't want to forgive me now, I'll make you change your mind."

Scarlett stopped in her tracks.

As the saying went, "Where there is a will, there is a way." I would never let go of the woman I loved. Not now, not ever.

[Chapter 408 Steal A Kiss](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles's words upset me.

I stayed alone for a long time and didn't get in the car until I was completely calm.

"Are you okay, Caroline?" Simon asked with concern.

"I'm fine. Thank you," I nodded and forced a smile.

"I just called Mr. Wilson and told him that you've won the land on the east bank. He was very happy, and he said that he would be back in a few days," Simon informed me with eyes full of glee. He seemed to be in a very good mood.

I smiled, but deep inside, I felt immensely conflicted.

At this moment, my mind was full of what Charles had said.

When he passionately explained to me that he had nothing to do with Raina, my heart started racing, and I got butterflies in my stomach.

I realized that he had been explaining to me that he and Raina weren't engaged or together in any way, but I'd ignored him every single time.

Was it possible that he was telling the truth? Did we have a misunderstanding over what happened a year ago?

Hitting the bottom of my thoughts, I quickly shook my head and began despising myself again. I couldn't believe I just considered actually listening to Charles.

"Would you like to celebrate with me?" Simon suddenly asked.

Because my mind was in turmoil, I didn't hear clearly what he was talking about. I just nodded.

The smile on Simon's face grew bigger. He turned to Elena and said, "Drive us to the Mint Bar, Elena. I heard that bar was very famous in town."

"Miss Wilson doesn't like the Mint Bar. How about we go somewhere else?" Elena offered.

"It's okay. Just go to the Mint Bar," I muttered and waved my hand.

When we arrived at the Mint Bar, we got a table and ordered a bottle of wine.

"Thank you for all your help today, Simon. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have gotten the land so easily," I said, putting on a smile and raising my glass to Simon.

"It's not a big deal. It's my honor to help you," Simon replied, also raising his glass and then downing its contents.

I finished my first glass of wine quickly. I poured myself another glass and proposed a toast. "Here's to us. I hope we can cooperate and do business together in the future. I believe you will be a great business

partner."

"I think the same of you, Caroline. Cheers." Simon stared me with eyes full of tenderness and affection.

I felt a little uncomfortable under his gaze, so I forced an awkward smile.

"Caroline, I know we just met, but I think you're great. I'm attracted to you. What about you? Are you attracted to me?"

Simon's voice was gentle and mellow. He was particularly sincere when he spoke, which made me think that he really cherished me.

I willed myself to snap back to my senses. I took a sip of my wine to hide the discomfort that I was feeling.

"I'm sorry. Please forgive my bluntness. But I meant what I said. I hope you can give me a chance," Simon said sheepishly.

"I also think you're a great guy, Simon, but I'm not looking to be in a relationship right now. Let's just be friends, okay?" I picked up my glass and drank up my wine.

Eventually, I began to feel a little dizzy.

My vision gradually blurred, and my head started spinning.

"Caroline, are you okay?" A worried voice came to my ears.

Before I could say anything, my knees buckled, and I collapsed.

Somebody broke my fall and locked me in a tight embrace.

I tried to break away by instinct, but the person who caught me held me, comforted me, and assured me that I would be okay.

Then, I caught the person's scent. It was awfully familiar, and for some reason, it made me feel secure.

Next thing I knew, I was being set down on something soft, like a mattress.

"I haven't had enough to drink. Give me one more glass of wine!" I whined.

Suddenly, I felt someone plant a kiss on my cheek.

I tried hard to lift my eyelids, but in the end, the alcohol and my exhaustion overpowered me and sent me to sleep.

Charles's POV:

When Scarlett fell asleep, she looked as peaceful as a slumbering kitten.

There was no scorn or disgust in her beautiful face.

When I saw her linking arms with another man today, I got so jealous that I almost went crazy.

God knew how hard I'd tried to restrain the impulse to take her away.

But at this moment, I could finally hold her in my arms.

Elena stood aside, her eyes full of vigilance.

"You can leave now."

I came to my senses and reluctantly let go of Scarlett.

I walked out of the villa but didn't leave immediately.

I stood outside and stared at the light in Scarlett's room.

I was just with her a few minutes earlier, but I already missed her.

I put on a bitter smile, lit a cigarette, and took a deep drag.

I blew a puff of thick smoke in the air and let it obscure my vision. I couldn't help recalling what had happened earlier that night.

When I arrived at the bar, Simon was leaning into Scarlett as if he was trying to give her a kiss.

At the sight of that, my blood instantly surged to my brain, and I rushed over to them. I yanked Simon away from Scarlett.

Feeling that that wasn't enough to vent my anger, I kicked Simon hard twice.

Scarlett was mine, and she would only be mine!

I couldn't stand her being touched by any other man.

I drove back to the Moore mansion. I went a bit over the posted speed limit, but I didn't care.

The image of Scarlett holding Simon's arm kept flashing through my mind.

Damn it!

All of a sudden, my head ached violently, and my vision blurred.

Next thing I knew, I was losing control of the steering wheel.

And then, I crashed into a lamppost on the side of the road.

"I also think you're a great guy, Simon, but I'm not looking to be in a relationship right now. Let's just be friends, okay?" I picked up my glass and drank up my wine.

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Damn it!

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Next thing I knew, I was losing control of the steering wheel.

And then, I crashed into a lamppost on the side of the road.

A few minutes after I called for help, the ambulance arrived to take me to the hospital.

Grandma rushed over as soon as she heard the news.

"Oh, my goodness, Charles. Are you okay? What happened?"

When I looked at her worried face, the grievance that I had been suppressing for a long time finally surged up in my heart.

"Scarlett doesn't want me anymore, Grandma."

I put my hands over my eyes as tears started streaming down my face.

"It's been a long time. Hasn't she forgiven you?" Grandma asked, eyeing me carefully.

"I have done so many things out of my love for her, but I didn't expect them to bring her so much pain. She must hate me very much," I muttered, tasting guilt's bitterness in my tongue.

Grandma sighed helplessly and held me in her arms.

She comforted me in a soft voice, "Oh, don't say that, dear. It's not too late. Now that you've realized your mistakes, you can come up to Scarlett and sincerely apologize to her. Don't worry. I will help you. Scarlett has always been a kind, softhearted person. As long as you take responsibility for your faults and try your best to make up for them, I'm sure she'll give you another chance."

Grandma's words warmed my broken heart, and I nodded my acknowledgement.

No matter what it took, I'd make Scarlett change her mind.

"Maybe you should start by cutting ties with Raina. Just be done with her, will you? She's as evil as her sister. She's not the woman for you," Grandma said through gritted teeth.

I retorted, "There are no ties to cut between me and Raina, Grandma, because we're not together to begin with. She just keeps pestering me, and I can't shake her off."

"If it weren't for your acquiescence, then how could Raina be so unscrupulous?" Grandma glared at me and warned in a low voice, "If you really want Scarlett back, then you should stop messing around with other women."

"You're right. Okay. I know what to do now."

After my treatment, I accompanied Grandma back to her ward.

"Grandma, you'll be discharged from the hospital soon," I assured her.

"And I can't wait. Go get some rest so that you'll heal fast. I'll be okay," Grandma replied, looking at me with concern.

"I'll leave after you fall asleep," I said, tucking her in and coaxing her.

I didn't leave until she dozed off.

Suddenly, my phone rang.

I pushed the answer button.

"Charles, you were in an accident? Are you okay?" Spencer asked worriedly.

"I'm fine. Please say thank you to Vivian for me."

If Vivian hadn't sent me a message saying that Scarlett was at the bar with some guy, I wouldn't have arrived in time to stop that guy from taking advantage of Scarlett.

He got so close, too, and I still got annoyed thinking about it.

I clenched my fists as my heart got consumed by the flames of fury.

[Chapter 409 Wedding Invitation](#)

Scarlett's POV:

When I woke up the next day, I found myself lying in bed at home.

I tried to recall all the things that happened last night, but it just gave me a splitting headache. It was really hard to remember what happened.

All I could remember was that I was drunk and I got drunk in the bar.

Just as I was about to faint, someone held me in his arms.

The familiar scent from last night made me have a bad feeling.

I decided to call Elena and ask her what happened last night.

"You got drunk last night. Mr. Felix wanted to escort you home, but Mr. Moore showed up and hit him. Mr. Moore said that he'd take you home, and I couldn't refuse," said Elena.

My eyes widened in shock.

'Wait, was it really Charles?

What was he even doing there?' I wondered.

"Did anything else happen last night?" I asked, feeling anxious and doubtful.

"There's nothing else. I promise you, Miss Wilson, it won't happen again," Elena said while shaking her head. She sounded really guilty.

"Don't blame yourself. Charles has always been domineering. You wouldn't be able to go up against him even if you tried," I responded.

After freshening up, I went to the company along with Elena.

Once there, I noticed that the employees were acting differently towards me. They no longer ignored me like before. Instead, they were greeting me with respect; some of them even humbled themselves around me.

I greeted them with a polite smile, maintaining my composure.

It seemed that the news that I'd acquired the land on the east bank had already spread throughout the company.

"Everyone, please get ready. We'll have a meeting in ten minutes," I said to the employees, still wearing a faint smile.

Soon, the conference room was filled with people.

"Today's meeting will be about the project to be carried out on the east bank."

Right after I finished the announcement, many people began raising suggestions.

"We should build a hotel!"

"Considering the geographical environment of the east bank, I think building a resort is the right choice."

"You know, building a water park is also a good idea. Many young people like places like that."

I listened quietly and kept everyone's suggestions in mind.

While they were brainstorming, I chimed in, "I propose we build a children's amusement park."

The noisy conference room suddenly quieted down.

"A children's amusement park? It doesn't seem like we'll make much profit from that. Besides, our company has never done a project like that before," someone asked.

The others echoed his sentiment.

At this moment, Adam knocked on the door and came in.

"I'm also a shareholder of this company. Can I take part in this meeting as well?"

He glanced at me, flashing a sardonic grin.

I could tell that he came here with malicious intents, but I couldn't come up with a reason to refuse him.

"Sure." I nodded in response and smiled back.

"I suggest we use the land on the east bank to build a racecourse." Adam shot me a defiant look.

"That land isn't suitable to build a racecourse in. But if you can persuade Mr. Edward Wilson and everyone present otherwise, I will not go against it." I scoffed at him, rejecting his proposal outright.

Adam's face turned grim as he glared at me.

Dead silence ensued in the meeting room. Nobody dared to utter a word.

"Caroline, you're far too young to take charge of a huge project," Adam countered.

"Well, if I'm not capable of handling a big project, do you think you are? Perhaps you can show everyone how good you are and impress us," I fired back.

Adam's face turned pale.

"I've decided what we should do to the land on the east bank. We'll be using it to build a family resort along with a children's amusement park. I hope you guys can come up with a plan and turn it over to me the soonest that you can," I announced firmly.

With that, I left the meeting room, ignoring everyone's shocked gazes.

"Caroline, you are awesome! You silenced Adam with just a few words!" Elena exclaimed.

When I saw the admiration in her eyes, I couldn't help but smile.

"I've only been in the company for a short time, and I have yet to make any particularly outstanding achievements. That's the reason none of them have taken me seriously before. But now, things are different," I explained.

The acquisition of the land on the east bank was just my first step in gaining a solid foothold within the Wilson Group.

Many challenges still lay ahead of me.

Charles' POV:

Upon waking up in the morning, I felt a little dizzy.

The stinging pain coming from my wound made me grimace.

I freshened up and intended to go downstairs.

But at this time, Tracy knocked on the door of the master bedroom and said, "Mr. Moore, Miss Wood is here to see you."

"A children's amusement park? It doesn't seem like we'll make much profit from that. Besides, our company has never done a project like that before," someone asked.

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I freshened up and intended to go downstairs.

But at this time, Tracy knocked on the door of the master bedroom and said, "Mr. Moore, Miss Wood is here to see you."

I was annoyed, but I maintained my composure and just went down to see her.

Upon seeing me coming downstairs, Nancy immediately stood from the sofa.

"Charles, I'm getting married," she said, carefully handing me an invitation.

"Well, congratulations," I said listlessly while accepting the invitation.

Even though I still hadn't recovered my lost memories, Richard had told me that I used to hurt Scarlett

by using Nancy.

Somehow, it made me feel disgusted of Nancy.

And at the same time, I despised myself even more.

The thought of how much Scarlett must've suffered under my hands made my heart ache. It was as if someone was jabbing a knife into it.

Grandma was right. Since I had decided to get Scarlett back, I must keep a respectable distance from other women.

Nancy seemed like she wanted to say something more, but she bit her words back.

"Do you have anything else to say?" I asked flatly.

"Charles, I intend to invite your whole family to my wedding." Nancy bit her lower lip, seemingly feeling nervous yet hopeful.

"What does your wedding have to do with the Moore family? Why do I even have to attend?" I snorted impatiently.

Mom tugged on my sleeve, glaring at me in disapproval.

"Nancy, congratulations on your marriage! Who's the lucky guy?" she asked.

"It's Liam Hill, Raina's brother. I'm pregnant, so we wanted to get married as soon as possible." Nancy blushed while answering the question.

Alice nodded in response.

"Now that you've handed us the invitation, you may take your leave," I remarked, interrupting their conversation.

"Charles, you can rest assured that I won't badger you ever again. I came here not only to send the wedding invitation but also to apologize to you on behalf of the Hill family. Raina is spoiled and she can be willful at times. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive her." There was a look of guilt in Nancy's eyes when she glanced at me.

"That's got nothing to do with you. You don't need to apologize to me, but I'm afraid I will not attend your wedding," I said, looking straight into her eyes.

"Raina really loves you." It seemed that Nancy was unwilling to give up. She even tried to put in a good word for Raina.

"Ask Raina to stop daydreaming, and tell her that Scarlett is my only wife," I responded firmly.

[Chapter 410 Obscenity](#)

Scarlett's POV:

While I was getting upset because of what happened last night, I received a call from Simon.

"Caroline, are you okay? Listen, last night was my fault. I shouldn't have let Charles take you away," he said, sounding really remorseful.

"It's fine. It wasn't your fault. Actually, I should be the one to apologize to you. Because of me, Charles beat you up for no reason," I said, feeling apologetic.

"Caroline, you are so kind. Every time I meet you, I just feel so relaxed and happy," he replied.

"Me too! Thank you for all your help last night. If you need any help in the future, you can always come to me," I promised.

"Really? Thank you for that. Trust me, Caroline. We'll soon meet again," Simon responded.

After the phone call, someone opened the door of my office.

When I looked over, I found that it was William.

"How did you get in here?" I asked with a frown.

William shrugged at me. "You should ask your bodyguard. She's not in her seat right now."

'Elena isn't here? Where did she go?' I wondered.

"Caroline, I came here with no ill intention. I merely want to ask you a question. Where's that woman you mentioned last time? I've been looking all over for her, but I still can't find a single trace of her," William said anxiously.

I shook my head and answered, "You shouldn't be asking me that question. You'll be able to get more information out of Charles than me."

"Scarlett, don't make fun of me. Charles has lost his memory and he hasn't recovered yet. What can he even tell me about that woman?" William exclaimed.

"What did you just call me?" I asked, wearing a half-smile.

William paused and replied, "Oops! I'm sorry, Caroline. But seriously, I just want to know this woman's

whereabouts. Can you please just help me?"

He looked really sincere. It seemed that he was intent on getting an answer out of me.

As his former friend, I should tell him the truth. But as a woman, I also knew that the woman in question had every right to make her own decisions.

After struggling to decide, I chose to keep her secret.

"Sorry, William, but I can't tell you. If and when she wants to see you, she'll show up."

After a moment of suffocating silence, William lowered his head. "I understand."

He then turned around, ready to leave the office. Subconsciously, I let out a sigh of relief.

All of a sudden, he stopped in his tracks, turned around, and chuckled. "I don't care whether you're Scarlett or Caroline right now. I want you to know that we'll always be friends."

His remark left me stunned. By the time I gathered my composure, William was already gone.

I turned my attention towards the documents on the table. The cover was a picture of a beautiful woman holding a child in her arms. She was Sofia Byrne, the woman the Wilson Group wanted to sign as the brand ambassador for the upcoming project.

Raina's POV:

After I was kicked out of the auction in front of all those people, I ran home, feeling humiliated.

I rushed into my room, slamming the door behind me. Then, I threw myself onto the bed and burst into tears.

'Why? Why did Charles do that to me?

This is all Caroline's fault! That bitch is certainly the one behind this!'

"Raina, I'm coming in." My mother knocked on the door and walked in.

"I just heard about what happened from your dad. He's really angry right now. Can you please stop making him angry? Why are you even crying? What good will that do?" Mom asked, sounding disappointed.

"I just can't accept this! Why can't I marry Charles? I do not wish to be bested by a woman like Scarlett!" I shouted, sitting upright.

"Raina, don't be so pessimistic. It's far too early to admit defeat. You still have something on her, don't you?" Mom replied, attempting to comfort me.

'Oh, that's right! How could I forget that?'

But upon a second thought, I said, "No, that's not enough. Even if we expose Caroline's identity, she's still the daughter of the Wilson family. The evidence isn't enough to destroy her. I need to dig up more dirt on her. It's best if we can find something that can completely annihilate her dignity!"

Mom nodded in response and sat on the edge of the bed. She embraced me and patted me on the back.

"We'll find a way to deal with that woman. What you need to do now is appease your father and apologize to him."

The warmth of my mother's embrace comforted me a little. At this moment, regret filled my heart.

I was too reckless. If Charles actually terminated the cooperation with the Hill Group, it would certainly make our company suffer heavy losses. It was no wonder that my father was furious with me.

Right now, I still had to rely on the Hill family's wealth and influence.

The thought of my father's malicious expression made me shake in fear.

"I'm sorry, Mom. This is all my fault. Don't worry, I'll apologize to Dad later," I responded.

Then, I wiped the tears on my face and forced a smile.

My mother touched my head lovingly and said, "Good girl. As long as you can think things through, you'll be fine. Your father loves you. I'm sure he'll forgive you."

Once my mother had left, I hesitated for a moment before walking into Dad's room.

Once I was at the door, I cautiously knocked on it and asked, "Dad, can I come in?"

"Go ahead," he said flatly.

I couldn't tell whether he was angry or not from the sound of his voice.

Feeling uneasy, I opened the door and entered the room.

Dad was sitting behind the desk. He stared daggers at me, clearly still infuriated.

Roino's POV:

After I was kicked out of the auction in front of all those people, I ran home, feeling humiliated.

I rushed into my room, slamming the door behind me. Then, I threw myself onto the bed and burst into tears.

'Why? Why did Charles do that to me?

This is all Caroline's fault! That bitch is certainly the one behind this!'

"Roino, I'm coming in." My mother knocked on the door and walked in.

"I just heard about what happened from your dad. He's really angry right now. Can you please stop making him angry? Why are you even crying? What good will that do?" Mom asked, sounding disappointed.

"I just can't accept this! Why can't I marry Charles? I do not wish to be bested by a woman like Scarlett!" I shouted, sitting upright.

"Roino, don't be so pessimistic. It's far too early to admit defeat. You still have something on her, don't you?" Mom replied, attempting to comfort me.

'Oh, that's right! How could I forget that?'

But upon a second thought, I said, "No, that's not enough. Even if we expose Caroline's identity, she's still the daughter of the Wilson family. The evidence isn't enough to destroy her. I need to dig up more dirt on her. It's best if we can find something that can completely annihilate her dignity!"

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Dad was sitting behind the desk. He stared daggers at me, clearly still infuriated.

"Why are you here? Do you know what happened? Nancy just went to the Moore family's residence to apologize on your behalf, but it was useless. The Moore Group is determined to terminate all businesses with us!" he shouted.

"I'm so sorry, Dad! I didn't think that the consequences would be this serious." Tears streamed down my face. "Dad, I need your help. I'm sure I can win over Charles' heart and persuade him into cooperating with the Hill Group again. Please, trust me on this."

"No! I will not help you anymore. If you keep pestering Charles, you'll end up pissing him off even more. I'll tell him what you've done when it's necessary and ask for his forgiveness."

Dad took off his mask of love, revealing the cold, sly, and sordid face hiding beneath. Just by looking at his eyes devoid of emotion, I could tell that he was serious this time.

I was left completely flustered. Feeling like I'd hit a wall, I rushed to his side and grabbed his hand. "No, Dad, please! Don't give up on me!"

I was so scared. If I were to be stripped of my identity as the Hill family's daughter, I would become worthless.

Dad held my hand, rubbing it gently. Somehow, it made all my hair stand on end.

"That's not up to you," he said.

As tears fell from my eyes, I looked at him and saw how he was eyeing me up and down with an obscene gaze. I felt like there were bugs crawling across my skin, and the way he looked at me made me want to vomit.

I was aware many years ago that he had been having all sorts of malicious thoughts about me. I had noticed it many times the obscene look in his eyes whenever he stared at me.

Each time he looked at me like that, I would tremble in fear.

As I quivered, I drew my hand back. How I wished that I could just run away from this horrible room at once!

"Fine. It's time for you to return to the entertainment industry. You can still cash in on Charles' popularity, so you should take advantage of that and make more money as soon as possible. Otherwise, I have no other reason to keep you in this family."

He withdrew his hand reluctantly. It seemed as though he had returned to his cunning businessman personality.

I breathed a sigh of relief, but I felt bitter the next second. If it weren't for the fact that I could make money for him, he would've raped me long ago.

'This wretched old man!'

The thought of his disgusting hand touching mine made me want to wash my hands twenty times over. 'If he really rapes me...'

Cowering in fear, I answered, "Okay, Dad."

With that, I staggered out of the room.

Once I had closed the door behind me, all sorts of crazy thoughts appeared in my head.

'I have to hook up with Charles, so that I can escape from this nightmare, and finally become Mrs. Moore!'