

## **Warning 91**

### [Chapter 91 Announce](#)

Charles' POV:

"Ankle's done too. Are you hurt anywhere else?" I asked, looking at Scarlett.

"No," Scarlett said in a low voice. Strands of her hair fell on both sides of her face, which made her look youthful and charming.

I pretended to be cold and serious as I retorted, "I don't believe you. I need to do a general check-up just to be sure."

"I am not lying to you! I am not hurt anywhere else." Flustered, Scarlett stopped me, fearing that I might lift up her shirt again.

I couldn't help but laugh as I held her hand. "I was just kidding. But if you feel uncomfortable, then please let me know. After all, we have been married for a long time, so there is no need for you to feel so shy around me."

"Who's married to you for a long time? Charles! You always say the weirdest things," Scarlett complained like a spoiled child, blushing.

"Okay, I won't say such things anymore."

With a chuckle, I stopped teasing her.

After I was done treating her wounds, Scarlett wanted to leave. Being alone with her was clearly taking a toll on me, and since I could not let her go so easily, I took her back to the bed.

"Ouch!" Scarlett winced.

Startled by her reaction, I checked her wound nervously. "Where does it hurt? Does your wounds hurt here?"

"Gotcha! Ha-ha!" Scarlett smiled slyly, looking a little complacent.

"You dare lie to me now, but wait and see how I punish you for it." I smiled slightly and approached her, pretending to lean in for a kiss.

"Don't do that, Charles. I'm sorry." She placed her hand on my chest and pushed me away gently.

Seeing Scarlett in a lively mood, joy and love filled up in my heart, and I kissed her uninjured cheek loudly.

She was stunned by my sudden kiss, and after a long time, she said, "We're not meant for each other, so don't kiss me like that again."

"Believe me, we are meant to be. Besides, I am going to hold a press conference tomorrow to announce that you are my wife," I said indifferently as I put one of my legs over hers intimately.

Scarlett hesitated for a while and said, "Don't do that."

Even though she was refusing my proposal, I was feeling happy because she was not refusing me as firmly as she had before. And her hesitation was proof that she still cared for me.

"Your opinion is invalid, anyway." I touched her nose and carried her into the bathroom before she could refuse me again.

"Charles, you did not ask if you could carry me! My feet are fine, and I can walk on my own," Scarlett protested indignantly.

I ignored her complaint. After she finished washing up, I made her sleep.

A while later, I saw that she was fast asleep. I planted a kiss on her forehead, stood up, and walked out of the room.

My assistant, who was waiting in the living room, saw me and asked cautiously, "Mr. Moore, should we take action?"

"Yes, go ahead and arrange everything," I said to him.

Scarlett was in danger now, and I needed to take the initiative to protect her.

"Okay."

After my assistant left, I called someone to terminate the contract with Nate.

And I was just getting started. I was determined to make everyone who hurt Scarlett pay a steep price.

Scarlett's POV:

I was woken up by a phone call the next morning. Yawning, I answered it.

"Scarlett! Why aren't you up yet? The entire Internet community is buzzing over the news of your marriage with Charles!" Nina's excited voice came from the other end of the line.

"What did you just say?" I asked in shock, certain that I must have been in a daze when I heard her.

Nina repeated herself so loudly that I almost felt my eardrum tearing. I rubbed my ears and hung up the phone in a hurry before I started to browse the news. I saw my marriage certificate with Charles on the front page of a website, and I was smiling happily in the photo.

Startled, I felt like my head was about to explode. Charles had said that he would make our marriage public just the night before, and I had woken up to him sleeping right beside me.

"Honey, let's sleep a little longer," Charles mumbled in a low voice as he put his arm around my waist.

I pinched his cheeks with both hands, feeling angry that he had made the decision without even discussing it with me first. "Why did you announce our marriage to the public without my consent? You even released our marriage certificate! I looked like an idiot in that picture, and you released it!"

"Honey, you are the most beautiful woman in the world," Charles answered calmly with his eyes closed.

'Is he even listening to me? That's not the point!' I was rendered speechless.

Charles' phone rang, and I figured that it must be a call from Rita. After all, she was bound to have a lot of questions about what happened. I pushed Charles to answer the phone.

"Honey, just lie down with me. I'll solve everything after I wake up." He ignored the call, buried his face in my chest, and continued to sleep.

"Really?" I was in disbelief, but he continued to be silent.

At that moment, my phone rang. Charles irritably opened his eyes and muted my phone.

"It's our time now, and we mustn't let anyone disturb us," Charles said overbearingly.

"I have to go back to work."

"No. The director was the reason behind what happened last night. How dare you talk about going back to work?" Charles was a little angry. He reached out and held me tightly, stopping me from moving.

I sighed and softened my tone as I asked, "Then can I go home now?"

"There are reporters all around your home now. If you want to go somewhere, then you can come back to my place." Charles gave me a cold look of disagreement.

"I don't want to go to your house. I want to stay in Nina's house. There won't be reporters around her house." I continued to be in a stalemate with him.

"Isn't being with your husband better than being with your friend? Don't keep pushing me away. I'm the

person who is closest to you," Charles said with a pout.

Speechless, I hung my head down, sulking.

"The only person you can rely on is me, your husband. You can act like a spoiled child and do whatever you want. But no matter what happens, I am always going to love you, so just try and rely on me, okay?" he said again, kissing my ear.

I pushed him away shyly. "You promised me to keep a distance from me, and yet, you keep going back on your word. Why is that?"

"I never agreed to this unreasonable request,"

Charles said in a low voice and continued to kiss me. His tongue slid into my mouth and brushed lightly against the roof of my mouth. Feeling his tender touch, I lost all my strength, and bore it in silence.

I couldn't help but gasp when his hands kept caressing my waist. He tried to take off my clothes, so I grabbed his hands in an attempt to stop him.

## [Chapter 92 Unexpected News](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles bit my lips discontentedly, "Let go of your hand," he said with a low and intoxicating voice.

However, what I did was quite the opposite. I held his hand tighter and replied, "No."

Helpless, Charles took a deep breath and buried his head in the crook of my neck. "Don't you trust me?"

His words brought me to reality and woke me up from my sexual fantasies. I stared at the ceiling and did not say a word for a long time. I felt like my heart was drifting in the endless sea, unable to get ashore.

"Scarlett? Answer my question. Are you now willing to give yourself to me?" Charles's hands made his way up again. He kissed me on the neck, and his breathing became deep and heavy. I knew he was about to lose control of himself.

"You've changed," I remarked.

Charles stopped kissing me and stared at me confusedly with his lustful eyes as if the answer was on my face.

I suppressed the overwhelming feelings in my heart and explained, "Let me remind you, Charles. You already have Rita. Stop messing with me anymore. I don't want to be caught up in your love affair."

"You've never trusted me, have you?" Charles let go of me as soon as he finished speaking. For some

reason, he looked hurt.

I straightened my clothes and looked at him seriously. "You'd better pay more attention to her. She's pregnant and terminally ill. She needs you." I was aware my words would do nothing but enrage him. But, I had no choice but to say it. I had to make things clear for him once and for all.

"Is there anything else you want to say? Say it now," Charles ordered with a sneer.

I was hesitant at first. But, I figured that this was a perfect opportunity for me to tell him what had been troubling me. "Charles, let's divorce. Don't delay it anymore. Let me leave with dignity."

"Scarlett..." Charles laughed bitterly and looked at me with disappointment. "You really are heartless."

I was at a loss for words. I wanted to cry my heart out. I would rather him be angry with me than disappointed.

Without another word, Charles stood up and put on his clothes. Just as he was about to walk out of the door, he turned around to face me. "You'd better give up. I will never agree to the divorce." His tone was resolute, and he sounded like there was no chance he would change his mind.

With that, he strode out of the room without even waiting for my response.

I was dumbfounded and, at the same time, a little helpless because of his refusal. If Charles did not agree with the divorce, things would eventually be out of hand. Rita's baby bump was going to show, and soon, it would be impossible to hide. If that happened, not only the three of us would be affected, but also the reputation of the Moore family.

I went straight home from the hotel. I even bought a mask on the way as a disguise, so the reporters would not be able to recognize me.

To my astonishment, there were no reporters at my door, waiting for me.

My uneasiness finally subsided. Charles must have dealt with them for me. He might be stubborn, but he was kind and considerate. Even though he was cold to me when we were at the hotel, he still made sure to take care of everything for me.

I was in a dilemma. On the one hand, Charles was treating me well as if he were in love with me. But on the other, he had gotten Rita pregnant. Of course, I knew very well what I should do: I had to divorce Charles one way or another. The more considerate he was to me, the more difficult it was for me to stick to my principles. In all honesty, I was afraid that I would fall for him because of how caring he was and that I would be unable to extricate myself from him.

I was engrossed in thought the whole day. To make things worse for me, Charles did not contact me, nor did he come back in the evening.

I had no appetite to eat. I only had a bite of food for dinner, so I would not sleep on an empty stomach. As I lay on the bed, I could not stop myself from checking my phone to see if Charles was calling. But if he did call me, I had no idea what to say.

I turned over and heaved a heavy sigh. Every time we met, bringing up about the divorce was inevitable, and we always ended up being at odds.

But come to think of it. He had no right to be mad at me. He had knocked Rita up. And now, she was pregnant with his child. In a fit of anger, I blocked his number on my phone.

But just a few minutes after doing that, I picked up my phone again and unblocked him. I hated this. I hated myself for being weak when it came to him.

With a heavy sigh, I threw my phone aside and stared at the window in a daze. I tried my best not to think of him. But, I knew at the back of my head that I was longing for him. If only I could hear his voice right now...

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The next day.

Because of what had happened in the past two days, I decided to ditch work and stay at home instead. After breakfast, I took out the coffee beans Nina had given to me and made myself a cup of coffee.

The sun was shining outside, and the aromatic smell of coffee wafted in the air. I was in high spirits; that was until two uninvited guests showed up at my house.

It was the director of the TV station and his wife. But instead of feeling angry for what had happened to me because of the former, I was calm and composed.

The director gave me a flattering smile. Then, he took out a tissue from his pocket and wiped the sweat off his forehead. I could see that he was nervous.

"I didn't expect you and Mr. Moore were a couple," he initiated with a wry smile.

"Yes. I must say, you two are a perfect match," his wife echoed.

I forced a smile at them but did not say anything in response. I was not in the mood for pleasantries and small talk. Besides, my desperation when I fought against Nate still haunted me to this day.

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His question perplexed me. Was he passing the buck? I did not answer his question and waited for him to continue.

"I... I just asked. I didn't intend to imply something," the director explained when he saw that I was indifferent. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw his wife furtively pull his sleeve and wink at him.

The director wiped his sweat from his forehead. All of a sudden, his expression turned solemn. It seemed that he was finally going to say what he had come here for. "Scerlett, I came here to apologize to you. I had no idea that Nate had the hots for you. I thought he just treated you as a junior. He's an old friend of your father, after all. I never expected him to be so... filthy."

"Yes, Miss Riley—I mean, Mrs. Moore. I'm deeply sorry for what happened. My husband had no idea. Had he known, he wouldn't have entrusted you to that man. Please forgive him."

As much as I wanted to even myself, I knew that Nate was the only one who should be blamed for what happened. He only used the director as a stepping stone. I took a deep breath and pondered for a while. After a moment of silence, I finally opened my mouth to speak. "I accept your apology. I won't take action regarding this matter."

The director of the TV station breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Scerlett. But, Mr. Moore has ordered me to resign and take the blame. Please put in a good word for me to Mr. Moore. Scerlett, please help me."

To my surprise, the director's wife got down on her knees and begged, "Please ask Mr. Moore to let us go." She looked dejected as if she had aged ten years in just a few minutes.

Truth be told, I was dumbfounded. Charles had the ability to force the director of the TV station to resign. What else could he not do?

Meanwhile, tears streamed down the cheeks of the director's wife. I kept asking her to stand up, but she refused to do so unless I agreed to their plea.

I decided to call Charles in the end. However, he would not answer.

I looked at them and shrugged my shoulders helplessly.

"Maybe he's busy at the moment. Could you call him again?" the director's wife implored.

I sighed and called Charles again. The line kept ringing, and it took a while before the call was answered.

"Charles—"

"Scarlett, this is Spencer. Charles got into a car accident last night. His arm was severely injured, and he's in a coma. He's in the hospital right now."

Spencer's words were an unexpected blow to me. The world quieted down in an instant, but the news of the accident rang to my ears.

In a fit of panic, I hung up the phone and rushed to the door, leaving the two visitors confused. I even lost a slipper along the way, but I did not bother to retrieve it. All I wanted was to see Charles right away.

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### [Chapter 93 Car Acciden](#)

Charles' POV:

I lay on the bed with my eyes closed in the VIP ward of the hospital as I listened to Spencer answering a phone call for me. He was exaggerating so much that I could not help but frown. His words could not fool anyone but that silly woman.

Once he hung up the phone, he threw the phone to me, and said with a mischievous smile, "Dude, don't pretend to be asleep. We know how excited you get over Scarlett's calls."

I opened my eyes and looked at him expressionlessly. "You are being too noisy."

"Hey! How can you say something like that to the one who is helping you?" Spencer complained loudly as he slumped on the couch like an angry child.

"What did she say?" I asked, suppressing my impatience.

He sat cross-legged, humming a song as if he didn't hear me.

I looked at him in disbelief and was about to drive him out.

Noticing my anger, Spencer stopped pretending and approached me with a smile. "As for Scarlett's reaction, she is naturally very anxious."

I could not help but sneer at Scarlett's self-deception. She had always cared a lot about me while pretending to be indifferent.

"Scarlett likes you," Spencer added.

"She doesn't believe me, though," I said crossly. Scarlett has always tried to push me away as if she had labeled me as someone that she needed to keep away from.

"It would only be strange if Scarlett believes you. Think of what you did before, and the thing about Rita. I feel that you need to sort things out as soon as you can," Spencer said in a sincere tone.

All of a sudden, there was a knock on the door.

"Hurry! It must be Scarlett! Close your eyes." Urging me to pretend like I was sleeping weakly, Spencer walked to the door.

I had no choice but to close my eyes in order to cooperate with his performance. As soon as the door was opened, I heard Scarlett's voice. She seemed to be panting, so I guessed that she must have run upstairs.

"How is Charles?" she asked anxiously.

Spencer sighed as he replied, "He's not in a good condition. Please take good care of Charles, Scarlett."

Although she did not say anything, I could sense how depressed she was. Joy filled up in my heart when I realized that she felt sad for me. After all, it was proof that she still cared for me.

Spencer said a few more words to her before he walked out of the ward. Scarlett walked towards my bed slowly and I tried my best to hold back my emotions as I kept my eyes closed.

"Charles," Scarlett called me softly as she tucked me in.

I continued to pretend like I was asleep.

Holding my hand, she murmured to herself, "Charles, don't scare me. Even though we are planning to get divorced, I still can't bear to see you hurt or in danger. When I heard that you met with a car accident, I realized that I still have some feelings for you. I used to love you so much that I was even willing to die for you. But you kept leaving me again and again for Rita. I used to wish that you would take a look at me, but you never stopped for me. I'm tired, Charles, and I don't want to wait for you anymore. It's a hopeless path for me to walk on, and I can't trust you with my heart once again. I hope

you understand."

Her words made me so anxious and flustered. What did she mean by she was tired, and that she could never trust me again? Since I could not afford to let her even think about leaving me, I opened my eyes.

With tears in her eyes, she smiled at me, which indicated that she was happy to see that I was awake.

"How did you know that I was hurt? Who told you to come here?" I asked her, pretending to be surprised.

"Spencer told me, and it is good that you're alright." Mumbling that, she sighed, so I could not clearly hear her words. She poked my arm and looked at me nervously. "Can you feel this?"

I looked at her in silence, unable to understand what was on her mind. Why was she still insisting on divorcing me if she really cared about me?

"How did the car accident happen?" Scarlett asked, looking at me in a daze.

"Are you asking because you still care for me?" I asked her directly in an attempt to force her to reveal her true feelings.

"Of course, I do." Scarlett nodded without hesitation. "Even if we are going to divorce, we used to be married. Or at the very least, we grew up like siblings."

"If that's what you want to say, then you can leave now." I gritted my teeth. I was so furious that I almost choked on my breath.

"I am not going to leave," Scarlett muttered in a low voice like a spoiled brat.

Ignoring her, I closed my eyes as I thought, 'If it's out of sight, then it's out of mind.'

Without saying anything, she kept herself busy that whole morning. She tucked me in, closed the window, and even watered the plants in the ward.

"Enough!" I couldn't help but ask her to stop.

"So you weren't sleeping," Scarlett said in surprise, looking at me. "What would you like for lunch? I'm going to order something to eat."

"I don't want to eat. You can leave now." I tried to drive her out coldly, not wanting to accept her kindness. The kindness that she was showing me now would make it easier for her to leave me in the future because she would have no burden in her heart then.

"Charles, don't be like that. I understand that you are emotionally unstable now. But you need to eat or

else your wounds won't heal quickly," she said to me softly.

She seldom acted this gentle and patient in front of me. Licking my dry lips, I remained silent.

She seemed to be very happy when she saw that I was not showing resistance anymore. She kept mumbling about all the foods that I should avoid while she ordered something for us to eat.

Scarlett then poured me a glass of water, but the complaisant look in her eyes made me doubt her motivation.

I took the glass from her, drank a sip of water, and looked at her coldly. "Why don't you leave? Are you really so kind as to stay here and take care of me?"

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"Cherles, it's about the director of the TV stetion." She seemed to be troubled, like she wes et e loss for words.

"I know whet you ere going to sey. You heve to understend that if it weren't for him, then you wouldn't heve gone to thet dinner, so the director is still the ceuse of this problem. The clueless ones mey not be entirely innocent. And in my opinion, there is no difference between e murderer end his ecomplice." The fect that Scerlett wes so forgiving to everyone except for me mede me feel uncomfortable. Even efter she wes heressed by those people, she wes still standing up for them.

"But they heve elreedy knelt down end esked for forgiveness, so please, try giving them e second chence." Scerlett pulled my sleeve with en emberressed look in her eyes.

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"It's... the study ebroed thing," Scerlett murmured, grebbing onto my sleeve. I could tell thet she wes nervous because whenever she felt nervous, she would greb onto something.

"Why didn't you tell me? Were you afraid that I might make you lose your chance to go abroad? Or were you that eager to leave me?" I asked coldly as my heart sank deeper and deeper.

"No, since we were going to divorce, I thought that there was no need for me to discuss it with you." Scarlett seemed to be at a loss as she slowly looked at me. It was certainly not what I wanted to hear from her.

"Are you done now? If you are, then please get out." I was angry, but I knew that I did not deserve to make her stay for me because everything that I had done until now was worthless in her eyes.

"And as for the director, I hope you can let him go," Scarlett said again, not caring about my attitude or feelings.

Seeing that, I couldn't help but feel discouraged. "Scarlett, you don't care about me at all."

While I was in the stalemate with Scarlett, Rita walked into the room.

I took the glass from her, drank a sip of water, and looked at her coldly. "Why don't you leave? Are you really so kind as to stay here and take care of me?"

"Of course, I am going to stay here to take care of you." There was a gentleness in her tone, and the next second, she patted herself on the forehead and added, "Oh, I almost forgot."

I raised my eyebrows. It was obvious that she had something to ask me.

"Charles, it's about the director of the TV station." She seemed to be troubled, like she was at a loss for words.

"I know what you are going to say. You have to understand that if it weren't for him, then you wouldn't have gone to that dinner, so the director is still the cause of this problem. The clueless ones may not be entirely innocent. And in my opinion, there is no difference between a murderer and his accomplice." The fact that Scarlett was so forgiving to everyone except for me made me feel uncomfortable. Even after she was harassed by those people, she was still standing up for them.

"But they have already knelt down and asked for forgiveness, so please, try giving them a second chance." Scarlett pulled my sleeve with an embarrassed look in her eyes.

"If I knelt down now and begged you not to divorce me, then will you give me a second chance too?" I was keeping a tough attitude as I did not want to give in. After all, I believed that they must pay the price for bullying my beloved woman.

Scarlett gave me an aggrieved look before she hung her head in silence.

My heart softened again and I tried to ask her in a gentle tone, "Tell me first, why did your director invite you to dinner? And why did you accept his invitation?"

"It's... the study abroad thing," Scarlett murmured, grabbing onto my sleeve. I could tell that she was nervous because whenever she felt nervous, she would grab onto something.

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#### [Chapter 94 The Visi](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Rita was not welcome, so it was a big shock when she came in Charles's ward. The instant she saw Charles lying on the bed, she ran to him and cried out, "Charles, what happened to you? Does it hurt?"

I rolled my eyes and complained in my heart, 'Of course, it hurt. Why don't you get yourself into an accident and see for yourself?' But I must admit, Rita's acting was getting better. I would have been convinced by her performance if I did not know her better.

"Oh my God! I can't believe it! I wish I were the one who got into the car accident instead." Tears streamed down Rita's face as she spoke.

However, Charles seemed rather annoyed. He moved his hand away in disgust and said exasperatedly, "Rita, you're so noisy. You're giving a headache."

Rita was taken aback by what he had said. She opened her mouth to speak, but words stuck in her throat.

I did not want to stay here anymore because of her. With that, I turned around to leave. But before I walked out of the door, I turned to Charles and reminded him, "Don't forget what I've asked you to do."

I marched out of the room as soon as I said those words when, all of sudden, Rita stopped me.

"Scarlett, aren't you gonna say hello to me?"

She had always been arrogant to me. Like a rooster, she had endless energy and an unceasing fighting spirit. She would devote a significant amount of time just competing for men's attention. How pathetic.

With a deadpan expression, I turned around and greeted her, "Good afternoon, Miss Lively. It's nice to see you."

I was like a robot. Not a hint of expression could be seen on my face. Without waiting for Rita's response, I closed the door behind me. I was worried she would make trouble again, and I would not have the patience to stand her.

Meanwhile, Richard, Rita's bodyguard, was smoking outside the door. He nodded at me when he saw me. He seemed to be troubled about something. He was bearded, and his hair was unkempt. Not only that, but he was also wearing a wrinkled suit. He looked as though he did not care about anything anymore.

Why did Richard seem troubled by girls? I was perplexed.

"Miss Riley, let me walk you out," Richard offered.

As I was in a bad mood, I nodded and accepted his offer.

Before we entered the elevator, Richard threw the cigarette butt into the trash can and turned to look at me. "Miss Riley, can I ask why you didn't stay with Mr. Moore?"

The way he asked me was somehow clever. I could not figure out if he was on Rita's side or if he really wanted me to stay with Charles.

Instead of answering his question, I looked at him in the eye and asked, "Richard, are you in love with Rita?"

Richard was taken aback by my question. But judging from his reaction, I could say that I was right.

I did not ask any more questions. Fortunately, the doors of the elevator opened. I stepped in and pressed the button to go down.

I could not stop thinking about what Charles had told me—Rita's child was not his. I used to think that nobody would dare to touch Rita. But as Charles had said, why could she not be the one who had taken

the initiative to seduce others?

Besides, if she did not give Richard hope in the first place, how would he fall in love with her? There must be something that I had not known yet. I had a vague feeling that this matter was beyond my comprehension. No matter how hard I thought about it, I could not figure out the answer.

Before I knew it, I had arrived at the entrance of the hospital. While I was in deep thought, Christine's voice rang in my ears, bringing me back to my senses. I looked around and saw Alice not far away, holding Christine's hand.

"Scarlett, what are you thinking about? We called you several times, but you didn't seem to hear us." Christine cupped her face and pretended to be sad.

I hurried forward and took the food box from Alice's hand. "Sorry, I didn't see you there. I was just thinking about work."

"You don't have to apologize. Your grandma was just kidding. It seems that you have something on your mind. Penny for your thoughts? We're here for you, you know?" Alice smoothed my hair with a smile.

I smiled back at her and accompanied them to Charles' ward.

"How is Charles? I don't have a great-grandchild yet. He'd better take care of himself," Christine said straightforwardly.

"He's okay now. He should be fine after resting for a while," I reassured. Suddenly, something occurred to me, and I added, "Rita is pregnant. You will have a great-grandchild soon."

Christine fell stunned. But as soon as she regained her composure, she sighed and shook her head.

"Actually, I don't believe that Charles is the father of Rita's child. He's not the kind of person who would walk away from his responsibilities. He's my son. I know what kind of person he is," Alice conferred.

Her words made me rethink my standpoint. Of course, I did not believe that Charles was irresponsible, especially that the matter was serious. But sometimes, what people see was not the truth.

We arrived at the door of the Charles's ward a few minutes later. I noticed that Alice's face darkened when she saw Richard.

"Scarlett, take good care of your grandma. I'm going to see that bitch Rita." Alice stormed into the ward without even waiting for our response.

Holding Christine's hand, I then followed Alice inside.

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The moment we entered the door, we saw Rite sitting by the bed morosely.

She seemed to be mortified at the sight of the two elders. The orange in her hand fell to the floor, and she looked at us with a pitiful expression.

We had not said anything yet, but she already looked as though she was bullied. She was indeed a cunning woman.

With a sneer, Alice walked over to her and asked crossly, "Why are you here? You're not welcome here. You can leave now."

"Alice, I... I just came here to see Charles. I'm worried about him," Rite stammered with tears rolling down her cheeks. I must say, her acting was impressive.

"My son doesn't need your concern. Leave now, or else I'll call someone to kick you out." Alice warned with a serious expression. Meanwhile, Rite tried to win sympathy with tears, but Alice did not buy it.

Rite just stood there and refused to leave. She kept glancing at Charles with pleading eyes, but he just ignored her and continued reading his book.

In the end, she left dejectedly.

She marched out of the ward briskly. She did not seem like a terminal patient who was weak and dying.

Grendme patted my hand and queried, "Look at her. Is she really sick?"

"She should be..." The truth was, I was not sure either. Charles was the one who hired Rite's doctor. There was no way she could fake it. But then again, Rite did not look ill. The doubts in my mind grew at the thought of this.

"Forget it. Just ignore her. I need to teach Charles a lesson."

Christine walked towards Charles's bed and began scolding him.

"Charles, you brat! Look at what you've done to yourself. You need to give me a great-grandchild before you die," she said loudly. Her voice was so loud that I was not sure if the people outside could hear her.

Annoyed, Charles pulled the quilt over his head.

"Don't think that I'll let you go if you don't say anything. How could you mess around and ignore your own safety?!" Christine gave Charles an eerie look. The more she talked, the angrier she became.

"Your grandmother is right. Also, why are you covering yourself with the quilt? Are you ashamed, huh?"

"Can't we hold you accountable anymore?" Alice raised her hand as if to hit Charles, but I reached out and stopped her.

"Mom, Charles's arm is injured. Please don't be mad at him anymore. Nobody wants to get into another accident and put their life in danger."

"Scerlett, Charles hasn't been nice to you, but you're still defending him. Why don't you just break up with him?" Alice scoffed.

Holding Christine's hand, I then followed Alice inside.

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"Mom, Charles's arm is injured. Please don't be mad at him anymore. Nobody wants to get into a car accident and put their life in danger."

"Scarlett, Charles hasn't been nice to you, but you're still defending him. Why don't you just break up with him?" Alice scoffed.

#### [Chapter 95 Promise](#)

Charles's POV:

I pulled off the quilt, feeling amused and annoyed at the same time. I said, "Are you really my mother? Why do you have to say something like that?"

"If you don't want to hear something like that, then give me a great-grandchild with Scarlett as soon as possible. Stop wasting my time," Grandma backfired.

I chanced a glance at Scarlett. As expected, her cheeks turned bright red at Grandma's words. She immediately lowered her head and avoided eye contact with me.

"Grandma, I promise there will be a great-grandchild for you, but for now, I want to get some rest. You and Mom should go home," I replied.

Hearing what I said, Grandma began to pretend to shed tears. "That sounds nice and all. But Scarlett's belly is still flat. I don't have much time left. There's a good chance that I won't be able to see my great-grandchild."

"Oh, don't say that, Grandma. You're still very strong and healthy. You'll live a long life." Hearing our conversation, Scarlett hurried to comfort Grandma, "The great-grandchild that you want is already on the way, Grandma."

"I don't want a great-grandchild from that Rita woman! I don't and will never consider her family!" Grandma's face darkened, and she turned around to leave.

She walked out of the ward quickly.

"Grandma!" Scarlett attempted to run after my grandmother, but my mother stopped her.

"Don't worry about her, Scarlett. Stay here and take care of Charles, okay?" Then, my mother left.

The ward finally quieted down, and the headache that I got from all the commotion finally eased. I rubbed my temples and heaved a sigh. Women were really difficult to deal with, and the most difficult one of them all was standing at the door in a daze.

"Why are you still standing there?" I said crossly.

Scarlett closed the door, turned around, and walked toward me reluctantly. She pursed her lips and knitted her brows. She looked a little aggrieved. I knew that she wanted to leave. She had been unhappy since Rita showed up. She was not only difficult to deal with but also a jealous girl.

"Have you ordered the food?" I asked, trying to get her to focus on me.

She looked up at me, smacked herself in the head, and said, "Oh, right. The food."

I could not help frowning. When did she get into the habit of knocking herself over the head? It made her look silly and childish. But when I thought about it, it did not matter if she looked like a confused, panicked little girl as long as I got to be with her for the rest of my life.

Soon, there was a knock on the door. It was the manager of the restaurant who sent the food.

Scarlett not only ordered all my favorite dishes but also made sure that they were healthful and nutritious. It seemed that she was not as cold and ruthless as she would like to project herself to be. She still remembered what I liked. I felt so happy that I wanted to smile, but I decided to suppress the urge. I did not want the love of my life to think that I was having the best time with her.

Scarlett's POV:

After lunch, Charles and I went about our own businesses. While I was busy reading on the sofa, Charles was busy with his work.

The afternoon sunshine bathed the room in its warm, comforting glow, making everything feel welcoming despite the smell of disinfectant that hung in the air.

Looking up at the busy Charles, I slowly got lost in thought. If he and I were a normal couple, would our daily life be like this? Would we be in the same room doing completely different things and not talking

but still feeling at ease? Would we have a lovely child who would suddenly come running into the room, breaking the silence, and bringing us joy?

"Scarlett," Charles suddenly called to me.

"Hmm?" I instantly snapped back to my senses.

"Your phone is ringing," he answered, tilting his head to the side.

I immediately fumbled for my phone as my cheeks burned with shame. Charles must have realized that I was staring at him.

"Your phone is over here," he said and pointed at the bedside table.

"Why is it there?" I giggled nervously and answered the call.

It was the wife of the TV station's director. She sounded a little anxious and asked about the news.

I peeked at Charles and found that he was not paying attention to me. I told my boss's wife in a low voice that I would call her back later. I hung up after that. If Charles knew who I was just talking to, he would definitely not be thrilled.

Charles continued dealing with his emails without saying a word to me. I looked at his face and tried to figure out his mood. It looked like he had been cheery since eating his hearty lunch.

I poured him a glass of water. "Here, Charles, drink some water."

Without raising his head, he grabbed the glass, took a sip, and handed it back to me.

"Would you like an apple?" I asked.

"No, thanks," he replied, still tapping away on his keyboard.

"How are you feeling now?" I eyed him carefully.

Then, he finally looked up at me and then went back to answering his emails without saying anything.

I could not figure out what that gesture meant for a while. After hesitating for a long time, I plucked up the courage to ask him, "My boss says that if you're willing to give him a chance, you can put forward any conditions."

"I just have one—that you don't go abroad." Charles closed his laptop and stared at me.

I was stunned. I did not expect that he would propose such a condition.

"What? Is it too difficult a condition for you? If it puts you in a dilemma, then just forget it," he said in an unfriendly tone.

"No, no. I promise you I won't go abroad," I pressed immediately for fear that he would change his mind.

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"And if you go back on your word? You always go back on your word, Scarlett. I went collateral this time. I don't want to suffer double penalties anymore." Charles wanted me to make a promise.

I put on an awkward smile. I had a plan in mind, but I did not expect him to be so difficult to fool this time around. "I promise I won't go abroad. If I don't put up my end of the bargain, then I will accept whatever punishment you decide."

A wicked grin slowly spread across Charles's face. "You mean it? The punishment is up to me? Very well, my good girl. Now, we just have to record our agreement."

"Don't you trust me? Why don't people trust one another these days? I already gave you my word. I will do as I say." Honestly, I felt wronged.

"Well, you don't trust me either. Trust is a two-way street," Charles retorted. He took out his phone and pulled up the voice recorder app. "Go ahead."

I suddenly remembered the expression "every dog has its day". This was it for Charles. And I suspected that he did it on purpose.

In order to complete the task that the director asked me to do, I had to repeat my promise while Charles recorded it.

After getting what he wanted, he rubbed my head complacently. I was so angry that I shook him off and walked away. I set back on the sofa, intent on ignoring him indefinitely.

But Charles was not done pushing my buttons. He played the recording in front of me again and again no matter how many death glances I threw in his direction. Then, I reached a point where I wished the ground would split so that I could hurl myself into the fissure. That was how much I did not want to look at Charles's smug face. I rolled my eyes at him.

But he did not seem affected at all by my annoyance. What annoyed me even more was the fact that he flashed me a sincere smile, the kind of smile that made me want to forget how awful he was being to me.

My anger was dispelled in an instant, and I hated myself for it.

"Get over here and kiss me," Charles ordered.

Damn it! What did he just say? I pretended not to hear him and focused on what I was reading.

"Did you hear me? Do you want your director to keep his position?" Charles said in a menacing tone.

"I already agreed to your condition. I don't have to get over there and kiss you," I said through clenched teeth. Although I did ask him for help, I did not have to cater to his every need. He did not own me.

"Fine. I won't force you. And let's just forget about our agreement," Charles said indifferently.

"No, no. I promise you I won't go abroad," I pressed immediately for fear that he would change his mind.

"And if you go back on your word? You always go back on your word, Scarlett. I want collateral this time. I don't want to suffer double penalties anymore." Charles wanted me to make a promise.

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"Fine. I won't force you. And let's just forget about our agreement," Charles said indifferently.

#### [Chapter 96 The Game Between The Two Sides](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I raised my head and snapped, "You're asking for too much! You're being unreasonable!"

Charles did not even flinch when I raised my voice. He just hit me with his cold stare. Suddenly, the warm, comforting vibe in the room turned icy like it was flash frozen by an invisible entity.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down. I realized that if we did not talk to each other like mature people, we would only violently argue and achieve nothing. So I stood up, walked to his bed, and softened my attitude. "Okay, I'm sorry. I don't want to fight. Let's talk, please."

"I wasn't trying to pick a fight with you," Charles muttered.

"I know. I realize that. I'm sorry I yelled at you," I apologized as sincerely as I could.

Charles only glanced at me and did not say anything.

"Fine. Put forward some other conditions," I broke the silence and then quickly added, "Ask for something that I can do."

"Take off your clothes and lie on my bed," Charles replied coldly, "Other than that, I can't think of anything I really want."

"Why are you making things difficult for me?" I groaned. Charles knew that I wanted to draw a clear line



with him, but he just resisted my every effort to do so. He insisted on breaking down every wall I tried to put up. To be honest, I was getting tired of it.

"You're the one who offered that I put forward another condition," Charles retorted.

After thinking for a while, I decided that my line in the sand was more important than his help. I raised my chin and declared, "You know what, if you don't want to help, then forget it. I'll find another way."

"Who are you going to ask for help then? Who else are you willing to beg other than me?" Charles growled.

"Anyone who's willing to help me without taking advantage of me!" I backfired and picked up my phone, which Charles grabbed before I could hit the call button.

He flashed me a fierce look. Then, next thing I knew, I was lying beside him, and he was prying my mouth open with his tongue and plundering my breath. My mind went blank, and I froze.

It took me a few heartbeats to return to my senses. When I was about to push him away, he let go and stared deeply into my eyes. He whispered, "Don't ask anybody else for help."

I looked at him with wide eyes. "Does that mean you're going to help me?"

Charles grinned, pinched my cheek, and said, "Get up."

"Answer me." I refused to oblige until he gave me a definitive answer.

"Just remember what you promised me," he replied. Then, he lowered his head and planted a soft kiss on my lips.

I took that as a yes. Suddenly, I was in a sunny mood. I smiled at Charles. It still amazed me how stunned I got whenever I looked carefully at his handsome face. "Then I have to call back the director's wife."

"No," Charles stopped me and added, "Call her back after two days."

"Why?" I asked, confused.

"People don't cherish anything they get easily. I want to teach them how to value things this time," he explained.

I nodded by way of acknowledgement. I thought what he said made sense. I should take this opportunity to make my boss and his wife grateful to me and Charles. Otherwise, they would just take our kindness for granted.

"Well, I've reinstated our agreement. Where's my reward?" Charles asked, held my hand, and then

twined his fingers with mine.

"What reward?" I looked at him in a daze. I honestly did not understand what he meant.

Charles flashed me a crooked smile and kissed me passionately once again. He locked me in a tight embrace, making my resistance impossible without ripping his wound open. After a few moments of internal debate, I finally decided to give in. I began kissing him back.

After a very long time, Charles let go and looked straight into my eyes. He licked his lips like he had just finished a delicious dinner. I felt my cheeks burn.

Before either of us could say anything, his phone rang. I took the chance to push him away, slide out of bed, and then hide in the bathroom.

I could not believe the mess I saw in the mirror. My hair was disheveled, and my lips were slightly swollen. My heart was still pounding against my ribcage, and my mind was still screaming at me. I should not be indulging Charles like I just did. If we went on like this, our chances of getting divorced would just get slimmer and slimmer.

I could hear Charles's deep voice through the closed bathroom door. The more I listened to him, the more I wanted to go back out there and kiss him some more. I pointed at myself in the mirror and said, "Get it together, Scarlett! Don't let him change your mind! You'll still divorce him no matter what!" I felt a little pathetic that I had to give myself a pep talk while my soon-to-be ex-husband was right outside being all gorgeous and seductive.

Before I walked out of the bathroom, I decided that I would not utter a single word to Charles. I had to keep my distance. I could not let him breach my walls anymore.

"Your lips look like they hurt. I'm sorry. I'll kiss you carefully next time," Charles beamed while setting a bowl of soup in front of me.

Without looking at him, I pushed the bowl back to him and said, "Don't talk to me. From now on, we're strangers."

"Okay, I can play that game." After that, Charles did not say anything more.

Although I had made up my mind not to talk to him, he was still a patient. I did not have it in my heart to just abandon him, so I stayed in the hospital overnight to look after him.

"Aren't we supposed to be strangers? Why are you staying the night?" Charles said coldly.

I rolled my eyes at him, turned my back on him, and continued to chat with Nina on WhatsApp. Maybe it was because the room was too quiet that I fell asleep without realizing it.

Charles's POV:

I did not expect that Scarlett would be so kind to stay the night and accompany me in the hospital. Her presence made me happy, and because I was in a good mood, I was able to work more efficiently. After I was done with my work, I found that Scarlett had fallen asleep on the sofa.

She looked so beautiful and peaceful, and her chest was moving up and down steadily with every breath. I got up, grabbed a blanket, and covered her with it. Then, I bent over and kissed her on the forehead. As my lips touched her skin, I felt a ripple of affection in my heart. If only she could stay by my side forever.

I picked up Scarlett's phone that she dropped on the floor and set it on the coffee table. Before I could go back to bed, her phone vibrated twice. There was a new message from Nina, which read, "Scarlett, do you still want to sue for divorce?"

In less than two seconds, Nina sent another message. This time, it read, "Charles cares about you very much. My father actually suggested that you reconsider your decision to sue."

I smiled bitterly. Everyone could see that I really loved Scarlett, but Scarlett did not want to believe me.

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The next day, after checkup, the doctor cleared me and discharged me from the hospital and instructed me to continue to rest at home.

Although Scarlett still was not talking to me, she still looked after me and did not let me exert myself too much.

If she cared about me so much, then what on earth was she being so stubborn for? I was starting to get a headache from all the silent treatment Scarlett was giving me, but at the same time, I could not help smiling to myself. Indeed, even men in love found silly things cute.

Scarlett accompanied me home, settled me down and then prepared to leave. As a man who did not let opportunities slip through his fingers, of course, I would not let her leave easily. Honestly, I was afraid that she might not take the initiative to come to me again.

So I gave the glass on my bedside table a little push until it fell and broke on the floor. A few heartbeats later, Scarlett was rushing into the room, alarmed by the sound of breaking glass. I almost smiled at the panicked look on her face.

I shoved down my guilt and said in a strained voice, "I'm sorry. I was just trying to get myself some water, but the glass slipped and fell."

"Did you hurt your hand?" Scarlett hurriedly walked over and checked my hand.

"So you're finally talking to me?" I lowered my head and half-smiled.

"Did you hurt your hand, Charles?" Scarlett asked again, ignoring my comment and emphasizing my name.

"I don't think so, but it hurts. I can't move it properly," I replied, surprised that the lie just easily rolled off my tongue.

"In that case, I'll stay. You need someone to take care of you," Scarlett said without hesitation.

"Oh, that's so kind of you, honey," I muttered, pretending to be calm, but in fact, I was barely able to contain my delight. Scarlett was really a rare treasure.

In the afternoon, my assistant came over with some documents for me and gifts for Scarlett from some of our business partners.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore. The company's partners want you to have these gifts," my assistant said to Scarlett respectfully.

"For Mrs. Moore?" Scarlett read the card on one of the gifts and flashed my assistant a confused look.

"Yes."

"How did they know that I was..." Scarlett paused, her face blushing. She was obviously not yet used to being addressed as Mrs. Moore.

"Our partners aren't the only ones who are aware of your identity, Mrs. Moore. The whole world already knows as well," my assistant explained.

Scarlett's jaw dropped to the floor in shock. She whipped her head toward me, and I shrugged at her to tell her that there was nothing I could do to make her existence unknown again.

And even if I could make it happen, I did not want to. I wanted everyone in the world to know that Scarlett was my wife so that no one would dare covet her.

After my assistant left, Scarlett walked up to me and started berating me, "Aren't you going to clarify it?"

"Clarify what?" I pretended that I did not understand her and flashed her an innocent look. If she wanted to draw a line between us, then I would mark her with my name.

"This isn't funny, Charles. You need to do something about it," Scarlett raised her voice.

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"This isn't funny, Charles. You need to do something about it," Scarlett raised her voice.

#### [Chapter 97 The Ring](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Do something about what?" Charles asked casually, grabbed a magazine, and started flipping through it.

I snatched the magazine from his hand and said, "The entire world doesn't need to know about our marriage."

"Well, you heard my assistant. The entire world already does. What do you expect me to do about it?" Charles dipped his chin and eyed me carefully as if he was seriously considering what I wanted to happen.

Feeling that there was still a chance to ameliorate the situation, I set down the magazine and started strategizing with him. "Now is a good time to issue an official statement. Netizens don't know what to believe right now because you haven't confirmed or denied anything about our relationship. Once you speak up, everything will be okay."

"But I don't want to lie about us." Charles furrowed his brows and looked very upset.

"Fine. Then I'll issue a statement. That way, you won't be the one lying," I compromised again. I could not believe the stream of excuses he had flowing.

"You're so smart, honey." With a faint smile on his face, Charles said, "Go do whatever you want."

I blinked at him twice. I did not expect that he would just agree to my suggestion without a fight. "If you want, I'll call someone right now to help you write an official statement,"

he added and then continued, "I mean, we don't want to worsen the situation with a badly written press release, do we?"

I froze and then darted my eyes to my phone. I took a moment to consider what he just said. Charles did make a lot of sense. A clumsy denial might result in self-exposure. If I failed to explain everything clearly, the netizens would probably even doubt me for trying to hide something, and all my efforts would be in vain.

"What? Do you want to make the phone call?" Charles cast a cold glance at me.

I pursed my lips and put down my phone. "I want to rethink releasing an official statement."

What if I just left it? Was it really such a bad idea that everyone knew about me and Charles now? I decided to forget about it and drop the idea of making a statement.

"Very well. Like I said, you can do whatever you want," Charles beamed and pointed at the gift boxes. "Open them."

"No. I don't want to accept those gifts. It's not appropriate for me to open them." I folded my arms over my chest.

The gifts were for Mrs. Moore. If I accepted them, then that would mean I was admitting to being Charles's legal wife.

"Well, they're yours anyway. Just open one, will you?" Charles said to me lazily.

If I refused one more time, Charles would just badger me until I gave in, so I decided to save myself from the pestering.

The gifts the partners sent obviously came from a place of sincerity. They were not only in delicate boxes but also wrapped in shiny, expensive-looking wrapping paper that exuded a signature fragrance. I opened one box that contained a pair of gorgeous couple rings.

"Are those couple rings? Give them to me," Charles ordered and crossed his legs.

"Get them yourself," I replied and rolled my eyes.

"But my hand hurts," Charles pouted and rubbed his hand.

"But your legs are functional, aren't they?" He was really starting to piss me off with his barefaced lies.

"I thought you decided to stay to help me. Why are you being mean to me now? You know what, forget it. Just leave me alone so I can curl up in my bed and die," Charles murmured to himself, implicating that I was cold, heartless, and without a conscience.

I could not decide whether to be irked or amused. In the end, I just shook my head, picked up the rings, and brought them to him. "Here you go. Stop sulking."

"Put one on me," Charles grinned.

"Oh, for crying out loud, Charles. Don't push it," I said through gritted teeth.

"I can't do it. Like I said, my hand hurts. I'm really feeling useless right now, okay? I don't appreciate your being snippy toward me. You should be kind to injured people," Charles began pouting again.

Once again, I rolled my eyes and then picked up the bigger ring. "Give me your hand."

I had to admit that Charles's hands were the best-looking hands I had ever seen in my life. They were always clean and supple, and his fingers were long and slender. When I slid the ring onto his finger, it fit perfectly like it was tailor-made for him.

I curled my lips and murmured, "Wow. It looks great on you."

Charles did not respond. Instead, he picked up the other ring and said, "Now give me your hand."

"What? Why?" I shot him a suspicious look. What was this guy up to?

"I'll put this on you," Charles answered, looking up at me.

"Oh, no. We can't wear couple rings," I refused outright.

Charles chuckled a little but did not force me. He put the ring back into the box and darted his eyes straight at mine. "Why not? Are you planning on dating other men?"

"I'm not having this conversation with you again." Not wanting to engage in yet another pointless argument, I got up and went to the kitchen to prepare some food. I did not bother looking back to check on Charles's reaction. He could feel whatever he wanted.

In the evening, after cleaning up, I went to the guest room, got ready for bed, and went to sleep.



When I woke up in the morning, the first thing I saw was the other half of the couple rings on my finger. The second thing I saw was Charles's sleeping face right next to my head. I rubbed my eyes and thought hard about whether or not I forgot to lock my door before I fell asleep last night.

"Hey! Wake up! What are you doing in my bed? How did you even get in?" I poked his arm.

Keeping his eyes closed, Charles grabbed my hand, pinned it down, and said, "It's too early, honey. Let's sleep a little longer."

From the little dark circles under his eyes, I had guessed that he might have worked until really late again last night and somehow staggered into my room and passed out beside me. I could not help staring at him while he slept. He looked like a different person when he was asleep. He seemed warm and kind, which was the polar opposite of his awake self.

I reached out to touch his eyelashes. They were so long and upturned. I brushed my thumb over his cheek and gave it a little pinch, which strangely felt good. I could not help pinching him several more times.

"Scarlett, if you don't want to go back to sleep, we can do something interesting." All of a sudden, Charles opened his eyes and wrapped his arms around my waist. He stared deeply into my eyes.

I was so startled that I withdrew my hand immediately. "Were you awake the entire time?"

"Were you pinching me because you found me irresistible?" Charles asked in a hoarse voice that tripped all the alarms in my head.

I quickly lifted off the quilt and rolled out of bed. "I'll go make us some breakfast," I said in a voice that I desperately tried to keep level.

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I was out of the room before Charles could grab me again. That was close. Good thing I had reacted fast enough. Otherwise, I would still be in bed and doing something I would definitely regret with the man I vowed to cut loose from my life. I really should be careful around Charles especially when he was sleep-deprived because that was when he was coming up with interesting things to do to wake himself up.

As soon as I entered the kitchen, the doorbell rang.

When I went to answer the door, I found Rite standing outside. She was a bit overdressed for a morning visit.

The moment she saw me, she narrowed her eyes, raised her hand, and attempted to slap me. How

could I let her succeed? I raised my right hand in time to grab her wrist and hold it tight. The ring that Charles put on my third finger glinted in the morning light.

"Oh, Rite. Don't you know that angry is the new ugly?"

Rite did not appreciate my thinly veiled insult and shook off my hand. "You bitch! Have you no shame?"

"What do I have to be ashamed about? Last time I checked, Charles and I are still married. You're the one who's showing up at a married man's house so early in the morning. I think you should answer your own question. But if you want my opinion, yes, I do think you have no shame," I explained smugly, crossing my arms over my chest. People should not tolerate people like Rite, or she would become more aggressive.

A muscle flickered in Rite's jaw as she fell silent. She was so furious that her face began to look distorted. She shoved me out of her way and said, "Be a good guard dog and get out of my way!"

I raised my eyebrows and watched her march into Charles's home. I did not try to stop her by use of force. She might be an infuriating woman, but she was still sick and pregnant. I could not have her death on my conscience just because I felt that she should not be embarrassing my husband in the early hours of the day.

It was only then that I realized that Rite did not come alone. "Aren't you going to follow her, Richard?" I asked Rite's bodyguard who was standing outside like a statue.

He shook his head and put on a gloomy expression. "You better take good care of Mr. Moore, Miss Riley."

"How do you feel about Rite now?"

"I'm in love with her. I don't want to leave her," Richard said in a low voice.

"You're already in love with her?" I could not help sighing.

I was looking at a big, hulking tower of a man in love's merciless shackles. If Richard stayed in love with Rite, he would be destined to end up a poor, broken man.

At this time, the sound of breaking glass came from upstairs.

Thinking that Charles was hurt, I immediately rushed to him with Richard closely on my heels.

I found Charles standing in the corridor on top of the staircase. There was a broken vase on the floor. Rite was on her knees in front of him and hugging his thighs. She was sobbing and begging, "Please, Charles. Give me one more chance."

There was no expression in Charles's face. When he saw me, his eyes moved slightly.

I frowned and thought that he was being cruel. After all, Rita was pregnant.

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As soon as I entered the kitchen, the doorbell rang.

When I went to answer the door, I found Rita standing outside. She was a bit overdressed for a morning visit.

The moment she saw me, she narrowed her eyes, raised her hand, and attempted to slap me. How could I let her succeed? I raised my right hand in time to grab her wrist and hold it tight. The ring that Charles put on my third finger glinted in the morning light.

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Rita did not appreciate my thinly veiled insult and shook off my hand. "You bitch! Have you no shame?"

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#### [Chapter 98 A Farce](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Ever since that dramatic morning, Grandma had sent a servant to take care of Charles. Hence, I left Charles' house and returned to my normal life.

However, after I was done with my TV program one day, I found a large bouquet of white roses on my work station. Confused, I picked up the card that was inside it, and read Charles' writing, "May the lawsuit be successful."

Startled, I wondered, 'How does he know that I am suing for a divorce? Nina obviously would not have told him, so did I blabber about it in my sleep?'

While I was in a daze, Rita called, and looking at my phone screen, I felt a headache.

"This is Rita." Her voice was domineering.

"What do you want?" I asked coldly.

"I've invited some reporters, and I want you to clarify in front of them that you and Charles have nothing to do with each other."

I could not help but think that she was being ridiculous. After all, Charles and I were still married, so she was in no position to quarrel with me at all.

"Charles doesn't love you anymore, Rita, so wake up, will you?"

"Whether he loves me or not is none of your business. You just need to clarify that you have nothing to do with him. Leave Charles to me. I will win him back," Rita said confidently.

I felt sorry for her because she was still lying to herself. Since I could not bear to listen to her nonsensical conversation any longer, I hung up.

Once it was time to get off work, I walked out of the company and saw Grandma's driver waiting for me at the entrance. I quickly figured that Grandma must have sent him over to pick me up for dinner.

When I got home, I didn't get off the car immediately. Instead, I turned to the driver and asked, "Is Charles here?"

"I just came to pick you up, following Mrs. Moore's order, so I don't know about other things," the driver replied respectfully.

I pursed my lips. I certainly did not want to see Charles there. Before I was able to figure out how to handle my relationship with him, I would always feel uncomfortable whenever I saw him.

I didn't make things any more difficult for the driver, though. I opened the door and got out of the car. From the corner of my eye, I saw a familiar limousine. It was Nate's. Why was he there? I frowned.

When I walked to the house, I heard someone shouting, and immediately recognized Nate's voice. He was just like his daughter, and they both liked to cause a scene in other people's houses.

"You must give me an explanation today! I was trying to teach Scarlett a lesson as an elder, and now, Charles has asked someone to ruin my business. Is that how he treats his elders?"

I was a little stunned when I heard those words. Did Charles punish Nate for what he did to me? Since Nate was Rita's dad, I thought that Charles would let him go for the sake of his relationship with Rita.

Once I entered the living room, I looked around. Except for Charles, everyone else was present there. All of a sudden, I felt a little indescribable sense of loss in my heart.

Ignoring Nate, Grandma walked to me and greeted me. She grabbed my hand and said with an unhappy look in her eyes, "Scarlett, you are increasingly distancing yourself from me with each passing day. You've even hidden the fact that Nate has bullied you from me."

Although her accusation was a bit severe, I knew that Grandma cared a lot about me. Hence, I coaxed

her in a soft voice, "Grandma, I did not want to tell you, because I was afraid that you will worry about me. Besides, I'm doing just fine. I am just surprised to see Mr. Lively here."

"I am only here because of what you and Charles did! I was trying to teach you a lesson, but you turned a molehill into a mountain!" Nate scolded me, pointing at my nose.

"You were trying to teach me a lesson? Can you even dare to tell them about the real reason you hit me?" I retorted coldly, disgusted by how he could shamelessly distort the right and the wrong.

"What? Nate hit you? I thought he was just being mean to you," Grandma said angrily.

"Is it not because of Rita? Or is there some other reason? Why don't you dare to let us know?" Alice stood up in shock. She was also furious when she heard that Nate had hit me.

I looked at Nate coldly and noticed his face turning pale as he panicked.

"Tell us, Mr. Lively. Why aren't you telling us your reason? Is it too shameful?" I sneered.

"Scarlett! Don't talk nonsense to ruin my reputation." Nate's eyes turned red with rage.

"You gave me a diamond, but I didn't take it, and that's why you are so annoyed," I blurted out. I thought that Nate would still have some sense of shame, but it was evident that I had overestimated him.

Grandma immediately pulled me behind her as she faced Nate and roared, "Nate Lively! How could even have such vulgar thoughts for Scarlett? She is the daughter-in-law of the Moore family. You are not only insulting Scarlett, you are also insulting the Moore family!"

Everyone in the room glared at Nate in disbelief and disgust.

"I just want Scarlett to leave Charles at the earliest so that Rita's last wish can be fulfilled." Nate was still trying his best to defend himself.

"Even if Rita is on the verge of death, we would still not allow her to marry into our family. Both you and your daughter are disgusting." Grandpa was also bewildered as he spoke in his deep, strong voice, showing off his prestige.

However, his words worried me. 'Will the elders allow me to divorce Charles after this farce?' I wondered. Deep down, something told me that they would not allow me to do such a thing.

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"Don't think that we don't know what your promiscuous daughter is up to. And don't think that we will

let her marry Charles just because she's pregnant. We'll never except and raise her child. God knows who the father is!" Alice was also very strong with her words as she mocked Rite's messy private life.

"Alice! Don't sling mud at Rite! Since you said that my daughter is indecent, show me some proof, or I will have to sue you for slanderous remarks." Nete glared at Alice.

"Don't worry. I will show you the proof, and I hope you keep up your strong front when you see that." Alice snorted.

"You are not welcome in the Moore residence anymore, so you'd better get out." Grendme didn't want to talk to Nete anymore, so she motioned him to leave.

The butler stepped forward and said to Nete, "Sir, this way please."

Nete was indeed enraged, but he couldn't argue with them because he was in the wrong. He could only clench his fists and grit his teeth as he hissed, "Let's wait and see."

With that, he left in dejection.

As soon as he was out of sight, Grendme made me sit on the couch and asked, "Did that old bastard touch you?"

I shook my head.

"Please come to us if anything like it happens again," Alice also comforted me. However, the longer she thought about it, the angrier she became. "How dare he try to hurt you? He must pay a steep price for what he did!"

With a sigh, Grendme patted my hand and said, "You must tell us if something happens to you or we will continue to be in the dark about such matters."

"Yes, Scarlett. Why are you distancing yourself from us? After all, we are the strongest pillars you can lean on." Grendme, who was sitting on the opposite couch also advised me.

I was deeply touched by the elders' concern, so I promised them that such things would not happen again, and that if such a thing did happen, then I would let them know immediately. Only after hearing my promise did they let me go.

"Charles, when did you come?"

Alice suddenly asked in surprise. My heart jolted. I turned around and saw Charles standing at the door. I did not know for how long he had been standing there.

Seeing that everyone finally noticed him, Charles slowly walked up to us, and said, "Scarlett, you're

reelly something. You're going to divorce me, end yet, you get everyone's support."

He wes mocking me, end I wes left with no choice but to look et him helplessly.

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He was mocking me, and I was left with no choice but to look at him helplessly.

### [Chapter 99 The Questioning Of The Elders](#)

Charles' POV:

"Charles, what are you even talking about? Scarlett is family. If we don't support her, who will? Besides, Nate came to our house to make trouble. If we keep silent, then how was that fair to Scarlett?" Grandma scolded me.

"Yes, Scarlett is your wife. Even if you don't help her, you shouldn't make such sarcastic remarks!" My mom also glared at me.

I rubbed my temples irritably as I argued, "Who is the heir of this family? Why aren't you defending me?"

"It is because you are the heir that we have to discipline you. Men in the Moore family have always loved their wives. You are the only weirdo here." Grandma picked up the teacup and snorted.

'But I do love my wife! She's the one that doesn't take my feelings seriously.' Since I could not defend myself now, I had no choice but to keep quiet.

"Scarlett is such a good girl. If you don't cherish her now, then you will regret it later. But if you can't change yourself, then you should at least be a decent man and divorce her." My mom continued to nag me.

"But if you do choose to divorce her, then the doors of this house will not open for you again, Charles," Grandma threatened.

I cast a resentful glance at the culprit, only to find that she was also looking at me.

She seemed to be very happy to see me being targeted by my family, because she was smiling brightly. I looked away, but my heart was racing and I could not calm down even after a long time. I was not in the

mood to listen to Grandma and my mom's nagging anymore. Scarlett's smile was the only thing on my mind.

All of a sudden, I felt like the entire room was silent, and when I came back to my senses, I noticed the elders staring at me.

I touched my nose and sat up straight. I was so lost in thought that I didn't even notice what they were talking about.

"Why did you stop? Please, continue. Don't keep staring at me. Is there something on my face?" I cleared my throat and broke the silence.

"Try to be serious and don't turn a deaf ear to our words." After a moment's glance at me, Grandma ignored me.

I didn't say anything to defend myself because I knew that it would be of no use at the moment. Besides, I was already a sinner in their eyes. To them, I was an unfaithful lover who must be nailed to the pillar of humiliation.

"When are you going to end your relationship with Rita? I don't believe that the child Rita is carrying is yours. Just sort out the mess quickly. Rita and her family are like chewing gum stuck to the shoe, gross and disgusting." My mother gave me a calm glance as she wanted to get a clear answer from me. Indeed, I had put off the matter for far too long, which was giving Rita and her family a chance to show their villainous sides.

Without replying to them immediately, I was silent for a moment before I turned to Scarlett. I noticed that she was also staring at me with her bright eyes, as though she was complaining that I lacked a sense of responsibility.

All of a sudden, a helpless feeling clouded my heart. She was still not believing me. And every time Rita was mentioned, Scarlett would be vigilant.

I withdrew my gaze and turned to the others. "Why did you ask me to come back today?"

"Nate said that you ruined his business, and he came here today to ask for an explanation," my father, who was silent until now finally spoke up.

"I didn't do any such thing." I leaned against the sofa, playing with my ring.

"I too believe that Charles would not have done such a thing." Scarlett spoke up for me hurriedly before she added in whispers, "Besides, he won't do such a thing for me."

Although her voice was very low, I still heard what she said.

I felt disheartened, because no matter how many times I had explained it to her, she still did not believe that Rita's child was not mine. And now, she also thought that I would not have punished Nate for what he had done to her.

I could not understand her at all.

"I don't believe it. Although the Lively family is not as powerful as they were before, they are not to be trifled with. There are only a handful who would dare to provoke him in public. Moreover, the matter was handled very decisively and efficiently this time, and I believe that Charles is the only one who can pull that off," Grandpa said in a calm voice. Although he was not an active part of the business world anymore, I was certain that he knew about the workings of it all.

"Charles, admit it. You did it, didn't you?" my dad asked.

"I have no reason to do so." I did not want to admit it because I did not want to give Scarlett the idea that she was indebted to me once again, and I did not want her to say something that I would not want to hear.

Besides, she might suspect that I had some kind of an ulterior motive. My heart ached when I thought of the fact that no matter what I did for her, Scarlett was not moved at all.

"What other reason could you possibly need? Scarlett is the reason." My mother was taking things for granted.

"Scarlett doesn't regard herself as my wife at all. In her eyes, we are never a couple. In fact, she wishes that she would never see me again," I sneered with displeasure. Everyone knew that I loved Scarlett, but she didn't believe it. She pretended to be deaf and blind to my confessions, and kept trying to push me away.

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"What nonsense are you even talking about? It is all your fault. Why did you even start messing around with Rita?" Grandma was furious. She picked up the magazine and threw it on me. I reached out my left hand to grab the magazine, feeling helpless about her anger.

However, I knew that she was right. Everything did start because of the promise I made to Rita. I had only wanted to repay her at that time, and I had never expected that I would be hurting the most important person in my heart.

"Grandma, calm down. Don't be angry. Charles' right hand hasn't recovered yet," Scarlett comforted her in a nervous tone when she saw Grandma hitting me.

She seemed to be worried about me, and seeing that, my heart softened instantly, like butter on a hot day.

"Scarlett." Grandma sighed and then continued, "Can you withdraw the indictment and not divorce Charles?"

Before Scarlett could reply, I said, "Even if there is such an indictment, I promise that you won't be able to divorce me."

Grandma immediately glared at me. "Shut up."

"Rita is pregnant. What can I do? Leaving him seems like the only solution we have now," Scarlett complained to Grandma with a gloomy expression.

"Are you jealous, Scarlett?" Alice teased.

I raised my eyebrows, looking at Scarlett as I wondered what she was thinking about.

Scarlett explained in a hurry, "I'm not jealous... I just don't want to put everyone in a dilemma."

"You keep saying that you're not jealous, and yet, every time we mention Rita, you seem unhappy. Besides, we are not in a dilemma at all. We're happy as long as you and Charles are happy. You just need to follow your heart, and nothing else will matter." My mother disagreed with Scarlett.

I looked at Scarlett. She blushed, but she continued to be stubborn as she explained that she was not jealous at all. I was glad that someone finally forced her to face her true feelings.

"It's not a shame to be jealous," I said coldly.

Scarlett glared at me, signaling me to shut up.

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She seemed to be worried about me, and seeing that, my heart softened instantly, like butter on a hot day.

"Scarlett." Grandma sighed and then continued, "Can you withdraw the indictment and not divorce Charles?"

Before Scarlett could reply, I said, "Even if there is such an indictment, I promise that you won't be able to divorce me."

Grandma immediately glared at me. "Shut up."

"Rita is pregnant. What can I do? Leaving him seems like the only solution we have now," Scarlett complained to Grandma with a gloomy expression.

"Are you jealous, Scarlett?" Alice teased.

I raised my eyebrows, looking at Scarlett as I wondered what she was thinking about.

Scarlett explained in a hurry, "I'm not jealous... I just don't want to put everyone in a dilemma."

"You keep saying that you're not jealous, and yet, every time we mention Rita, you seem unhappy. Besides, we are not in a dilemma at all. We're happy as long as you and Charles are happy. You just need to follow your heart, and nothing else will matter." My mother disagreed with Scarlett.

I gloated at Scarlett. She blushed, but she continued to be stubborn as she explained that she was not jealous at all. I was glad that someone finally forced her to face her true feelings.

"It's not a shame to be jealous," I said coldly.

Scarlett glared at me, signaling me to shut up.

### [Chapter 100 Staying Overnight](#)

Scarlett's POV:

No matter how much I explained, everyone kept misunderstanding me, thinking that I was jealous. Hence, I had no choice but to shut up.

"You won't divorce Charles as long as we prove that the child is not his, right?" Christine asked me.

I was stunned for a moment, as that thought had never occurred to me before. If Charles was not the father of that child, then the problems would be a lot less complicated. However, I was still in a daze, like a leaf blown by the wind which was unable to fall.

"But if Charles really is the father of that child, then I will make him divorce you myself." Christine assured me.

"Yes, just give him a chance to prove himself. If Charles really turns out to be the father of that child, then I will ask him to give you an explanation," Michael echoed.

My mind was a mess and I couldn't refuse them after listening to their words. Charles was also staring at me, waiting for my response.

Avoiding his gaze, I turned to look out the window. Glancing at the rainy skies that were as gloomy as my mood, I could not help but sigh.

"It's raining outside," Charles murmured, following my gaze.

By then, everyone else also noticed that it was dark outside. The conversation had lasted longer than intended.

"Tonight, you both can stay here," Christine suggested.

I shook my head and replied, "I have to go back to the station. There is still something that I need to do."

"How dare the TV station director make you work overtime?" Charles asked sullenly. "Give me his phone number. I will talk to him," he added, holding his phone in his hand.

I quickly grabbed his phone. "It's not like that. I have nothing to do now anyway, so why can't I get some work done?"

'I wouldn't be thinking too much about this if I was busy,' I thought to myself. I needed something to keep me distracted, and if I am immersed in my work, then I would not have to dwell on such painful thoughts.

"Work is important, but not at the cost of your well-being. Look, lately, you have lost a lot of weight." While caressing my hair, Christine glared at Charles. "It's all your fault."

"Why are you blaming me, Grandma?" Charles felt aggrieved with a look of disbelief in his eyes.

"If you got along with her, then she wouldn't need to go to work, would she?" Christine scolded Charles.

"Grandma, Charles cannot be blamed for me wanting to work," I explained to Christine in a hurry, afraid that Charles might get annoyed later and forbid me from going to work, which would also be exactly

what he wanted.

Charles snorted, "I'd like for her to depend on me, but will she agree to that?"

His words made me blush. What did he mean? Was our relationship really that deep in his eyes? Not daring to look at him, I lowered my head and held Christine's hand, acting like a spoiled kid.

"Grandma, you are the best. Please let me go back to the TV station. I have already agreed to meet with a colleague." I gave an eager look at Christine.

"No, I am sure that your colleague will understand. Besides, it's pouring outside. I can't let you go," Christine refused, pretending to be sad. "You rarely ever come here, and after staying for just a little while, you already want to leave. Why are you in such a hurry? Do you really find me that annoying?"

"Grandma, it's not like I find you annoying. In fact, I am also reluctant to leave you." I was in a real jam as I tried to comfort Christine. I had no choice but to compromise in the end.

It was a hearty and warm dinner with everyone talking so freely at the table. Actually, aside from my relationship with Charles, everything else about the Moore family was warm and comforting.

After dinner, everyone left, leaving Charles and I alone in the living room.

"Which room are you going to sleep in tonight?" Charles asked me, taking the coffee from the servant.

I ignored him, pretending to watch the TV. I knew why he was asking me that question. I could sleep in any room as long as it wasn't with him.

"Since you've applied for a divorce, don't expect me to share a bed with you," he said in a noble tone, as he sipped on his coffee.

I rolled my eyes at him. "You wish."

'What a narcissist!' Sometimes, the things that Charles said could really make people angry. I wouldn't sleep with him even if he begged me to!

"You can sleep in my room, then. I will find another room to sleep in," he said.

With a look of suspicion in my eyes, I inquired, "Why are you being so kind all of a sudden?"

"Well, if I am not being a gentleman to you, then Grandma will blame me." Charles rubbed his chin with an unreadable look in his eyes.

I pouted as I turned to look at the TV again. "Whatever you want."

Without saying more, Charles stood up from the sofa. "Excuse me, please let me pass."

He wanted to walk past me, so I moved my leg to one side and looked at him crossly. "You can go the other way."

"It's too far from the stairs," he complained with a flat expression.

'Nonsense!' It was obviously closer to the stairs, and he was just deliberately trying to disturb me.

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But before I could say anything, he squeezed past me with his hands in his pockets, looking childish.

Since all the elders and Charles were gone, I was alone in the living room with just the sound from the TV. As I lay on the sofa, my body gradually relaxed, and I fell asleep after the long day.

Charles' POV:

I could not stop thinking about Scarlett even after I got out of the shower. She was just downstairs, and yet I could not help missing her.

I was thinking of how beautiful she was, regardless of whether she was angry or shy. She was an stunning and indescribable work of art.

I could not resist the restlessness in my heart, so I made up an excuse to get myself some water and went downstairs. I just wanted to see her.

The TV was still on, but Scarlett was fast asleep.

I covered her with a blanket. Like a little puppy, she nestled her face against the soft blanket. I could not help but reach out and stroke her long smooth hair as I felt the love in my heart overflow.

I took her hand and kissed it gently. I then looked at her intently, unwilling to blink.

The image of her was carved so deep into my heart, which caused me to love her more and more. I really hoped that time would slow down so that I could watch her sleep quietly forever.

Although I was just watching her sleep, my heart was filled with joy and satisfaction.

I tucked her hands inside the blanket and leaned forward to kiss her marble-like forehead.

However, that was far from enough.

I wanted to lean in and kiss her lips too.



But Scarlett rolled over with her back to me, making me lose the chance to kiss her.

With a helpless smile, I decided not to disturb her sleep anymore. I turned off the lights and the TV before I got into the blanket and held her. She was still deep asleep as she placed her hands on my waist, her cheeks slightly flushed.

I lowered my head and kissed her on the lips. Thinking of how much I loved her, I could not help but sigh in my heart.

The next morning.

By the time I was awake, it was still early in the morning. I continued to hold Scarlett for a long time before I finally let go of her.

However, I reluctantly went back upstairs before she woke up. Or else, she would feel really embarrassed and accuse me for taking advantage of her while she was asleep.

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