

Warning 221

[Chapter 221 Good Night, My Dear Scarle](#)

Scarlett's POV:

The following morning, when I woke up, Charles was working on some files right beside the bed.

Gently, I called his attention. "Charles."

He immediately stopped working, rushed to my side, and took care of me. He was so cautious in taking care of me that it made me think I was paralyzed or something.

At noon, I heard a knock on the door. It was Nina. She came in with a bouquet of flowers in hand. "Hi, Scarlett," she muttered.

"Nina," I greeted her with a smile.

Nina approached the bedside. Her eyes were filled with tears, and she could barely speak, for she was on the brink of sobbing. "How are you feeling now? Yesterday, you were covered in blood. I was so scared!" cried Nina.

"There's no need to worry anymore. I'm fine." I held her hand, gently patting it in an attempt to comfort her.

"I was really scared that you might never wake up, and that you..."

My heart sank when she said that. I held Nina's hand tightly, and shook my head at her. "Stop it, Nina."

I glanced over at Charles and saw him sitting on the sofa. He was still reading through some documents, but he looked awfully gloomy.

Nina looked at Charles as well and spoke in a hushed voice. "You don't want him to worry about you?" she asked.

I winked at her, flashing an innocent smile.

Nina sighed at my non-verbal response. "When I opened that door, I was so scared to see Charles first that I almost turned around and just left," she said.

"Why are you so afraid of him?" I asked, visibly confused.

With guilt written on her face, Nina whispered to my ear, "Yesterday, after you got stabbed, I was so agitated that I almost had a fight with Charles."

Her words warmed my heart and it put a smile on my face. "Oh, Nina... It's okay. I'm sure he knows you're just worried about me like he is," I responded.

Nina breathed a sigh of relief and decided to change the topic. "I saw your bodyguards catch Linda yesterday, but before long, Charles let her go. He's probably worried that his actions might affect your career in the TV station. But I do wonder... how did Charles know that Linda had no prior knowledge of what happened yesterday?"

Upon hearing Nina's question, I was lost in thought. "Considering how Linda got to where she is right now, I'm sure she's not an idiot. Had she known that Lucia wanted to murder me, she wouldn't have allowed her to commit the crime inside the TV station," I answered.

Nina nodded in agreement. "Hmm... that does make sense."

I couldn't help but glance over at Charles again. He was still focused on reading his documents.

'He looks so serious. He has a charm that's enough to make people fall in love with him at first sight.

To top it off, he's so considerate of me. He's always thinking of what's best for me,' I thought to myself.

There was no denying that he once hurt me deeply in the past, but it was also true that once he had fallen in love with someone, he would make sure that the woman he fell in love with would be the happiest woman on earth.

"You are so smitten by him!" Nina teased.

Shyly, I looked away and did my best to maintain my composure. "No, I'm not! Don't spout nonsense, Nina."

"Oh, shut it! Nobody's going to buy that act," Nina snorted in a catty voice. To be honest, her tone amused me.

She told me that she still had work to do, so after chatting with me for a while, she left.

At this time, Charles put down the documents he was reading, closed his eyes, and rubbed between his brows before walking towards me.

"How is it? Is the problem at work too difficult to deal with?" I asked. It was rare for me to see him so spent.

Charles shook his head, sat on the edge of the bed, and embraced me.

"I heard you already caught Linda, but you let her go right away. Why'd you do that?" I asked again.

"I did it for my sake," he said.

His words left me confused.

Charles smiled and kissed me on the cheek. "Linda failed to educate Lucia well, and that was her fault. I initially wanted her to experience all the pain you've suffered, but I was worried that you'd think I was being too ruthless," he answered.

The unexpected answer stunned me.

"However, Linda did promise to resign from the TV station. From now on, she'll never trouble you again," Charles continued as he gently brushed my hair.

"She agreed to resign?"

"I've got some dirt on her. Whether she likes it or not, she has to agree," he said.

I nodded and leaned against Charles' chest in silence.

All of a sudden, my phone rang.

The second I answered the phone, I heard William's worried voice.

"Scarlett, I heard that something happened to you. Are you feeling better now?"

I glanced at Charles and said, "Much better, actually. Don't worry, Charles is here to take care of me."

"Charles? I don't think he wants to see me right now. I'll visit you after you get discharged from the hospital. Anyway, call me if you need anything!"

"Okay, thank you, William."

After my phone call, Charles stared at me and asked, "Do you have some sort of personal relationship with William? Why is he always contacting you whenever it's outside of working hours?"

After a moment of pondering, I answered, "We don't really contact each other that much. He just called me because he heard I was injured, and he wanted to express his concern. That's all."

"There's one thing I haven't told you yet, but I think you should know," said Charles.

"What is it?"

"It's true that you look a lot like William's sister. However, his sister donated her organs after her death, and her heart was transplanted to Rita."

Upon hearing what Charles said, I froze. "Is that true?"

"Absolutely. Don't you think it's strange? So many TV stations have contacted William, but why did he choose to work with you of all people? He's aware that you're acquainted with Rita, but he's keeping you in the dark about the heart transplant."

Charles' voice was frigid, and it made my body tremble.

As I recalled all the details of my interactions with William, I realized how creepy they were.

"You shouldn't think about him anymore." Charles held my face with his warm hands. Once I had gathered my composure, I saw his face inches away from my. Then, his lips formed a frown. "It makes me jealous," he added.

I was amused by that statement.

It was then that Charles stood up, picked up the food and fed me a spoonful of soup. "Since you're a patient right now, you should behave yourself and eat more," he said.

I obliged to his command.

For a whole week, Charles almost never left my ward. He would work beside me in the daytime, and he'd sleep on the sofa at night.

According to the weather forecast, it would rain heavily tonight. Thus, I asked the nurse to bring over a thick blanket and put it on the sofa.

"You are so sweet, Scarlett," Charles said, appearing to be touched by my gesture.

Slowly, I closed my eyes and smiled as I shrank into my comforter. "Turn off the light, Charles. Good night."

With a flick of the switch, the light was turned off. Now, only the sound of pouring rain outside the window could be heard.

Suddenly, a part of the bed sank. I soon realized that Charles had lay beside me on the bed with his arms around me.

"Charles?" I didn't anticipate that he'd suddenly get on the bed and hold me in his arms. I didn't know what to do about it.

Charles didn't respond to my call. I could hear his steady heartbeat from this distance.

"Charles, what are you doing? I'm a patient, remember?" I said, sounding quite nervous.

The sound of Charles' hushed laughter made me feel uneasy. "I know, Scarlett. I'm not going to do anything to you. What are you even thinking about?"

He was always teasing me with such words, and they never failed to make me blush. Subconsciously, I looked at his face. "I wasn't thinking of anything! Go back to the sofa! I've already prepared a thick blanket for you!"

Gradually, my eyes adapted to the darkness. Charles' countenance was a bit blurry, but I could see him staring right at me with fascinated eyes in the pitch black room.

"Please, just once." Charles' words were vague, but it didn't fail to make me fantasize of obscene things.

"No," I replied.

"Scarlett, I don't want to lose you." Charles inched even closer towards me.

We were so close to each other that I could feel his breath on me.

Neither of us spoke for a few moments. Charles was the first one to break his silence, as though he could no longer stifle his lust. Soon, I felt him kissing me. But shortly afterwards, he restrained himself and just gently rubbed his lips with mine.

His voice was hoarse and tantalizing. "I've been taking care of you for so many days, but you won't even allow me to sleep on the same bed with you. You're so cruel!"

I bit his lower lip and took the opportunity to move away. "Go ahead and ask the hospital staff to replace the sofa with a bed," I argued.

Obviously, my answer didn't satisfy Charles. He clicked his tongue, pinched my chin and kissed me once more. Suddenly, he plunged his tongue into my mouth and intertwined it with mine.

Within the blink of an eye, I became so immersed in our passionate kiss that I almost felt like the faint sound of pouring rain had disappeared.

Instinctively, my body clung to him as if I was longing for more.

His lips moved down to my collarbone, sending a tingle down my spine.

The darkness of the room heightened my senses.

I suppressed my moan, tightening my grip on Charles' neck. I could feel his lips and tongue traveling down my body.

The following moment, he suddenly stopped what he was doing.

Charles tidied up my clothes and embraced me once more. The sound of his voice was particularly enchanting this time. "I think it's time for you to sleep," he said.

I creased my eyebrows at him and pinched his waist as hard as I could.

Effortlessly, Charles restrained my hand and kissed it. "Good night, my dear Scarlett," he muttered.

I scoffed at him and replied, "Good night."

As I leaned against Charles' chest, listening to his heartbeat, I didn't feel sleepy at all.

I thought of Lucia's psychotic face that day, and soon, my mind wandered.

Her behavior was so irrational and extreme.

And I would even say it was abnormal.

Or maybe it was just because I didn't Lucia that well.

Just like I didn't know my parents well.

Our family used to be warm and harmonious, but it turned out that my life was beautiful, just because my parents were protecting me. They used themselves as shields to protect me from the darkness of reality.

I loved them with all my heart, but I didn't know them very well.

I still couldn't understand why my father chose to jump off the building when Nate blackmailed him with some nude photos.

There were still many other solutions, but my dad used his tragic death to protect us for one last time.

And after that, my family was torn apart.

My mother soon passed away, leaving me all alone in this cold, cruel world.

Even until now, I still couldn't figure out the reason all of this was happening to me.

[Chapter 222 Spending Time With Her](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I was unsure as to when I fell asleep last night. When I woke up again, the pouring rain outside had stopped. However, the sky hadn't brightened yet.

Oddly, Charles was nowhere to be seen. Only Janet was there, leaning against the sofa as she rested.

As soon as I sat up, Janet stood up as well and approached me. "It's still early. Don't you want to sleep a little longer?"

I shook my head and asked, "Where's Charles?"

Janet flashed me a clueless look, just as puzzled as I was. "He told me to come here, and then went out. He didn't say where he was going."

Her reply made my spirits sink and I immediately felt depressed. I switched on my phone, and saw that Spencer and Nina had sent me their birthday wishes around midnight.

Apparently, today was my birthday!

"I've forgotten it completely." Sighing, I smiled to myself and replied to the wishes one by one.

Just then, a knock on the door grabbed my attention. Janet swiftly went to open the door.

"Scarlett, are you awake?" The door opened to reveal Tracy, who walked in with a paper bag which she raised for me to see. "Breakfast is ready."

I took the bag from her and opened it. Inside was another dry sandwich.

I slumped back on my bed, disappointment coursing through my veins. For some reason, I was suddenly craving milk and cereal.

Tracy studied my reaction and asked carefully, "You don't like it? What do you want to eat? I'll buy it for you now."

"It's fine." I shook my head, feeling listless. I didn't intend to make Tracy go out again. After a while, I sat up from the bed and grabbed the sandwich.

"Why are you eating this?" Charles's voice could be heard, surprising me and everyone in the room.

Startled, I turned to look at the direction of his voice. Charles stood before me, with a thermos bottle and a box in his hands.

He walked towards me and immediately snatched the sandwich away from my hand. Then, he leveled a displeased frown at Janet and Tracy. "Who bought it?"

Tracy stood frozen, nervous, her face filled with panic. "I did."

"Do you think it's appropriate for a patient who hasn't recovered to have a sandwich for breakfast? Take it away now!" Charles's voice was as cold as a freezing tundra.

At his command, Tracy hurriedly stuffed the sandwich back into the bag, and then scurried out of the room with Janet quickly.

"You're being too fierce..." I furrowed my brows at Charles, disapproving. I didn't like the callous way he treated them.

In return, Charles glared at me and pinched my cheek lightly. "And you're too lenient. They have a salary, so they have to do their job well."

I was about to slap Charles's hand away from me, but he dodged with ease. Since I had failed, I could only glare sulkily at him. "Stop pinching my face all the time!"

Charles nodded, smiling, unperturbed by my angry outburst. He opened the thermos bottle, and as he did so, a soothing fragrance seeped into my nose and caught my attention.

"Warm milk?" I was pleasantly surprised.

Charles poured the milk into the bowl of breakfast cereal before handing it to me carefully. "Have a taste."

I took the bowl of warm milk and cereal and held it in my hands happily, and asked, "How did you know that I wanted to eat this? Do you read people's mind?"

Charles raised his eyebrows at me, and smiled brightly. "I thought you might like it, so I steamed the milk and grabbed a box of your favorite breakfast cereal."

Charles' POV:

Scarlett stared at me, dazed and confused. Her surprised expression was adorable.

I placed a spoon in her hand, and then gently rubbed her nose. "Eat it quickly before it gets cold."

Scarlett nodded, and immediately lowered her head to take a mouthful of her breakfast. "It's delicious! You're a really good cook, Mr. Moore."

"Of course." I accepted her praise smugly, feeling proud of myself.

When I saw how much she enjoyed the breakfast I had prepared for her, I felt that it was all worth it.

"Scarlett..."

I wanted to take this opportunity to wish her happy birthday.

"What is it?" Scarlett looked at me in confusion. She stuck out her pink tongue, and licked the corner of her lips.

Her innocent action drove my lower body into excitement. All of a sudden, my throat suddenly went dry. I wanted to speak, but I couldn't manage to say anything. I hurriedly calmed myself down and rose from my seat to take another box, in which there were assorted fruit slices. "I prepared this myself."

Scarlett stared at me again, as though she couldn't believe her eyes. "Thank you. It's so thoughtful of you to prepare all these for me!"

My hand fell gently beside the wound in her abdomen. "Does it still hurt?"

"Of course it hurts!" Instantly, Scarlett cast a warning glare at me. "So don't touch me."

Recalling what happened last night, I felt wronged. "But... I just hugged you and kissed you. I didn't do anything else."

Just as I spoke, a small cough came from the door.

"I didn't expect Mr. Moore to be so considerate," the doctor at the door joked with a smile, looking at the two of us warmly.

Scarlett greeted the doctor and nurses with a smile of her own.

"It's my duty to take care of my wife," I replied politely.

Scarlett flashed the doctor and the nurses a sheepish grin, rather shy. Then she turned to me, gnashing her teeth at me in annoyance. "Shut up already!"

The doctor performed several check-ups on Scarlett before announcing, "She's recovering very well. She could be discharged in a few more days if nothing goes wrong."

After that was done, the doctor left. Scarlett whipped out her phone, her face shimmering with excitement. "I have to tell Nina about this!"

She dialed Nina, and the two chatted happily for an hour.

After she hung up, I took a seat next to her and held her in my arms. "Do you like to chat with Nina that much?"

"Well, we're friends." Having finished her chat, Scarlett was in high spirits.

I flashed her a sulky look, feeling rather down. "We're a couple. You can talk to me."

Scarlett was stunned at my response. "Aren't you busy? The doctor said that I'm doing fine. You don't have to stay with me all the time. You should get back to work."

Her words made me even more upset. "Are you driving me out? Is it so that Nina can accompany you? Or... Are there other men who would accompany you?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" Scarlett retorted, rolling her eyes.

"I won't leave until you're fully discharged from the hospital."

[Chapter 223 A Birthday Gift I Dare Not Accep](#)

Charles' POV:

"Charles, you've accompanied me for a long time. You really don't have to do this." Scarlett frowned at me, looking hesitant. Her discomfort was obvious. "Besides, I can get out of bed and walk unaided. I don't need too much care anymore."

Despite her words, I pressed her down to the bed and tucked her in patiently.

Scarlett replied to my gesture with a blank look.

I studied her gaze affectionately, and gave her a gentle kiss on her cheek. "Scarlett, I don't want to be separated from you anymore."

Scarlett opened her lips to reply, but in the end, she didn't make a sound. Then, she flashed me a sweet smile that melted my heart.

"You sleep for a while, alright? I'm going for a smoke."

As soon as I exited the ward, Janet approached me quickly and said in a low voice, "Rita's here, but Richard stopped her. He didn't allow her to get close to the ward."

She pointed to the elevator right after.

My eyes turned to the direction she pointed at. What I saw next startled me.

Before, Rita often dressed herself in the image of a pure and virginal girl, innocent and untainted. Today, however, her face was caked with heavy makeup, and she wore skin-tight clothes that left little to the imagination, giving me the impression of a cheap call girl.

"Charles!" Rita waved coyly at me, sending me a flattering smile. "I'm not here to bother you, really! Linda was the one who asked me to see you on her behalf."

Richard was standing in front of Rita, a wary look on his face. I glanced at him, to which he immediately nodded and made way for me.

Without sparing a glance at Rita, I spun on my heel and made way to the French window at the end of the corridor. I refused to let Scarlett to be affected by Rita, not even the slightest.

With a flick of the switch, the lighter in my hands lit up the cigarette clamped between my lips.

"So... How's Scarlett?" Rita's voice came from behind me.

I took a brief drag, and then blew out the smoke. Only then did I reply icily, "That has nothing to do with you."

"Look, Linda's innocent. She was dragged down by her stupid niece. But I know you'll never be soft on them, just like how you treated me." Rita's voice grew louder as she inched closer to me. Her tone became soft and coquettish, repulsively so. "Actually... I just came up with an excuse to see you today. Haven't you ever missed me these days, Charles?"

I stood and watched quietly as Rita stretched out her hands towards me, about to wrap them around my waist. Just as she almost touched me, I flicked the cigarette butt. Instantly, the ash and sparks fell on her arm and burned her skin slightly.

Rita hissed from the pain. Alarmed, she staggered back immediately.

"Stay away from me." I shot her an icy glare that could freeze hell over. I could no longer restrain the disgust growing inside me. Seeing her face alone made me close to retching violently. "The Lively Group is over. Keep making trouble, Rita, and no one will be able to protect you."

Rita covered her scalded arm, trembling, her eyes filled with fear and horror. She was so frightened, she couldn't say anything.

"Tell Linda to behave herself if she wants to stay in this city." I was no longer in the mood to smoke, so I stubbed out the cigarette on the trash can and then dumped it inside. "You'd better stop making trouble in the future. If there's something wrong with your heart, you'll really end up dead."

"Charles, I..." My warnings weren't enough, as it seemed, for Rita still refused to give up.

Impatient, I shot her another glare. "Leave now, or I'll have the bodyguards throw you out of the hospital."

With that, Rita stopped abruptly and left in a hurry, fleeing like a frightened rat.

I was standing in a draught, and let the wind blow off the smell of smoke on my body before returning to Scarlett's ward.

Scarlett lay on the bed, her eyes were closed, her curly hair falling loose on the pillow. Her face was so fair and beautiful, it mesmerized me. But it was obvious that she wasn't asleep, and that her eyeballs were still rolling around under her eyelids.

I couldn't help but smile. Amused, I bent over to kiss her. I asked her vaguely, "Are you Sleeping Beauty?"

Sleeping Beauty snapped her eyes open, startled, and quickly pushed me away. "You're the one who told me to get some sleep. Why are you bothering me again?"

"Sorry, I can't help it."

"Charles!"

But Scarlett's angry outburst faded away when someone knocked on the door.

Janet entered, with a large bouquet of bright roses in her arms. She handed the bouquet to Scarlett. "Scarlett, someone sent you the flowers."

"Who is it?" Scarlett looked at me, puzzled.

"I don't know." Janet shook her head, before exiting, leaving Scarlett and I alone in the ward.

I pulled a long face and asked Scarlett seriously, "You really don't know which admirer of yours sent you these flowers?"

Scarlett flashed me an innocent, clueless look. She took out a folded card from the bouquet and handed it to me. "I really don't. Help me check it."

I said nothing, and stared at her for a long time.

Scarlett blinked her long and thick eyelashes, still clueless, but the nervousness in her was evident. However, it seemed she was sincere when she told me she didn't know.

"Let me have a look." I suppressed my smile, and unfolded the card. When I saw the contents, I frowned.

"You deal with the flowers," Scarlett said casually, and shrank back into the quilt.

"Don't you want to know who sent it?"

"No, I don't."

However, I kept insisting, and put the card in front of her to see. "Have a look first."

Scarlett, disgruntled, relented and slowly unfolded the card. Her uneasy eyes were soon filled with anger.

I immediately picked up the roses as my shield.

"Charles! Are you kidding me? You're the one who sent the flowers! How dare you make fun of me?" Her voice became choked with angry sobs. "You... you bastard!"

She quickly snatched the roses away from me, fuming.

As she did so, I could see her face clearly. She was frowning angrily, but there were tears welling up in the corners of her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Scarlett. I asked Amy to book the flowers a few days ago. I only remembered just now. So I decided to just tease you a little." I immediately apologized and hurriedly wiped her tears with a tissue. "If you don't like it, I'll throw it away right now."

"No way!" Scarlett was defiant and protected the roses from me, holding them tightly.

"So, do you like it?"

At this, she snorted and rolled her eyes at me. "Find a vase for me."

That made me so happy, I called Richard and told him to send several vases to the ward.

There were so many roses that all the vases were full. The flowers' warm color was reminiscent of a burning fire, making Scarlett's face glow. She looked much more energetic.

Scarlett requested that I place the roses at every corner of the ward. When I was done, the atmosphere in the ward seemed much warmer and more cheerful.

"There are only flowers... Don't you have any other gifts for me?" Scarlett asked expectantly.

Scarlett's POV:

When I asked this, Charles fell into silence.

I clenched the quilt and bit my lips subconsciously.

His warm fingers suddenly touched my lips. That startled me, so I looked up in astonishment and met his deep-set eyes. "Don't bite yourself. Don't you feel pain?"

"It doesn't hurt at all." I turned sideways, upset. "Also, it's none of your business."

Charles said with an affectionate smile, "How could I not prepare you a gift? But, I'm actually afraid you won't accept this gift."

His vague words made me curious. I stared at him blankly and asked, "What is it? What is it that I wouldn't dare to accept?"

Charles approached me slowly, his thick eyebrows dashing, his eyes sparkling like a starry sky. Standing so close to me, his handsome features were even more prominent. His slightly rough fingers touched my face along the neck line, and he slowly uttered in my ear, "Me. The gift is me. I'll be yours forever."

I felt like my face was being scalded by his heat, and immediately turned limp and numb. This strange feeling rushed up inside me with violent momentum, but on the outside, I tried to look just calm.

Embarrassed, I grabbed the quilt and tried to control my emotions.

However, Charles didn't give me a chance to hide and pressed his lips on mine.

Our kiss was so passionate, messy saliva drooled out from the corner of our lips. Our loving gazes met, and the temperature in the room seemed to rise. My body grew warm.

However, the feeling vanished as someone knocked on the door.

"Mr. Moore." Richard's voice came from outside the ward, interrupting us.

Charles let go of me, but even as he was no longer holding me, I didn't move.

Charles raised his eyebrows, desire coloring his eyes. "Scarlett, could it be that you're unwilling to let me go? Do you want to continue?"

Startled, I immediately loosened my grip. I hurriedly lied, "No! Go and do your job!"

Charles sent me a charming smile and kissed me softly on my lips. "Wait for me."

After Charles left, the ward fell into silence.

'Why is Richard looking for Charles?'

Immediately, I found myself feeling nervous.

[Chapter 224 Happy Birthday, Honey](#)

Charles' POV:

I walked out of the ward. Richard took me to the elevator and whispered something in my ear.

I listened to him intently, then pondered for a moment and ordered him, "Give that person my regards when you meet again."

"Yes, sir."

"Also, just send me a message when this kind of thing happens in the future. I don't want to arouse Scarlett's suspicion."

"Got it." After that, Richard left in a hurry.

Later that evening, as Scarlett was about to go to bed, I lay beside her.

As I approached her, her body trembled slightly and she immediately moved aside. Her little head shrank into the quilt, frightened. She was as cute as a little hamster.

Amused, I lifted the quilt a little, exposing part of her lovely face. I reached out and took her into my arms effortlessly, and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

"Scarlett, did you ever think of me when you were stabbed?"

Silence filled the ward, and it was so quiet that we could only hear each other's breathing. After a long while, Scarlett finally found her tongue and answered decisively, "No."

That made me tighten my hold on her.

"When I drove to the hospital, I was going so fast that I almost hit others. At that time, all I could think about was you."

Upon hearing what I said, Scarlett's body shook slightly.

I hugged her and continued, "At that time, I was wondering what you'd do if I died. Would you feel sorry for me?"

"Don't say something like that, Charles. It's bad luck! You'll definitely live a long life."

"I mean, if."

"There is no such thing as 'if'. Let's drop it." Scarlett shoved away my arms and turned her back huffily to me, seemingly very upset.

"Well, I don't really want to die. I can't possibly leave you alone, so I'll try my best to hold on. Unless..."

"Unless, what?"

"Unless you die with me, Scarlett." I emphasized every word as I pulled her to me and hugged her from behind.

Her faint fragrance wafted to my nose. I closed my eyes and gently rubbed my cheek against her back, enjoying her sweet scent.

All I wanted was to be closer to her. I was eager to win over her heart once more.

Scarlett's body stiffened from the contact, but she didn't push me away. That alone made me satisfied.

"If you want to die, Charles, then just die alone. I have to be by James's side and watch him grow up." Only after a long period of silence did Scarlett finally find her tongue again. But when she spoke, her voice was nasally.

I knew that she was crying.

I got up and switched on the lights, and tried to find a tissue to wipe her tears. She finally turned around to look at me, but her eyes were moist and tears had streaked her pale cheeks. The heartbreaking sight caused my heart to ache severely. It was as if it had been smashed by a heavy hammer repeatedly, until it shattered into tiny pieces.

I hurriedly grabbed two pieces of tissue from the bedside table and wiped her tears. "Scarlett, don't run away from me anymore. You are my woman, no matter what happens! Even if I go to hell, you have to come with me!"

"Quit being so bossy, Charles." Tears welled up in her eyes, shimmering like broken stars. They looked beautiful but tragic at the same time.

"I'm glad you understood. When you were comatose, the doctor said that you had no desire to hold on anymore. Do you know how much I hated you at that time? I hated you for leaving me behind!" I gritted my teeth, heartbroken. I was unwilling to give in. I wouldn't!

I had lost Scarlett once, and I didn't want to bear such pain anymore.

This time, I wouldn't allow her to leave me again. Even if we would torture each other till eternity and she would hate me to the core, I would never let her go!

Death itself couldn't take her away from me!

"Charles... You're a devil! You're a bastard I can't ever forgive!" Driven to irritation, Scarlett was so angry that she burst into tears again. She tried hard to push me away, but even so, my arms held her tightly.

"I don't care if you call me a devil. I'll still say it! If you dare to die, Scarlett, I'll never let go of your son or everything about you!" Before she could react, I lowered my head and quickly kissed her hard on the lips. She did her best to struggle and get rid of me, but I kept holding her tight.

I was so rough, she lost her breath and began pounding on my chest. "It hurts, Charles!" she cried, her voice weak.

I quickly let go of her hand, feeling slightly remorseful. Maybe I had agitated her wound by accident. "Did I touch your wound?"

"No!" Her tears fell down, unstopping, like broken beads.

"Don't move! Let me have a look." I wanted to lift up her clothes to check on her body, but as I did so, she shouted again, "That hurts!"

Panicked, I immediately stopped what I was doing. I stammered, "I'm sorry. I'll call the doctor right now."

"No! The wound's fine." She halted me from ringing the bell, before asking me in a low whisper, "Charles, tell me... What should I do to make you let me go?"

Let her go...? How could I ever live without her?

Scarlett had no idea that she had already become an inseparable part of my life.

"Switch off the lights, please. I'm tired," Scarlett grumbled. I turned off the light obediently, and the ward fell into complete darkness.

Scarlett then huddled herself up, her back facing mine. She was still upset.

I held her tightly and whispered in her ear, "Happy birthday, honey. Don't leave me."

[Chapter 225 The Person I Thought Of At The Critical Momen](#)

Charles's POV:

Ever since Scarlett's accident, I had been sleeping lightly.

I woke up early in the morning today, right after the crack of dawn. I studied Scarlett's sleeping face, and reached out to touch her soft hair.

What happened between us? Only when Scarlett was asleep would she stay with me obediently and stop saying such hurtful words, or insist on how much she wanted to leave me.

My phone rang, interrupting my train of thoughts. I picked it up and answered the call, and then headed to the ward downstairs.

Inside, I was greeted with the sight of Spencer lying weakly on the bed. His face was pale and bloodless, all color gone. His right foot was covered in a plaster, unable to move at all. David and Vivian were in the ward as well, accompanying him.

"What on earth happened?" I frowned, my brows furrowed slightly.

"The patient downed a whole bottle of wine and then insisted on having a car race. Sadly, he crashed before he managed to drive out of the parking lot. The result is as you see." Vivian spread out her hands casually as she explained the situation at hand, her face filled with mockery.

"Hey! I was on the road at the gate of the parking lot! Strictly speaking, I've already driven out of the parking lot when it happened!" Spencer was still loud and talkative despite his injured foot.

"Well, you should feel lucky that you crashed into the gate of the parking lot. If you really made it to the main road, you'd be a corpse right now." Vivian shot him a disapproving glance, her eyes cold.

"Don't curse me like that, woman!"

I was slightly puzzled. What was wrong with Spencer, exactly?

Did he end up like this because he found out that something happened to Scarlett?

"Didn't you say you've prepared a birthday gift for Scarlett yesterday? Where is it?" I chimed in, interrupting the quarrel between the two.

"Oh, no! It's still in the car!" Spencer came to his senses immediately after I asked. He looked regretful. "Darn it! What bad luck!"

"Why on earth did you go for a race after drinking? That's dangerous, and illegal. Are you aware of what you've done?" David was confused, curious as to why Spencer had done something so foolhardy.

Everyone in the ward, including myself, fixed our eyes on Spencer. He turned his head sideways, looking somewhat uneasy, and then shot an awkward glance at Vivian.

"I... I confessed my love to him last night," Vivian finally muttered quietly. I could hear a slight bitterness in her tone.

She confessed her love for Spencer?

This revelation made me smug.

To think Spencer would encounter such a girl problem! This went beyond my expectations.

"You know, Spencer. Since Vivian has taken the initiative to explain... How about you man up and say something? Do you have feelings for her as well?" David couldn't help but ask, still uncertain.

Spencer, however, didn't say a word. He simply lowered his head, as if it was his head rather than his foot that was injured.

His reaction turned Vivian's face pale. She bit her lips, depressed, but quickly forced a smile on her face a second later.

"Well, you guys take care of him. I'm leaving."

So saying, Vivian rose from her seat and strode out of the hospital, disappearing soon after.

"Okay, she's gone. Now, can you tell us the truth?" David reached to pat Spencer on the back. He was quite rough with his movements, and caused Spencer to scream in pain.

"Hey, man! I'm a patient now!" Spencer protested, trying to squeeze out pity from us.

He let out a dejected sigh before he started to confide to us. "To tell you the truth, when my car crashed at the parking lot... All I could think about was one person."

He raised his eyes timidly, and an inexplicable heat rose, coloring his pale face red.

"It... it was Vivian. At that critical moment, I could only think of her. After I was injured, I immediately called her."

"God, you're such an idiot." David shook his head, aggravated. He was annoyed that Spencer didn't live up to his expectations. He raised his hand to hit Spencer, but in the end, he thought against it. "Isn't it obvious? You've fallen in love with Vivian! Look, don't keep her in suspense anymore. Tell her how you feel."

David's words pushed Spencer into heavy silence. Spencer kept mum, saying nothing.

"Why are you still hesitating?" I said lightly, gazing at Spencer. "If you really love her, go and confess your love to her as soon as possible."

If he let Vivian go, I was certain he would regret it immensely.

Scarlett's POV:

My wound suddenly stung with slight itchiness. The discomfort awoke me, and I rose from my slumber grumpily. I had a strong urge to scratch my wound. But after thinking it through, I withdrew my hand and held back that urge.

I opened my eyes and looked around my ward, only to realize that Charles wasn't by my side.

Without him around, my spirits rose. I relaxed, feeling calm.

Last night was so frustrating. I couldn't give Charles the answer he wanted, and he was unwilling to give up. It felt like we were both hedgehogs. Though we were eager to embrace each other... Once we got close, our spikes would stab each other and we both ended up getting hurt.

Despite that, we were still greedy for each other's warmth.

Fortunately, Charles wasn't with me now and I could let my guard down. I could enjoy my breakfast in a relaxed mood.

Later when I had finished eating, Tracy appeared to clean up the dishes. While she bustled about, she delivered some shocking news new to me.

"What? Spencer got into a car accident, and Charles went downstairs to visit him early in the morning?"

What was going on? How did Spencer get into a car accident out of the blue?

Concerned for him, I made my way downstairs in a hurry to see him.

As soon as I reached downstairs, I ran into Vivian, who was about to leave the hospital. She looked tired and worn out, and seemed preoccupied with something. She didn't even notice me nearby.

"Vivian! Are you okay?" I asked worriedly, rushing forward and stopping her.

Vivian stopped and turned around. When she saw me, she forced a bitter smile. "I'm fine, Scarlett. Spencer's the one who got into the accident. He wanted to race cars after drinking, and ended up with a broken leg. He's lying on the bed now."

True, Spencer was the one who got injured from the accident. But now that I saw how awful Vivian looked, I was more worried about her. But before I could question her any further, she left in a hurry.

Left with no choice, I moved away and entered Spencer's ward. Sure enough, Charles was here. David was also in the ward.

"Hello, Scarlett. Looks like you've got better." David walked up to me and narrowed his eyes as he

observed me carefully from head to toe. Finally, a relieved look appeared on his face. "I was really worried when I heard that you were attacked."

"Me too!" Spencer added. "That Lucia! She actually dared to commit murder in broad daylight. She deserves to be locked up in prison for the rest of her life!"

I couldn't help but laugh. Listening to Spencer's energetic voice, I knew he was fine.

"Happy birthday, Scarlett." Seeing my smile, Spencer continued, "It's just, my birthday gift for you is still in the car. I don't know if it's damaged or not."

David smiled at Spencer's words, amused.

"I'm still here, Scarlett?" Charles, who had been neglected all this while, suddenly opened his mouth to speak. He was gritting his teeth, his annoyance obvious.

The atmosphere in the ward suddenly dropped a few degrees colder.

It was so typical of Charles! He was the one who came here to visit a patient, but of course, he just had to make sure that all the attention was on him.

My eyes swept past Charles as I ignored his sulky outburst, resting on David.

"It's great that you're here, David. I actually wanted to invite you to be a guest for our next show. What do you think?"

David said politely, smiling, "It's my honor, Scarlett."

Spencer chimed in excitedly, "I want to go too! Even if I have to sit on a wheelchair, I still want to go!"

At this point, Charles's face was now covered with a layer of frost. His sharp, hawk-like eyes fell on David.

David understood the hint. He smiled and added, "How about all three of us go to your show?"

"There's no need for Charles to be in the show." I shook my head deliberately. "He's not a sponsor. It's inappropriate for him to appear in my show with you two. Besides, I think you and Spencer are will be just perfect."

This only served to intensify Charles's burning anger. He rubbed his hair irritably, like a lion whose food had been snatched away forcefully. Seeing him so angry filled me with satisfaction.

"But you see, Scarlett. Charles is the most outstanding young man in our generation," David commented gently, trying to smooth things over.

"Then he'll have to wait until next year. We already have enough guests for this year," I said casually, waiting eagerly for Charles's next response.

"I don't care!" Charles, unable to stand it anymore, exploded in anger. He stood up, furious, and stormed out of the ward in that instant.

His tantrum almost made me burst into laughter.

[Chapter 226 Valuable](#)

Spencer's POV:

Soon, everyone left the ward. After they were gone and I was left alone, I pondered over what Charles had said to me earlier. What he said had enlightened me.

If I truly loved Vivian, I shouldn't let her wait any longer. At the very least, I should show her my love.

With that in mind, I grabbed my phone and dialed her number. It didn't take long for her to answer the call.

"What?" From the phone, I could sense her cold, unfriendly attitude. But from how quickly she answered when I rang, it proved that she still cared dearly for me.

"Vivian, it's my leg! It hurts so much... Argh!" I whine pitifully, putting on an exaggerated act to try and gain her sympathy.

"Aren't your buddies in the ward with you? Tell them to find a doctor for you." Though Vivian sounded like she didn't care, there was a trace of doubt in her seemingly aloof tone.

"They just left. Ouch! It really hurts... Oh forget it. I think I'll be fine. You don't need to come back..." I deliberately pulled the phone far away, and then blew out a deep, pained sigh into it.

Before she could react, I immediately hung up. Within five minutes, rapid footsteps could be heard from outside. Vivian immediately burst in, panting.

"There was something wrong with the elevator, so I ran upstairs." Sweat bathed her shiny forehead, and her beautiful face was full of concern. She was genuinely worried for me.

"Does it hurt?" She walked up to me and touched my injured foot carefully, her movements gentle. "Are you in pain anywhere else?"

She scanned my whole body nervously, trying to see if anything was hurting me. It was as if she wanted to give me a thorough check-up with her eyes.

Smart as she was, she actually believed my silly lie.

The fact rendered me amused, but at the same time, I was deeply moved. My heart skipped a happy beat. I reached out and took her hand, and placed it on my chest.

"Here. It hurts here," I whispered to her quietly.

Her hand was soft and smooth to the touch, and her skin was as tender as a baby's. She was cute, lovely, and everything wonderful in this world.

"You bastard! There's nothing wrong with you at all!" A stunned Vivian, annoyed by my trick, quickly shook off my hand, acting as if she had been scalded. "I shouldn't have believed your nonsense!"

The realization that she had fallen hook, line and sinker for my little white lie turned her cheeks a deep red. Embarrassment colored her indignant face.

"Don't you know it's immoral to pretend to be injured and lie to the doctor?!"

"But we're not doctor and patient."

Vivian was so infuriated that she turned around at that very moment, about to leave. My leg couldn't move, but I subconsciously wrapped my arms around her waist to stop her from leaving.

Because of how my abrupt movements, I almost slipped and fell down from the bed.

It was then that I bumped into my injured foot by accident.

This time, it was no act! I cried out in agony, sweating, unable to withstand the sudden bout of pain.

Vivian immediately responded to this. She screamed as she turned around, and quickly hugged me to soothe my pain.

Then, she bent down and tried to get me back to the bed.

As she did so, the distance between was non-existent. The posture was so intimate, I could feel her sweet breath spreading all over my face. Her soft body clung to my chest, so warm and wonderful. I could hear her flustered heartbeat clearly in my ear, and the sound was distracting.

"Let's talk, okay?" I held Vivian's hand, placing it gently around my waist.

She struggled for a while, but in the end, she relented and finally gave up. "Alright. But, you can't lie to me anymore."

I was about to say something, when I suddenly felt my lower body had grown stiff from my excitement.

Knowing that this was not an appropriate time, I tried to hold back my desire and restrained myself.

"Well... It's nothing serious. Uh, how about we talk about it another day?" I was so embarrassed by my state, I stammered subconsciously.

Unfortunately, the expectation in Vivian's eyes turned into disappointment.

"So you have nothing to say to me except lies. You're really something, Spencer," Vivian said sarcastically before standing up, huffing. But as she got up, her soft body brushed against my bulging trousers by accident.

In an instant, the air froze.

Vivian's eyes fell on my lower body.

"Is this what you wanted to talk about?" A bright smile appeared on her face as she stared teasingly at me.

"Well, this kind of thing can't be solved by words, can it?" I raised my eyebrows. "How about we try some other approaches, since words wouldn't work."

"You seem to still remember that I'm an expert in male diseases, Spencer. So tell me, what method do you want me to use to help you?" Not to be outdone, Vivian made a snipping gesture with her fingers, like a pair of scissors, and then pointed at my lower body.

This woman was just too cruel!

Anxious, I quickly changed the topic. "I hit myself just now. My foot really hurt. I mean it!"

"Well, I'll call the doctor for you." Vivian flashed me a faint smile, amused.

Before she could make her exit, the door of the ward was suddenly pushed open.

It was none other than Gemma, my mother, who had come to the hospital in a hurry. The moment she saw Vivian, however, her anxious face turned ice-cold.

"Vivian! Why are you staying with Spencer all day long? Who do you think you are? You even incited him to drink and race in the middle of the night!"

My mother's exploding anger was akin to a machine gun that was going off at Vivian point blank, for absolutely no reason.

Vivian hung her head low, her face gloomy.

"Mom, Vivian's my doctor. It's her job to take care of me." I explained anxiously, wanting to smooth things over.

"You're not sick every day! Why do you always ask your doctor to follow you around? Now, everyone in the city thinks she's your girlfriend! Whenever I tried to introduce someone to you, they'd tell me that my son has already has a girlfriend!" My mother went on angrily, jabbering non-stop.

While I could see her lips flap open, I couldn't hear a single thing that she said. All my attention was currently on Vivian. My mother's words seemed to hurt her deeply, and the happy mood between us just now was gradually disappearing.

My mother nagged and nagged, and it was a long time when she finally stopped. Before she left, she insisted on taking Vivian away with her.

I wanted to follow them, but my injured leg prevented me from doing so. I could only look at their receding figures. Nervous, I shouted, "Mom, don't make things difficult for Vivian!"

Unfortunately for me, the two women didn't bother turning around and paid no heed to my words.

So depressed I was, I could only wait quietly in the ward.

Several times, I wanted to call Vivian to ask about the situation. But I was afraid of my mother noticing my phone calls. If she did, she'd have a better reason to attack Vivian.

All of a sudden, I received a voice message from my mother.

I clicked it to listen. Lo and behold, it was Vivian's voice.

"Look, Gemma. As long as you give me money... I'll cooperate with you, no matter what you want Spencer to do."

What was it that my mother wanted me to do?

I couldn't believe my ears. There was no way that Vivian was willing to help my mother trick me, all for the sake of money.

I was still dwelling in my shock, when Vivian entered my ward.

Seeing her, I immediately played the recording for her to listen to. I snarled angrily, "Seems I'm only something with a price tag in your eyes."

Vivian was beside herself with shock, but she quickly regained her composure. She smiled bitterly at me and said, "Actually, that amount's not enough. After all, I just agree to help you to find a girlfriend too."

Had I known earlier, I would've asked for more!"

Fury welled up in me. I was so angry that I wanted to throw my phone on the spot. What was wrong with Vivian? To think she was willing to find me another woman, just for money!

"I can earn a lot from you and your mother. A deal as profitable as this is really rare!" Vivian grinned brightly. She was smiling happily, but for some reason, it seemed different than her sincere smile from before.

I couldn't fathom what was on her mind, nor the meaning behind her smile. The only thing I was aware of was the anger flooding in me.

"Then, you should seize this opportunity!" I glared back at her, my eyes full of hatred.

[Chapter 227 An Unavoidable Love Crisis](#)

Charles' POV:

It was fortunate that Scarlett recovered soon, and was set to be discharged from the hospital today.

Upon my arrival at the hospital, I saw her slowly walking out of the ward with Janet's help.

I walked over to her side at once. Janet took one look at me, and stepped back immediately.

Without Janet's help, Scarlett lost her balance and leaned towards me for support. I used this opportunity to carry her in my arms. I also didn't forget to avoid touching her wounded abdomen.

"Charles, what are you doing? We're at the hospital!" Scarlett began to blush. "Put me down! I can walk just fine."

"No," I said bluntly.

Along the corridor of the hospital, nurses and patients passing by were all looking at us.

"Wow! Mr. and Mrs. Moore are so romantic," they said.

"I'm sure the Mrs. Moore is the happiest woman in the world," said another.

I didn't mind showing off how much I loved Scarlett in front of the public, for I believed that our happiness was something others should see.

"Put me down, please," Scarlett whispered in my ear.

I stood in place and replied, "If you keep nagging me, I won't leave this place."

Upon hearing my response, Scarlett clammed up and buried her face in my chest. She then wrapped her arms around my neck.

As I carried her out of the hospital, the sun shone down on us. It felt warm and energizing.

Soon, the car arrived at the Moore mansion and slowly pulled over.

When I saw how Scarlett looked out the window, I couldn't help but chuckle. "Scarlett, try not to sneak away whenever I'm not at home, okay?" I remarked.

Scarlett looked at me, visibly surprised. "That thought didn't even cross my mind. You're so paranoid!" she remarked.

"Well, I hope you're telling the truth." I shot her a cold glance. "But even if you do think of escaping, the house is now equipped with electronic locks, and I can control them remotely."

Scarlett forced a smile as her mouth twitched. "Oh... that's quite convenient," she said.

I nodded at her and smirked.

Then, she stared at me and opened the door, ready to disembark from the car.

When I saw her having difficulties getting off the car, my heart ached. In order to assist her, I immediately got off the car and went to her side to support her. "Why are you in such a hurry?" I asked.

Barely had she taken a few steps, beads of sweat already formed on Scarlett's forehead, and some strands of hair stuck to her forehead. Her face was pale and looked particularly frail. She was like a porcelain doll that would break apart at the slightest touch.

A frown appeared on my lips as I carried her in my arms.

"Ah!" Startled, Scarlett wrapped her arms around my neck and her eyes widened. "What do you think you're doing? I can walk just fine!"

"It'll be sun down before you get to your room at that pace," I said. Ignoring her complaint, I strode into the Moore mansion.

"Ugh! Stop exaggerating. That's not what will happen," Scarlett retorted, sounding displeased as she pinched my cheek.

I turned my head towards her, casting her a stern glare.

But even though I was practically staring daggers at her, Scarlett was unfazed. She clasped my face with both hands and began to pull it upwards and downwards like she was toying with me. It was then that

she began to defend herself so eloquently. "Don't look at me like that. You pinch my face all the time! This is just payback, you know!"

"If you want to pinch me so badly, why don't you grab some other part of my body?"

Clearly infuriated by my remark, Scarlett gnashed her teeth and covered her mouth. "What the hell are you talking about? Shut up, Charles!"

I raised an eyebrow at her and let out an exasperated sigh.

Upon our arrival at the bedroom, I gently placed Scarlett on the bed. "Do you want me to bring James here, so you'll have company?" I asked.

"Yes, please." When I mentioned James, her face softened at once.

I took this opportunity to approach her, and I looked into her eyes. "Scarlett, as long as you're willing to stay in the Moore mansion, you can be with James every single day, and witness every moment of his growth."

Scarlett was lost in thought. Her eyelashes quivered, and her eyes glinted under the light.

I couldn't resist the urge to try and kiss her. However, she shrank back, staring at me vigilantly the moment before our lips touched.

"You know, that attitude really stings." I faked being annoyed and shot her a cold glance. "I forgot how obsessed James has been with the new toys that his Grandma bought for him recently. I don't think he'll be in the mood to accompany you," I added.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles' words got me anxious, so I immediately held his hand. "Someone should keep an eye on him while he's playing with his toys. I can watch over him, and he can keep me company in the meanwhile."

Charles didn't respond. He just looked at me with a knowing smile on his face.

I was displeased to see his reaction. "What the hell, Charles? Are you trying to trick me again?"

He still didn't answer me. Instead, he suddenly approached me. And before I could react, I was already overwhelmed by his kiss. He held my nape and continued to kiss me. As our lips intertwined, my heart began to race.

Charles was like a predator that had finally captured its prey. Regardless of how much I resisted, he did not stop kissing me and nibbling on my lips.

I could feel his palm on the back of my neck, gradually moving up and clasping my hair. Then, he pressed my face against his, deepening our kiss. I wanted to escape, but the tenderness of this intimate moment was far too tempting. To me, it felt like even my very soul was trembling with pleasure. Slowly, my stiff body relaxed as I clung to his arms with every ounce of strength I had.

After a long time, he moved away and pressed his forehead against mine, catching his breath. The warmth of his breath seeped into my skin, and the sound of his husky voice was music to my ears.

"You know what, Scarlett? I can only feel at peace when you're in this household. I can't live without you anymore."

Silence engulfed the room. I could feel my ears buzzing and I struggled to compose myself. It was undeniable that whenever he was this blunt about his feelings for me, my heart would flutter and I could feel butterflies in the pit of my stomach.

It suddenly occurred to me that Nina once told me I could never get away from Charles.

I knew that it would bring me as much pain as joy to fall in love with Charles, but I couldn't help myself. It did seem like I would never be able to escape him for the rest of my life.

With courage, I looked into his eyes.

I was smitten by his deep-set, affectionate eyes that were brimming with sincerity.

"Charles, I..." Before I could finish my sentence, a knock on the door interrupted me.

Then, we heard Alice's voice. "Charles, have you taken Scarlett back?"

Frowning, Charles sighed and touched my cheek lovingly. "Don't move," he said.

I nodded and smiled at him.

Charles got up and walked away. I could hear him muttering complaints under his breath. "Mom is always ruining my plans!"

It was rare to hear him speak like that, and I found it particularly adorable.

When the door was opened, I lifted the quilt off me and sat on the edge of the bed. But before my feet could even touch the ground, Charles had already returned and told me to stop moving. "Scarlett, don't get out of bed! Didn't I tell you not to move?"

Alice entered the room with James in her arms, looking at me with concern. "He's right, Scarlett. You haven't fully recovered yet, so lie back down, okay?"

When I was about to respond, Charles walked up to me. Then, he carried me to the middle of the bed and tucked me in.

"Charles has been so worried about you, Scarlett." Alice went to the bedside and sat beside me. There was a warm smile on her face. Meanwhile, James was reaching his arm out to me and he had a big grin on his face as he sat in Alice's arms.

In a gentle, soothing voice, Charles said, "It looks like James missed his mother, too!"

I smiled at my beloved little angel, and held James' hand.

After a few pleasantries, Alice cast Charles a sidelong glance. "We wanted to go to the hospital to see you, but Charles didn't want us to go."

Surprised by Alice's statement, I looked at Charles in confusion. "Why did you tell them not to go?"

"Mom, Scarlett needed to rest properly. It wouldn't be good for you guys to disturb her while she's at the hospital. It'll be tiring for her to keep up idle chatter with others," Charles rebuked.

"Nonsense! Didn't you talk to Scarlett while she was there? And doesn't that mean she wasted some of her energy on you?" Alice argued.

"I'm her husband. I'm supposed to have more privileges than others." Charles looked at me with loving eyes.

I averted my gaze and saw James staring at me with his bright eyes. I felt like my heart was melting as I instinctively reached my hand out to him.

"Mom, let me hold James," I requested.

"Sure, honey. Here," said Alice.

"No way!" Charles answered at the same time.

He grabbed my hand before it could reach James. "Scarlett, you're still too weak. What if your wound reopens while you're holding the baby?"

"Charles is right. Sorry. I should've thought about it earlier," Alice concurred.

I was disappointed to hear that. "Am I not even allowed to be close to my own son?"

"I'll hold him, so that Scarlett can be close to the baby." Charles sat on the edge of the bed, looking at Alice.

Alice nodded in response, carefully placing James in his arms.

A smile appeared on my lips as I moved over and leaned against Charles, so that I could interact with my little angel.

"Scarlett, I never got the chance to ask, but... What happened? How did you get injured?" Alice sounded worried. I raised my head and saw the concern in her eyes.

"Actually..."

Charles interrupted me before I could finish my words. "It's all my fault. I failed to protect Scarlett well."

It was then that I looked at Charles. His expression defined his emotions well, and his eyebrows were creased. I could see a trace of guilt in his eyes.

Suddenly, I felt that the clothes on my chest were being pulled. James had grabbed the buttons on my shirt, pulling them back and forth and making babbling sounds.

Alice smiled at me and said, "It looks like James is hungry."

"I'll go make him some milk." Charles left the room and took James with him.

"He looks more of a father now, doesn't he?" Alice sighed.

I smiled once again and watched Charles disappear from my sight. When I looked back, I saw Alice looking right at me.

For some reason, she kind of looked agitated. "Scarlett, tell me the truth. Have you and Charles finally reconciled?"

I paused for a moment and nodded. "We have."

Alice breathed a sigh of relief as she held my hand earnestly. "I've been so scared that you won't be able to patch things up. If you couldn't make up, it'll have an impact on James. But now that you've made up, you should live a good life with Charles from now on. You should both support each other and have faith in the other person."

"We will, Mom. Don't worry," I responded.

Alice really doted on me. She treated me like her real daughter, and Charles' grandmother was just as affectionate towards me.

In all honesty, I lived a truly happy life within this family.

[Chapter 228 Ten Years In Prison](#)

Charles's POV:

When James was first born, I didn't have a clue how to take care of him. But now, I could prepare milk for him with skillful ease.

James tried to grab the bottle with his small hands, eager to drink the milk. But I held the bottle steady for him, in case he drank too fast and choked himself.

"Charles." My mother suddenly called me, pulling me out of my thoughts. "What did you say to Scarlett that took you so long?"

"That's a secret."

My mother approached James and caressed his little face lovingly. When James looked up, his soft, happy smile melted my heart.

"Don't say that I didn't remind you. You should pay more attention to how you behave. It doesn't matter if you are cold to outsiders, but... You can't act the same way to Scarlett. She'll feel insecure."

"I know, and I'm trying my best." Her warning left me feeling helpless. I saw the obvious distrust in her eyes, and quickly suggested, "Why don't you and Dad can go out and enjoy yourselves today? Take Granma with you. James and I will stay at home with Scarlett."

"Why, do you think we're in your way?"

At this, I nodded without hesitation. My mother glared at me and gave me a slap on the shoulder, annoyed.

"Fine, but be careful. And keep an eye on James," she reminded me cautiously.

Her eyes then fell on James, and she looked obviously nervous. When their eyes met, James immediately put on a lovely smile for her.

That melted my mother's heart, and she smiled too. "You should express your love to Scarlett today. Tell her that you love her. Every woman likes to hear those three words."

I gave her a vague grunt of assent and urged her to leave.

"Remember what I said, Charles! Say 'I love you' to her more often!" My mother kept nagging me, and only left satisfied after receiving my affirmation.

As her figure disappeared at the corner, I felt something poking my chin. Looking down, I saw that James was trying to stuff his bottle teat in my mouth.

I couldn't help but laugh, and then gently put the teat into his mouth. "I actually prefer something else, my dear."

When it was almost noon, I told Janet to take care of James. Then, I went to the kitchen and personally prepared lunch for Scarlett.

After I was done, I made my way to the bedroom. There, I was greeted with a warm scene. Scarlett was playing toys with James, who was waving and laughing merrily, his face the epitome of joy. Janet sat quietly beside them, watching tenderly.

"Scarlett, it's time for lunch," I said as I walked towards her.

Meanwhile, Janet set up a small table on the bed and helped me serve the dishes.

Scarlett, who was now holding James in her arms, exclaimed in surprise, "Did you cook all these dishes, Charles?"

I nodded, proud of myself. "I'm going to have a meeting in the company after this, but I'll still cook dinner for you tonight. You..."

Scarlett seemed to have read my mind and promised sincerely, "Don't worry. I won't slip away."

We enjoyed a pleasant lunch together. After that, I changed my clothes, bid goodbye to her, and started my way to work.

On my way to the company, I called Scarlett.

"Charles? What is it?"

I told her gently, "I'll be back soon, Scarlett."

Scarlett's POV:

After lunch, I became slightly drowsy. I was in my room when a knock on the door startled me.

"Come in."

Tracy was at the door. "Scarlett, Nina and William are here to visit you."

That left me confused. "Why is William here?"

"Nina said he lived near the Moore mansion, and that she bumped into him on the way here," Tracy explained patiently.

I frowned. After a moment's hesitation, I climbed out of bed. James, who was by my side, grabbed my sleeve the second I moved away. He began to kick his legs anxiously, not wanting me to leave.

"James is so clingy," Tracy teased with a warm smile.

I had no choice but to have Tracy hold James for me. Then, we went downstairs together. My body hadn't fully recovered yet, so I was careful to walk very slowly.

"Scarlett!" Nina's voice rang in my ears. Upon seeing me, she quickly walked up to me. She held my arm gently and helped me walk downstairs.

William, who was standing not very far away, greeted me politely.

All of us took our seats in the living room. Nina was in a talkative mood, eager to share everything in life with me, especially since we hadn't seen each other for quite a long time.

However, I noticed that William only responded with a few words from time to time. In fact, his eyes were fixated on James, who was next to me.

Nina noticed this as well and waved her hand in front of William. "William, looks like you can't take your eyes off James at all. Do you want to hug him?"

"Is that okay?" William turned to me for permission, looking at me with a gentle smile.

"Of course." I signaled Tracy to bring James over, and carefully taught William how to hold the baby properly.

William was stiff and clumsy, but he held James with a steady and careful grip. His eyes were filled with gentleness as he looked at James.

James waved his chubby little hand happily and suddenly said, "Papa!"

For a brief moment, the atmosphere suddenly turned awkward.

I rubbed my forehead helplessly and hurriedly explained, "I'm sorry, William. James is used to asking for his father when he's hungry."

Nina, on the other hand, was doing her best to suppress her laughter. Smiling, she said, "He's so considerate of you. What an angel! I guess you don't have to tire yourself too much in the future. If James is hungry, you can just ask Charles to feed him!"

I smiled along, and told Tracy to take James to the nursery for some milk.

"James has your eyes," William suddenly said, staring intently at me.

It then occurred to me that Charles had told me that William's sister and I were very similar.

My eyes met William's, and my heart skipped a beat.

"Honestly, I think James is more like Charles. Well, except for his expression. Charles always wears a long face, but James smiles a lot, and it is just so sweet!" Nina's cheerful voice dispelled my gloom.

After a while, the topic of our conversation shifted to Lucia.

"She's been sentenced to ten years in prison." Nina sighed, but right after that, she winked meaningfully at me. "Maybe your husband..."

"Pardon me, but do you need more tea?" Janet suddenly interrupted Nina in a loud voice, cutting off Nina's words.

Feeling a little mystified, I looked at Janet with a confused expression.

Janet didn't say anything to me. She simply lowered her head, took the pot, and filled the cups with water one by one.

"I heard you were in a coma in the operating room, and you almost couldn't make it." William sighed mournfully. "Ten years in prison isn't a long sentence, but she deserves it."

I frowned, but I said nothing.

[Chapter 229 I Am Even More Horrible](#)

Nina's POV:

Scarlett, William, and I enjoyed a pleasant conversation in Moore mansion. When I noticed that Scarlett was getting tired, I offered to say goodbye.

"Let me walk you out," Scarlett said, standing up.

However, I stopped her immediately. "You'd better go back and have a rest. I don't dare to tire you, in case Charles tries to get even with me!"

Scarlett didn't know whether to laugh or cry at my statement, but she didn't insist and instead asked Janet to see us out.

When we walked out of the door, Janet walked up to me and whispered, "Nina, could you do me a favor?"

Seeing how mysterious she was acting, I leaned over and lowered my voice as well. "Go ahead."

"Scarlett and Charles are finally getting along well with each other. I hope you can be more careful with your words when talking with them. Please don't say anything that might affect their relationship."

"Ah, I get it. You refilled the tea for me just now to interrupt me, right?"

"That's correct."

"Alright. Don't worry, I'll mind my words in the future." I promised earnestly, patting my chest. "More than anyone, I don't want any more ups and downs in their relationship. Scarlett's gone through a lot. God should bless her."

Janet nodded, but she said nothing.

However, I could feel her care and affection for Scarlett.

I hooked Janet's arm intimately, but my gesture took her by surprise. She stiffened, and looked at me with slightly widened eyes.

I smiled at her, "We're both Scarlett's friends, so that makes us friends too. Let's not be so distant with each other."

At this, Janet smiled as well. "Okay."

I soon bade goodbye to Janet and left the mansion, and quickly caught up with William.

William smiled at me, amused. "You're so popular."

I smiled back cheekily, and changed the subject. "Charles is really hard to deal with. He's so cunning, tsk!"

"Well, which big shot in this world wouldn't be cunning?" William's mellow laughter rang, pleasant to the ears.

"And what about you?"

As we walked, we happened to pass by a tree. The sunlight poured through the leaves of the trees and fell on William's face. In the contrasting light and dark etched by the shadows, his usual tenderness faded away and revealed a rather frightening expression.

"Me? I'm even more horrible." He grinned, looking so much different than his usual gentle appearance.

I couldn't help but laugh. "Well, well! I didn't expect you to be so humorous."

We soon got out of the shade from the tree, and the shadows left William's face as sunshine enveloped his entire being once again. His usual gentle smile returned. "I gave it a try, and I found that it wasn't very difficult."

William didn't leave until he walked me to my car.

He was quite the talkative man, as well as incredibly gentle and tender. Simply put, he was flawless in all aspects. If Scarlett hadn't reconciled with Charles, I would've tried to bring them together.

Afterward, I got in the car and called Abner.

"Hey, honey. How's everything going?"

"Scarlett's fine and dandy. She just needs some rest."

"That's great."

I started the car. As the engine ignited, I asked, "Say, Abner, why do you care so much about Scarlett? Are you still in love her?"

"Please. I'm obviously concerned about you! Anyway, I just bought some ingredients to make you dinner. We're having steak tonight. What do you think?" Abner was quick to change the topic.

I snorted, and didn't bother asking him anymore.

Scarlett's POV:

After saying goodbye to Nina and William, I headed straight to the baby's room. Just as I picked James up, my phone rang.

I had to put him back in the cradle. I reminded Tracy to watch over him while I picked up my call. After that, I exited the room and answered my phone.

"Hi, Scarlett."

"Hi, William. What's the matter?"

"Did Charles ever tell you that my sister's heart was transplanted into Rita?"

His words took me by surprise. I didn't expect him to be aware of the fact that I knew about the heart. I thought I had put on a good enough act in front of him just now.

A brief pause later, and I admitted it frankly. There was no point in hiding it. "Yes."

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you this before, Scarlett. I just don't want you to misunderstand and think that I have something to do with Rita," William explained sincerely. "She may have my sister's heart, but we are not friends in the slightest."

"Okay," I replied lightly, trying to make my voice sound casual. In all honesty, I didn't want to talk about Rita anymore. After a few words with him, I hung up.

When I finally returned to the baby's room, I saw that James had fallen asleep. I called Tracy and Janet to the corridor.

"I hope you can keep this a secret for me. Don't tell Charles what I talked about with Nina and William," I said, looking at them sincerely.

They exchanged confused glances, silent.

I held their hands and added, "If Charles asks, you can just tell him that we were just chatting."

They looked back at me, and much to my relief, nodded in agreement.

[Chapter 230 The Most Expected Three Words](#)

Charles's POV:

After I was done with work, I returned home. On the way, I dropped by the hospital to visit Spencer. As soon as I approached his ward, I could hear a loud argument brewing from inside.

"Spencer, this is just an arranged marriage for mutual benefits! After we get married, we can still date whoever we want. When everything's smoothed over, we can get a divorce at any time!"

"Arranged marriage? Like I'd buy that. Get the hell out!"

Spencer's voice was laced with irritation, and his anger was evident.

I hesitated, wondering whether I should enter the ward or leave. As I considered my options, a familiar voice called me from behind. "Charles, are you here to visit Spencer? Unfortunately, he's on a blind date now."

I turned around and saw Vivian approaching me, holding a big bag of fruits.

Right at that moment, the door of the ward burst open and a young woman stormed out angrily. She glanced at me, and then at Vivian. Fuming, she yelled at Vivian, "Who the hell is the guy you're trying to pair with me? He's a complete lunatic!"

Vivian looked at the girl and shrugged casually. "You're right. He really is a lunatic."

Vivian's nonchalant answer startled the young woman, who became speechless. At a loss for words, she simply glared daggers at Vivian before stomping away in anger.

"I guess this isn't the right time for me to visit him. You better go in and comfort him." I shot Vivian a meaningful look. She blinked at me, silent, and pushed the door open.

I didn't leave at once. Instead, I waited outside the ward to see how things would unfold. I mean, how could I miss such a good show?

After Vivian entered, I heard Spencer's angry snarl, "That woman you introduced to me today is crazier than those previous ones! Where have you been? Why did you come back so late?!"

"I just went to buy some fruits."

"Hah?! Why would you go buying fruits whenever those women arrived? What are you trying to do?"

"Well, shouldn't I entertain the guests?"

"Aren't you afraid they'll snap and end up killing me?" Spencer's voice was laden with fury. So angry he sounded, I could even imagine the look on his face when he said that.

"You're in a hospital, and they're all delicate young maidens. What can they possibly do to you? You're just overthinking." Vivian's voice, however, was as calm as ever. She was his stark opposite.

"Bah! They are all for my money!"

"Don't you like any of them? That Lilith girl seems to like you very much. She even praised you when she left just now."

"Quit being so sarcastic. How much did you take from my mother? Whatever the amount, I'll give you double, okay?"

"Not much. She just gave me three thousand dollars, actually."

All the while I listened to their bickering, I was close to splitting my sides from sheer laughter. These two are an entire circus!

"Vivian! Are you telling me that you betrayed me for just three thousand dollars?!"

"Don't be angry. Three thousand dollars is just for introducing girls to you. If you end up dating with any of the girls, your mother will give me an additional thirty thousand dollars." The conversation shifted to the topic of money. Though I couldn't see Vivian's face, from the tone of her voice, I could sense that she was smiling. She sounded exactly like a miser.

"What?!" Spencer's voice instantly grew half an octave higher. His voice was probably louder than an actual loudspeaker.

"If you get married, I'll get three million dollars. If the girl gets pregnant, I'll get thirty million dollars. And if you have a second child..." Vivian giggled, the sound quite sinister. It seemed that she was truly immersed in her dream of being rich.

"Shut up! So all this time, you just take me as a tool to make money! Do I still have human rights to you, Vivian?"

When Spencer mentioned Vivian's name, he specifically deepened his tone to emphasize it. I could guess that he was grinding his teeth in anger.

I never expected the day he would act like this would actually come.

"Ha, ha, ha! Not anymore!"

"Fine! I'll give you three hundred thousand dollars if you drive all those women away."

"No way, that's too little."

"Argh! How much do you want? Do you want me to give you all of my bank cards?! Is that it, Vivian?"

"Oh my god, Spencer! Just eat your oranges!"

Seeing as the two were busy flirting in the ward, albeit in a very amusing manner, I didn't think it was necessary for me to stay anymore.

Vivian was both a stubborn and soft-hearted woman. No doubt, she would take good care of Spencer. Besides, Scarlett was waiting for me at home.

Thinking of her, my heart melted, feeling as sweet as honey. I quickened my pace home, eager to see her as soon as possible.

On my way home, I specifically stopped at Scarlett's favorite cake shop to get the tiramisu I had ordered earlier. While I was waiting for the saleswoman to pack the cake, I received a call from Spencer.

"You jerk! I heard you dropped by to see me! Why didn't you come in the ward?"

"Well, you have a beautiful lady accompanying you. Why do you care if I come in or not?"

"Shut up! That woman's...!"

"Stop. As long as you're happy, you don't need to tell me the details. I'm in a hurry to go home to

accompany my lovely wife. You're a bachelor, so you'll never understand." I purposefully said that to make fun of Spencer.

"Humph! That's just temporary!" As I had expected, Spencer blew his top.

"Don't be so picky. When you get married, I'll get you a big gift."

Before Spencer could answer, I hung up and took the cake from the saleswoman with my other hand. Then, I exited the cake shop and drove home directly without making any more stops.

When I arrived home, I saw Janet and Tracy playing with James in the living room. I put the cake on the table and asked, "Where is Scarlett?"

"She's sleeping upstairs," Janet replied.

"Okay. Put the cake in the fridge. I'll go upstairs to see her."

I went upstairs, happy, and gently pushed open the door of the master bedroom. Then, I quietly approached the bed.

I stared at the sleeping Scarlett silently. Her skin was as bright as the moonlight. The contrast of her fair skin made her eyelashes look even darker and thicker, as if they had been carefully painted into existence with ink.

Her beauty took my breath away.

I leaned in, tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, and gently rubbed her lips with my fingers. They were so soft to the touch, I got a strong urge to kiss her.

But just as I was about to do so, her eyelashes trembled slightly and she opened her eyes. She didn't seem surprised to see me at the bedside, nor did she say anything. She just blinked at me quietly, dazed.

She gave me the impression of a cute little fairy in the forest.

"What's wrong?" Since Scarlett wasn't saying anything, I took the initiative to ask.

"Did you have a lot of work to do today?" She finally opened her mouth and spoke. Her slightly hoarse voice held a fatal temptation to me.

I couldn't help kissing her. Her lips were indeed delicate and soft, just as I had imagined them to be. To my surprise, she didn't avoid my intimate gesture. Encouraged, I kissed her more passionately.

I didn't let go of her lips until a long time passed. Finally, I looked at her gently and asked, "Why didn't you avoid me this time?"

She sighed helplessly, and her eyes shimmered as brightly as the stars. Her face flushed as her cheeks grew slightly red. She mumbled disgruntledly, "I can't avoid it anyway."

From the tone of her voice, she sounded like she doted on me a lot.

That delighted me to no end.

My spirits rose. I took off my coat and then lay beside her. She moved a little to the side to give me some space. I quickly put my arm around her shoulder, so that I could keep her close to me.

"I went to the hospital to see Spencer today. He's on a blind date with another girl." As we lied on the bed together, I took the initiative to share what had happened today.

"A blind date in the hospital?"

"Yes. Vivian was also there."

"But Spencer likes Vivian, doesn't he?" Scarlett blinked at me with her big watery eyes, confused at my words.

"Maybe he hasn't realized his true feelings yet." Subconsciously, I held Scarlett tighter, and then looked straight into her eyes.

"I think Vivian likes Spencer too. Isn't it too cruel for her to watch Spencer go on a blind date?" Scarlett puffed up her cheeks angrily, defending Vivian staunchly.

I sighed, "I also have to endure the fact that a man came to our house this afternoon. And you actually let him hold James!"

"How did you find out?" Scarlett lowered her head and rubbed her nose with her fingers, looking guilty. She quickly hid herself under the quilt, like a child who had been caught doing something naughty.

Her guilty conscience was obvious.

"The mansion has surveillance cameras installed. Or have you forgotten?" Her guilty appearance was quite adorable, though.

"Oh..." Scarlett blinked sheepishly at me, trying to hide her embarrassment.

I tightened my hold on her, squeezing her. We snuggled together, our faces close to one another.

"So, do you have anything to share with me?"

"Um, such as...?"

"Such as... Let's see. Aren't you curious as to why I didn't divorce you?"

Deep inside, I hoped she would ask me the reason, so that I could say those three words to her naturally. Thinking of this, my heart began to beat violently, as if it would jump out of my throat at any second.

"I already know."

Upon hearing her answer, my heart returned to its original position and stopped beating so frantically.

Why wasn't she playing according to the script?

"Huh? What's wrong with you, Charles? Why's your expression so strange all of a sudden?" Noticing that there was something wrong with my expression, Scarlett touched my forehead gently to check if I had caught a fever.

"No, it's nothing. I'm going downstairs to see if they have prepared dinner." I stood up from the bed and left in a hurry. I didn't realize that I had forgotten to put on my slippers until I reached the door. It was embarrassing, but I had no choice but to go back.

"When you went out for work earlier, you told me you'd prepare dinner yourself." Scarlett stared at me, confused.

I kept mum and didn't reply, and instead rushed downstairs like a bolt of lightning.

During dinner time, I didn't say a word. I was still thinking about the three words that I didn't tell her just now.

They were just simple, sweet words. So why couldn't I say them out loud?