

[Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 1 Who Is That Man?](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 1 Who Is That Man?](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

On their wedding night, the room was filled with roses.

Charlotte sat by the bed as she stared at the wedding photos she and Bryson had taken. Tonight was supposed to be their wedding night, but she would not be sleeping with Bryson later.

Someone flipped the switch and all the

lights went out in an instant. The room had gone completely dark.

Boom!

The door was kicked open.

Charlotte could vaguely see a tall black figure charging toward her. At that moment, Charlotte felt as if she was being crushed by an iceberg that was pressing down on her. The cold, powerful pressure of the figure was suffocating her.

"Ah!"

A pair of powerful hands pressed Charlotte's shoulders, and she was pushed to the ground by a strong force...

Tears flowed down Charlotte's face as she bit her lip tightly.

She was willing to do this for Bryson!

It was only one time, but Charlotte

successfully conceived a child.

Ten months later, she found herself in a hospital delivery room.

This was Charlotte's due date.

The excruciating pain made Charlotte feel like she had just gone to hell and back. Based on the arrangement they had made prior to the delivery, Charlotte would not have any time to look at the child she would give birth to. The child would be taken away immediately.

She saw a nurse chatting with another nurse. "The boy weighs three kilograms and is really handsome. His face is gorgeous, and he's simply adorable. I've never seen such a beautiful baby. It's a pity that he was taken away right after being born. Miss Simmons will never get to..."

When they realized that Charlotte had regained consciousness, the nurse hurriedly closed her mouth.

Charlotte touched her shriveled belly. During more than nine months of pregnancy, she had watched her belly grow bigger day by day. Now, her flesh and blood, who had been with her for 283 days, had left her. Charlotte was simply at a loss.

However, she had managed to help Bryson with this child as a form of compensation for someone else. This also meant that she had helped Bryson avoid getting sentenced to jail, so her sacrifice was worthwhile.

But where was Bryson?

When Charlotte had gone into labor, Bryson had not been at home. She had been taken to the hospital by an ambulance. The housekeeper had already called Bryson to inform him, but now that she had given birth to a child for him, why hadn't he come to the hospital to be with her?

"Miss Charlotte!"

The person who rushed into the ward was Alfred, the housekeeper of the Simmons Family.

"What's the matter? Why are you in such a hurry?" Charlotte said anxiously.

In order to hide the truth from her father, which was that she was actually helping Bryson by giving him a child, she had planned to lie to her father and say that the child had died after being born. However, Alfred had come to the hospital. Had he found out the truth?

"Miss Charlotte, something happened to Mr. Simmons and he's now in the ICU."

Charlotte's heart sank. Despite the nurse's advice, she pulled the infusion needle from the back of her hand and stumbled out of the ward.

"What's the matter with this patient? Strenuous activity is forbidden just after giving birth. You need to lie back in bed."

"Hey!"

"Patient!"

In the ICU, Walter Simmons was lying on the hospital bed with his eyes shut. His body was filled with various tubes. If it weren't for the heart rate monitor showing his heartbeat, it would be hard to tell that he was actually alive.

Father had always been healthy. He'd hardly ever gotten sick, yet he had gotten so sick now that he needed a ventilator to stay alive. Charlotte started crying as she thought about it.

"Alfred, what happened?"

Alfred hesitated before he finally said, After you got pregnant, Mr. Simmons wanted to hand over Simmons Inc. to Bryson so he could manage it. However, Bryson and the vice president, Victor Rutherford, plotted against Mr. Simmons. They took the company from him and threatened to take Mr. Simmons to court over a mistake he made many years ago when he was trying to save Simmons Inc. from a crisis! The lawyer told Mr.

Simmons that he would be sentenced to at least 15 years in jail. Mr. Simmons got so angry that he vomited blood. Luckily, he was rescued just in time..." What?

Charlotte started trembling. She could not believe it.

Father had always been nice to Bryson, and she had even given birth to a stranger's child in order to save Bryson... How could he do this to them?

Charlotte took out her cell phone shakily

and called Bryson over and over again, but no one answered. She took a deep breath and supported her

weak body as she walked out of the room.

"Miss Charlotte, please don't do anything impulsive. Where are you going?"

Ignoring Alfred's attempt to persuade her, Charlotte stumbled her way out of the ICU.

She could not believe that the man she had loved for four years would do something like that! Bryson had always treated her well in the past, and she believed that he must have his reasons for betraying her father.

She had to see Bryson to talk things out!

Alfred did not try to stop her again.

At the moment, the only person who could save Mr. Simmons was Miss Charlotte.

If Bryson still had feelings for Miss

Charlotte, maybe he would let Mr. Simmons go for Miss Charlotte's sake... Charlotte walked through the corridor

helplessly. She accidentally ran into a man

and fell down.

Charlotte wanted to tell the man off and ask him to watch where he was going, but when she met the man's eyes, she had to stay quiet out of fear.

He was a very attractive man with perfect features and a really strong aura. His dark brown eyes seemed like drops of ink in the snow. They were absolutely stunning but extremely cold.

With just one look, Charlotte was already trembling in fear. She felt like she had fallen into a freezing lake. His strong, icy aura had made her freeze.

At that moment, a doctor walked toward the man with his head down. "Mr. Connor, Miss Larson just gave birth to a baby boy, but she lost too much blood. I'm afraid she might..."

Before he could finish speaking, he was frightened by the man's cold gaze.

The doctor did not dare make a sound anymore as he looked at the man nervously.

The entire corridor seemed to be filled with tension. Everyone seemed anxious.

"If anything happens to her, you're going down with her."

The man's voice was deep and cold, like the wind blowing from the peak of a snow capped mountain.

The doctor broke out in a cold sweat and

hurriedly walked away.

"Miss Charlotte, are you okay?" Alfred came to help Charlotte.

"Who's that man?" Charlotte stared at the man's figure in a daze. He had already walked away, but his icy aura was still present in that corridor.

"That man! You'd better stay away from him..."

He was the notorious Mr. Connor that even the devil himself would fear. Even before anything had happened to Mr. Simmons, he had avoided having any contact with Mr. Connor. Alfred secretly hoped that the young lady would not have anything to do with that man either. For a long time, Charlotte's mind

wandered and she was lost in thought.

Charlotte only had eyes for Bryson, so she had never even looked at another man.

However, when Charlotte saw this man, she suddenly went back in time and relived her and Bryson's wedding night. It felt as if the cold, devil-like man was attacking her again.

That night had become Charlotte's nightmare. Since then, Charlotte would dream of that night nonstop and wake up screaming...

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 2

[Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 2 An Affair](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 2 An Affair](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Charlotte and Bryson had a beach villa on the Platinum Coast, where they were going to move after their wedding.

She had seen hundreds of houses with Bryson before finally choosing this place. Bryson had been extremely patient and kind to her during the process. The interior of the villa had been completely designed based on Bryson's preferences.

The door of the villa was wide open, but the guard stopped Charlotte from entering. "Miss Simmons, you cannot enter. Please stop right there."

In the past, the guard had always called Charlotte "Mrs. Harper" or "Madam Harper", but he just called her "Miss Simmons" now.

Charlotte insisted on entering the villa. "

This is my house. I can come back whenever I want. Let me in."

"Miss Simmons..."

The guard grabbed her arm reluctantly." You've always been nice to me, and I don't want to see you like this, but I have no choice. Mr. Harper specifically ordered us not to let you in when he returned home not too long ago."

Bryson had returned home not long ago?

Was he at home?

He was not busy, yet he had not been to the hospital to visit her. He had even stopped her from entering the house...

The heavy metal gate was shut, leaving Charlotte standing outside all alone.

The cold wind felt like it was piercing Charlotte's weak body, and her face was as pale as a paper doll.

Bryson was not answering her calls, but Charlotte kept calling until her phone ran out of battery.

It was actually the coldest season of the year.

Charlotte was wearing a thin, long sleeved shirt and loose trousers as she waited in the cold from morning till sunset. It was getting dark, and Charlotte looked at the villa in a daze as the lights were slowly turned on. Her mind wandered to the past...

Ten months ago, Charlotte and Bryson's grand wedding had been held in Rothesay.

On their wedding night, Bryson had told her that he had hit a pregnant woman while driving drunk and the woman had lost her child.

The pregnant woman had asked Bryson to find a "clean and healthy" girl to give birth to a child for her and her husband. Otherwise, she would take him to court.

Charlotte had been unable to accept it, but after a lot of deliberation, she had finally agreed.

It was every girl's wish to save her first time for the man she loved.

However, in order to save Bryson from getting sentenced to jail, she had been willing to spend her wedding night with a complete stranger. That night should have belonged to her and Bryson.

Charlotte had not expected that as soon as she gave birth to a child for Bryson, he would immediately betray the Simmons Family.

She could not believe that Bryson would be so cruel to her.

She had to wait for him. She needed to talk to Bryson personally and hear it for herself!

Charlotte stood in front of the gate all night. By the time the gate opened, she was already freezing. A luxury car drove toward her without slowing down at all. She did not try to avoid the car either. Her eyes were full of determination.

Screeeeech!

The tires skidded on the ground and sparks flew. The front of the car was pressed against Charlotte's stomach before coming to a sudden halt.

"Charlotte, did you really need to go this far just to make me see you?"

The man who had just gotten out of the car had a chiseled face. He was tall and lean, and he seemed suave and sophisticated.

Charlotte quickly greeted him. "My dad was hospitalized because he got so mad at you. He's still in critical condition. I wasn't allowed to enter the villa, so I can't even return to my own home. Bryson, what's the matter with you?" she asked in a shaky voice as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Do you really not know what you did?" Bryson looked at her with his dreamy eyes, his face as cold as ice.

In the past, Bryson had always been kind and gentle to Charlotte. It was difficult for Charlotte to comprehend his sudden change in attitude.

"Bryce."

A soft, sweet voice called out his name. The voice sounded as sweet as honey.

A petite, skinny woman got out of the car. She was wearing a dazzling white dress, and her face was pale and delicate. Her beautiful features were mesmerizing.

Although that woman was not as beautiful as Charlotte, she was charming. She looked like she was as fragile as an autumn leaf, and any man would feel the desire to protect her. "Tiff! It's cold outside. Just wait for me in the car."

When Bryson took off his coat to cover the woman, Charlotte was shocked.

Who was that?!

She had just called him Bryce, and Bryson had called her Tiff...

In a split second, Charlotte felt like she had freezing water running through her veins, as her body turned

cold.

"Bryce, you promised to never leave me again. I'll go wherever you go. I won't get back in the car if you don't."

"I'm here with you. I'm not going anywhere."

Bryson embraced her and was about to get back in his car. He did not even look at Charlotte.

Charlotte felt like her heart had just been pierced by a dagger when she saw that. She was in complete shock. When she reminisced about her time with Bryson, she realized he had never looked at her the way he was looking at the woman in his arms.

"Bryson... Stop right there!"

Charlotte did not know how she approached him. She just charged over at Bryson and pulled him before asking, "Why? Why did you do this to me?!" 11

Charlotte had been willing to sacrifice her innocence to sleep with a stranger and give birth to the stranger's child for him, but he had betrayed her and even threatened to take her father to court...

Bryson's eyes were cold. "You know the reason, so I won't bother explaining. Just leave now. I don't want the relationship between me and Tiff to get affected by you. It was all because of that woman!"

So this was the truth!

Charlotte suddenly understood everything. She looked at the woman who was leaning on Bryson and could feel her heart aching.

"Who is she? Did you do this to me and my dad because you are having an affair with her?!"

Hah...

An affair?

She was indeed the daughter of that old fox, Walter Simmons. She was still trying to act like she did not know what she had done to Tiff.

Bryson sneered and abruptly removed Charlotte's hands from his waist.

Charlotte tried to stop Bryson again.

However, the moment her fingertips touched Bryson's clothes, the woman slapped her face.

Slap!

There was stinging pain on her face, and she could taste blood in her mouth.

Charlotte's immediate reaction was to fight back.

However, as soon as she raised her hand, Bryson grabbed her by her wrist forcefully.

"Don't hit her! Charlotte, you're a lady, so act like one."

Bryson grabbed Charlotte's hand as hard a

s though he was going to crush her bones.

Surprisingly, Charlotte could not even feel the pain. Tears welled up in her eyes.

"Bryce, let her go and let me talk to her."

Bryson immediately let go of Charlotte submissively.

Tiffany approached Charlotte and said, Charlotte, stop harassing Bryce. He owes you nothing. He tricked you into having a stranger's baby just to save me."

"What... What are you talking about?"

Charlotte was stunned to hear that, even more so than when Bryson had begged her to sleep with a stranger on their wedding night.

"I was actually the one who hurt the pregnant woman. Bryce didn't want me to go to jail, so he tricked you." Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 3 The Notorious Mr. Connor

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 3 The Notorious Mr. Connor](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

Charlotte started trembling.

She still remembered how Bryson had

begged for her help on their wedding

night.

"Bryson, tell me... Tell me what she said isn't true..." Charlotte looked at Bryson's eyes like a drowning woman clutching at straws.

Bryson nodded and said, "Charlotte, I'm sorry."

Charlotte's tears, which had been welling up in her eyes, could not stop flowing down her face.

Bryson was an egotistical, proud man.

Charlotte had never seen him set his pride aside and beg for anything. That was the only time Bryson had ever begged her.

It turned out that he had done it for Tiffany...

"Bryce, I'm cold."

Tiffany's voice was pure and pleasant.

At that moment, Charlotte burst into tears. Though Bryson felt bad for her, he obviously cared about Tiff

even more.

He did not look at Charlotte again as he wrapped his arms around Tiffany.

"Tiff, let's get in the car."

Charlotte would be an idiot if she still could not understand what the relationship between Bryson and Tiffany was at this point. Somehow, she found the strength to hold onto the car door.

"Bryson, I'm your wife and I have the right to stop you from being with another woman. My dad is your father-in-law and he has always treated you with respect. If it wasn't for him, you wouldn't be as successful as you are now. How could you be so ungrateful?!"

"Do you really want to make things ugly?" The sophisticated man remained respectful despite his anger. He did not lose his temper.

"Charlotte, legally speaking, we were never husband and wife. Besides, we've never slept or lived together. From this day on, we will merely be strangers."

Charlotte felt like she was getting strangled.

To be with Bryson, she had ignored her father's doubts and married him as soon as she'd reached the legal age for marriage...

Charlotte had believed that Bryson would never let her down, so she had not even gotten a marriage certificate.

She had thought that their wedding would be more than enough to prove their marriage and Bryson would spoil her forever like he had vowed to. However, she had never thought that the marriage certificate could have been the last thing to save her marriage. Without it, Bryson had dumped her as though he was simply throwing away a piece of garbage that had lost its value.

Boom!

The car door was slammed shut, and the luxurious black car drove away.

Charlotte stood there and breathed in the pungent smoke of the car exhaust. Tears and blood ran from her nose and dripped onto her shoes.

"Bryce, I feel sorry for Charlotte. She just delivered a baby for us. It's freezing outside. Let's get her in the car, shall we?" Tiffany blinked her big, shiny eyes as she looked at Charlotte in the rearview mirror.

Bryson's eyebrows were furrowed as he scoffed, "Silly, some people just don't deserve sympathy." Tiff was too naive and kind. Charlotte Simmons and her father, Walter Simmons, had tortured her to the brink of death. Not only had Tiffany not held a grudge, but she even felt sorry for Charlotte now that she was down on her luck.

Did Charlotte deserve his sympathy?

Given what she and Walter Simmons had done to Tiff, no matter what Charlotte did, it would never be enough to make it up to her!

Charlotte had caused Tiff too much pain. She had given birth to a child to help Tiff, but that did not mean anything, and Bryson did not need to thank her for it.

Tiff had suffered too much. From this moment on, he would do everything he could to treat Tiff right. That woman named Charlotte had nothing to do with him anymore. Crash!

There was thunder in the sky, and hail suddenly started falling from the clouds, hitting Charlotte's head and body.

However, she could hardly feel anything as she stared blankly at Bryson's car, which was moving farther and farther away from her field of vision. Her mind was filled with all the beautiful times she and Bryson had experienced together.

Bryson was the man she loved, and she would sacrifice everything for him!

Why had he fallen for somebody else?

Beep!

She heard a honk come from somewhere, and a bright beam of light penetrated her vision. Then, a white supercar speeded toward her.

Charlotte wanted to get out of the way, but when she took a step, she realized that she had no energy at

all and her legs went limp. She started falling face down on the hard ground, which was covered with hail.

However, she did not feel the pain she had expected.

A powerful arm wrapped around Charlotte's waist just as she was about to fall face down onto the ground. The person then held her up.

Under the silver light, Charlotte saw a stunning face. Even through the snow and hail, those brown eyes were as dark as drops of ink in the snow. His aura and charisma were apparent.

Charlotte did not know that the moment they exchanged a glance, when she was at her lowest, would end up being a moment she would never forget for the rest of her life.

The guy in the driver's seat looked at Charlotte, who was lying on the seat of the car. "Second Master, do you really want to do this? Don't you know that you're playing with fire?"

The man's face was cold, and the corners of his mouth lifted. "Are you done talking?"

"But Second Master, Miss Larson just gave birth to a child. If she finds out that you're with Charlotte Simmons, she's going to be heartbroken. You can marry anyone, but why her? She is..."

"Just drive." The man changed his tone of voice.

The guy stuck out his tongue and did not dare say anything else.

After working for Zachary Connor for six years, he was the person who knew Zachary Connor the best. The notorious M r. Connor had earned his title for a reason: because he adhered strictly to his own principles.

Zachary had sent his own elder brother to jail because he had done something that was against his principles. Zachary was the second child of the family, so Lucas had always called him Second Master.

"Notify Mr. Wilson that the meeting has been canceled. Turn around and take me home now."

"Oh! Roger that!"

The silver Rolls-Royce made a sharp turn and zoomed through the snow and hail. Charlotte, who was exhausted, passed out as soon as Zachary held her in his arms.

The interior of the car was as warm as spring. All the hail and snowflakes on her had melted, and her thin clothes were soaked, like a layer of transparent fabric wrapped around her smooth, delicate skin, showing off all her curves.

She still had tears on her face, and her hands were clenched into fists. Her eyelashes kept trembling as if she was drowning and struggling to survive.

Zachary removed his black coat and covered Charlotte's body, which had curled up into a ball.

Why had he found her?

Perhaps it was because they had been fated to meet.

"Bryson, don't leave me!"

"Bryson..."

"Bryce!"

Charlotte woke up screaming, her forehead drenched in sweat.

"You're awake?"

The voice was cold but strangely attractive. It felt like delicate sand brushing past her ears.

Charlotte's gaze followed the voice, and she was in awe when she saw that handsome face. However, she immediately shuddered when she looked into his cold eyes.

It was him!

The man she had met in the hospital was the person who had rescued her during the snowstorm.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: [CHAPTER 4 M Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 4 Marry Me](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 4 Marry Me](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

"Who are you? Is this your... home? Why did you... save me?"

Charlotte sat up in a panic, her head filled with questions. She had found herself in a stranger's bed, and she was no longer wearing the clothes she had been wearing before. She was in a baggy white man's shirt.

The man looked away calmly and said, " Miss Simmons, please be careful."

Charlotte suddenly realized what was going on and quickly wrapped her arms around her body in a panic.

The man had already turned his back to her, but even so, his strong aura still terrified her.

At that moment, a ray of golden light shone on Charlotte's legs.

It was reflected off a business card made of pure gold, and there was a name and various titles engraved in the glossy red metal. The name engraved on the card was "Zachary"!

Wait a minute!

This was the CEO of the Hathaway Group, Zachary Connor!

Wasn't he the infamous Devil in Disguise?

There were rumors that Mr. Connor was ruthless and cold-hearted. Three years ago, he had made his brother commit suicide in order to gain control of the Hathaway Group.

Later, he had used his outstanding capability to make the Hathaway Group, which had been on the verge of bankruptcy, rise and become the most influential business empire in Rothesay within a year. In order to stay in power, he had betrayed 16 other stakeholders and sent them to jail. His biological father had been one of those 16 stakeholders.

Zachary only cared about his own principles, not about relationships. His enemies feared him, and people called him the Devil behind his back.

At the same time, he was filthy rich and extremely outstanding. He was popular among women and he was undoubtedly the most eligible bachelor in Rothesay.

"I'm 23 years old and six feet tall. I've reached the legal age for marriage. Do you want to marry me?" His deep voice sounded like a cello. It was both sophisticated and cold.

Charlotte thought she was hearing things, so she asked, "What did you just say?"

The man turned around and looked deep into her eyes. "Marry me." "Hah..." Charlotte laughed. "Mr. Connor, please don't mess with me."

Were the rumors about him true? Or was M

r. Connor actually a funny guy?

However, all Charlotte could think about was her father and Bryson. She was not in the mood to joke around.

"Am I not good enough for you?"

When Charlotte saw how serious Zachary looked, she realized that he was not joking at all.

She quickly organized her thoughts, but her heart was filled with mixed emotions. She pretended to be calm and collected as she said, "What are you talking about, Mr. Connor? Even a blind person could tell that I don't deserve someone like you."

At that moment, a faint smile appeared at the corners of Zachary's mouth.

This woman knew her place... "I don't mind being with a woman who's not as good as I am."

This...

Was Mr. Connor a narcissistic man?

"No, thanks!"

Charlotte immediately got out of bed. Zachary's aura was still strong and icy. His cold eyes were like a bottomless abyss, and it took everything in her to look him in the eye.

"Mr. Connor, I'm grateful that you saved me and think highly of me, but you're simply too outstanding. I don't think I could ever be worthy of you."

She then looked away and ran out of the room.

Charlotte was five foot five and had a well proportioned figure. Although she had just given birth, her figure was still beautiful. Her face was pale but still gorgeous, and her skin was fair and tender. This was why she was known as the most wanted socialite in Rothesay.

In the past, many men from the upper classes had wanted Charlotte to be their future daughter-in-law. Many wealthy men had wanted to be with her, but she had been crazy in love with Bryson. Thus, she had rejected all the other men.

Things were different now.

Every single person in Rothesay knew that she had married Bryson ten months ago. Even though Bryson had cut her off, people would still think of her as a married woman. Besides, she had just given birth to a child...

Bryson!

As Charlotte thought about Bryson, she felt a sharp pain in her heart.

While she was lost in her thoughts, her right foot tripped. She almost fell, but she managed to hold onto a door just in time.

"This is the only chance I'll be giving you. If you regret your decision, call me." The man held out a golden business card with two fingers and handed it to Charlotte.

Charlotte did not take it from him. She did not even look at the business card. Her eyebrows rose as she replied, "I'm not going to consider it, but thank you."

Charlotte then turned her back to Zachary, so she did not see how scary his expression was.

She took a deep breath before stepping out of the room.

She would not regret it.

The only person she had ever loved was Bryson. Before she could truly get over Bryson, she would not look at another man. "Charlotte, remember this. Next time,

even if you get on your knees to beg me, I won't even bat an eye." His voice was cold as death. It was calm

yet also distant.

Charlotte did not look back at him as she said proudly, "Goodbye!"

As her footsteps faded away, Zachary stood at the door of the bedroom.

Charlotte's figure had disappeared around the corner of the spiral staircase, but her scent was still lingering in the air.

It was a natural scent not many women had. It was as light as chamomile but as captivating as a poppy.

Zachary had only smelled this scent once ten months ago. It was the only time he had ever lost control over a woman. That night, he had not even seen the woman's face... That was the greatest shame of his life.

Every time he got close to Charlotte, he would smell that distinctive feminine scent again, and it would feel as if he had gone back to that very night...

Zachary was confused!

Sigh...

Charlotte Simmons!

"Master, why did Charlotte Simmons leave? What happened between the two of you while I was away? Didn't you pick her up because you wanted her to be your wife? Are you going to just let her go..."

Lucas immediately shut his mouth when he noticed that Zachary had a straight face. He stroked his golden curly hair, which was shaped like a bird's nest.

"Burn everything in this bedroom and replace it with new stuff," Zachary said coldly as he glanced at the traces that Charlotte had left in the room.

"I want the floor she walked on and every inch of the stairs that she touched destroyed and redone."

Lucas instantly realized that the Second

Master and Charlotte had had a fight!

Over the years, countless female

celebrities and socialites had thrown themselves at him, but Charlotte was the first woman to reject Mr. Connor.

Mr. Connor was a determined man who never looked back. No matter what happened, he would only give people one chance. Even though his initial intention had been to marry Charlotte Simmons, he would still let her go since Charlotte had rejected him.

Charlotte had missed her opportunity, and he would not care at all even if she changed her mind and cried over it.

However, this might not be a bad thing after all.

After all, Charlotte was an unusual person. If Zachary Connor actually married her, the house would probably feel like a warzone every day....

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 5 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 5 Victor Rutherford's Desire

PREVIOUS

Chapter 5 Victor Rutherford's Desire

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

The mansion was as majestic as a palace. The hall on the first floor had a surface of over 1,000 meters. Charlotte forced herself to walk out of the door. At that moment, she could not go on any longer. Her legs gave out, and she fell on the jade stone steps in front of the door.

Charlotte's wedding night had become her worst nightmare. Since then, she would have dreams about that night all the time and would always wake up screaming.

Charlotte could not explain why, but every time she saw Zachary, she would feel like she had traveled back in time to that night, when that cold, devil-like man had attacked her... 1

A man like Zachary was simply too terrifying for her. She prayed that she would never see him again. Charlotte supported herself and got up from the jade stone steps.

When she looked around, she realized that the courtyard was covered in a thick layer of snow, and all she could see was snow everywhere. Meanwhile, snow was still falling.

Charlotte had run away from Zachary in a panic, so she had not even bothered to put on her shoes. However, she really did not want to go back to face him. She silently made up her mind and walked into the snow barefoot.

"Hey, hey, hey. Why are you trying to act tough? I'll bet 1,000 dollars that your feet will freeze and you'll lose them from frostbite before you even walk out of this courtyard."

A guy spoke as he stood in Charlotte's way. He was only 20 years old and he had gold curly hair. At first glance, it looked as if he was wearing a golden bird nest on his head. He was also wearing two gold earrings about 10 centimeters big. His appearance made a strong impression on others.

Charlotte glanced at the guy and immediately looked away before saying, "Sorry, I don't gamble."

She then walked past the guy without hesitation.

The weak woman only had a thin man's shirt on as she braved her way through the wind and snow. The trail of footprints she left in the snow was getting farther and farther away from him. Lucas looked at her silhouette and, for a moment, he entered a daze. He suddenly ran toward the garage.

Before Charlotte could go anywhere, a silver supercar stopped right in front of her and a golden bird nest peeked out of the car window. "Hey, get in the car. I'll take you home." Charlotte got in the car..

On the way, the guy could not stop chattering. Charlotte had a lot on her mind, so all she knew was that the guy's name was Lucas, he was Zachary's right hand man, and Mr. Connor would be an angel without wings if it wasn't for him....

Charlotte could not help but think of Zachary.

Could that cold, arrogant guy tolerate Lucas' nuisance?

Charlotte heard noise and commotion coming from her father's ICU ward from a distance and a bad feeling filled her heart.

When she pushed the door open, the ward was a complete mess.

Fragments of fragile objects, such as vases and glasses, were scattered all over the floor. Two frightened nurses huddled in the corner while Alfred was beaten to the ground. Blood was flowing out of his mouth and nose, and five men in black were still tearing the place down.

Charlotte was enraged.

"Stop it!"

The men ignored her until a middle-aged man who was standing in front of the window waved his hand and motioned for them to stop.

Charlotte knew the old man. It was Victor Rutherford, the man who had plotted with Bryson to take over her father's company and send him to jail.

"Getting angry will only make your post pregnancy body even weaker, Charlotte. For the sake of your beautiful body, you need to calm down." Victor laughed out loud, his face making him look like a creep.

Charlotte sneered, "You're such a hypocrite. My dad trusted you. Why didn't he see what a hypocrite you are?"

"He he... You truly deserve the title of the most wanted socialite. You're so sexy even when you're angry.

Victor Rutherford was almost 40 years old. He was all dressed up, but he was a sanctimonious person. His eyes narrowed as he looked at Charlotte's body.

Although Charlotte was a little swollen after giving birth, her shapely figure still looked better than most women's. It was easy to see that her figure would look as perfect as it was before after a period of recovery. Her soft, delicate skin looked gorgeous, and her legs were fair and long.

Victor had always wanted her, but he had never revealed his intentions before this because he had been Walter Simmons' subordinate and Charlotte had been in a relationship with Bryson. Now that Bryson and Charlotte were no longer together and he did not need to care about Walter anymore, he was not afraid

to show his desire.

"Charlotte, I'll be frank. I've liked you for many years and, honestly, I don't really have to send your father to jail. If you're willing to marry me and be my wife, your father will be my father-in-law and I will keep him safe."

Charlotte suddenly felt a chill down her spine.

Victor was short and fat, and he looked like a creep. He had turned 39 this year and he had gotten divorced five times. His eldest daughter was only one year younger than Charlotte.

In the past, Victor had always been respectful and polite in front of Walter Simmons. Charlotte had always thought of Victor as a sleazy middle-aged man, but she had never known that Victor felt that way about her. "Your father has spoiled you since you were a child. All of us could tell how much he spoiled you. He has sacrificed so much for you. Now that he's in trouble, you should return the favor." When Victor saw that Charlotte had not replied and was as still as a puppet, he put his right hand on her shoulder and did not even try to hide the desire in his eyes.

"Charlotte, I really like you. You don't have to marry me. You can also be my lover. If you're willing to set your pride aside to please me, do you think I'd do anything to your father?"

"How dare you!" The corner of Charlotte's mouth trembled, and she gave Victor a tight slap.

"Get out of my sight!"

Victor had not expected Charlotte to still be so proud despite her circumstances. For a moment, he was in a daze, but his face immediately formed a hideous smile.

"Tsk tsk tsk... Charlotte, what a shame. You're no longer the woman you used to be. You're just a woman who got dumped by Bryson. You should feel lucky that I don't look down on you. Why are you so arrogant?"

Charlotte was speechless.

When he called her "a woman who got dumped by Bryson", it felt like her heart was pierced by a dagger.

"I tried to be nice, but you didn't seem to

appreciate it, so don't blame me for being

rude now!"

Victor had an evil smile on his face as he pounced on Charlotte.

Although Charlotte was taller than Victor, she was still very weak. Victor pinned her down on her father's bed and, in an instant, the shirt on her body was torn open. The buttons broke off and fell all over the floor.

"Get away from me!"

"You disgusting b*stard! Don't touch me!"

"Get off me!"

"Get off..."

Charlotte struggled as hard as she could but to no avail. Victor was determined to push her down. He wanted to take pictures of her and post them on the Internet to humiliate her. He wanted to put her in her place!

Charlotte Simmons!

He had been thinking about this woman for three years!

From this day on, he wanted Charlotte to surrender to him completely!

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 6 [Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 6 His First Love](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 6 His First Love](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Victor's disgustingly hideous face was right in front of Charlotte. He smelled terrible and he was breathing heavily on her face. Charlotte closed her eyes in despair.

"What?!"

"Wait... Isn't this..."

Victor let out a frantic cry and suddenly let go of Charlotte as though he had just gotten shocked by electricity. He stared at the badge on the collar of the man's shirt that Charlotte was wearing.

The badge, which was made of pure gold, was the size of a coin and had two axes and a skull engraved on it. This emblem belonged to Mr. Connor, and Mr. Connor was definitely not someone he could mess with. While Victor was lost deep in thought,

Charlotte used all the strength left in her to push him away! Victor gritted his teeth but did not pounce on her again.

"Hmph! You got lucky this time, but I'm not going to be nice next time. When you have no other choice but to beg me for help, I'm going to make you regret rejecting me today!"

Charlotte sat on the edge of the bed in a daze. Her face was pale, and she looked helpless.

Everything Victor had said to her echoed in her ears like a curse.

In the past, Victor Rutherford had been as docile as a dog in front of her and her father, but the Simmons Family was now forced to be pushed around by him.

Charlotte smiled helplessly. "The doctor said that Mr. Simmons is recovering quickly and he'll most likely

wake up in a day or two." Alfred was worried that Victor would come back to cause trouble because Charlotte was alone in Walter's ward. He hurried back to the ward after quickly getting his wounds treated in the emergency room.

Charlotte had mixed emotions, as when her father woke up, he would be taken to court by Victor Rutherford.

"Miss Charlotte, I know there are some things that I shouldn't say because I'm just a butler, but I still want to let you know that Victor is a man without honor. Even if you gave in to him, he might not actually let Mr. Simmons go. You must consider this carefully."

Charlotte looked at her father, who was still connected to a ventilator. "Don't worry, Alfred. I'm not that naïve. I can clearly tell what kind of man Victor Rutherford is."

But she could not tell what was going on with Bryson!

Bryson Harper!

How could he be so cruel to her?

As Charlotte tried to connect back to reality, she turned to look at Alfred. "Bryson wouldn't turn his back to me and my dad for no reason. Tell me, what are you hiding from me?"

In the past, Walter and Alfred had hidden the truth from Charlotte for the sake of her relationship with Bryson. However, Alfred now understood that there was no point in hiding the truth anymore.

"Bryson and Tiffany grew up together. They were in the same school from kindergarten up until high school and university. When they were still in high school, they dated for two years, but for some reason, they broke up. "When you met Bryson, Mr. Simmons saw how much you cared about him, so he asked me to investigate Bryson's relationship history. That was when we found out about Bryson's relationship with Tiffany Miller."

So Tiffany Miller was Bryson's first love?

Charlotte and Bryson had been together for more than four years, but she had never heard Bryson talk about Tiffany.

"Four years ago, the day when you and Bryson got engaged, Tiffany moved to Australia with her family. Coincidentally, the day before your wedding to Bryson, Tiffany returned to Rothesay. Bryson bought a mansion for Tiffany in the suburbs. Mr. Simmons was afraid that Tiffany's presence might affect the relationship between you and Bryson, so he asked me to do something bad to her."

Charlotte's heart sank, and she grabbed Alfred's sleeves in a panic.

"What did my dad ask you to do?"

Although the death of Bryson's parents was related to Mr. Simmons, it had still been mainly caused by Bryson's parents themselves. He no longer resented Mr. Simmons for that. Therefore, this bad thing that her father had done to Tiffany must have been the reason Bryson had turned against her father!

"Mr. Simmons told me to send Tiffany away without letting anyone know. However, she managed to escape on the way. Then, I heard that she was living in the villa Bryson had bought her. Bryson must have heard from Tiffany about Mr. Simmon's plan to send her away. This must be why Bryson resents Mr. Simmons.

Alfred spoke regretfully. He blamed himself for not doing a good job. If he had actually sent Tiffany away, maybe all those accidents would not have happened.

"Miss Charlotte, where are you going?"

"Oh, dear! Your body is still very weak. If you don't stay in the hospital to get some rest, it's going to affect your health in the future... Miss..."

"Miss Charlotte!"

Charlotte dragged her heavy body out of the ward. Her father would definitely ask her about

the child after he woke up. When he found out that her child had "died prematurely" after being born and Victor Rutherford had decided to take him to court, he might pass out again under all that stress.

Now that she had found out the reason behind everything, she wanted to deal with the matter before her father woke up.

What Victor had said about her father was right. He had indeed sacrificed everything he had for her and the family. Now that her father had collapsed, it was time for her to step up and support her family.

"The Pearl" was the most luxurious clubhouse in Rothesay. It was also a place people often frequented to find potential partners.

All the luxury cars parked at the entrance were worth billions. One of the supercars was made of pure gold and looked absolutely dazzling.

When the usher saw someone stumbling to the door, he thought he was seeing things. When the woman came closer, he was certain she was an actual human being.

"Miss, please wait a minute. Do you have an invitation?"

All the women who were eligible to visit "The Pearl" came in luxury cars and dressed in luxury brands from head to toe. This woman was haggard and was even wearing a hospital gown and slippers. Had she escaped from a psychiatric hospital?

"I'm here to see someone, so I don't need an invitation. Just let me in." Charlotte looked up with a pale face and watched the people in the hall through a translucent golden door. It was Wednesday, and Bryson would go there every Wednesday afternoon. She was certain that he had come today as well.

"I'm really sorry, but only people with an invitation can enter. Please leave," the usher said patiently, maintaining his professionalism even though he had to deal with such an ignorant woman.

All of a sudden, the woman walked past him and tried to make her way in.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 7 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 7 Worn Pair Of Shoes

PREVIOUS

Chapter 7 Worn Pair Of Shoes

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

"Why aren't you following the rules? I'll call security if you don't leave!" The usher and Charlotte had come to a standstill.

At that moment, a light voice was heard from somewhere. "Is the usher so blatantly ignorant that he didn't even recognize the most wanted socialite in Rothesay?"

The usher, who had grabbed Charlotte's right arm, let go. Even before he heard that, he had actually been able to tell that although Charlotte was wearing shabby clothes, her face was delicate and beautiful. The aura she emitted was gentle and elegant.

Was she really the most wanted socialite in Rothesay? Was she Miss Simmons?

Was she the poor woman who had been dumped by Mr. Harper right after delivering a baby?

"Put Charlotte's name on my invitation and let her in."

It was Sarah Collins, the eldest daughter of the Collins Family, who was also a top model living in Rothesay.

Sarah was outstanding, but Charlotte was better than her. People often compared Sarah to Charlotte.

Some people even said that if it were not for Charlotte, Sarah would be the most popular woman in Rothesay.

Hmph!

Now that the Simmons Family had fallen and Charlotte had been dumped by Bryson, could she still be the most wanted socialite? Today, Sarah wanted to show everyone that she was the one who deserved the title of the most wanted socialite in Rothesay! Charlotte took a quick glance at Sarah before walking straight into the lobby.

"The whole town of Rothesay has heard that Bryson kicked you out of the house after you gave birth to a child. I wonder... If your child hadn't died, would you have used that child to tie Bryson down for the rest of your life?"

Sarah's sarcasm made Charlotte stop in her tracks. The corners of her mouth lifted as she said without looking back, "This has nothing to do with you."

Hah...

There was a flash of disdain on Sarah's beautiful face.

Before they realized it, Bryson was already in the lobby. However, he had not come alone. There was a frail, gentle woman by his side. People had heard that Bryson had dumped Charlotte for that woman. Sarah "kindly" helped Charlotte in just to see how much Charlotte would be humiliated.

The lobby was as magnificent and luxurious as a palace. Everyone was

dressed glamorously, so Charlotte, who was wearing a hospital gown, caught everyone's attention when she appeared there.

"Ha! Is this who I think it is? Isn't this the well-known most wanted socialite in Rothesay? Why is she here instead of being confined in the hospital?"

"Isn't it obvious? She just got dumped by Bryson, so she naturally came out here to find another potential man!

"Just look at her. She's in really good shape even though she just gave birth. Anyone would want a woman with a body like that, right?"

In other words, they were implying that Charlotte was just a pretty face with a nice body.

"Pfft! I don't agree. She used to come from a wealthy family, but now that the Simmons Family has fallen, does she think she can still act like a princess? Besides, she got married and gave birth to a child.

She's basically a worn pair of shoes. How much do you think she's worth?"

"Hey, did you hear? Her child died right after she was born. That's so unlucky. No wonder Bryson didn't want her anymore. She's bad luck..."

Those women had always been envious of her, but Charlotte had always been a righteous person, so they had never caught her doing anything wrong.

Now that they finally had the opportunity, they gathered to badmouth Charlotte.

Charlotte turned a deaf ear to their sarcastic remarks. Her gaze had never left Bryson, who was standing by a fountain.

Bryson looked stunning and handsome beside the fountain. He seemed as charming and polished as a beautiful landscape no matter where he was. Tiffany, who was with Bryson, appeared even more graceful. She was like a fairy.

Bryson's announcement about cutting Charlotte out of his life had aroused heated discussions among the upper classes. Therefore, at that moment, almost everyone was watching Charlotte as she walked toward Bryson.

"Tiff doesn't want me to see you again. Haven't I made that clear?"

A wrinkle formed between Bryson's

beautiful eyes as he furrowed his eyebrows.

"I know what my dad did to Tiffany. My dad was indeed at fault, but he didn't deserve to be treated like that. The way sarcastic remarks. Her gaze had never left Bryson, who was standing by a fountain.

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"I know what my dad did to Tiffany. My dad was indeed at fault, but he didn't deserve to be treated like that. The way you punished him was too severe."

As she stared into Bryson's eyes, Charlotte completely ignored the onlookers' gazes. Bryson was the only person in her eyes.

"Do you really think so?"

Bryson sneered coldly, the corner of his mouth rising.

"Is your whole family that arrogant and ignorant? Do you think that it doesn't matter what you do to others and you never need to get punished? Do you treat others like an emperor treats his followers?"

Bryson's gaze was so serious that Charlotte stepped back in shock. She struggled to open her mouth. "Even if my dad deserves it, you and Victor have already taken the company from him. That should be enough to pay off the debt he owes Tiffany, right? Why must you send him to jail?" Bryson's eyes were cold and indifferent, "The person who wants to send Walter Simmons to jail is Victor. It has nothing to do with me."

It really had nothing to do with him!

However, even though Victor was the person who wanted to send her father to jail, he could easily say something to Victor and make him let her father go. However, he couldn't care less and he refused to help her with anything...

Charlotte did not understand. Although her father had initially wanted to separate Tiffany and Bryson, his plan had failed and had not caused substantial harm to Tiffany. Bryson, who had been wronged by her father, insisted on pushing him to his limits.

Was Tiffany so important to him?

"Bryson, my dad is just..." "Bryce, you guys can keep talking. I'll go back." A faint voice suddenly interrupted Charlotte, and Tiffany turned around as soon as she said that.

Bryson quickly grabbed her, and the coldness that had been on his face while he'd been facing Charlotte instantly disappeared. His expression turned gentle. "Are you okay?"

"Don't worry about it. You can stay with her." Tiffany pushed Bryson away angrily. She bit her lips, which looked like flower petals, with her porcelain-white teeth. Her almond-shaped eyes drooped, and tears

welled up in her eyes.

Bryson's heart almost melted as he said, " Tiff, let's go."

He ignored Charlotte and walked toward the elevator with Tiffany.

As Charlotte stared at Bryson's figure, she could feel a void in her heart. The corners of her mouth trembled before she could make a sound.

"Bryson! Even if you hate my dad for sending her away, can't you give us another chance after everything I sacrificed for you?!"

As a golden ray and shadow fell on his face, Bryson turned his head and said coldly, "I'll repeat this one last time. I have nothing to do with you anymore. 11

Charlotte stood still, left dumbfounded as people stared. Tears streamed down her face, and the corners of her mouth curled u pironically...

The Bryson she loved was dead!

This Bryson was no longer the same Bryson who had cared for her and had been willing to do anything for her!

Bryson held Tiffany carefully.

Tiffany was his first love, but five years ago, they had broken up for some reason. Tiff had gone abroad, and Bryson had met Charlotte.

Initially, when Charlotte had promised to carry a baby for him, he had felt guilty and had actually wanted to make it up to her.

However, the day when Charlotte had

found out that she was pregnant,

something had happened to Tiffany.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 8 [Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 8 No Other Way](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 8 No Other Way](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

Tiff had been degraded and thrown into the sea. When he had found her, she had been covered in blood. It was horrible.

After that, Tiffany had told Bryson that Charlotte's father had sent Alfred to do those things to her for the sake of his daughter. Charlotte had known about it too...

Compared to all the harm that the Simmons Family had caused Tiff,

Charlotte giving Tiff a child did not mean anything! He did not feel thankful for her.

From now on, he would only focus on being nice to Tiff. That woman named Charlotte had nothing to do with him anymore.

The moment Bryson and Tiffany entered the elevator, a cool-looking man walked down the stairs leading to the first-floor lobby, surrounded by bodyguards.

The man's footsteps were light, but his strong aura instantly attracted attention.

"Sarah, your crush is here." Sarah's best friend, Tyra Johnson, poked Sarah's waist with her finger.

Sarah, who had been paying attention to Charlotte to see her embarrass herself, immediately shifted her focus to the man.

Zachary Connor!

The ultimate bachelor that thousands of women in Rothesay dreamed of. He was also the man that Sarah Collins had been dying to be with!

Sarah had created many opportunities to bump into Zachary, but he was different from the rich kids who could not take their eyes off her enchanting body when they saw her. Zachary was always cold and would never spare a look for her. Sarah could not help but question Zachary's sexual orientation.

The reason Sarah was there was because she knew Zachary would be here.

Sarah did not believe that there was a man in this world who would not give in to a woman's sexual advances. This time, she wanted to take the initiative to make a move.

Sarah picked up a glass of martini and walked toward Zachary, swaying her hips and slender waist. "Mr. Connor, how have you... 11

Before she could finish her sentence, the man's cold gaze terrified her so much that it left her tongue-tied.

"Don't make me sick." Zachary's voice was cold, and his eyes did not even linger on Sarah for a moment. He moved away condescendingly as he looked at her with a disgusted expression as though he was looking at garbage. Sarah was dumbfounded as she watched Zachary walk past her indifferently. The expression on her beautiful face changed immediately.

She was the top supermodel in Rothesay, so any man would drool over her. Even the men who pretended to be holier-than-thou and would act like they did not care would still stare at her when she was not watching.

Zachary was the only man who was so cold to her.

Hmph!

Charlotte stared in the direction Bryson and Tiffany had just left. Even Sarah's plan to seduce Zachary did not attract her attention.

"Miss Simmons, can we talk?"

Charlotte heard a deep voice.

She followed the voice and saw a gentle young man. He was wearing expensive gold-framed glasses and a clean white suit. Charlotte knew him...

He was Jackson Jones, a well-known lawyer in Rothesay. He had never lost a lawsuit.

Charlotte wiped her tears and gave him a smile as she said, "Mr. Jones. Yes, please."

"After your father entered a coma, Alfred visited me. I learned about your father's situation in detail..."
The gentle, elegant man gently touched his nose with his fingers.

"Although the fact that your father embezzled public funds to save the company was a respectable move in the beginning, it is undeniable that he violated the law. Therefore, the only way to save your father is to make Victor Rutherford withdraw the lawsuit. There is no other way." Of course!

Charlotte knew that!

It was precisely because she knew and did not want to submit to that old demon, Victor, that she had set her dignity aside to ask Bryson for help.

However, Bryson was really unsympathetic, so she had no other option but to ask Victor Rutherford to stop.

Victor had said that when she finally approached him and begged him, he would humiliate her and sell her to a bar as an escort. He wanted her to hit rock bottom...

Did she really have to stoop so low to save her father?

As a pioneer of the legal world, Jackson was good at observing. He could easily tell what Charlotte was thinking about by looking at her eyes. "That is not the only way, though. Actually, there's only one person that can help you..."

While speaking, he raised his finger and pointed to the right.

Charlotte's gaze followed the direction he was pointing at. She then realized that the person Jackson was talking about was actually Zachary Connor.

She did not know when Zachary had gotten there. The lean man walked on the golden jade floor expressionlessly, surrounded by bodyguards. He was like a walking iceberg that did not want anyone near him. However, his outstanding good looks attracted everyone's attention.

Zachary Connor?!

Why was he there?

A few hours ago, she'd had a fallout with Zachary. She remembered very clearly that she had said some mean things, and Zachary's expression had become very gloomy.

How could she shamelessly ask him for help now?

Even if she could bring herself to beg him, how could someone like Zachary agree to help her after being rejected by her?

Charlotte wanted to cry but had no tears

left.

"Either ask Zachary Connor for help, or set your dignity aside and ask Victor to drop the lawsuit. The choice is yours to make. That's all I can do to help you."

Jackson gave Charlotte a pat on the shoulder, turned around, and left.

Charlotte stared at Zachary's cold figure in a daze and finally made up her mind. She ran over to him. "Zachary, wait a minute!"

At that moment, the whole lobby became as quiet as a cemetery. Even the pianist stopped playing.

In an instant, everyone's eyes were on Charlotte.

In Rothesay, except for Zachary Connor's mother and sister, everybody would use honorific titles like "President Connor" or "Mr. Connor" when addressing Zachary Connor. Who would dare call him by his first name?

Did that woman have a death wish?

Or had she gone crazy after what had

happened between her and Bryson?

Zachary stopped but did not turn around. If one looked close enough, they would notice that there was fleeting mockery in his dark jewel-like eyes.

Charlotte's fast footsteps could be heard in the lobby as she ran over to Zachary, ignoring everyone's gazes.

As her eyes met Zachary's cold eyes, her heart seemed to stop beating. However, she raised her head bravely and looked straight at him. "I promise I'll marry you."

"Gosh, what is she talking about? I must be hearing things, right?"

"You didn't hear wrong, I heard it clearly too. She said she's going to marry Mr. Connor!"

"Has Charlotte gone crazy? Mr. Connor is a really cold guy. Even Sarah Collins, the top model, could not get anything from him, let alone that woman who just got dumped. Anna, you're friends with Charlotte. You should stop her."

"Pfft! What do you mean? Friends with her? She has a death wish, so I have no obligation to help her. Don't you see that everyone is eagerly waiting for her to make a fool of herself? If I tried to stop her, I'd offend everybody else..."

People were whispering. Zachary did not care about the onlookers a

s words came out of his light brown lips. "I told you I'd only give you one chance." His faint gaze glanced at Charlotte's face

and, without hesitation, he got ready to

leave.

"Zachary!"

When she saw that Zachary had walked past her expressionlessly, Charlotte decided to go all out. She dropped down on her knees right next to Zachary.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 9 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 9 Let's Make A Bet](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 9 Let's Make A Bet](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

"What!"

There was a commotion among the onlookers.

No one had expected that Charlotte would go this far, not even Zachary Connor.

Charlotte raised her tear-stained face with tears in her eyes, and the corners of her mouth curled up into a smile. "Last time, you said that you wanted me to get down on my knees and beg you next time. I was wrong and I regret it. Now, I'm begging you on my knees in front of all these people."

"Ah..."

Zachary did not even look at Charlotte again. He stared forward with a deep gaze.

"Do you have a bad memory, Miss Simmons? I said next time, even if you got down on your knees and begged me, I wouldn't care."

He walked forward, leaving Charlotte

behind.

At that moment, Charlotte was full of despair.

However, a second later, she bit her lower lip and stood up with determination. She said loudly while everyone stared, "Let's make a bet."

"Oh?" The corner of Zachary's mouth rose disdainfully, but he continued to walk forward without looking back.

Charlotte followed his footsteps and gathered all her courage before she said, "Mr. Connor, I heard that you are good at drag racing and no one could defeat you in Rothesay. I want to challenge you."

This caused a commotion among the onlookers. Everyone looked at Charlotte like she was

Even Zachary, who had always been unpredictable, stopped in shock when he

heard Charlotte's words.

Charlotte chased after Zachary. Her eyebrows were slightly raised, and her tiny face was pale yet arrogant. "Well, many people are watching now, so if you're afraid of losing to a weak woman and embarrassing yourself, you can certainly refuse to accept my challenge. I don't think people are going to look down on you."

The moment she said that, Charlotte saw Zachary's face become even more terrifying than the face of the devil himself.

If this had happened in the past, she would have been really scared and would probably have run away from the scene, but she had nowhere to go now, so she had

to be strong.

She held on and stared at Zachary to provoke him.

Zachary Connor's expression was dark.

The entire lobby was shocked by his cold aura, and almost everyone held their breath.

In the lobby, it was so quiet one could hear a pin drop. People were watching to see what Zachary Connor would do next.

That woman named Charlotte was simply

too brazen.

Based on Zachary's personality, would he strangle Charlotte to death?

Finally, Zachary sneered coldly and said, "So you think I might lose?"

"Since it's a bet, no one can tell who's going to win or lose before the game starts, right?" Charlotte smiled to hide the panic and fear in her heart.

The corner of Zachary's mouth rose in disdain. "What do you want to bet on?"

Charlotte was calm and collected. "If I win, I want you to take back what you before and marry me." said

The crowd was suddenly restless, as if a bomb had just been dropped.

Zachary did not care about their reactions at all. He had a playful look in his eyes as he said, "And what if you lose?"

Charlotte raised her right hand and pointed around her. "Look at these people. When my family was rich and famous, many of them were my former best friends and acquaintances. Now that I'm in trouble, none of them are willing to help me. They're all waiting for me to make a fool of myself so they can laugh at me..."

She felt miserable. She paused and then added, "I'm already miserable enough. If I lose, I'll lose my dignity and become a laughing stock. Isn't that enough?"

Zachary's cold eyes scanned the faces Charlotte was referring to, and when his gaze landed back on Charlotte's face, it became even more playful. "Charlotte, since you like embarrassing yourself, I'll grant your wish."

The corners of Charlotte's mouth twitched.

Embarrassing herself?

Maybe!

She had no chance of beating Zachary Connor in a drag race, but all she could do now was fight hard!

She would never give up on her father.

If she won, it would be great.

If she lost, not only would she lose her last bit of dignity, but she would also have to beg Victor Rutherford... "Mr. Connor, I think the bet is very unfair. If Miss Simmons loses, she will not experience any substantial loss. If you lose, however, you will have to marry her and make her your wife. Do you really want to take this bet?" a bodyguard told Zachary respectfully.

Zachary sneered arrogantly, "There's no such possibility."

When it came to drag racing, Zachary had never lost to anyone.

Besides, this was Charlotte...

Hah! Charlotte Simmons!

What had given her such courage?

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 10](#) [Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 10 The Drag Race](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 10 The Drag Race](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Charlotte walked out of "The Pearl" with Zachary.

No one would want to miss this exciting

show, so everyone followed them. "The Pearl" had originally been crowded, yet it was suddenly empty when they left.

Zachary's ultra-platinum limited-edition Bugatti Veyron was parked in his exclusive parking space. When Zachary got in the car, his handsome face peeked out of the car window and he said, "You're going to race with me. Where's your car?"

Charlotte kept calm, and the corner of her mouth rose slightly. "My car's at home. It's not here."

She had just given birth and was still very weak. In order to beg Bryson to save her father, she had insisted on taking a taxi to get here. "pfft! She doesn't even have a car, yet she asked to challenge Mr. Connor. Is she an idiot?"

"That was a dirty move. Is she playing tricks on Mr. Connor?"

"No way! No one would dare to play any tricks on Mr. Connor. She wouldn't have the courage to do that."

"Not necessarily. I think Charlotte Simmons is crazy. Didn't you hear her call Mr. Connor by his first name in the lobby? It's strange that Mr. Connor didn't do anything to her, but she took things even further. I wonder if Mr. Connor will continue to indulge her..."

People were talking about Charlotte.

Charlotte turned a deaf ear to everything they said. She did not even care about the people who wanted to see her embarrass herself. She looked at Zachary indifferently. "Don't worry, Mr. Connor. Since I made this bet with you, I won't let it fall through. Please give me a minute."

She turned around and walked straight to a motorcycle parking spot not far away.

A gold superbike was parked quietly in the parking space. As the white street light hit it, the bike was shining with a golden luster.

Although Charlotte was the most wanted socialite in Rothesay, she was not a typical goody-two-shoes kind of girl. She liked several extreme sports, including motorcycle racing.

Therefore, when Charlotte had come to "The Pearl" not long ago, she had immediately recognized this bike as the world's top superbike, also known as "Nightingale", at first glance.

Because "The Pearl" had excellent security measures, the owner had not even removed the bike key after getting off. At that moment, Charlotte got on the superbike and turned on the engine.

"Hey, that's my bike! You can't-"

The owner of the motorcycle, Levi Carter, spoke in a panic while trying to block Charlotte, but Sarah stopped him.

"Levi, isn't Charlotte your dream girl? She's just borrowing your bike. Why are you so cautious?"

Levi looked reluctant. "This is a bike I got after begging my dad for three years. I treasure it so much that I've never ridden it fast myself. How can I let her use it for a drag race..."

"Fine! If Charlotte breaks your bike, I'll

pay for the damage, okay?"

What else could Levi say?

When Sarah saw Charlotte riding the "Nightingale" toward Zachary Connor's car, her eyes flashed with success. Hmph!

Charlotte Simmons!

Did she really like making a fool of yourself?

Sarah wanted everyone to witness how ashamed and embarrassed Charlotte would be with their own eyes.

Zachary's bodyguards marked the starting line and the finishing line on the highway.

The ultra-luxury streamlined Bugatti

Veyron and the gold superbike stopped

behind the starting line.

Zachary placed his hands on the steering wheel calmly. As he looked at Charlotte, who was outside his window, he said with a playful, disdainful look, "You can't win. You can still surrender now."

Charlotte raised her eyebrows. "If you're afraid of losing, you still have a chance to stop this race." Zachary looked at Charlotte in a daze for a moment. A second later, his thin lips rose coldly as he said, "A bet is a bet. Remember, although you're just a weak

woman, I'll still go all out."

Charlotte pursed her lips and raised her haggard face. "Well, bring it on then!"

The gear was set to the maximum, and the motorcycle turned into a ray of golden light as it zoomed forward.

Bryson loved bike racing. In order to accompany Bryson, Charlotte had joined a motorcycle racing team four years ago.

In the past four years, Bryson had accompanied her every time she'd raced. As long as he'd been with her, she had never felt afraid. She would feel like the happiest person in the world no matter how fast she rode. This was the only time Charlotte had ever had a drag race without Bryson, and it was also the fastest she had ever driven!

Bryson!

She wondered why she would still think of Bryson inadvertently although she had given up on him.

Charlotte tried her best to get rid of all these distracting thoughts and focused on the road conditions instead.

Although it was not peak traffic time, there were still many vehicles on the highway. As the speed of her motorcycle reached the maximum limit, the scenery by the road was moving backward rapidly.

She overtook one car after another. At such extreme speed, if she did not pay attention, even if she had a small accident, she would fall and suffer serious injuries.

However, Charlotte did not slow down! This was her only chance.

She could only win!

The eyes of the people who were full of contempt for Charlotte were gradually filled with disbelief and even admiration..

Charlotte had originally thought that she would be able to leave Zachary far behind her after trying so

hard.

She had not imagined that Zachary's driving skills would be so superb.

During the first half of the race, Zachary was just relaxing and teasing her by driving next to her. In the second half, he began to accelerate, leading her by a distance of about half a car.

Zachary could clearly surpass her, but he did not drive too far away from her. He would always keep a distance of about half a car from her, like a cat playing with a mouse it was holding between its paws... When Charlotte noticed that she was getting closer and closer to the finish line, she became even more desperate.

She knew it.

Zachary deserved the title, and it was impossible for her to defeat him!

But did she really want to lose just like that?

Would she have to beg that hypocrite, Victor Rutherford, and become that monster's toy?

No way!

She did not want that!

She had to fight!

When Charlotte saw that Zachary's car was about to cross the finish line, she suddenly made up her mind. She turned the front of her bike and ran into Zachary's car.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: [CHAPTER 11 Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 11 Man Of His Word](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 11 Man Of His Word](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

He had never expected the woman to be so desperate. He immediately turned the steering wheel without even thinking of dodging her bike.

When that happened, the front of the car turned to the left sharply. Because the speed of the car was too fast, the tires of his Bugatti Veyron rubbed against the ground and sparks flew as his car drifted to the middle of the road.

Charlotte had crossed the finish line before him.

As they watched from a distance, the people who stood by the gate of "The Pearl " were shocked by the unexpected result.

It took at least three seconds before someone said in a trembling voice, "This... How is this possible? Charlotte Simmons... She won..." Someone said bitterly, "Pfft! Did she win? That was clearly cheating, okay? She should be ashamed and embarrassed!"

"Yes! That's right! This doesn't count!"

"Of course it doesn't count. Mr. Connor will definitely not marry her."

Meanwhile, Zachary opened his door and got out of the car at the finish line.

Charlotte, who had parked her motorcycle by the side of the road, walked over to him and chuckled.

"When I ran into you, you didn't have to dodge. I would have crashed into your car and gotten seriously injured, while you would've been safe and sound. You would also have won in the end."

Zachary had a straight face on, but it looked like he was hiding secrets in his eyes. "So?"

"So, you didn't actually lose to me. You lost to your sympathy. You saved my life but lost this bet." As she looked at this man, who had distinctive facial features, Charlotte panicked but tried to act calm. "I admit that I didn't win fair and square, but you still lost, Mr. Connor. You should keep your promise, right?"

Zachary's eyes were cold, and his thin lips were slightly open.

Before Zachary could say anything, a bodyguard who was at the finish line defended him. "Mr. Connor,

don't be fooled by her. Did she actually win? Everyone saw it. You didn't lose. If she isn't satisfied with the result, you two can just race again.'

Charlotte's heart sank, and her fingers curled up nervously.

He was right!

Even though she had won, she had won by cheating. If Zachary asked for this race to be invalidated and for them to race again, he would have a valid reason.

Charlotte knew in her heart that if she competed with Zachary on fair terms, she would have no chance of winning.

"No." A cold, charming voice came out of Zachary's lips. "I won't break my promise. 11

What?

Charlotte was dumbfounded.

The bodyguard was also stunned. He said unwillingly, "But Second Master, you lost unfairly..."

Before he could finish speaking, Zachary glared at him and he immediately shut his mouth.

Zachary's gaze landed on Charlotte's face, and the emotions in his eyes went beyond what someone like Charlotte could comprehend. "You win. Meet me at the entrance of the City Council at nine o'clock

tomorrow. Don't be late."

After he said those words, he turned around and left.

The reason he had asked her to go to the City Council was probably to get a marriage certificate...

Although Charlotte had many questions at the moment, she did not have the time to think about anything else as she saw Zachary getting into the car. Although his back was facing her, she said anxiously, "I have a condition. I..."

"I know what you want." Zachary's eyes were empty, and it seemed like there was a hazy layer on the surface of his cold eyes.

"You'll be marrying me, so your father will be my father-in-law. No matter how bold and arrogant Victor Rutherford is, he won't have the guts to mess with the Simmons Family."

So, Zachary knew everything about her family?

Did he also know that she was married to Bryson and had just given birth to a child?

"Remember, you'll have my name now."

Charlotte was still in a daze when Zachary's voice entered her ears.

After Zachary said that, he got into the car and the sound of the car engine was heard. He started the

luxurious supercar and slowly drove past Charlotte.

Charlotte looked at Zachary's cold face through the translucent window glass. Just yesterday, she and this cold and terrifying devil in disguise had been strangers. Tomorrow, they would be husband and wife!

In the rearview mirror, Charlotte's figure gradually shrank, but Zachary could still smell her scent in his nose.

That scent was exactly the same as the scent that had made him lose control ten months ago.

It was as light as chamomile, but also like an ancient snow lotus that only bloomed on top of a snow-capped mountain.

Charlotte Simmons had the same scent as the woman he had met ten months ago.

Charlotte Simmons was a weak woman, but she was also the only one who had beaten him at drag racing in the past ten years.

Could this be their destiny?

**** Scroll down to read the next chapter ****

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 12 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 12 A Phony

PREVIOUS

Chapter 12 A Phony

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Charlotte rode the gold bike back to the parking space outside "The Pearl".

Sarah walked over to her while twisting her body with a sarcastic expression on her face.

"I admire you very much. We women lose our worth after we get married or have children, no matter how beautiful we look. There are very few second marriages that end up being better than the first marriage.

"You're different. Even though you were kicked out of the house by Bryson, you still managed to find Zachary, who is even better. Sigh! I finally figured it out today. As long as a pair of shoes looks great, even if it's worn, some people will still pick it up and wear it without thinking that it's dirty.

In other words, she was calling Charlotte a pair of shoes that had been worn by Bryson...

Sarah was jealous of Charlotte for being the most wanted socialite in Rothesay. In the past, Sarah had

always ridiculed Charlotte, so Charlotte was not surprised. She pursed her lips calmly.

"Sarah, I've heard several people calling you a phony behind your back."

"You... You're spewing nonsense! I've always been pure. Who called me a phony? They have no proof. Why would they frame me? They... They are... They are the phonies instead for calling me a phony behind my back..."

As she looked around in a panic, even her voice was trembling.

Charlotte raised her eyebrows. "Don't get so agitated. Otherwise, people are going to think that it's because you have a guilty conscience." Sarah was speechless.

Charlotte patted the front of the superbike with her right hand. "Oh, yes, I need to thank you. If it weren't for your help, how would the owner of this gold superbike have let me ride his bike?"

Sarah's face turned pale. "You... How did you know?"

Charlotte raised her worn face and smiled arrogantly. "Of all the people present today, you're the person who wanted to see me fail the most. I knew that when I came to get this bike, no matter who the owner of the bike was, you would do everything possible to persuade the owner to lend me the bike. You believed that I would lose and wanted to see me humiliate myself in public."

Suddenly, Sarah felt as if she had just been slapped in the face by Charlotte. For a while, she was so furious that she did not speak.

Charlotte did not bother paying attention to Sarah anymore. She left her standing as she turned around and walked to the side of the road.

About ten seconds later, Sarah came back to

her senses and stomped her feet vigorously. She stared at Charlotte's thin figure bitterly and said, "Charlotte, don't be too smug about it. Do you know who Zachary Connor is? Why would he be interested in a used woman who has given birth to a child? If you insist on marrying him, you're simply looking for trouble. I hope you'll get dumped by Zachary Connor, just like you got dumped by Bryson."

It was as if a layer of fog had appeared over Charlotte's face. Right afterward, she switched back to her indifferent expression and turned her head proudly. "This has nothing to do with you." When she turned around, the sadness she had tried to hide earlier once again emerged in her eyes.

Charlotte was not a fool. She knew that if an outstanding person like Zachary Connor wanted to get married, he would be able to find a better woman than her.

However, this morning, after Zachary had rescued her and brought her home, he had asked her to marry him.

Why would Zachary Connor do that?

Before yesterday, Charlotte had never had anything to do with Zachary Connor, but he seemed to know everything about her.

Charlotte did not know what Zachary's purpose was or what would be waiting for her ahead, but there was no turning back.

From the moment she had decided to make this bet with Zachary, she had already decided to go all out. Even if she had to sacrifice herself, she could only

keep going forward.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 13 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 13 The Most Important Person](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

Chapter 13 The Most Important Person

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Charlotte hailed a taxi by the side of the road.

After giving birth, she had not rested well. Even though she was extremely exhausted, she'd kept on going.

The moment she got into the car, her exhaustion struck like a flood. She settled in the car seat and fell asleep immediately.

"Wake up! Wake up! We're here!"

Charlotte was woken up by the driver, who was shaking her. When she opened her tired eyes, the taxi had already entered the hospital.

After Charlotte got out of the car, Lucas, who had a headful of gold curly hair, walked toward her and said, "He he... Remember me? Do you need me to reintroduce myself?" + Charlotte cheered herself up and forced a

smile.

"My memory is not that bad. Zachary must have sent you here."

Zachary...

Because people had always used honorific terms when talking about Zachary Connor, very few people would call him by his first name. When Charlotte said that, Lucas was a little uncomfortable. He touched his oversized earrings.

"Um... Yes, yes. Tomorrow, you'll be married to the Second Master. Before you get married, please sign this prenuptial agreement."

A contract was handed to Charlotte.

There was a total of 26 terms on the contract, all of which were a code of conduct for when Charlotte married Zachary. If Charlotte violated any of these terms, Zachary would have the right to kick her out.

Charlotte went through the agreement

and signed it without hesitation.

"Our Second Master is a man with

principles. If you violate any of the terms of this agreement, the Second Master will end this marriage mercilessly. Therefore, I suggest you read the agreement carefully."

Charlotte dismissed him. "No need. Just go back and hand it to him."

Since she had decided to marry Zachary, she would do what she was supposed to do and focus on treating him well. She would not do anything that would violate the terms of their marriage.

However, when she thought of the fact that she had ulterior motives for promising to marry Zachary, she realized Zachary also had his own motives for marrying her. This marriage had nothing to do with love. It was just a trade that both of them wanted. This made her feel a little miserable.

"Well, we'll see you at the city council tomorrow morning then."

Lucas carefully put away the contract and left.

Charlotte walked into the ICU ward alone.

Alfred, who was frowning, immediately greeted her when he saw her. "Miss, I know that there are some things I should not intervene with as a butler, but I must remind you that Zachary Connor is way worse

than the devil. Based on how well I know Mr. Simmons, if he was still awake, he would rather have been taken to court than see you marry Zachary Connor because of him."

Although Rothesay was a big place, the upper class circle was small.

The bet between Charlotte and Zachary had attracted a lot of attention and had already caused a commotion in the upper class. It had not taken long before Alfred had found out about it as well.

Charlotte stared at her father's haggard face as he lay on the hospital bed. "Alfred, tell me. If I got in trouble, what would my father do to save me?"

Alfred replied, "Miss, you're the person Mr. Simmons cares about the most. He'd be willing to give everything he has for you."

"Me too..."

Charlotte pursed her lips and smiled with tears in her eyes. "Dad is the most important person in my life. Everything I do for him is worth it."

That night, six muscular strangers went to Walter Simmons' room in the ICU.

Alfred told Charlotte that they were all bodyguards sent by Zachary Connor. Alfred also said that as long

as they were there to protect the master, Victor

Rutherford would not dare cause any trouble again.

Therefore, Alfred did not have to stay in the ward personally to protect Walter anymore. Charlotte then asked Alfred to take her home.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

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NEXT: CHAPTER 14"Paradise No.3."

Charlotte and Bryson had been living in this home with her father before getting married.

As she looked at the pictures of her and Bryson on the bedroom wall, she thought o f Bryson again.

Charlotte was beautiful and outstanding. She had been the target of many great guys since her high school days, but she'd only ever had feelings for Bryson.

After meeting Bryson, she had eliminated every member of the opposite sex from her life and willingly filled her world only with Bryson.

She'd posted pictures of herself and Bryson on the wall...

There had always been a few extra pairs of shoes for Bryson in the shoe cabinet...

There had always been custom-made clothes for him in the closet...

"Miss, your parcel is here."

A parcel was placed on the sofa by her servant, Tom Benson.

Charlotte opened it and looked at the pair of silver knee pads in the package. Tears started streaming down her face.

The month before Charlotte and Bryson had gotten married, Bryson had used a cross-country bike to take her to the outskirts for rock climbing. On their way, they had gotten into an accident. Charlotte had been bleeding and the bike had broken down. Bryson had carried her and run all the way to the hospital, which had been three kilometers away.

The doctor had said that if she had not been transported there in time, not only would her life have been in danger, but she would also have been disfigured.

Later, Charlotte had learned that Bryson had suffered a leg injury in that accident and had collapsed right after taking her to the hospital.

After three major operations, although Bryson had been lucky enough to keep his legs, he'd still suffered from

complications. Whenever it was cloudy or

rainy, his legs would hurt as though they were being cut by a knife.

After Charlotte had been discharged from the hospital, she had ordered this customized pair of knee pads for Bryson from abroad.

This pair of knee pads used the most

advanced nanotechnology, and the surface was covered with indestructible Mithril. Because of the complexity of the production process, it took a year to manufacture them and they'd only been delivered to Charlotte today. Bryson had saved her life.

She had silently sworn that she would do everything in her power to protect Bryson and never let anything happen to him again!

Bryson!

How had they ended up like this?

Charlotte had nightmares the whole night, and her dreams were all about her break-u p with Bryson.

She cried all night and when she woke up i

n the morning, her whole pillow was

soaked.

After Charlotte got up, she walked out of the room with a black suitcase she had packed last night.

Alfred greeted her and said, "Miss, you just gave birth, so you need nutrition the most right now. There's still plenty of time left before the time you and Zachary Connor agreed to meet. You should have something to eat before leaving."

Charlotte shook her head. "I'm not

hungry."

She then insisted on walking to the car.

Alfred shook his head silently, as he knew how stubborn Charlotte was. He picked up the suitcase in Charlotte's hand. "Miss Charlotte, your body is still weak. Let me carry it for you."

Charlotte clutched the suitcase tightly as she said, "No need."

Alfred could only sigh silently.

He recognized this. It was Bryson's suitcase.

Last year, Bryson and Miss Charlotte had kept this suitcase at her place temporarily after returning from a trip to Europe. Charlotte had stored it carefully. Why had she brought it out now? What was in the suitcase?

Charlotte refused to let go, so Alfred helped her put the suitcase in the car. After he helped Charlotte get in the car, he looked at her haggard face and said in distress, "Miss Charlotte, I didn't close my eyes at all last night. I was thinking that if you really married Zachary Connor, that evil..."

"Alfred, don't talk about him."

She calmly interrupted Alfred, and the corners of Charlotte's mouth rose slightly.

"Take me to the Platinum Coast first?"

"What?!"

The Platinum Coast?

Wasn't that Charlotte and Bryson's wedding house?

Alfred was anxious. "Miss Charlotte, when you went to find him yesterday, he turned you away ruthlessly. Don't you want to give up yet?"

Charlotte did not reply, but the corners of her mouth twitched.

Yesterday, when Bryson had told her at The Pearl" that her life had nothing to do with him anymore, she'd no longer had feelings for him.

However, she had to see Bryson one last time!

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: [CHAPTER 15 Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 15 Once And For All](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 15 Once And For All](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Alfred had been a butler for the Simmons Family for 30 years and knew Charlotte well. Although Charlotte did not answer him directly, he knew that Charlotte had consented. He sighed. "Even if you go, Bryson will act the same way he did last time. Why bother going?"

Charlotte looked toward an unknown location in a daze as she said, "Alfred, just drive."

Alfred had no choice but to start the car.

About 20 minutes later, the car arrived outside the gate of the Platinum Coast villa.

The door was shut.

Charlotte could not help thinking about yesterday, when she'd stood alone outside the gate, waiting for Bryson after she had just given birth.

So many things had happened in the past one day, and although it had just been over 20 hours, Charlotte felt like it had been a decade.

"Miss Charlotte, are we going to keep waiting like this? Or should I just drive and hit the door? If we cause a ruckus, I don't believe that heartless man will still ignore us." Alfred gritted his teeth in anger.

This villa was Charlotte and Bryson's wedding house, but Bryson had bought it in full before the wedding to Charlotte, so the property was under his name.

Thus, the Platinum Coast villa belonged to Bryson, who had the right to stop Charlotte from entering the place.

Charlotte took out her phone and looked at the time. "He's coming."

As soon as Charlotte said that, the door opened. Bryson was wearing sportswear as he jogged out steadily. >>>

Alfred looked at Charlotte in surprise.

Charlotte waved her cell phone. "Look at the time. It's 8:01."

Bryson was a very self-disciplined person with a regular schedule. Rain or shine, he would go out and run for three kilometers at 8 o'clock every morning, then take a shower before going to work.

This was how Bryson maintained his figure. Women often said that even if Bryson did not have such a perfect face, his figure alone would be enough to drive them crazy.

In the past four years, Charlotte had paid more attention to Bryson than to herself. She knew everything about him, so she naturally knew that Bryson would leave the house at this time.

Charlotte immediately opened the door. When Bryson saw a car parked outside the gate, he was surprised. When he saw Charlotte walking out of the car, he was even more startled. A second later, his eyes were full of coldness.

"I thought I'd drawn a line between us. Didn't I express it clearly enough yesterday?"

"Don't worry, I won't bother you again. This time, I'm here to end this once and for all." The suitcase was extremely heavy. Charlotte had only managed to carry it into the car with Alfred's help. However, at the moment, she did not know how but she found the strength to lift the suitcase from the car seat all by herself.

Boom!

Charlotte threw the suitcase at Bryson's feet.

The strong force pulled the top zipper open, and Bryson saw all the things inside. He frowned as he looked at those familiar items. He could not help but recall all the good times he'd had with Charlotte.

Without expressing a trace of emotion, Charlotte put on a false front and said indifferently, "These are all your things. I kept them for you, but I will not anymore. You can take everything back."

11 11

Bryson seemed hurt, but the moment he took his eyes away from the suitcase, he went back to his cold self.

"There's nothing between us anymore. Why would I want to keep all this stuff?"

Even though she had decided to give up on Bryson, Charlotte's heart still felt like it was being stabbed by a poisonous needle at that moment. The sudden pain made her tremble violently.

"Throw them away. The trash can is over there."

After Bryson said that, he jogged past Charlotte without looking back.

As Charlotte looked at Bryson's fit figure, her lips trembled. In the end, she could not say a word. The corners of her mouth curled up arrogantly.

Look at that!

That was Bryson Harper, the man she had loved with her heart and soul for four years!

She had loved him to the bone and considered him her prince charming. However, in his heart, her love

was simply worthless trash!

"Miss Charlotte, I told you you shouldn't have come. Did you hear what he said? Luckily, he ran away fast enough. If he hadn't, I would have choked him to death already!" Alfred's beard trembled from anger. Charlotte watched as Bryson ran farther and farther away in a daze. In the end, she resolutely looked away from him. "Alfred, get the gasoline."

"Huh? Miss Charlotte, don't act rashly!"

Charlotte sneered, "Don't worry, I'll never act rashly because of Bryson again."

Alfred was relieved, so he brought the gasoline over.

Charlotte pointed to the suitcase on the ground.

Alfred understood what she meant and poured a small bucket full of gasoline into the suitcase.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 16](#) [Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 16 Turned Into Ashes](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 16 Turned Into Ashes](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Crack!

With a clear metallic sound, the lighter lit up.

Alfred was about to throw the lighter into the suitcase, but Charlotte stopped him. " Wait!"

Alfred said, "Miss Charlotte, do you still have anything to reminisce..."

Charlotte's eyes were determined and ironic as she replied, "I'll do it myself!"

She then took the lighter and threw it into the suitcase.

A suitcase full of items, including Bryson's photos, clothes, watches, shoes, and the pair of knee pads Charlotte had customized for him, were all soaked in gasoline. When they were exposed to the flame, they instantly started burning fiercely.

Everything that Bryson had ever given Charlotte was inside too.

Each of those items contained a precious memory, but after the fire, everything

turned into ashes. This also symbolized that her feelings for

Bryson had completely turned into ashes.

As Charlotte looked at the flames, she disappointed herself, as tears started flowing down her face without her realizing it.

However, it would never happen again!

This would be the last time she cried over Bryson.

In one hour, she would become another man's wife. She would seal all the memories related to Bryson in the bottom of her heart. From then on, she would never see him or think about him ever again...

Yes!

Just like what Bryson had told her!

From now on, she'd have nothing to do with Bryson anymore!

And Bryson's life would no longer have anything to do with her!

As he watched from a distance, the moment the fire was ignited, Bryson's legs felt as if they were filled with lead. He could not take another step.

While he watched his belongings burning from afar, he looked at Charlotte as well. The beautiful memories from when he had still been with Charlotte suddenly filled his mind like a flood and left him

breathless.

Indeed!

He and Charlotte had had countless good times together. He knew that Charlotte loved him to the

bone.

Even though he did not love Charlotte like he loved Tiffany, he'd actually wanted to treat Charlotte well for the rest of his life.

If Tiffany had not come back the day before his wedding to Charlotte, and if Charlotte had not done those things to Tiff, maybe he would not have separated from Charlotte.

A few minutes later, Bryson's belongings and the suitcase had turned into ashes.

Charlotte got in the car and did not look back again.

It happened to be rush hour, so the traffic jam on the road was severe. However, Charlotte managed to make it to the city hall before nine o'clock.

Meanwhile, Lucas was standing under a plane tree outside the city hall. His golden hair, which was shaped like a bird's nest, and his two oversized earrings were particularly visible, so Charlotte recognized him at first glance.

She walked straight over to Lucas and asked, "Where's Zachary?"

Lucas rubbed his golden curly hair. "I'm sorry to tell you this, but you'll never see my second master again. 11

"What?!"

Charlotte, who was shocked, panicked. "What's wrong with him?" Zachary had been fine yesterday. When she had heard what Lucas had said, but she wondered if it was because Zachary had had an accident and died all of a sudden.

Lucas replied, "The second master is fine, but he doesn't want to marry you. He's decided to draw a line with you. I'm afraid you'll never get the chance to see him again in the future." It was a sudden change, and Charlotte did not know how to react. "Why... Everyone in Rothesay knows that Zachary is a man of his word. We promised that we'd come here at nine o'clock today to get the marriage certificate. Why did he suddenly regret it?"

"You have to ask yourself, Miss. Who did you meet before this appointment?"

Bryson's name immediately appeared in Charlotte's mind.

A moment later, Charlotte's eyes were

filled with anger. "How did Zachary find

out where I went? Did he follow me?!"

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: [CHAPTER 17 Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 17 Violated The Agreement](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 17 Violated The Agreement](#)

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

"The Second Master didn't follow you. He was just worried that Victor Rutherford would cause you trouble, so he sent someone to protect you in secret. But there's no use saying this now, as the Second Master won't waste any time on you in the future."

Lucas handed over a contract, pushing it in front of Charlotte's chest while he was speaking.

"This is the prenuptial agreement that you signed yesterday afternoon. The first clause of the agreement states that you're not allowed to have anything to do with your ex. The Second Master didn't do you wrong, did he?"

Charlotte looked at the first clause of the agreement in a daze.

Yesterday afternoon, she had reviewed the agreement before signing it. According to the agreement, if she violated any of the conditions, Zachary had the right to terminate the marriage...

No matter the reason she had seen Bryson, she had violated the first clause of the agreement, and Zachary had not done her wrong!

"I've been working for the Second Master for many years, and countless beautiful women have put on a false front in order to marry the Second Master. I've never seen him give any of them a chance.

You're the only person he has given a chance, and he even gave you two chances. However, you didn't appreciate it, so you can't blame anyone now. Based on my understanding of the Second Master, he'll never give you a third chance, so you'd better look out for yourself now."

"Sigh!"

Lucas turned around regretfully. Charlotte hurriedly grabbed him. "You guys misunderstood. Zachary told me that he'd come to the city hall today, so where is he? I need to explain this to him face to face."

Lucas squeezed his oversized earrings helplessly and said, "Miss, just give up. The Second Master never looks back. It's not just you. Even though Miss Larson was so important to him, she let him down, so the Second Master would never... Cough! Cough!"

Lucas blamed himself for saying something he shouldn't have, so he slapped himself in the face.

"Anyway, just face the truth. This is the end for you and the Second Master."

Charlotte's heart was dead inside, but Zachary was the only one who could save her father, so she would never give up.

She held on to Lucas as she said, "If Zachary refuses to see me, you can call him and I'll explain this to him personally on the phone."

Unexpectedly, Charlotte Simmons, the most wanted socialite in town, was very difficult to deal with. When Lucas saw how delicate and haggard she was, he could not bear to push her away forcibly, so he could only explain patiently.

"Miss, you've probably heard how cold blooded the Second Master is, right? He's decided to draw a line between you. Even if you keep explaining, there's no point. I can't help you, so please just let me go. I'm begging you."

Not only did Charlotte not let go, but she held Lucas even tighter instead. "Then give me Zachary's cell phone number, a , and I'll call him myself."

"But..."

Lucas felt like crying. "Tell me now. What's your explanation?"

A very magnetic voice was suddenly heard.

It sounded like the wind blowing from the top of a snow-capped mountain. It was faint, clear, and breathtaking. One would remember it for a lifetime after hearing it, as the voice belonged to Zachary Connor.

Charlotte followed the voice and saw Zachary walking out of a luxurious Rolls Royce not far away.

He was wearing a black suit that looked fresh as new, and his hair was neat. He was as pure and charming as a piece of jade.

As Charlotte looked at him, she suddenly had the illusion that she was dreaming. She forgot about her current situation as she stared at him blankly.

"Weren't you pestering Lucas to call me? Now that I'm here, what do you have to say?"

Charlotte could hear his cool voice and feel his warm breath on her forehead.

She suddenly realized that Zachary was already standing in front of her. She lowered her head to avoid his gaze, and her face flushed.

"The reason I went to see Bryson was to end things with him. I'll never have any form of interaction with him in the future. 11

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 18 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 18 Under No Circumstances

PREVIOUS

Chapter 18 Under No Circumstances

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Zachary's expression was indifferent. His brows, which looked like an ink painting, rose slightly as he said, "I know."

Charlotte could hear a buzzing sound in her mind.

"Since you already know, why are you doing this to me?"

Zachary said expressionlessly, "Because of the first clause of the agreement. Read it."

Lucas had already given the contract to Charlotte, so she picked it up, found Clause One, and read it out loud. "Under no circumstances are you allowed to meet your ex. If you have to meet, you must ask Zachary Connor for permission."

"Read the first three words again. Every single word." Zachary commanded her nonchalantly,

like a king who could not be defied.

Charlotte felt almost controlled by him. " Under. No. Circumstances!"

Zachary then said, "So, why did you ask me why?"

Charlotte was speechless for a while.

Zachary Connor was right, and she could not argue with him.

At that moment, Zachary handed her a white parasol.

Charlotte grabbed the handle of the parasol involuntarily and looked at him in confusion. "What are you trying to do?"

"I'm protecting your skin." As Zachary looked down at the fair, smooth skin on her face, his mouth curved upward into an evil smile playfully.

"I heard that Victor Rutherford likes delicate, fair, tender women. Take good care of your skin. Otherwise, if you get a tan, even Victor won't want you."

What?!

Charlotte started doubting her life, and the prenuptial agreement fell on the ground as her hands trembled.

Zachary did not even take another look at her. He turned around indifferently and walked back to his car.

Why would Charlotte even bother picking up the agreement? She chased after Zachary hurriedly.

"Zachary, wait! Give me another minute..."

Boom!

Zachary slammed the dark bulletproof car door shut, and Charlotte was left standing outside the car.

The car engine started, and he sped past Charlotte's body, leaving her behind in the pungent fumes of exhaust.

As Charlotte watched the car getting further and further away, her eyes were full of tears.

It was all her fault!

She could have saved her father if she had married Zachary Connor!

She had only been one step away!

Why had she breached the agreement just to end things with Bryson?

She was the one who had killed her father!

If she hadn't insisted on staying with Bryson in spite of her father's objections, her father would not have been affected by Bryson's plot. Now, she might cause her father harm because she'd gone to see Bryson, all because she could not control herself.

If her father was put in jail because of her stupid mistake, she would regret it for the rest of her life!

"Miss Charlotte, maybe this is God's will. Look, even God doesn't want you to be with Zachary Connor. Let's go back and think of another way. 11

Alfred had already reached Charlotte's side without her realizing it.

Charlotte fought back tears and said, "It's all my fault. This has nothing to do with God."

"Miss Charlotte, you've been running around after giving birth because of Mr. Simmons. You did your best, so don't blame yourself." When Alfred saw how Charlotte looked, he felt sorry for her from the bottom of his heart.

Charlotte shook her head. "If I'd tried my best, it wouldn't have ended up like this. I was too selfish. I acted on my emotions and went to see Bryson at this critical time. I'm really useless... I've let my dad down..."

Charlotte could not hold in her tears any longer. They all started to fall.

"Sigh! Miss Charlotte, Zachary Connor has made up his mind. What else can you do?"

Charlotte wiped her tears, and there was a hint of stubbornness at the corners of her trembling mouth.

"I am the one who caused this tragedy, so I'll take responsibility for it. Alfred, Zachary has already decided to cut things off with me. He won't ask his men to keep protecting Dad, so you should hurry back to the hospital to protect him."

"Sigh! Miss Charlotte, we can't afford to aggravate people like Zachary, so you'd better not meet him or do anything reckless."

Charlotte did not reply. down..."

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"I am the one who caused this tragedy, so I'll take responsibility for it. Alfred, Zachary has already decided to cut things off with me. He won't ask his men to keep protecting Dad, so you should hurry back to the hospital to protect him."

"Sigh! Miss Charlotte, we can't afford to aggravate people like Zachary, so you'd better not meet him or do anything reckless."

Charlotte did not reply.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 19 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 19 "Sister-In-Law"

PREVIOUS

Chapter 19 "Sister-In-Law"

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Lucas was going crazy.

"Excuse me, Miss. Please just let me go. The Second Master has already made this very clear, and I don't want to upset him."

Charlotte said, "Are you afraid of him?" Lucas concurred.

Who wouldn't be afraid of him in Rothesay?

Charlotte said, "Since you're so afraid of him, aren't you afraid that I'll speak ill of you when I become his wife in the future?"

Lucas was obviously dumbfounded. He then laughed and said, "Miss, are you daydreaming? It's impossible for anything to happen between you and the Second Master." "Is it?"

Charlotte walked across from Lucas one step at a time. Although her face was full of traces of tears, her eyes were still full of pride.

"You said that Zachary has never given any woman the opportunity to approach him, but he gave me two. If he wasn't interested in me, why would he do that?"

Lucas scratched his curly golden hair. " This is all in the past, okay? The Second Master won't give you a third chance."

"How do you know?" Charlotte shook the parasol in her hand. "If Zachary really didn't have any feelings for me, why did he give me this parasol? He also said that he cares about protecting my skin, so he does care about me a lot."

What?!

The Second Master had given her a parasol and sarcastically told her to protect her skin for Victor Rutherford. He had obviously done this to mock her!

Why would she think that he cared about her?

Lucas was a little confused.

Charlotte smiled with her lips pursed when she saw that Lucas was starting to waver.

"If you were willing to help me now, I'd remember this favor. But if you don't help me and I end up being with Zachary in the future, I'll definitely badmouth you behind your back. The choice is yours to make."

Lucas stared at her blankly.

Charlotte then went on. "I will give you three seconds to think about it. I won't wait anymore."

"Three..." "Two..."

"One..."

She turned around and left.

"Don't go! Don't go!" Lucas had long legs, so he took a few big steps and stepped forward to block Charlotte's way.

"Hey, sister-in-law, don't get angry. Your business is mine too, so I'll help you. I'll definitely help!"

After three seconds of deliberation, Lucas had thought things through and realized that the probability of Charlotte Simmons becoming the Second Master's wife was indeed very high. He could not afford to offend her.

Charlotte had not expected Lucas to be so easy to deceive. She was secretly delighted, but she pretended to look serious. "Zachary just left, so where is he going next? Take me to see him." Lucas hurriedly took out a schedule to take a look. He then said, "According to yesterday's plan, the Second Master was supposed to arrive at the company headquarters for a meeting at 11:15 after getting your marriage certificate this morning."

Charlotte said, "So he's going to the company headquarters now?"

"Uh... I don't know where the Second Master is going now, but he will certainly be there by 10:15."

Charlotte pondered it for a while and said, "Take me to his company headquarters. I want to see him."

"What? You can't!" Lucas shook his head violently.

"Sister-in-law, I betrayed the Second Master by telling you his schedule. I'm already risking my life. If I blatantly take you there to see him, he's going to castrate me. I've never even had a girlfriend before, so I haven't tasted what it's like to be with a girl. I don't want to be a eunuch."

Charlotte curled her lips in embarrassment. "Forget it, I won't put you in a difficult position. I'll go by myself."

"Wait a minute!"

Lucas' expression looked obsequious.

"He he... Sister-in-law, if you really end u p marrying the Second Master in the future, don't forget your matchmaker."

Charlotte smiled lightly. "Don't worry about it."

As she got out of Lucas' sight, her smile quickly faded and turned into sorrow.

After several encounters with Zachary Connor, Charlotte had deeply understood his indifference and strength of character.

In the drag race yesterday, she had earned a second chance for herself by risking her life.

This time, could she earn a third chance?

Even though she knew that the chances were slim... Even though she knew that she might have to fight until she bled on the iceberg that was Zachary Connor, she had no choice but to give it a go!

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 20 [Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 20 Forbidden Love](#)

PREVIOUS

Chapter 20 Forbidden Love

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

The Hathaway Group was a large enterprise with 321 branches under its umbrella. It was also a legend in the business world of Rothesay.

The CEO of the Hathaway Group was Zachary Connor.

The 100-story building of the group's headquarters was located in the center of Rothesay City.

Charlotte was stopped by a security guard as soon as she reached the gate. "Please show your pass.

Charlotte raised her face. "I am Zachary's friend. If you know what's good for you, you'd better not stop me."

The security guard was so frightened by Charlotte that he trembled.

This woman had dared to call Mr. Connor by his first name, so her background could not be simple.

Although Mr. Connor had always been cold and uninterested in women, this woman was attractive and beautiful. She may be the lover Mr. Connor had been secretly seeing. Would he get in trouble if he accidentally offended her?

The security guard was hesitant to let Charlotte in.

At that moment, another security guard said, "I wondered who this was. It turns out it's Miss Charlotte Simmons."

Charlotte was a little embarrassed, "Do you know me?"

"Yes, of course I do. Miss Simmons, you are well-known in the entire Hathaway Group. Half an hour ago, Mr. Connor passed down a message that none of the branches of our group should allow you to enter." Charlotte's heart sank.

Zachary Connor's reputation of being 'resolute' was not groundless. He had decided to draw a line between them, so he'd blocked her completely without giving her any chance to meet again.

Charlotte felt lost when she realized that.

"So, don't say that you're a friend of Mr. Connor, Miss Simmons. Even if you claim to be Mr. Connor's wife or mother, you won't get through this door. Please leave!" The security guard looked at her sarcastically.

Charlotte knew that she would not be able to lie her way into the building, but she refused to leave. She would stand outside the door until Zachary Connor came out.

As time passed, the sun gradually became

stronger.

Charlotte's skin was as delicate as a flower, especially her face, which was as fair and smooth as a piece of white jade.

Charlotte's delicate, tender skin would turn red after a few minutes under the sun, but fortunately, Zachary had given her a parasol.

Charlotte had not expected that the parasol Zachary had used to mock her would really become a barrier that would protect her.

The people walking past the door cast strange glances at her.

Charlotte turned a blind eye as she stood alone in front of the full windows outside the building with the parasol.

"No! I don't want to leave Mr. Connor. Please don't push me away!"

A harsh cry attracted Charlotte's attention. As she followed the voice, she saw a woman in business attire being forcibly pulled toward the door by two bodyguards in black.

The woman had an amazing figure and a beautiful face. She was crying, so there were tears all over her face. "Don't push me away. I've always loved Mr. Connor. What's the meaning of life if I can't have

him for the rest of my life? Sob... No..."

"I don't want to leave him..."

"Sob..."

While crying, she was forced into a black car by two bodyguards.

When the car door was closed, Charlotte could no longer hear the woman's cries, but she could hear the woman knocking on the car door vigorously from the inside of the car.

Soon, the car drove away with the woman.

She listened as the two bodyguards chatted while walking back. "As Mr. Connor's personal secretary, Miss Haddox had a promising future. Who knew she would fall in love with Mr. Connor and confess her feelings for him during the meeting today? She obviously took a chance!"

"Exactly. Who doesn't know that Mr. Connor doesn't allow love or lust? Our company has had incidents of female employees being dismissed for confessing their love to our president in the past. Why didn't Miss Haddox learn anything from that?"

"Sigh! Miss Haddox is so in love with Mr. Connor that she went crazy, right? It'd be nice if she had buried her love for Mr. Connor in her heart. At least she could have stayed with Mr. Connor every day. Now, she's not only been dismissed from the company, but she also has to leave Rothesay within three days. If she ever wanted to see Mr. Connor again, she could only see him in her dreams..."

Goodness gracious! Was it wrong of that poor woman to fall in

love with Zachary Connor? She had been mercilessly dismissed by

Zachary Connor and kicked out of Rothesay just because she had confessed her love to him?!

Zachary Connor was truly cold-blooded!

When Charlotte thought that she might do something even more unusual to Zachary in a while, her heart started beating violently.

At that moment, the private elevator in the lobby that was reserved for the president opened.

When Zachary stepped out of the elevator, the employees in the hall bowed one after another. Even the security guards at the door bowed.

Charlotte took advantage of the moment when the security guards' bowed for Zachary Connor to run in quickly.

"Hey, you can't enter..."

By the time the security guards noticed her, Charlotte had already run over to Zachary Connor.

Everyone was stunned.

Even Zachary Connor's handsome face showed a hint of shock. He was a man who had been through many challenges in his life, though, so a second later, his expression turned cold and he said, "Why are you endlessly pestering me?"

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 21 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 21 The First Person](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 21 The First Person](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Charlotte was already out of breath. She calmed down her breathing as much as she could and said bluntly, "This may be meaningless to you, but it's the only way out for me. My father will be taken to court by Victor Rutherford. I have no other choice but to marry you."

Ah...

The man had prominent facial features, and there was a twinkle of scorn in his clear eyes. "Victor Rutherford is just sending your father to jail. If you upset me, I'll wipe out the entire Simmons Family.

Charlotte shivered in fear.

Every time she stood in front of Zachary Connor, she felt like she was just a lone boat wandering in the vast ocean. His cold, dominant aura seemed able to shred her to pieces at any time.

However, she could not retreat.

Reality would not allow her to do so.

She mustered all the courage she'd accumulated for the past 20 years and looked at Zachary firmly. "I know my limitations. I can't afford to upset you, so I won't upset you ever again. Let's get married. When we get married, I'll be a good wife and I'll never break our agreement again, okay?"

The employees around them were not surprised.

Countless women wanted to marry Zachary Connor. Charlotte Simmons was just another woman trying to be with a man who was way out of her league!

However, any woman who was crazy enough to confess her feelings to Zachary Connor did not meet a good end. This time, how would Mr. Connor deal with Charlotte Simmons?

Almost everyone was holding their breath

as they looked at Zachary Connor eagerly. Zachary Connor kept a straight face, and the corners of his mouth curved coldly.

"Get lost! I'll only say this once. If I ever see you again in the future, I'll make you regret it."

After he said that, he walked past Charlotte indifferently.

"Ah..."

When Charlotte looked at Zachary's cold figure, she actually laughed.

"Whatever you said about putting principles first was nothing but a show. You, Zachary Connor, are clearly a petty person and a sore loser for not owning up after losing a bet. That's why you deliberately held on to my tiny mistake and used it as an opportunity to not pay the price you're supposed to."

"Gosh! She... What did she just say?!"

"She called the president petty and said that he's trying to avoid paying the price after losing a bet..."

"Is that woman crazy?!"

Exclamations were heard everywhere around them.

Charlotte Simmons was the first person who had dared tell off Mr. Connor blatantly!

Zachary Connor had not expected Charlotte to be so presumptuous. He stopped in his tracks, and his handsome face darkened.

"Charlotte Simmons, watch your words!"

His voice was cold and terrifying.

Sure enough, all crows under the sun were black. All women liked making something out of nothing.

Charlotte had obviously breached the agreement first, so he had been acting on principle. What had he done wrong?

Charlotte did not step back. She laughed even more ironically instead. "What I said is true. Mr. Connor, are you reacting so strongly because you're actually guilty?"

As soon as Charlotte said that, she saw Zachary clench his fists.

At the same time, she felt an icy aura emanating from him.

At that moment, the temperature in the entire lobby seemed to sink to a freezing point. Everyone was silent, and no one dared to even breathe.

Charlotte did not doubt that Zachary would turn back and strangle her to death.

However, it did not happen.

Zachary tried his best to restrain himself. He did not look back at Charlotte, but his striking eyebrows rose in disdain as though he was a painting.

"Goodbye!"

Goodbye...

It was the word Charlotte had used to reject Zachary when he'd proposed to her for the first time!

Charlotte knew that the reason Zachary had used that word to reply was to tell her that she would never be allowed in his world again.

Charlotte stared at Zachary's charming figure as it moved further and further away, her eyes gradually filling with desperation.

A second later, she made up her mind and hurriedly caught up to him. She grabbed him and gave him a kiss on the lips!

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 22 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 22 Nothing To Lose](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 22 Nothing To Lose](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Zachary Connor's body went stiff. For a moment, he stood still in a daze.

Charlotte went all out. She dived into Zachary's arms and wrapped her arms around his neck before kissing him harder and deeper.

Everyone was stunned. Watching this was even more terrifying than watching a horror movie.

It took at least three seconds before Zachary snapped out of his daze.

He pushed Charlotte away violently and strangled her neck with his right hand.

"Woman, do you have a death wish?!"

The powerful strength of the man made Charlotte feel like her neck was about to snap. She could not breathe or make a sound. What scared her even more was Zachary's devilish eyes. He gritted his white teeth so hard that they clicked. Even the breath he exhaled from his mouth and nose was cold.

Charlotte knew that she had angered the

beast in Zachary Connor.

She had no doubt that Zachary would strangle her to death.

Everyone was frightened by Zachary Connor's rage, and no one dared move forward to stop them.

Time seemed to stand still.

Charlotte felt as if her soul was slowly exiting her body, and her consciousness became increasingly hazier.

Just as she thought she was going to die, Zachary let go of her.

Charlotte lost her support and collapsed on the ground with a thud. She inhaled mouthfuls of air greedily. When she finally recovered from her daze, she saw Zachary walking toward the bathroom quickly.

The entire lobby was horrified. People looked at Charlotte as though she was a prisoner who was about to get sentenced to death.

Well, Mr. Connor had certainly met women who were crazy in love, but no one had ever seen someone as crazy as Charlotte Simmons.

The silence in the lobby was suffocating.

When Zachary Connor walked into the bathroom, some kind people finally dared to step forward and help Charlotte. "Girl, do you know how much trouble you just caused? Haven't you heard the rumors about Mr. Connor? How dare you kiss his lips?!"

Someone sighed. "Yeah! You broke into the lobby to ask Mr. Connor to marry you. mouthfuls of air greedily. When she finally recovered from her daze, she saw Zachary walking toward the bathroom quickly.

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Someone sighed. "Yeah! You broke into the lobby to ask Mr. Connor to marry you. "I'm not going anywhere. I'll just stay here and wait for him to come back."

This...

People stared in disbelief.

This girl looked quite gorgeous, but her brain seemed to be abnormal.

No sane human being would do this to themselves!

The expressions of the people who looked at Charlotte changed from sympathy to confusion, but Charlotte did not care.

She no longer cared about life or death. Since she'd had the nerve to provoke Zachary Connor, the devil in disguise, what did she have to lose?

She would never back off.

Now that she had gone all out to provoke Zachary, she would do everything she could! Meanwhile, Zachary stood in front of the

sink.

The tap was turned on to the maximum, and he rubbed his lips with his palms over and over again. He brushed his teeth vigorously repeatedly until his mouth started bleeding.

However, he could not wash away the breath Charlotte Simmons had left.

Her breath had been as light as chamomile, but like a spell, it reminded him of the breath that had made him lose control ten months ago. Charlotte's kiss seemed to have penetrated his soul, and there was no way to remove it.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 23 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 23 Spur Of The Moment

PREVIOUS

Chapter 23 Spur Of The Moment

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Even now, Zachary still felt as if

Charlotte's lips were pressing against his lips!

"Darn it!"

He threw the toothbrush into the trash can angrily and looked at his cold face in the mirror.

'Zachary Connor, Zachary Connor!'

'Who would have thought that your first kiss would be stolen by force by a weak woman?!'

Zachary returned to the hall.

In an instant, the whispering people went

silent.

When Zachary saw that Charlotte was still there, he could not believe his eyes. He took a closer look at her. When he confirmed that it was indeed her, his anger, which had not completely gone away, was ignited once again.

"You ruined my reputation and you even

stayed to watch?"

Charlotte trembled when she met

Zachary's cold, murderous gaze. She tried her best to calm down. "I wouldn't dare. I just realized that I shouldn't have embarrassed you in public on the spur of the moment, so I wanted to apologize

when you came back."

Spur of the moment?

Surely this had been her ulterior motive, right?

"Apologize?" Zachary sneered. "You're obviously humiliating me!"

Charlotte watched as Zachary walked toward her one step at a time. It felt like an ice wall was pressing against her. However, she handled it bravely. "I heard that every woman who threw herself at you met a bad end. What I did earlier was too much indeed. I was petrified. Why would I even try to humiliate you?"

Hah...

Zachary laughed out loud.

Meanwhile, he had already approached Charlotte. He suddenly stretched out his right hand and grabbed Charlotte's face forcefully.

"Charlotte Simmons, do you really know what 'too much' is? What fear is?"

Charlotte felt like she was suffocating.

This was not because Zachary had grabbed her face, but because of his gaze.

At that moment, his eyes, which were as clear as black jewels, seemed to have turned into two bottomless vortexes. She felt like she was being sucked into them, and she was unable to move or breathe... "Tell me, what should I do with you?"

She could feel Zachary's low voice on her face as he spoke.

She snapped out of her daze. Her face was covered by Zachary's big hand, so she could only mumble, "I told you, I didn't mean to humiliate you. I really just wanted to apologize to you. If you don't believe me, do whatever you want. 11

Zachary sneered and tightened his grip. "Do you think I'll let you go after this explanation?"

Charlotte's eyebrows were furrowed as she felt a sharp pain on her face. She took a deep breath and said, "I'm not expecting you to let me go. I did all this to marry you... Argh!"

When Charlotte mentioned marrying Zachary Connor, hand grabbed her even harder. She trembled from pain but insisted stubbornly. "If I can't marry you, I can only beg Victor Rutherford. I'll be his toy. You can do whatever you want with me. Although you're notorious, I don't think you could be more disgusting or shameless than Victor Rutherford."

Notorious?

Shameless?

How dare this woman describe him that way?

In the past, the women who had been crazy about him had always been frightened by his cold gaze. Zachary had never met a woman like Charlotte Simmons, who was not afraid of threats or death...

"I don't want to give myself to that disgusting weasel Victor Rutherford. I can only stick with you."

Charlotte looked at Zachary with a determined gaze.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 24 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 24 An Impossible Challenge

PREVIOUS

Chapter 24 An Impossible Challenge

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

"No matter what you do to me, as long as I'm still alive, I'll keep pestering you like I did today. I kissed your lips this time. Next time, I'll do it again until you promise me. 11

Zachary's eyes were getting colder and colder. He looked as if he was about to tear Charlotte to pieces at any time.

Charlotte's heart felt like it was jumping out of her chest, but she tried her best to look at him indifferently.

Tick.

Tick.

Tick.

The second hand of the European-style clock on the wall was ticking rhythmically.

It was the only sound in the lobby. Everyone seemed to have turned into a sculpture as they stared at the woman with their eyes wide open. She was at a disadvantage, but she was still talking to M r. Connor with extreme arrogance.

Had she gone crazy?

However, even a lunatic would not dare speak to Mr. Connor like that!

Minutes and seconds went by.

The two of them stayed in a stalemate just like that. The atmosphere in the lobby was suffocating.

It lasted for at least ten seconds, but surprisingly, Zachary slowly relaxed the big hand that was holding Charlotte's small face.

"Fine. I'll give you one last chance."

Charlotte was ecstatic. "Tell me what to do!" Even though there was a clear handprint o

n her face, her eyes were gleaming.

After all these hardships, all she wanted was for Zachary Connor to give her a third chance!

"I lost the bet to you over a momentary mistake yesterday. Let's make another bet.

A cold, magnetic voice drifted over to Charlotte.

Charlotte asked hurriedly, "What are we betting on?"

Zachary said with a deep gaze, "If you take me to the city hall before they get off work, we'll get our marriage license right away. If you can't do it, then you should give up for good and never bother me again."

Boom!

Charlotte's mind felt like it had just exploded.

She pointed to the European-style clock not far away, "Anyone with any common sense would know that the city hall leaves work at noon. It's now 11:55. Based on the average driving time, it would take at least half an hour to drive from here to the city hall. How could I possibly win the bet?"

Zachary raised his eyebrows and smiled playfully. "Don't you like an impossible challenge?"

Charlotte was about to collapse.

However, she did not hesitate anymore. In a second, she stretched out her small hand in front of Zachary and said, "I saw the Rolls Royce you drove when we met at the city hall in the morning. It was parked right at the door. Give me the car keys."

Zachary was slightly shocked. "So you agree to this bet?"

Charlotte was helpless. "Other than making this bet, what choice do I have?"

Zachary replied, "You can admit defeat."

11 11

Charlotte did not have the energy to say anything else. She stretched her hand a few inches closer to Zachary.

After Zachary handed over the car keys, Charlotte walked out of the hall as quickly as possible and got in the car.

Zachary sat in the passenger seat.

Before Charlotte started the car, she gave Zachary a meaningful glance. "I'll warn you first. Driving is risky, and I will not be responsible for any accidents, Mr. Connor.

Zachary looked at his platinum watch sluggishly. "11:55 and 36 seconds. You still have four minutes and 24 seconds. Well, three seconds just went by while you were speaking!" Charlotte pursed her lips. "Fasten your

seat belt." As soon as she said that, she stepped on

the accelerator and the streamlined supercar turned into a black flash and sped on the road.

She was not watching the traffic lights at all.

She did not even look at the road.

If there was any shortcut, be it a park, a pond, a grove, or a ditch, she'd drive through it. In the brief duration of the first minute, she ran through three red lights and drove against traffic six times. They almost collided with an oncoming truck during one of the times she was driving against traffic...

Zachary suddenly understood why Charlotte had made it clear to him in advance that she would not be responsible for any accidents. If that was how she drove, it would be a

miracle if no accident happened! To Zachary's surprise, Charlotte suddenly

stopped the car.

He narrowed his eyes and pointed to the timer in the car. "You have less than three minutes before the city hall gets off work. You can still stop before it's too late."

Charlotte turned a deaf ear to what Zachary had just said. She stared forward, paying close attention. "I'm going to drive down the river soon. I hope you're mentally prepared, Mr. Connor."

A hint of surprise finally flashed in his eyes.

The water in the river was more than 10 feet deep. Driving the car down the river was practically suicide.

Was this woman out of her mind? Charlotte pursed her lips lightly. "I hope you're mentally prepared, Mr. Connor. If we fail, we'll just be two gamblers who gambled with their lives."

After she said that, she stepped on the accelerator, pushing it to the maximum.

Boom!

The guardrail by the river was knocked open, and the car went into the river.

This was the make-it-or-break-it moment!

Zachary sat in the back, and his eyes were dark. No one could tell what he was thinking.

As Charlotte looked at the river in front of her, she felt like her life had come to an end at that very moment.

However, the car did not sink into the water. It miraculously drove all the way to the other side of the river in the water. The speed of the car was extremely fast, so they reached the other side in an instant.

She had made it.

There was a bridge on the other side of the river that led to a tunnel that had not been completed. The bridge was barely wide enough for the car to pass through. If she showed any hesitation, the car might get stuck in the bridge and they would have nowhere to go...

But Charlotte could not turn back. She could only move forward courageously.

She held her breath and tried to keep her hands, which were holding the steering wheel, from shaking. She then started the car by putting it in the highest gear.

The car engine roared and, this time, the car managed to pass the bridge perfectly. There was a burst of joy in Charlotte's heart.

Even Zachary was stunned. For a long time, he was unable to look away from her face.

After all, even he may not have been able to pull off a challenge as difficult and dangerous as the one she had just pulled off.

The car entered the tunnel safely.

The underground tunnel was still in the later stage of construction and had not been put to use. Therefore, there was no other vehicle in it. Charlotte drove at the fastest speed possible, and the road was completely unobstructed.

There was a tunnel exit at the entrance of the city hall. The exit was blocked by a fence. Charlotte drove the car into the fence and directly into the compound of the city hall.

**** Scroll down to read the next chapter ****

*** * ***

NEXT: [CHAPTER 25 Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 25 The City Hall](#)

PREVIOUS

Chapter 25 The City Hall

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

The moment the car stopped, Charlotte's stomach started churning. She pushed the car door and threw up violently.

"You're the first driver I've ever seen who drove themselves to the point of sickness."

A cold, magnetic male voice came from

above.

Charlotte looked up. She did not know when Zachary had gotten out of the car. He leaned lazily on the door with his arms folded in front of his chest as he watched her with a calm, playful gaze.

Charlotte smiled reluctantly. "Whatever. I won, so it's time for you to keep your promise."

"Did you win?" Zachary sneered and stretched his right arm in front of Charlotte. "See for yourself."

Charlotte looked down, and the time displayed on Zachary's luxury watch pierced her eyes like a needle..

It was 12:02!

She was two minutes late!

She had tried everything desperately, but in the end, she had still lost.

"You're courageous and you did try hard. Your driving skills are pretty decent too. Unfortunately, some things just aren't meant to be. There are just some things you can't change in spite of how much effort you make."

Zachary Connor, who always looked as serious as though he had facial paralysis, actually had a smile on his face at that moment.

The corners of his mouth curved upward evilly, and his eyes and brows, which looked like a painting, were rising so high that they could almost touch the sky.

Charlotte's eyes were in a trance.

Zachary had smiled at her before, but

those smiles had all been sneers, smirks, or sarcastic grins...

That was the first time Zachary Connor smiled so genuinely in front of her.

Charlotte had not expected that Zachary

Connor, a demon as cold as the devil,

could have a bright, genuine smile that

resembled the sun. It was as beautiful as a

snow lotus on an iceberg, cold yet brilliant and mesmerizing.

As Charlotte stared at Zachary, her heart skipped a few beats.

"Don't forget our bet. From now on, if you ever pester me again, you better not blame me for being mean."

After Zachary said that, he got in the car. The moment the car door closed, Charlotte came back to her senses. She looked desperately at the service hall of the city hall. When she saw that there were still people at the counter for divorce procedures, her eyes suddenly lit up.

"Wait!"

At that moment, Zachary was already sitting in the driver's seat of the car and was about to close the car door, but Charlotte pulled the car door forcefully open.

Zachary's expression turned ominous again. "Charlotte, don't take this too far."

Charlotte replied, "Follow me!"

Zachary's eyes were dark and terrifying. Are you ordering me?" 11

"You'll find out if you come with me!"

Charlotte was so anxious that she did not even care how Zachary's expression looked. She grabbed Zachary by the wrist eagerly and pulled him.

Zachary did not know what was wrong with him.

He had never once been controlled by other people, but this time, he did not push Charlotte away coldly.

Instead, he got out of the car and followed her to the hall of the city hall as though he was possessed.

There was a total of six service counters in the lobby of the city hall.

Five of them had a "lunch break" sign hanging by the counter, and only one divorce procedure counter was open. A couple was crying and filling out some forms. The staff member who was behind the counter window was a young woman. She was pouting and she looked helpless.

Charlotte took Zachary to the window and asked, "Why haven't you left work?" "I'm working overtime! Such a bummer!"

The woman vented to Charlotte as she looked at the couple outside the window in dissatisfaction.

"I've been working here for two years. This is the first time I've encountered such difficult people. If they want to get divorced, they should just get divorced. They could've dropped by anytime, but they came when I was about to get off work. They threatened to file a complaint against me if I didn't help them. My goodness! They scared me to death! My salary is only a couple hundred dollars a month, and 75 dollars will be deducted from my salary for every complaint I get. How can I afford to upset them?"

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 26 [Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 26 The Winner](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 26 The Winner](#)

[NEXT](#)

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Charlotte couldn't help but smile. "So you haven't gotten off work yet, right?"

The woman looked at the couple bitterly. Of course not. Their divorce is more important than anything. Even if I don't get to eat or starve to death by the workstation, I still have to work overtime for them to get divorced." 11

"Okay, got it. Thank you..." 11

Charlotte turned to look at Zachary.

"Mr. Connor, you heard that, right?"

Zachary looked disdainful. "You're simply wasting my time."

This woman just would not stop!

She had clearly lost, so what was the point of pulling him here just to listen to this female staff member complain? Charlotte raised her face. "Mr. Connor, surely someone as smart as you would know that he's lost?"

As if he had just heard a huge joke, Zachary had a combination of joy and anger in his eyes, which looked like a painting.

"According to the bet we agreed on, if you got to the city hall before noon, you'd be considered the winner. When you arrived, it was already 12:02. Can't you tell who the winner is and who the loser is?"

"I won't deny that it was indeed past 12:00 when I arrived, but our bet had nothing to do with time." Charlotte did not flinch at all as she stared into Zachary's eyes.

"If you take me to the city hall before they get off work, we'll get our marriage license right away. If you don't, then you should give up for good and never bother me again. This was what you said. "So, Mr. Connor, I know I arrived at 12:02, but even though I arrived at 12:02, according to what you said, as long as the city hall is still working, I'm the winner, right?"

Zachary's eyes were so deep that it felt like they could swallow everything in the world. He squeezed a word between his teeth coldly. "Yes!"

"He he..." Charlotte pursed her lips proudly.

"Fortunately for me, there's an employee here who's working overtime. I was lucky enough to win again, right?"

Zachary's expression was sullen. "Yes!"

Charlotte said, "So..."

"You don't need to say anything." Zachary interrupted Charlotte. His deep, cold voice made him sound like a reaper hunting for lives. "It's up to fate. A bet's a bet. We'll get married!"

At that moment, even the staff member behind the window counter trembled because of Zachary Connor's coldness.

Charlotte did not dare say anything.

Zachary Connor was still the devil in disguise.

His dazzling smile was like a flower that only bloomed once. Once it was gone, he would be the same distant iceberg again.

Charlotte and Zachary sat in the waiting area of the lobby and waited until the employees went back to work.

For more than an hour, Zachary remained stiff and motionless. People almost thought he was a sculpture.

"Mr. Connor?!"

Mr. Zebrowski, who had just arrived at the lobby, had spotted Zachary Connor. He rubbed his eyes suspiciously, and after making sure that it was indeed him, he hurriedly walked toward Zachary Connor with an obsequious smile.

"Mr. Connor, why didn't you tell me you were coming in advance? We would have welcomed you! Ha ha ha..."

Zachary Connor kept a straight face and did not even look at Mr. Zebrowski.

Mr. Zebrowski smiled even more enthusiastically. "He he... Mr. Connor, do

you mind telling us what the purpose of

your visit is today?"

Zachary Connor replied, "I'm here to get married."

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 27 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 27 Marriage Certificate](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 27 Marriage Certificate](#)

[NEXT](#)

[Click 'Setting' button to setting theme](#)

Mr. Zebrowski was obviously dumbfounded. He couldn't help looking at Charlotte Simmons, who was sitting next to Zachary Connor.

She had to be Mr. Connor's wife-to-be, right?

Couples who came to the city hall to receive their marriage certificate would normally be filled with joy, so why was Mr.

Connor's expression as dark as night?

Fine!

Mr. Connor always had the same cold look, as if he had facial paralysis. How many people had actually seen him smile?

When Mr. Zebrowski saw Zachary Connor's straight face, he did not dare speak anymore and he hurriedly arranged for someone to go through the marriage procedure for Zachary Connor and Charlotte Simmons.

A few minutes later, Charlotte and Zachary took their wedding photos.

The photographer looked at Zachary Connor's face through the lens. "Please smile, sir."

Zachary Connor was expressionless.

The photographer said, "Most people only get married once in their lives. This wedding photo will likely follow you for the rest of your life. You don't want to see yourself with a gloomy face when you look at your marriage certificate in the future, so just smile, okay?"

Zachary Connor was still expressionless.

The photographer was helpless. "Okay! Now, say cheese... Chee..."

Under the cold gaze of Zachary Connor, the photographer shuddered in fear.

"Well, okay, that's it..."

There were two marriage certificates, so Charlotte Simmons and Zachary Connor got one each.

After Zachary took his copy, he put it in his pocket without looking at it at all.

Charlotte looked at hers in a daze.

In the wedding photo, she and Zachary were next to each other. Although she had faked the smile on her face, if one looked at the photo, it did not seem out of place. It looked as if she was smiling happily.

On the other hand, Zachary was

expressionless. His gaze was distant, and it was obvious that his mind had not been present at all when he'd taken the photo.

Charlotte was not a fool. She was certain that Zachary did not love her.

She had never loved Zachary either. Their marriage was like a deal for them. They'd both take what they needed and take advantage of each other.

However, she would never treat this marriage like a game.

From this moment on, she was Zachary Connor's wife. She would fulfill her duties and responsibilities as a wife. As long as Zachary did not abandon her, she would try her best to be kind to him and love him as much as she could....

Zachary's luxurious Rolls Royce stopped quietly in front of the city hall.

Zachary opened the door on the driver's side. "Drive my car back to your house to pack your bags."

Charlotte was dumbfounded. Just as she was about to ask Zachary why she needed to pack her bags,

Zachary said lightly, "Should a married woman keep staying with her family?" Charlotte suddenly understood that

Zachary wanted her to go home to pack up her bags so that she could move into his house.

Right!

She was Zachary's wife, so she should live with him.

However, she was uncomfortable with how quickly everything was moving.

Charlotte got in the car.

Zachary was still standing outside the car. Since he refused to say anything else, Charlotte did not ask him why he had not gotten in the car as well. She started the car engine silently and drove away.

When the car drove past Zachary, he shot an ironic look at Charlotte's face.

"Remember, you asked for it."

The corners of Charlotte's mouth twitched, but she did not say anything.

As Charlotte stared at Zachary's tall and firm figure in the rear-view mirror, she suddenly had a strange feeling.

Yes!

She and Zachary Connor had only known each other for a little more than a day. She knew practically nothing about him. In short, she and Zachary could not even be considered friends, yet they were already husband and wife.

Zachary Connor!

What kind of man would he be?

Would he treat her well?

Had he harbored ulterior motives when he'd first approached her?

No matter how Zachary treated her in the future, she would not regret it!

She had married Zachary to save her father!

Since she had chosen this path, even if the road ahead was tough, she would have to go down the road she had chosen herself!

Charlotte drove away.

Zachary took the marriage certificate out of his pocket and stared at the wedding photo of him and Charlotte.

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 28 [Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 28 Bad Feeling](#)

PREVIOUS

Chapter 28 Bad Feeling

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Charlotte Simmons, the woman who had been betrayed and hurt by the person she'd loved the most, was in the same boat with him. She had ulterior motives for marrying him, but she'd smiled very brightly!

Charlotte Simmons, the woman who had beaten him in a bet twice in a row!

Charlotte Simmons, a weak but stubborn

woman!

Charlotte Simmons...

Darn it!

What had happened to him?

His marriage to that woman was nothing more than a deal. Why couldn't he stop thinking about her name?

When Charlotte drove home, she drove past Bryson's seaside villa. She saw Bryson walking by the man-made lake outside the courtyard while holding Tiffany.

"Bryce, the person in that car looks like Charlotte." Tiffany pointed at Charlotte from a distance.

Bryson turned his gaze to Charlotte.

Charlotte did not stop or slow down. She simply drove away. The moment she had burned Bryson's

belongings with her own hands, she and

Bryson had been completely over!

She was Zachary Connor's wife now.

From now on, Bryson Harper had nothing to do with her.

Bryson Harper!

The man she used to love with everything she had. She'd wanted to share every moment with him for the rest of her life! However, from this day onward, she would never want to know anything about him.

Charlotte Simmons no longer needed Bryson to be part of her life!

When Charlotte returned home, she walked into the living room on the first floor and saw Victor Rutherford standing in front of the door.

She immediately had a bad feeling. She turned around immediately and ran, but she was grabbed by a few men who managed to catch up with her.

Victor's face was greasy, and he poked Charlotte's chest with his finger as he said, "Charlotte, I've been thinking about you so much that I even lost my appetite. I finally got to see you now, but you tried to leave me and run away. Aren't you worried that I'll be heartbroken? Ha ha..."

"Ptui!" Charlotte spat on Victor's face. "Shameless b*stard, get out of my face!"

"You!"

Victor's expression was twisted for a while, making him look even uglier.

However, he suppressed his anger a second later and wiped the spit from his face with his hand. He then licked the palm of his hand with the tip of his tongue.

"He... He He... No wonder people call you the most wanted socialite. Even your spit tastes really sweet."

Charlotte's mind started buzzing. "You're disgusting! Victor Rutherford, you're just a clown!"

"Oh? Disgusting? A clown?" Victor looked at Charlotte's curvy body with his evil eyes and did not try to hide the desire in his eyes at all.

"Ha ha ha! I'm ugly, but since ancient times, beautiful women have always been with ugly men. Well, I'm touching you now. Do you think you'll be able to disobey me later?!"

What?!

Charlotte felt as if her throat was severely strangled. Her lips trembled violently, and she was suffocating. She could not say a single word.

"Why are you still standing there? Pin her down on the sofa!"

Victor Rutherford's voice and his pungent bad breath huffed against Charlotte's face.

The two men grabbed Charlotte and walked toward the sofa.

"Let me go!"

"This is illegal!"

"Let go..."

"Let me go!"

"Somebody! Help!" "Help me!"

Charlotte struggled desperately and shouted until her throat bled.

However, it was useless. Victor Rutherford had brought more than 30 people. Before Charlotte had even returned home, the security and the butler of the Simmons Family had been controlled by Victor's men, so no one would come to rescue her.

When Victor saw Charlotte being forced onto the sofa by two bodyguards, he smiled wickedly in victory.

Victor approached Charlotte step by step.

Charlotte was being pinned on the sofa by two men and could not move at all. She could only stare at Victor with hatred.

"I'm warning you. I am now Zachary Connor's wife, and our marriage certificate is in my pocket. If you dare to touch me, Zachary will never let you go."

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

[NEXT: CHAPTER 29 Home » The CEO's Addiction To Love » Chapter 29 Could Not Escape](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

Chapter 29 Could Not Escape

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Victor Rutherford grinned. "Did you think I wouldn't know? It's precisely because you married Zachary Connor that I'm even more excited."

11 11

Charlotte panicked.

She had not expected Victor to be so audacious even though he knew that she was Zachary Connor's wife.

"Charlotte, although it's a little inconvenient for you since you've just given birth, I don't care. Today, I'll ask the bodyguard to record the entire process and post it online... Of course, I won't expose my own face. I'll get someone to blur my face out, but your face will be completely exposed. You'll lose your reputation as the most wanted socialite. When that happens, Zachary Connor will definitely look down on you and kick you out."

Charlotte looked at Victor as though she was looking at a monster.

"Victor Rutherford, you're crazy!"

"Even if I'm crazy, it's because of you, you disobedient, rebellious woman! Ha ha..." "Ha ha ha ha..."

While Victor was laughing maniacally, he pounced on Charlotte.

He had been sending his men to follow Charlotte in secret. He knew everything about Charlotte's visits to see Zachary. Because he feared Zachary, Victor had not taken any action since the last time he had bullied Charlotte in the ICU ward.

He had not believed that Zachary Connor, a man as cold as an iceberg, would actually marry Charlotte, a desolate woman.

He'd originally planned to mess with Charlotte after she and Zachary no longer had any ties. Little had he known that just this afternoon, Zachary Connor and Charlotte Simmons would get a marriage certificate...

How could Victor Rutherford aggravate Zachary Connor, the devil in disguise?

If Charlotte actually managed to get Zachary's help, would Victor have any chance of survival?

He wanted to completely destroy Charlotte before she and Zachary had any feelings for each other.

He had been dreaming about Charlotte Simmons, the beautiful woman who had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

He wanted her to surrender herself to him!

"Go away!"

"Go away..." Could it be that, despite everything she had done, she still would not be able to stop Victor Rutherford from ruining her?

Could this be her fate?

Sad tears flowed down Charlotte's cheeks.

"Let her go!"

The moment this low, cold, extremely

magnetic voice spoke, Charlotte thought she was hallucinating out of desperation. She opened her eyes and, through her

tears, she actually saw Zachary Connor's

face.

His face was terrifyingly gloomy, like the face of a general who was about to

slaughter an entire city. However, the moment Charlotte saw him, her heart suddenly felt at ease. She felt like no one could hurt her anymore.

"Zachary..." Charlotte called out in a low voice, and a

smile actually appeared on her tearful face. At that moment, the bodyguard guarding the door stepped in front of Zachary.

"Who are you? Mr. Rutherford is in the middle of something important. No one is allowed to enter... Ah!"

The bodyguard was kicked to the ground by Zachary. He curled up into a ball while moaning in pain, unable to get up again.

No one had expected Zachary Connor to show up at that moment. Victor Rutherford lay on top of Charlotte like a puppet with feelings of panic and fear tangled in his eyes...

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

* * *

NEXT: CHAPTER 30

[Home](#) » [The CEO's Addiction To Love](#) » [Chapter 30 Into My Arms](#)

[PREVIOUS](#)

[Chapter 30 Into My Arms](#)

NEXT

Click 'Setting' button to setting theme

Zachary took a few big steps on his long legs and, in the blink of an eye, he was already next to the sofa.

Victor Rutherford was fat and shaped like a negg. He also weighed more than 180 pounds. Zachary's strength was so great that he grabbed Victor by his clothes and lifted him away from Charlotte before throwing him on the ground.

"Ouch..."

Victor was stunned by Zachary's aura. He was thrown to the ground face-down, and though he was hurting and bleeding, he dared not scream in pain. He could only endure it and look at Zachary fearfully.

The two bodyguards who were holding Charlotte's hands and feet let go of her and stood there in a daze. They did not even dare breathe. Tell me what the consequences of upsetting me are.'

Zachary's voice was like a wind blowing from the top of a snow-capped mountain, coming down on Victor coldly.

Victor shuddered in fear. "Mr. Connor, I swear I won't ever do it again in the future. I deserve to die! I deserve it! I deserve it..."

Victor knelt on the ground and started slapping himself with both hands one after another. Each time he did it, he used all his might.

Zachary looked at him with deep eyes. "So how do you want to die?"

"What?!"

Victor yelled as he lost his cool and stood up with a trembling body. "Mr. Connor, please forgive me. I don't know where I got the courage to do this, but I really won't..."

"Get down on your knees,"

Zachary interrupted Victor indifferently.

Victor, who wasn't even standing still yet, immediately knelt in front of Zachary again with a thud. He raised his pale face and looked at Zachary as though he was begging him. Without Zachary's permission, he dared not say a word.

Zachary did not look at him at all. He lightly glanced at Charlotte instead, who was curled up on the sofa. "You said that you deserve to die earlier, but now you're asking me to spare your life. Do you want to die or live?"

"Live! I want to live!" Victor hurriedly replied, "Mr. Connor, if you spared my life this time, I'd be willing to do anything for you in the future."

Zachary sneered, "Who do you think you are?" Victor was speechless.

Zachary lowered his body.

Victor trembled in fear, thinking that Zachary was going to hit him again.

Unexpectedly, Zachary completely ignored him. He opened his arms toward Charlotte, who was on the sofa. "Come here."

Charlotte stared at him blankly. She was still frightened, and there was a trace of panic in her tears. "What... What are you doing?"

Zachary was expressionless. "Come into my arms."

He was a cold man, and every word he said sounded like an order. Charlotte did not dare refuse, so she got up by supporting herself on the sofa and looked at him timidly before slowly walking toward his

arms. "Stop traipsing around!" Zachary's voice

sank.

Charlotte, who was frightened, walked faster.

Zachary picked her up and walked straight to the bathroom.

Even though Zachary had left, Victor was still on his knees and dared not move.

The bodyguards that Victor Rutherford had brought stared at Zachary Connor's fading figure in a daze.

Bang!

Zachary was holding Charlotte in his arms and could not open the door, so he'd kicked the bathroom door open.

Before Charlotte even realized what had happened, she was thrown into a bathtub by Zachary.

"Wash yourself clean." Zachary looked disgusted. He looked at Charlotte as though he was looking at trash.

Charlotte suddenly realized that her clothes had been torn to pieces by Victor, and her body had also been stained with Victor's stench. It was no surprise that Zachary Connor, a man with class inside out, would be disgusted by her.

However, Charlotte was moved when she realized that even though Zachary was disgusted by her, he had still carried her to the bathroom. "Thank you..."

** Scroll down to read the next chapter **

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