

Chapter 17 Are They All this Crazy

Charlotte went to the indoor area and searched for the room number. The room was empty and the wait staff told her Griffith had driven off on a golf cart. Deciding to look for him at the golf course, she grumbled about having to walk so far because of him.

The sun was shining brightly in the sky and it had rained yesterday. The grassy field was filled with a fresh scent, and the air was hot and humid. Drenched in sweat, Charlotte finally spotted Griffith's golf cart. She quickly ran down the slope to stop the golf cart.

Griffith was sitting in the passenger's seat; he was surprised to see her. He extended his foot to step on the accelerator. The golf cart suddenly accelerated and drove past Charlotte. She had just made it to level ground and was left gasping as she watched him zoom past her.

Charlotte was furious. Then she noticed Arthur driving another golf cart following behind them. Her eyes lit up and she chased after him. The poor guy was startled. He quickly turned the steering wheel to dodge her and drove past her.

Charlotte stood on the golf course with a blank expression as she watched them drive away.

Eli, who was driving the golf cart, could not help but glance back at her.

"Are all your female admirers nowadays this crazy?" he said.

He had only seen Charlotte a couple of times and they were only brief glances, so he did not recognize her.

Griffith withdrew his foot and replied, "It's nothing."

Eli smiled. "Being charming won't do you any good as a married man."

He turned the steering wheel and added, "If your wife finds out, will she make a scene again? Didn't she want a divorce?"

Griffith furrowed his brow and replied irritably, "Mind your business and drive properly."

Meanwhile, Charlotte stood with her hands on her hips. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She let out a sigh and gracefully tucked her hair behind her ears, a smile on her lips. She had figured out a new plan.

A while later, in a private room upstairs.

Griffith and Eli were resting and discussing business related matters. Arthur on the other hand, was sitting on the sofa in the outer area, ready to assist at any moment. Griffith had ordered two glasses of wine. Someone then knocked on the door.

Arthur went to open the door. A waitress wearing a face mask entered the room. He stepped aside to let her in but suddenly realized something was amiss. However, it was

too late. The waitress poured a glass of wine for Eli.

"Please enjoy," she said in a soft voice.

Arthur was right about his suspicion. Meanwhile, Griffith was about to swing his club. He turned around and looked at the waitress. She looked at him and smiled.

The clueless Eli was ready to take the glass of wine from her hand. Suddenly, her hand slipped, and she spilled the glass of wine on him.

"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry!" Panicked, she kept apologizing.

Eli had always been a gentle and considerate man.

Moreover, he was in an uplifting mood, so he did not bother to argue over such a small matter. He held her hand and said, "It's alright, don't worry. I'll just change into another shirt."

"Thank you, Mr. Sterling."

Griffith stared frostily at them. His eyes shifted on their hands. Meanwhile, Arthur felt a chill run up his spine seeing Griffith's expression.

After Eli left the private room to get changed, Arthur quickly left and closed the door. The room fell silent and Charlotte took off her face mask and threw it on the coffee table.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson."

Chapter 18 She's My Wife

Griffith took off his gloves and threw them on the coffee table, then sat back on the sofa.

"I've underestimated you. The tricks you employed in the past were nothing," he said in a deep voice.

Charlotte smiled and sat across from him.

"Thank you for the compliment. However, I don't have any ulterior motives."

Saying that, she pushed a plate of fruits in front of him.

"Have some fruits to cool down."

Griffith shifted his eyes on the plate of fruits.

"Don't feel like eating them?" Charlotte poured a glass of juice for him. "How about some fruit juice then?"

He looked at her and said indifferently, "What exactly do you want?"

Charlotte smiled and crossed her arms. "I'm asking you to find a time to settle the divorce."

"I told you, I'm busy," he replied.

"Then make time for it."

Griffith smiled mirthlessly. "Are you planning to stick around

if I don't agree to make time for it today?"

"It wouldn't be good if I keep bothering you when Eli is back, right?" she said.

"No need to worry about that," he casually replied.

Charlotte still couldn't figure out why he refused to get the divorce settled. He could finally be with the woman he loved, so what was wrong with him?

Before she could voice her thoughts, Griffith picked up the face mask that was on the coffee table and gestured at her to lean forward.

"What are you doing?" Charlotte approached suspiciously. He held her chin and gently helped her put on the face mask.

"I don't have the time or the interest to indulge you. Stop pestering me; it won't work. I already gave you a chance," he said indifferently.

She immediately tried to lean back, but Griffith held on to her. Their eyes met. The softness in his eyes disappeared as he coldly said, "If you insist on staying, be quiet. Otherwise, if something happens or you embarrass me, don't come crying to me."

As his voice fell, he snapped the strap from the face mask lightly against her ear and leaned back into the sofa.

Suddenly, Arthur's voice rang from outside the door, "Mr. Wilson, the CEOs have arrived."

Griffith ignored Charlotte and stood up.

"Let them in."

Charlotte quickly adjusted her face mask and stood next to the coffee table. She decided to stay, as she had worked hard to get in. Moreover, it would be difficult for her to meet Griffith again if she bailed now.

The CEOs entered the room and greeted Griffith as she contemplated her plans. Just as she stepped to the side, Griffith suddenly called out to her. "Pour us some coffee."

She was taken aback for a moment. Then she smiled and poured a few cups of coffee. She thought Griffith would keep her at a distance to deter her, but unexpectedly, he started ordering her around.

"Get me some new golf balls."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson."

"Get me a new plate of fruits."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson."

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Charlotte gritted her teeth and followed his orders.

Eli noticed something fishy going on. He finally noticed Charlotte was the same woman who tried to stop their golf cart earlier. He took a swing and asked, "What's going on?"

Are you interested in her, or is she one of your ex-girlfriends?

"

"Are you blind?" Griffith said.

Eli gasped and glanced at Charlotte again. "Someone familiar?"

"Nope."

Eli scratched his head. 1

Griffith looked at him and said nonchalantly, "She's my wife."

Eli was dumbfounded.

Half a day later, Charlotte's feet were sore. Obviously, Griffith was toying with her, so when she went out to get the golf balls, she took the opportunity to get some rest. When the CEOs left the room, she thought their meeting was over, so she snuck back in. 1

"I can tell you have feelings for her. Did they develop over time?" Eli teased.

Charlotte stopped dead in her tracks as she overheard their conversation.

"It's only a marriage of convenience," Griffith replied.