

Scarlett's POV:

"What?!" I looked at Charles, appalled.

"I don't like your job," he replied curtly without even giving me an explanation. He put his hands in his pockets and looked at me as though he were a king looking at his people.

"No!" I refused straightforwardly.

"How dare you oppose me?" Charles narrowed his eyes and glared at me. He then slowly approached me, which sent chills down to my back.

I was frightened by the aura he was giving off that I took a few steps back. Unfortunately for me, there happened to be a tree behind me. So when my back

hit the tree trunk, there was nothing I could do but watch him walk closer to me.

To my surprise, Charles raised his hand and leaned against the tree trunk, cornering me. The atmosphere between us suddenly became ambiguous.

Was this what people called 'Kabe-don?'

"Charles, we'll be divorced soon. You have no right to impose yourself on me." I could not help but clench my hands into fists, and anger rose in my heart.

Back then, I loved him wholeheartedly, but his mind was occupied with another woman. Now, when I had agreed to do what they wanted, he started hitting on me. How ironic.

What was this for?

Charles must have noticed that I would not budge, so he sighed and offered, "If you want to work, I can arrange another job for you."

"No! I only like this job, this TV station," I refused with a determined look on my face.

"I'll buy it then and make you the boss."

"Charles, there's no need for you to do this. We'll be divorced soon." I was flabbergasted by his words.

"You really won't do as I say?"

"I will not, and there's nothing you can do to convince me otherwise." I turned around to leave.

Just as Charles opened his mouth to speak, Rita's voice suddenly came from a distance.

"Charles, are you two done talking? Mr. Todd has been waiting for a while now. It seems that he has to talk to Scarlett about work."

I was so absorbed in arguing with Charles that I jumped out when I heard Rita's voice all of a sudden. Startled, I unconsciously threw myself into Charles's arms.

It was summer now, so I was wearing thin clothes. At this moment, I could feel Charles's warmth through my thin clothes.

His warm body and cold breath surrounded me. It was electrifying, which made me want to get away from him even more.

"Charles, let's go. Scarlett and Mr. Todd have to discuss work. We shouldn't disturb them."

At that moment, Rita's face changed the instant she saw I was leaning in Charles's arms. She walked over at an amazing speed and skillfully separated us.

"Yes, we're done." Charles narrowed his eyes and returned to his usual cold demeanor as if nothing had just happened.

Abner also came out.

"Scarlett, have you two finished talking?"

I lowered my gaze and nodded. "Yes."

"Let me drive you home." For some reason, Abner looked at Charles inquisitively when he spoke.

As I sat in Abner's car on the way home, I took my phone out and texted Charles.

'Let's not be alone next time. Rita might misunderstand us.'

I stared at the screen for a few minutes and waited for his reply. However, it never came. I had no idea if he had seen the message or he just refused to text me back.

With a sigh, I put my phone back into my bag and forced myself to stop thinking about this matter.

While I was in deep thought, Abner looked at me and asked, "Is there a problem in your relationship?"

"No. It's just that I'm a little troubled about something recently, but I'm good now."

Abner did not delve into the topic anymore.

We arrived at my residence a few moments later. Like

a gentleman, he bade farewell to me and told me to have a good rest. He was so caring to me than Charles ever did.

Once Abner was gone, I turned around and walked into the villa. I then sat on the sofa in the living room and prepared for tomorrow's work.

All of a sudden, my phone rang. It was Charles. What had happened at the restaurant crossed my mind. At the thought of this, I decided not to answer the call and just threw my phone aside, ignoring the relentless ringtone.

The phone only stopped ringing after five minutes. But then, a knock sounded at the door.

Just as I opened it, Charles squeezed in through the gap with a glum expression. Like a husband who had been away from home, he looked around the house

and checked if there was another man here.

Once he made sure there was not, he breathed a sigh of relief and asked, "Why didn't you answer your phone?"

"I didn't hear it ring. I was busy preparing for tomorrow's work," I lied. I then closed the door and followed him to the living room, where he sat on the sofa.

Charles glanced at the neatly folded drafts on the sofa. His face softened a little when he saw that my excuse seemed true.

He crossed his long legs and looked at me like a boss looking at his subordinates. Without a word, he took out a document from his leather bag and handed it to me. "I asked my lawyer to make changes to the agreement and add a clause regarding the alimony."

"Didn't you give me this house already?" I asked, perplexed.

I was not interested in what he had to say. I had known from the very beginning that my marriage with him was only a deal. And now, we had already taken what we needed. An amicable parting was what everyone wanted for us.

But now, it seemed that he was giving me compensation for something he had owed me. I must say, it was completely unnecessary.

"You don't have to do this. I can support myself." I turned around and sat on the armchair not far from him, planning to continue reading the draft.

"I'm doing this, so you won't be so hard up after our divorce. Technically, you've been my wife, even just in name. It will disgrace me if you have to flatter your boss to earn a living."

"In short, you wanted to keep me as your mistress to save face. Shame on you!" I scoffed in disdain.

Was I, Scarlett Riley, incompetent in his eyes? Did he think that I needed to rely on men to survive?

"We may be divorcing soon, but you're still young. Don't take the wrong path, or you'll regret it for the rest of your life," Charles advised, even though I never asked for it.

I could not help but clutch the draft in my hand tightly in anger until my knuckles turned white. "Charles Moore, have you forgotten that I'm an adult? Stop treating me like a child who knows nothing!"

"I know you're an adult, but you're inexperienced. You don't know❖❖"

"You're wrong. I know everything now. Can't you see? I'm no longer the Scarlett I used to be!" I interjected.

Charles stared at me coldly for rudely interrupting him.

"Charles, you should go to the hospital and accompany Rita instead of worrying about my future in the middle of the night. Aren't you afraid that what you're doing will drive her mad? After all, no woman can accept that her fiance still has an ambiguous relationship with his ex-wife."

We would be strangers to each other after the divorce. Why did Charles still want to meddle with my life?

"Oh, come on. I'm discussing an important matter that concerns both of us," Charles reasoned out with a helpless look on his face as though he were coaxing a child.

"What? I can't mention Rita? You two are going to get married soon. When people see you in the future, even when you're alone, they'll ask about your celebrity wife. You should get used to it by now. It's inevitable."

Charles massaged his forehead with his thumb and index finger. He looked as though he was trying his best to hold back his anger. I started pushing him to the door. But then, he suddenly broke away from me and let out an enraged roar.

"Can you stop mentioning her?!"

"If you don't want me to mention her, then leave. The door is over there." I showed him the way out, my eyes red in anger.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.