

Scarlett's POV:

"Calm down, Scarlett."

Charles still tried to persuade me. I walked to the door, opened it, and flashed him an angry, frustrated look.

"Okay, I'll come back tomorrow." He sighed and walked toward the door.

The next moment, thunder clapped outside, accompanied by a flash of lightning, and a violent flurry of rain started pattering against the windows.

The rainstorm came so suddenly that it caught us both off guard.

Charles stopped and looked out in the rain.

I was not sure if I had just imagined it, but I saw a faint smile on his face. When I looked closely to confirm, it was gone.

"I'll leave after the rain stops. Is that okay?" Charles looked at me and asked.

"Whatever." I was finally able to calm down after being so furious.

Charles went to the bedroom while I headed to the living room and settled on the sofa to continue reading my script and recite my lines for work. I was still a little riled up, but I tried my best to control my emotions and concentrate.

However, the rain outside was not helping. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled like clockwork. The

noise made me unable to focus.

I did not have that many lines, but because of the lack of peace and quiet, it was not until ten o'clock in the evening that I managed to recite them perfectly. After finishing with my lines, I went to the bathroom to take a shower. I wanted to have a good night's sleep so that I would be rested and energetic for tomorrow's work.

After getting ready for bed, I went into the bedroom and found Charles curled up on the sofa. He was already fast asleep. He was covered with a thin blue blanket. Because of his height, he barely fit in the sofa. His legs were halfway bent toward his chest.

He must feel uncomfortable sleeping in such a position.

But it had nothing to do with me. I should not care

about him anymore.

I crawled under the covers and laid down. I let my mind wander, and eventually, my eyelids started to grow heavy. But before sleep could get to me, I felt someone approach the bed. Then, I heard the mattress groan. Someone had just climbed into bed beside me.

I opened my eyes and turned to the person lying next to me.

"What are you doing?" I pulled the blanket up to my chest and glared at Charles.

"Don't worry. I won't touch you even if you take off all your clothes." Charles sneered and then explained, "The sofa is too cold. I'm going to catch a cold if I sleep on it."

The night was indeed colder than usual because of the rainstorm, and the thin blanket that he was using was no help at all.

When he said that he would not touch me, I believed him. Charles was in love with Rita. He always had been. He would definitely have no desire for another woman, especially the one his family forced him to marry.

Thinking of this, I felt relieved, so I scooted aside to give him some space.

But Charles was not satisfied with that. As soon as he laid down next to me, he grabbed the blanket that was tightly wrapped around my body.

I was okay with us sharing a bed but not a blanket. I glared at him and pulled the blanket back. "This is my blanket. Can't you go find another one that you can

use?"

"I don't have another thick blanket. Do you really think that I want to share a blanket with you? I just don't have a choice."

"Then just use the thin one."

"Why are you picking a fight with me right now? It's just a blanket. Why are you acting like you feel so violated?" Charles sat up and put the whole blanket on him.

"You..."

I was so angry with him that I gritted my teeth and tried to grab the blanket back, but he was too strong for me. I was no match for him at all. I had no other choice but to give up. I sat up and was about to slide out of bed to sleep in another room.

Unexpectedly, Charles pressed his arm over me and forced me to lie down. And then he ordered, "Sleep."

I reminded him through clenched teeth, "Charles, we're going to divorce soon. Don't you think it's a little inappropriate for us to sleep in the same bed?"

Charles only kept pressing his arm down on me as if he had not heard anything I said. Then, he covered us both with the thick blanket.

I turned my head to face him and shot daggers toward him with my eyes.

He just laid there with his eyes closed as if nothing in the world bothered him.

Then, he suddenly opened his eyes and flashed me a triumphant smile. I was so pissed off that I considered

slapping him in the forehead.

A few moments later, a harsh sound broke the silence. Charles's phone rang.

It must be Rita. She was the only person who would call Charles in the middle of the night.

For sure she would tell Charles right now that she was in pain, and Charles would rush to the hospital to accompany her despite the raging storm.

It had been going on like that for a while, and I had memorized the routine.

As I expected, Charles jumped out of bed and went to answer his phone. I was not able to overhear their conversation. He hung up the phone quickly, put on his coat, and left without looking back.

It all happened as if I was not in the room at all.

After Charles left, my world became quiet once again. The storm outside had stopped, and I laid there with my eyes closed until sleep finally found me and whisked me away.

The next day, I got up early and got ready for work.

When I was about to leave, I received Alice's call.

"Hello, Scarlett. How are you doing?"

"Hey, Mom. I'm fine. I'm on my way to work now."

"Can you and Charles come over tonight after work? Your grandfather is back. He wants the whole family

to have dinner together."

"Grandpa's back?"

"Yes. Can you come to dinner?"

"Of course."

I was so excited by Grandpa's return. With him home, the divorce could be put on the agenda.

Thinking that I could finally force Charles to get on with the divorce, I was in a good mood the whole day, and my work went smoothly.

Abner praised me for being professional. He said that at the TV station, I was the host with the most potential. After I got off work and ran into him, he even teased, "You're so capable, Scarlett. I'm afraid I'll lose my position to you soon."

"Oh, please. I'm the last person you'll lose your job to."

Abner and I walked out of the office, talking and laughing.

"Scarlett Riley!" A cold voice called my name.

I turned around and saw Charles standing at the gate with a livid face.

I immediately swept my eyes around for any signs of Rita, but she was not with him. He obviously came here for me.

The only reason that Charles would come here to pick me up was probably that Alice and Christine told him to.

He was unhappy because his family had once again forced him to be a husband to me and leave his beloved Rita behind. I could understand why he was in such a foul mood.

"I'll leave you to your friend then, Scarlett. See you tomorrow." Abner quickly said goodbye to me the moment he laid eyes on Charles.

"Okay. See you tomorrow." I waved at him with a smile.

Before I could put down my hand, Charles had already grabbed my arm and dragged me toward his car.

"What are you doing? Charles!" And just like that, my happy, carefree day got spoiled. Charles was getting more and more overbearing, and I was pretty sure that he had no right to be. It was not like we were a

real married couple.

"Get in the car!" With a long face, Charles yanked the car door open.

I turned around and rolled my eyes at him. He pushed me into the car and slammed the door shut. Then, he marched around the hood and got into the driver's seat.

I chose to keep silent. Whatever was making him lash out at me was none of my business. Also, it was pointless arguing with him.

I was just happy that I would not have to endure him much longer. Grandpa was back. After I got our marriage certificate from him and filed our divorce, I would finally be free. I would not take Charles's mind games anymore.

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