

Charles's POV:

I called it. Whenever I set foot in our family's mansion, I got unresolved issues thrown at my face and then I ended up leaving in the worst of moods. There had been no single instance where I had left with a smile.

I sat on the edge of Rita's bed and recalled what happened just now. I felt so upset that I considered smashing something.

A few moments later, my phone beeped. It was a message from Scarlett.

"I've got our marriage certificate." I had to read the message thrice to make sure that I was not imagining it.

It was the most offensive text message I had ever received to date. I clicked on the photo that followed the message. It was taken on the day of Scarlett and I's wedding.

In the photo, we were standing very close to each other. While Scarlett had on one of those cute, squinty smiles that she put on whenever she was delighted about something, I was frowning like a boy who had been dragged into some activity that he did not want to do.

She must be very happy that day when she married me.

I gently ran my thumb over her face in the photo and found myself falling in a vortex of mixed feelings. How could a cheerful little daisy like Scarlett suddenly turn into a thorny rose?

I was not prepared to see her so determined to get out of my life.

"Did you quarrel with your family again?" Sensing the negative energy with which I must be bombarding her, Rita opened her eyes and spoke in a weak voice.

"Yes," I replied.

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I'm the reason you're always fighting with your family. If it weren't for me, you'd be at peace with them. I'm a burden to you." Rita covered her face with her hands and started sobbing.

"No. Of course it's not your fault. Don't think too much. It's just that Scarlett asked Grandpa for our marriage certificate earlier." I put away my phone and held her hand in mine.

"Did she get it then?" Her eyes instantly lit up.

"Yes," I answered.

But the happy and excited look on Rita's face did not make me feel good at all. It only reminded me of the unshakable resolve in Scarlett's eyes when she asked my grandfather for our marriage certificate.

At that moment, I realized how she would do anything to break away from me.

I had two women in my life. One of them yearned to divorce me while the other was desperate to marry me.

But what about me?

What did I want?

I suddenly came to the horrible realization that I had no idea what I wanted. Everyone else seemed to be sure of their choices while I mindlessly drifted in a sea of mine.

But I understood that I was at that point where whatever choice I made would not serve my own agenda. I promised Rita that I would marry her after I divorced Scarlett.

It was the least I could do for her, to fulfill her dying wish and put a perfect ending to her short life.

However, it was not a choice that put me in high spirits. After Rita fell asleep, I left the hospital and went for a ride.

I drove my white Maybach like a drunk, heartbroken teenager who felt lost and confused.

I cruised around aimlessly for a while.

Then, I found myself pulling up in front of the villa where Scarlett lived. I rolled down my window and stared at the light in her bedroom.

What was she doing at this time?

She must already be asleep with a satisfied smile on her face because she finally got our marriage certificate. Otherwise, she would not have sent me a message that soon.

She was overjoyed because it was only a matter of time before she could finally divorce me.

The idea annoyed me so much that I lit up a cigarette and took a deep drag. It was the only way left to help me calm down.

Scarlett's POV:

I don't have to work that morning, so instead of rushing to the company, I decided I would go to the nearby breakfast place from the villa and grab a bite to eat. I was extra cheery because I had finally gotten our marriage certificate. A little more time and this would all be over.

But before I could go far, a familiar white Maybach caught my attention.

"What are you doing here?" I walked over to check on Charles and noticed the pile of cigarette butts scattered beside the car. Judging from the number of cigarette butts, I had guessed that he had been sitting there all night. I looked at him with wide eyes.

He was still wearing the clothes he wore yesterday, and the stubble on his face and his bloodshot eyes

told me that he had not gotten any sleep.

"I just got here. Those cigarette butts aren't mine," he explained nonchalantly.

"Okay." All I could think about at that moment was that my soon-to-be ex-husband was so excited to divorce me that he camped out in his car all night just to drag me to the lawyer's office at first light.

"Do you mind if I go get some breakfast first before we go to the lawyer's office?" I pointed to the breakfast place not far away. I thought he could at least let me eat before formally wrecking our marriage.

"Get in the car," Charles looked up at me and said firmly.

I hesitated for a while. He did not really answer my



question, so I had no idea if we were getting breakfast or heading to the lawyer's office. Finally, I gave up and just got in the car.

As we passed by the breakfast place, I caught a whiff of the delicious food they served there. I looked out the window and saw the owner handing a cup of coffee to a customer. Charles did not stop, so I guessed there was no breakfast for me.

"You always buy breakfast at that place?" Charles suddenly asked.

"Yes."

"Why don't you just make it yourself?"

"I don't know how."

I was an orphan and then an adopted daughter of the

Moore family. I grew up in a sheltered household where everything was done for me. Life skills were not a priority to learn.

Charles did not say anything more after that and just focused on driving.

But he did not take me to the lawyer's office to file our divorce. Instead, he took me to his apartment.

"I thought we're going to file our divorce right now. Why are we at your place?" I swept my eyes over the luxury apartment district where Charles lived. It was so fancy that ordinary people could not afford even the bathrooms here.

"Let me make you some breakfast first," Charles answered perfunctorily.

He got out of the car and went to open my door for

me. I watched his face carefully. He seemed to be walking on air today, and once again, it confused me.

Well, maybe he was just feeling as on a high as I was. After all, he could finally legally dump me today and marry the woman of his dreams.

"Is making me breakfast your way of buttering me up before divorcing me?" I asked with a smile.

"Think whatever you want," Charles replied, a shadow passing over his face.

I kept silent after that and just followed him into the gated community. The valet at the entrance bowed to Charles and greeted him, took his car keys, and went to park the car.

We went up to Charles's apartment. I sat on the sofa while Charles headed to the kitchen and started making breakfast. I watched him as he cooked and thought that Rita was a very lucky woman. She was going to marry a good man. He had an impressive family background and excellent upbringing. He was easy to the eyes, and he could cook. What more could a woman ask for?

No wonder Rita went to great lengths to be with him.

Before long, Charles was setting the table. He made a delicious-looking ham and egg sandwich that smelled divine. My mouth instantly watered the moment I laid eyes on it.

For a moment, I forgot all about the fact that I would no longer be his wife soon. That was probably the difference between letting go and not letting go.

Charles lowered his head and focused on eating his breakfast. Then, he suddenly said, "If you really want to work, you can come work in my company."

"You want your ex-wife to come work for you? Aren't you afraid of being the topic of office gossip?" I thought we were finally having a peaceful moment, but when Charles brought up the idea of us working together in the same office, I almost completely lost my appetite.

"I don't care about that. Just consider it, will you?" Charles looked straight into my eyes. He still looked so exhausted. I almost felt sorry for him.

"I like my job, Charles. I appreciate your offer, but I want to stay where I am now. And don't forget that we're getting divorced soon. I think it'll be easier for both of us if we stop interfering in each other's affairs as early as now," I explained as calmly as I could.

"Can you stop bringing up the divorce every chance you get?" Charles put down his sandwich and then looked up at me with a sullen expression.

"Can you stop interfering with my life?" I met his gaze. I was asking sincerely. I was not trying to challenge him.

Charles averted his eyes and took a deep breath. We sat there in silence as the tension that hung above us grew. I was not sure what he would do next, but knowing Charles, I was certain that he would not give up control without a bloodbath of a fight. I was honestly surprised that he had not lashed out on me yet.

But it was obvious that he was desperately holding on to the last slivers of his patience, which I could easily snap with the right words and tone.

Before Charles could do anything, the doorbell rang.

"Could it be Rita?" She was the first person that I thought of. She was the only one who would show up at Charles's apartment at this hour.

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