

Charles's POV:

I stood in front of the elevator for a long time. I could still feel the warmth of Scarlett's mouth against my lips. Kissing her for real felt better than I had imagined.

I stared blankly at the closed elevator doors and replayed what just happened in my mind over and over.

I was not a man of strong desires. Although I had been with Rita for so many years, I had never felt the urge to touch her. But it was different with Scarlett.

I really could not explain it.

When she slapped me after I kissed her, I did not

even feel it. The pain only registered to me when she started crying. It broke my heart into splinters.

"Charles?" Rita called from behind me. I turned and saw her standing there.

I averted my gaze. I did not want her to suspect anything, and my face would give me away for sure.

"Let's go back to the apartment."

I walked into the living room with Rita following me closely. "I'm so happy that you're finally getting divorced, Charles. Now my wish will finally be fulfilled before I die."

"Stop cursing yourself, Rita," I backfired without looking at her. I felt annoyed. Why did she always have to talk about death?

"Have you spoken with my doctor? You should know

the state of my health better than anyone." After she said that, she began to sob.

In the past, whenever Rita spoke in a weak voice and then started weeping, I immediately took pity on her and felt extremely compelled to protect her. But one day, I did not know exactly when, I realized that I was getting a little tired of all of it—the tears, the self-pity, and the sadness. They all just became too much to take.

Whenever I had to deal with Rita, my mind automatically flew off to Scarlett, and I was not even sorry.

"You're fine. Don't worry too much. The stress will just get you down." I restrained myself and tried to comfort Rita with all the patience I could muster.

"Charles, am I starting to trouble you too much?" Rita

looked at me nervously.

"No." I walked to the sofa and sat down. I massaged my forehead so that I would not have to look her in the eyes.

"So you and Scarlett will really file for divorce today?" Rita walked to me and asked cautiously.

"Yes."

"May I come with you?"

"Fine."

Rita, who had been obedient and considerate, was suddenly turning into a paranoid, nitpicking girlfriend. I could not help frowning.

Ten minutes later, Rita waited at the gate of the

community while I went to the basement to get the car. As soon as I got in the car, I called my assistant. "Gather all the senior executives. I want to meet with them in ten minutes."

"Is there a problem, Mr. Moore?"

Judging from my tone, my assistant probably thought that there was some kind of big incident that needed handling. Instead of answering her, I hung up the phone.

Scarlett's POV:

At the entrance of the law office, I paced back and forth with our marriage certificate in my hand. I glanced at my watch from time to time, waiting anxiously for Charles to show up.

I only had half an hour before my show began. If

Charles stood me up, then the divorce would be postponed again.

"What happened? Why is Charles not here yet?" After waiting for what felt like forever, I decided to call his assistant to ask what was taking so long.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Moore. Mr. Moore just called an urgent meeting. I don't think he can spare some time to see you today." Charles's assistant spoke in a low voice, and I could hear some chatter in the background. She probably answered the phone in the middle of the urgent meeting she said Charles suddenly convened.

I hung up the phone and stared at the bustling city scene in front of the law office. I heaved a sigh and shook my head.

I had no idea how much more delays I could take. I

just wanted it all to end.

I looked at my watch again. I only had fifteen minutes before I had to be at the studio for my show.

I stared at our marriage certificate and grunted. Then, I left the law office and hailed a taxi to work. Fifteen minutes should be more than enough time to get me to the station before my program started.

After I entered the studio, I put all my personal worries aside and focused on my job. Per usual, Abner and the director praised me many times for a job well done. They said that I was not only excellent at what I do but also had an impressive work ethic.

After a whole afternoon's work, I was finally able to clock out and go home. It had been sunny all afternoon, but now all of a sudden, it was raining heavily. Little bean-sized raindrops fell down violently,

pummeling the pavement and releasing the day's warmth into the night air.

I did not bring an umbrella with me, so I just stood at the gate of the TV station and waited for the rain to stop. A few moments later, I glimpsed a pair of shiny black shoes beside me, and the dim nearby light was blocked by something big and black. It was Abner and his umbrella.

"Come on. I'll give you a ride home." He smiled down at me and offered to drive me home.

Ever since I joined the TV station as a program host, Abner had been nice to me. He always went out of his way to chat me up and ask about my experience so far on the job. I did not know whether or not it was just coincidence or something, but I always seemed to run into him. At the gate, in the studio, during lunchtime, you name it. But I did not mind. I felt comfortable

around him, and he made me feel like an important part of the team.

"No, it's okay. I'm just waiting for a taxi," I refused politely.

"A taxi in this rain? You're going to be here until morning. Come on. Your place is on the way anyway. I just want to make sure you get home safely." As he spoke, he pulled me to his car, completely ignoring my refusal.

He kept his umbrella above me the entire time, and by the time we were inside his car, he was soaking wet on one side.

I tried to pull him under his own umbrella, but before I could succeed, I was already on his passenger seat and he was on the driver's seat.

I took out a tissue from my bag and offered it to Abner to wipe his face, but he declined and insisted that he was okay. I wanted to help him wipe his face and his arm, but I dismissed the intention. There were just the two of us in the car now. I could not risk the gesture being misinterpreted by anyone who could have spotted us.

I did not want to send Abner the wrong message either.

Soon, Abner gunned the engine and drove out of the gates. Then, he started conversing with me about my daily life. He seemed worried that I might grow bored of the city and fly back to France.

When we passed a supermarket, my phone rang. It was Christine.

Abner stopped talking and signaled me to answer the phone.

I nodded sheepishly at him and picked up. "Hello, dear. Are you home yet? Can you come over for dinner tonight? I made your favorite apple pie."

"Oh, Grandma, that's very nice of you, but I already had dinner." Two days ago, Charles and I almost made Michael faint with anger. I was not exactly in a hurry to see him again. The last thing I wanted to do now was upset him. I thought I had already done enough when I boldly asked him for Charles and I's marriage certificate.

"But I already sent the car to your place to pick you up," Christine said in a begging tone, which virtually made me feel guiltier than I already was.

"How could I ever say no to you, Grandma? Okay, I'm coming over. Wait for me." I had considered making up a more convincing excuse, but in the end, I just gave up and said yes.

Soon, Abner and I were in front of my house. Charles's car was also there, which struck a nerve in me.

After standing me up at the law firm today, he had the nerve to show up now. What an inconsiderate jerk.

After thanking Abner, I tried to open my door, but it did not budge. I looked over at Abner in confusion.

He looked like he wanted to say something but did not know how to put it into words. I just stared at him and waited for him to speak up. Finally, he met my gaze and said nervously, "Scarlett, there's something that I'd like to ask you. Since I first saw you at the office,

I've found you amazing and cool, and I was wondering..."

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Before Abner could get to his question, we were interrupted by three loud raps on the passenger-side window. Abner and I looked up at the same time to see who was knocking.

Charles was standing outside in the rain with a black umbrella. There was enough light for me to see the menacing look in his eyes that sent a chill down my spine.

With a click, the passenger-side door opened, and Charles grabbed my wrist and yanked me out. He dragged me out with so much force that I missed a step and he caught me in his arms.

It all happened in the blink of an eye.

Next thing I knew, Abner was getting out of the car and into the pouring rain. As Charles towed me away, I heard Abner scream, "Will you go out with me, Scarlett?"

I turned around and stared at him with wide eyes.

Did he just ask me out?

"I like you! Let's go out!" Abner seemed to be concerned that I did not hear him through the heavy rain. He rushed over to me and took my hand in his. "I just want to make sure that you heard me. May I take you out on a date some time?"

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