

Scarlett's POV:

It was pouring outside while we were having dinner. Because of this, I could not help but be worried about how I would go home. I would rather not take Charles's car.

Christine must have sensed my apprehension. She looked outside the window and asked with a smile, "Dear Scarlett, would you like to stay for the night?"

"I have work tomorrow, Grandma," I replied with an apologetic smile.

"It's okay. I'll ask the driver to drive you to the company tomorrow morning, so you won't be late."

Charles cast a glance at us. Seeing this, Christine

glared at him and said sharply, "What are you looking at? I don't care whether you want to stay or not. But I hope Scarlett stays with me, even just for the night."

Christine held my hand and looked at me expectantly.

"Okay." I could not refuse her, so I just agreed.

Christine's face lit up. Meanwhile, Alice, Lawrence, and Michael were also delighted.

Only Charles seemed indifferent. He just continued eating and did not even spare us a glance.

Christine had reserved a room for Charles and me in the mansion. But because the two of us were getting a divorce, it was inappropriate for us to sleep together. Therefore, Christine decided to arrange the guestroom solely for Charles.

The latter did not say anything when Christine made the arrangement. Without a word, he went to the guestroom to rest. But when everyone was already asleep, he went to my door and knocked.

As I opened the door, I saw him standing outside in pajamas. His pajamas were white with slim blue piping. The style was ordinary, but on him, the pajamas looked expensive and custom-fitted.

I immediately blocked the door and showed no intention of letting him in. "What's up?" I asked crossly.

Charles pushed the door open and walked straight to the bed. "I can't sleep. There's a strange smell in the guestroom."

"I'll sleep there instead then." I walked out of the room as soon as I finished speaking.

"What do you mean? Do you think that I'm interested in scrawny women like you?" Charles looked me up and down as he spoke.

My blood boiled in anger. Me? Scrawny? Humph! I was in good shape!

On second thought, I understand what he meant. As the saying went, "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder." Besides, how could he be interested in me when he already had someone in his heart? My being defensive was unnecessary.

But in that case, what was the matter with him in the elevator this morning? Could it be that he was driven by desire?

I eyed Charles with suspicion, and he looked back at me. But instead of offering a compromise, he lay on

the bed and occupied half of it.

"Since you insist on staying here, you sleep on the sofa. I'll sleep on the bed as usual," I said sternly. I did not want to make too much noise and wake Christine and the others up. But since he would not budge, I decided to let him be. Maybe sleeping on the sofa was not so bad, after all.

"What are you doing? Did I say you could sleep there?" Charles stood up and pulled me to the bedside. "Just sleep next to me. Don't make me tie you up and throw you on the bed."

I struggled to get out of his grasp, but he was too strong for me. He pulled me to the bedside and pushed me onto the bed.

I could not hold back my anger anymore. "Charles, how dare you do this to me?!" I yelled angrily.

"Just go to sleep and stop shouting!"

Charles pulled the quilt over me and held me tightly in his arms, not giving me the chance to leave.

He had been clear from the very beginning that he would never be interested in me. Even so, I did not dare to struggle in his arms in fear of turning him on.

I just lay still for a long time. I had no idea what time I had fallen asleep. The last thing I remembered was that he was holding me in his arms.

The next day.

The golden ray of sunshine made its way through the bedroom window, and it was dazzling. I struggled to open my eyes, only to find that the person next to me when I slept was no longer there when I woke up.

I suddenly remembered that we were supposed to go to the law office today to sign the divorce papers. With that, I quickly got up to look for him downstairs.

Just as I walked to the door, a hoarse voice came from behind. "You're up," Charles said weakly.

I turned around and saw him on the sofa, curled up in pain. Unlike his usual demeanor, he looked pitiful. It overturned my impression of him.

I rushed to his aid and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

"I'm burning with fever."

"Have you taken medicine already?"

Charles did not speak and just leaned against the

sofa. The listless look on his face was enough to answer my question.

"Hang on. I'll get you medicine."

I walked out of the room and asked Christine for antipyretics. But before she handed me the medicine bottle, she asked what had happened to Charles first.

Once I got the bottle, I returned to the room and took two capsules from it. "Give me your hand," I ordered to Charles.

Charles was taken aback for a second but still did as told. I could not help but notice how slender and fair his hands were. They looked nice, unlike the hands of most men.

I placed the capsules in his hand. But for some reason, Charles only stared at them with a frown.



"Hurry up and take them. That way, we can go through the divorce procedure without problems," I urged.

"I'll feel worse if I go out at this time." Charles lifted his head and looked at me. His flushed face concealed his cold temperament. Right now, he looked like a patient who just wanted to be taken care of.

But instead of feeling sorry, I felt an urge to yell at him. Was it because he had been with Rita for a long time that he had learned how to put on act? While I was in deep thought, my phone suddenly rang.

I glanced at him and walked to the window to answer the phone. Suddenly, Abner's voice came from the other end of the line. "Scarlett, I just passed by your

house. Would you like me to give you a ride?"

His voice was the same as it usually was. It seemed that he was unaffected by what had happened yesterday. I guessed he had not given up yet.

"Abner, I appreciate your offer. Unfortunately, I have something important to do today. I won't go to the company later." I declined apologetically. All I wanted right now was to get the divorce over with.

I could not wait any longer.

"I see. See you at the TV station then."

"See you."

After saying goodbye to Abner, I hung up the phone and watched Charles take medicine. But for some reason, he was just staring at the capsules in his

hand in a daze.

"Why haven't you taken them yet? Don't tell me that you need to be coaxed like a child first."

All of a sudden, he looked up at me and asked in a low and icy cold tone, "Are you dating that man?"

"It's none of your business. Take the medicine now."

The truth was, I planned on rejecting Abner. It was just that I did not want to tell Charles about it. What did it have to do with him anyway?

"Of course, it's my business. As long as we haven't divorced, we're still a couple. How can you hook up with another man behind my back?! What? Is he better than me?" Charles scoffed.

"If you really want to know, yes, he is. He's gentler

and more considerate than you," I answered with a sneer. Well, I only said those words to piss Charles off. Would it not be nice if he divorced me out of rage?

In a fit of anger, Charles stood up abruptly and threw the capsules on the floor. "Scarlett, do you want to die?!" he bellowed.

"I think you're the one who wants to die. You don't want to take medicine when you're clearly sick!" I fired back.

I must be out of my mind. We were about to be divorced. Why did I still care if he took medicine or not? He was not a pitiful man who needed my care anyway. I did not have to be concerned about him.

From what I saw, he was not that difficult to deal with whenever he was with Rita. He must be gentle to her. Maybe she was special in his eyes.

Nevertheless, I did not want to waste my time on him anymore. So, without another word, I left for work.

Just as I arrived at the TV station, Mr. Walker, the man who wanted to ask me out for dinner last time, appeared in front of me again.

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