

Scarlett's POV:

Mr. Walker's driver took me to a high-end bar not far from the cafe. He ushered me inside and led the way to a long corridor of lush private rooms. Before long, he stopped in front of one and knocked on the door.

"Come in." A deep, attractive male voice called from the inside.

The driver opened the door and gestured to me to go in.

I nodded at him and walked into the private room. The room was dimly lit, but it exuded a cozy ambiance. It was also fair in size. Most of the space was taken up by large, nicely upholstered seats and a small table. Mr. Walker was sitting on the sofa and swirling the

contents of his glass. The rust-colored liquid, which I assumed was whiskey, glinted in the light.

"Have a seat, please." I saw a flash of amazement in his eyes the moment he looked at me. He gestured me to take the sofa opposite him.

"Thank you." I sat down.

Then, he said bluntly, "One million dollars a year plus birthday and holiday gifts."

He spoke as if he was pitching a business proposal. My go-to reaction was a tentative chuckle.

"You'll have to explain what's happening here, Mr. Walker. I'm not sure I understand," I said directly.

"I watch your show. You look pure." He looked at me up and down.

"But I don't believe anything I see on a screen. Not right away at least. I had to see it in person first. Many stars look pure through a TV set but not all of them really are." I was starting to get a sense of what he wanted to happen, and I immediately thought of stopping it before it turned into something that could not be undone.

After a few moments, Mr. Walker began to hesitate. He looked at me with scrutinizing eyes as if he was trying to read my every move. When he was about to speak again, we heard a big commotion outside. Someone was trying to enter our private room.

The driver outside tried to stop that person. But obviously, he did not succeed.

The door swung open violently, and Spencer, who was a little out of breath, rushed over to me.

"Scarlett, you've got to come with me. You've got to stop Charles. He's drinking himself to death right now."

"What? Where?" I jumped up from the sofa.

"David and I have been trying to stop him, but he won't listen. You know how he is. He's as stubborn as a mule. He won't listen to either of us."

"Take me to him."

Spencer and I were only halfway to the door when I suddenly stopped.

"No. Call Rita. She should be the one to talk to him."

Charles listened to Rita, not me. I could not even get him to take some medications for his fever this

morning.

"But Scarlett..." Spencer protested, but I was already walking back to my seat.

I ignored him until he gave up and left.

Charles's POV:

Earlier this evening, Scarlett phoned me and told me that she was going to file for divorce even without me. I got so upset that I was able to power through my fever and dragged myself to the bar. To my relief, Spencer and David were also there.

I went through three rounds of shots without blinking, and as soon as I started slurring my words, Spencer and David stopped the drinks from pouring in.

They tried to stop me from drowning my sorrows, but

they failed. Finally, they decided to call Rita.

"Charles, you're burning up. You're not well. You can't drink anymore." Rita walked over to me, sat down beside me, and grabbed my glass.

I leaned back on the sofa, shut my eyes, and pinched the bridge of my nose.

"Hey, Rita, we'll leave him to you, all right? We'll just step outside for a bit. Don't worry. We won't come in unless you call us." Spencer's words implied something.

Did he really think that I would have sex with Rita in such a dirty private room in a bar?

I shot Spencer a warning look. He got it so quickly that he grabbed David's arm and started dragging him out. I started yelling.

"No! Stay here, both of you!"

"But we want to give you and Rita some privacy."
Spencer grinned cheekily at me.

I wanted to punch him in the face.

I flashed him a menacing look. Then, his throat bobbed, and he let go of David's arm. He settled back on his seat.

"Fine." I got a new glass, filled it with wine, and started drinking again.

"Slow down."

Spencer and David winced as I downed the contents of my glass. They urged Rita with their eyes to stop me.

Rita reached out and attempted to take away my glass again, but this time, I was able to dodge.

"Please, Charles. Enough already." She reached out for my glass again. She did it over and over even if she failed and failed. I was starting to get extremely annoyed. Suddenly, I was not in the mood to drink anymore.

I tossed my empty glass to the floor, and it rolled on the carpet.

"Are you done?" Spencer asked.

I glared at him.

"Then it's time to go home. Come on." Rita heaved a sigh of relief and held my arm to help me up.

But I shook off her hand. I climbed to my feet and went straight for the door.

I walked out of our private room and staggered through the corridor. Then, I saw Scarlett talking and laughing with a man outside another private room. I instantly recognized the man she was with. It was Mr. Walker who had asked her out before.

Scarlett looked gorgeous today. She was wearing a blue dress, and per usual, she carried herself with dignity and grace. She seemed to be enjoying her conversation with Mr. Walker. In fact, she was laughing at something that he said. I stood there as my heart cracked and rage seethed out of it.

The thought of her dressing up for another man made me want to drag her away from that pompous Mr. Walker.

Scarlett's POV:

"Scarlett!"

Mr. Walker and I were outside of our private room and saying our goodbyes when I heard someone yell my name. I turned my head and saw Charles standing outside another private room a few feet away.

The warm light cast terrifying shadows on his gloomy face. He looked poised for a fight.

"Spencer, David, take Rita back to the hospital."

I kept my eyes fixed on him. He spoke to somebody inside the private room, but I did not catch what he said.

Then, Spencer and David walked out. Rita followed suit.

Charles started speaking to Spencer and David. He appeared to be giving them instructions, and then Rita started protesting. Charles must be asking his friends to take Rita home because the next second, Rita flashed me a vicious look.

Right then, I thought that I had to get out of there. Surely, Charles was going to make trouble for me again. He was obviously angry for God knew what, and he was ready to take it out on me.

But I was too slow. Next thing I knew, Charles was dragging me by the arm toward the private room he, his friends, and Rita had just vacated. He slammed the door shut, grabbed my neck, and pinned me against the wall.

"Charles!" Rita screamed and pounded on the door.

"Come on, Rita. Let's go," Spencer coaxed her.

"No! I'm not leaving here until they come out!" Rita half-sobbed.

"Take her away, Spencer!" Charles shouted.

I gasped as I tried to pry Charles's strong hand from my neck. I felt like I was trying to bend a steel pipe with my bare hands.

"What the hell are you doing, Charles? Let go of me!" I struggled to finish my sentence.

"All this time, I thought highly of you, Scarlett. But maybe I shouldn't have. What are you doing having drinks with an old man? Are you hoping to get some new sexual experience or something?"

What was he talking about? Mr. Walker was only around thirty years old. He was not old at all. And even if he was and I was trying to sleep with him, what did Charles care? The reason I agreed to see Mr. Walker was that Charles was being difficult with the divorce.

"It's none of your business!"

"I'm still your husband. If you want sex, just ask me for it. Don't be so depraved that you're willing to hook up with a disgusting geezer." The anger in Charles's eyes was unlike anything I had ever seen before. He tightened his grip around my neck, and I dug my nails in his hand, but he did not seem to notice.

"I don't want anything from you."

"Okay. So Pierre wasn't enough, huh? Now you want

some older lover? Why are you acting like you're running out of men to sleep with?"

"It has nothing to do with you."

"It has everything to do with me! Grandpa is not in good health. Do you think your scandalous private life will help him sleep well at night? What do you want, Scarlett? Do you want many different men? I'll give them to you! How about Spencer and David? Would you like to sleep with them, too? Fine! Go! Have at them!"

"Don't talk to me like I'm the one acting out since the beginning. You're the one who asked me for a divorce. Why can't you just man up and make it happen?"

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