

Scarlett's POV:

Charles finally loosened his grip. "Grandma and Grandpa's health is declining because of what's happening between us. It's not my intention to postpone our divorce," he explained in a low voice.

My knees buckled, and I felt my body collapse as he finally let go of me. I slid down the door and unconsciously touched my painful neck while coughing relentlessly.

"You can pretend to be with Spencer. If Grandpa and Grandma see that you're happy, they won't be worried about our divorce."

My brain was still muddy because of the lack of oxygen. I did not answer him as I was appalled about

what he had just done.

However, something suddenly occurred to me. Every time I went to the Moore family's mansion, Michael and Christine would treat me warmly. I felt a pang in my heart at the thought of this. The two old couple had been treating me as their own granddaughter ever since I lost my parents. If something happened to them because of me, I would not be able to expiate my guilt, even if I died a hundred times.

"Spencer grew up with me. I know him very well. He's better than those men you've met outside," Charles stated, his voice gentle and pleasant for some reason.

"Are you saying that I can divorce you as long as I listen to you?" I asked inquisitively while looking into his eyes. My neck felt less painful now than it was a while ago.

"Be with Spencer for a while. We'll finalize our divorce once Grandpa and Grandma are no longer worried."

Charles saw the eagerness in his eyes. He glanced at me with an inexplicable look on his face and then looked away.

"Fine. I'll do as you say," I answered.

"Spencer will pick you up after work from tomorrow."

"Okay."

We had finally reached a consensus. With that, I stood up to leave, but my legs were too weak. Charles reached out his hand to help me. I took it, but the next second, we fell to the floor together.

His body pressed against mine. I could feel his warm body through my thin clothes. Even his breath was hot.

He was still burning with fever.

With all my remaining strength, I pushed him as hard as I could. "Charles, what-what are you doing?"

"Hmm..." Charles looked at me with dazed eyes. To my surprise, he angled my head and kissed me. He pressed his soft lips onto mine, and his hot tongue made its way into my mouth. He was very gentle yet overwhelming.

One second ago, he tried to kill me. But now, he was kissing me fervently.

However, the only thing I could feel was anger.

Charles's lips kept moving, gently sucking mine. I, however, did not resist, nor did I kiss him back.

I knew that when a man kissed a woman, getting no reaction was humiliating.

It was only after a moment that Charles realized what I had been doing. He heaved a heavy sigh and got up.

"Let me drive you home," he offered.

I leaned against the door and tried my best to stand up. I could still feel his warmth on my lips, but I did not feel anything towards him, even lust.

I had made up my mind that we should no longer be entangled with one another.

Charles and I would never have a future, after all.

Without a word, I opened the door and left. Charles followed me shortly.

I walked to the elevator and waited for the doors to open. While doing so, he suddenly draped his coat on my shoulders.

"Don't wear revealing clothes again," he advised.

Charles was right next to me. After putting on his coat, his smell became stronger and overpowering. In all honesty, I found it upsetting more than comforting. I could not help but clutch the hem of my clothes in dismay and forced myself not to turn around to look at him.

We did not say a word on our way back, let alone mention the kiss. Ironically, Charles was in a better mood. He even drove slowly on purpose to appreciate the scenery outside the window.

The skyscrapers glinted in the light. It was

breathhtaking. It seemed that the world had never changed because of mishaps. Only people did.

We arrived at the destination not long after.

Charles parked the car at the gate of the community. I immediately unfastened the seatbelt to get away from him as soon as I could. Unfortunately, it was stuck.

"What's wrong? Don't you want to get off?" Charles asked teasingly.

"It's stuck," I curtly answered.

"Really? Let me have a look at it." Charles leaned over to check the seatbelt. His face was inches away from mine that I felt his warm breath on my face. It made my heart flutter in my chest.

It was a little disconcerting, so I stopped him at once.

"I can do it myself."

I impatiently tried to unfasten my seatbelt, only to end up touching his hand. I fell stunned.

His fever had gotten worse.

Crack.

The seatbelt was finally unfastened while I was in a daze. Charles raised his head to look at me. We were so close that I could even see my reflection in his eyes.

Charles smiled at me. "It's alright now."

"Okay." It was only then that I came to my senses. I quickly opened the door and got out of the car. I wanted to get out of his sight as fast as I could. After taking a few steps, I realized that I was still wearing



his coat. Although I did not want to see him anymore, I had no choice but to come back.

I handed his coat through the window and said, "Here's your coat. Remember to take medicine once you get home. You're burning with fever."

Charles took the coat from me and answered in an unusually tender tone, "I will. Good night."

I stood there in a daze until he drove away.

After Charles got angry at me and kissed me at the bar, he became kind and considerate.

He introduced Spencer to me, but at the same time, entangled himself with me. He was confusing. It was impossible to see through him.

But here I was, foolishly trying to comprehend him.

'Scarlett, could you stop being weak? Don't fall into his trap! You two are going to divorce soon. He doesn't belong to you. He belongs to someone else!'

I shook my head and walked home. I tried my best to calm down and not get carried away by Charles's advances. I did not go into the community until I was no longer affected by him.

The next day.

I checked my phone the moment I got up. I found that there was no news about me. Even the previous ones were gone.

Could it be that Charles had taken care of it?

He deleted the news in fear that his grandparents would be anxious when they saw it?

While I was in deep thought, a knock sounded at the door.

I opened the door and saw Rita holding two food bags in her hand.

"Hey, Scarlett! Well, I was worried that you hadn't had breakfast yet, so I bought you some on the way here." Rita waved the food bags and smiled brightly as if she really came here out of concern.

"Come in." I took a step back and let her in. I could not help but take a look at the logo on the bags in her hand. They did not come from the breakfast shop I was familiar with. They looked expensive.

"Wait for me. I'm going to set the table. You go wash up first and get ready for breakfast." Rita put the takeaways on the table and went to the kitchen. The

moment she came in, she acted as though this was her home.

I was not a neat freak. Still, I was unhappy because the person I hated the most touched my things without even bothering to ask.

I stood by the table and watched as Rita put the food on the plate. She made it into a heart-shaped pattern. It was pretty, but it made me lose my appetite.

"Scarlett, I'm so sorry for what happened last night. The doctor said that my illness was getting worse. Charles must've been hurt by the news, so he did that to you. Please forgive him." Rita put a fork on the plate in front of me and looked at me expectantly.

I stared back at her coldly and asked, "What did he do to me?" Her words made me uncomfortable.

"I should be the one who's asking that question. What happened to you two last night? Did he hurt you?" Rita asked, her eyes wide open in curiosity.

Her affectation disgusted me.

"You'd better ask Charles that." I checked the time on my watch and expressed my impatience.

"Forget it. Let's just eat, shall we?" Rita pointed to a chair and beckoned me to sit down.

"I'm afraid I have to go to work now. If you don't have anything else to say, you can go back to the hospital." I did not want to sit down and eat the breakfast she had bought, so I just drove her away.

I could no longer stand her pretension.

"I won't hold you up then. Your work is more

important." Rita looked at the breakfast on the table and sighed heavily. With a pitiful look on her face, she walked towards the door.

All of a sudden, she stopped in her tracks as though she remembered something. Sure enough, she turned around and said, "Mr. Walker is an excellent man. I can see that he likes you very much. If you want to have someone who'll take care of you here, he's your best choice."

I did not say anything in response and just looked at her, wondering what else she would say next.

Knowing her, she must have a reason why she had come all the way here.

"The only problem with him is that a lot of women have been involved with him. I heard that many stars used to be his lovers. Don't worry. He's generous and

treats women well," Rita advised as if she knew Mr. Walker very well.

I crossed my arms and asked crossly, "Rita, what are you doing? Are you worried about my love life?"

"I'm not..." Rita immediately opened her mouth to explain herself. But before she could finish her words, she fainted.

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