

Charles's POV:

I received a call from Scarlett, saying that Rita had fainted.

Because of that, I put the meeting of the senior executives on hold and raced to the hospital.

The second I entered the room, Rita hurriedly explained, "Charles, listen to me! Scarlett had no idea that my health is dwindling. If she knew that, she wouldn't have done what she did. Please, don't blame her for this. I think she must've realized her fault by now."

"I didn't do anything, Rita. One second you were perfectly fine, and the next you just fainted. Don't make it sound like I did something to hurt you on

purpose. Because I didn't!" Scarlett snapped.

"Why are you yelling at me? I'm defending you from Charles..." Rita started sobbing.

Scarlett rolled her eyes and turned to me.

"Can you believe this woman?"

I did not say anything because I had no idea which of them was telling the truth.

Rita cried even more bitterly. Scarlett looked at me with disappointment.

"Look, it doesn't matter whether you believe me or not, but you have to make it clear to her right now that you're the one delaying the divorce."

"Do you think I don't want a divorce? I'm just worried

about what it will do to Grandma and Grandpa." My patience finally ran out. I just did not like it when Scarlett was being aggressive like this.

"Okay, I know what I should do now. I'll go out with Spencer so that Grandma and Grandpa can relax. But at the same time, you should also get your woman under control and tell her not to mess with me."

Scarlett's eyes were full of disappointment and contempt, and she spoke with the kind of finality that I had never heard in her voice before.

I watched her leave as I swallowed the words I meant to say.

She walked away without looking back. I stayed with Rita in the hospital for a while and then went home.

To be honest, I did not believe that Scarlett would harm Rita. She was not that kind of person. More

importantly, she had no motivation. She wanted to move things along with our divorce. She wanted me out of her life as soon as possible. Why would she bother making things difficult for Rita if she did not want me?

But if Scarlett did not do anything, then it meant that Rita was lying.

After thinking it over, I decided to ask my assistant, Danny, to investigate it.

"Go check what Rita has been up to lately. Remember not to miss anything."

Scarlett's POV:

Because of what happened to Rita this morning, I was a little distracted all day long at work. My colleagues kept asking me if I was okay. I could only nod

sheepishly and force a smile to assure them that I was all right. I struggled to keep a light air and concentrate at work, but I managed.

Finally, the day ended, and I decided to go out after work with my colleagues to unwind.

As soon as we walked out of the building, a white BMW pulled up in front of us.

"Hey, Scarlett!" The driver-side window rolled down, revealing Spencer's handsome, smiling face.

Upon seeing Spencer, my colleagues immediately whispered and giggled among themselves.

"Is he your friend, Scarlett? He's cute!"

"Oh, Scarlett! Why are you constantly surrounded by hot, rich men?"

I just smiled and did not say anything. Charles proposed yesterday that I should date Spencer. Now Spencer was here. Obviously, he had come to fulfill one of the most basic obligations of a boyfriend—to pick up his girlfriend from work.

What was next?

Were we going to start behaving like a real couple?
To do something that lovers would do?

"Come on. Get in the car." Spencer got off the car, walked around the hood, and opened the passenger-side door for me like a true gentleman. He even covered my head with his hand to prevent me from bumping into the roof of the car.

"I have to go, guys. I'll join you for drinks next time. See you tomorrow," I said to my colleagues.

"I have to go, guys. I'll join you for drinks next time. See you tomorrow," They waved at me as Spencer drove away. I settled in my seat and fastened my seat belt.

Although I had known Spencer since I was a child, I still felt a bit uncomfortable being alone with him, and it did not help that we were supposed to be dating now. I just sat there quietly and kept my face neutral.

"Let's go shopping first, okay?" Spencer turned to look at me and beamed.

"Okay. Whatever you want." I decided to go along with what he wanted to do.

"We'll buy some clothes and then meet Christine later for dinner."

"Sure."

"Good girl." Spencer flicked my chin with his finger and spoke in a doting tone as if he was coaxing a child.

I was not used to being intimate with him, so without really thinking about it, I dodged his touch and had a mini heart attack when I saw Charles sitting quietly in the back seat and watching us with cold eyes.

I gasped and put a hand over my chest.

"Oh, yeah. Charles wanted to come along to monitor us like a glorified chaperone. Just pretend he isn't there," Spencer chuckled and reached for my hair.

I was going to avoid his touch again, but knowing that Charles was watching, I decided otherwise. I let Spencer hold my head as he drove.

"Okay," I smiled and nodded.

Soon, we arrived at the boutique.

As soon as we entered the shop, the saleswoman shut the door and hung a closed sign on it. Judging from her skilled movements and professional demeanor, I could say that this was not the first time that she catered to a couple of filthy rich VIP shoppers.

"Surprised? Get used to it. You're my girlfriend now, and from now on, you'll only be treated like a queen," Spencer said as he twined his fingers with mine.

Spencer was not as wealthy as Charles, but both of them ran in the same circles. Surely, every upscale shop in the city was willing to treat either of them and their companions like royalty.

With a livid face, Charles followed us into the store.

"Sirs, miss, this way, please." The saleswoman flashed us a welcoming smile and ushered us in.

"I want to see all the pieces from your latest collection, please," Spencer requested gracefully.

The saleswoman bowed slightly, left, and then returned with all the clothes Spencer asked for.

"Here you go, sir. These are new. In fact, we haven't gotten around to putting them on display yet."

Spencer nodded and began to look at the clothes one by one. I caught a glimpse of some of the price tags. The lowest I saw by far was around forty thousand dollars.

"Try this one on, Scarlett."

Spencer picked a white dress off the rack the saleswoman brought and asked me to try it on. I hesitated at first, but seeing the bitter look on Charles's face, I took the dress, smiled at Spencer, and headed to the fitting rooms.

I could not let Charles see through my uneasiness. I had to pretend to be happy and comfortable. Otherwise, he would just have more reasons to delay our divorce.

In fairness, I liked the style of the dress, and the fabric felt good against my skin. It fit me perfectly from my shoulders down to my knees, and it accentuated my body shape. I thought I looked sexy.

I had to admit that Spencer had very good eye and taste in fashion.

I stood in front of the mirror and stared at my reflection.

Just then, I overheard Spencer and Charles talking outside.

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