

Scarlett's POV:

"Charles, are you sure about that? Are you really going to let me date Scarlett?" Spencer asked excitedly.

"Yes," Charles answered firmly.

"Then you'd better remember that I'm a man with needs. Scarlett is beautiful. If something happens between us, I hope you won't regret your decision."

"I have told you that you two will just pretend to be in a relationship! You're not allowed to touch her!"

"If I date a girl but never touch her, then what's the point of dating her? For killing time?"

"Cut the crap. I'm telling you, don't you dare lay a finger on her!" Charles warned.

He was stubborn and did not want to reason with Spencer, and the latter sounded displeased.

At that very moment, I walked out of the fitting room. Spencer turned to look at me.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed.

He walked over, circled around me, and then looked at me from head to toe. "I won't dare to take you out wearing like this, or else other men will try to steal you from me."

His compliment was an exaggeration, but I let him be.

I did not say anything in response. Instead, I just lowered my head and avoided eye contact with

Charles.

He showed up uninvited, but his face was frigid as though he did not want to be here. What the hell was his problem?

Spencer bought the dress for me. As he handed his card to the saleswoman for payment, I whispered in his ear, "I'll pay you back when I get my salary."

Truth be told, I was grateful that Spencer was willing to put on an act with me. He had been so kind to me from the very beginning, so I would rather not spend his money. It was too much.

As for his conversation with Charles, I just shrugged it off.

The reason why I had decided to divorce Charles was that I wanted to stay away from him. In this case, how

could I really be with his friend?

Once we walked out of the boutique, we headed to the restaurant Christine had suggested.

At the dinner table, Spencer put one hand on my shoulder and assured the old lady, "Christine, I like Scarlett very much. You can rest assured that I will make her happy."

"You're so reliable," Christine remarked. She then glanced at Charles, and her face suddenly changed. "Unlike someone here who only loves that dying bitch," she scoffed.

Charles did not respond. All his attention was on the steak on his plate, and it seemed that he could not be bothered.

"Thank you, Christine." Spencer took my plate and

began cutting my steak like a true gentleman.

He gently pushed it in front of me once he was done. Just as I was about to eat, Charles snatched the knife and fork in my hands and threw them into the trash can.

Seeing that we were appalled by what he had just done, he explained, "They're dirty."

"Are you crazy?! How could they be dirty?" Spencer asked with apparent annoyance.

"You took them," Charles retorted without even lifting his gaze.

Spencer was too angry to say a word, and I, too, was speechless.

Why was Charles making trouble for no reason?

Could it be that he was trying to catch our attention?

If Spencer did not take my knife and fork, how could he cut the steak for me?

Christine could not stand it anymore. She rolled her eyes at Charles and said to Spencer and me, "Leave him alone. He's out of his mind." She then called the waiter and asked for a new set of cutlery for me.

If it were someone else, Charles would have been furious. However, Christine was his grandmother. He had no choice but to hold back his temper.

I began to eat once I had a new set of cutlery. While I was eating, I saw a dish being placed near my hand. I looked up and found that it was Charles who pushed it to me.

"Your favorite food," Charles said with a straight face.

"Sorry, I don't like it anymore." I pushed the dish back to him regardless of his sullen face.

We finished dinner not long after. While we were walking out of the restaurant, Christine asked me something about my work. Of course, I did not want her to worry, so I told her something interesting about my new job.

Christine was pleased. She said she would like to have dinner with Spencer and me again. But then, she looked at Charles with a scowl and added, "As for someone here, don't come. You spoil the fun."

Charles was in a bad mood during the dinner. But when he heard Christine's words, his face became gloomier.

All of a sudden, he grabbed my hand and dragged me

into his car.

"Spencer, drive Grandma home," he hurriedly said before getting into the car.

"Charles, what the hell are you doing?!" Spencer bellowed. He took a step forward to try and stop Charles, but the latter had already closed the door.

Even Christine was infuriated. She stood by the car window and shouted, "Charles, what's gotten into you?! Why are you getting in between a couple for no reason?"

"Go," Charles ordered the driver without even looking at his grandmother.

The car sped away at once. There was nothing I could do but wave goodbye to the two who were left behind.

Once they were completely out of our sight, Charles massaged his forehead with his thumb and index finger and cautioned, "Don't get too close to Spencer. He's not a good person."

I could not help but sneer upon hearing his words. "They're right. You really are insane. Weren't you the one who introduced him to me? You said it would set Grandma's mind at rest. But now, you're telling me that he's not a good man? What the fuck is wrong with you?!" I rolled my eyes in disdain. I did not know what to do with him anymore.

"He's a good friend to me of course. But you... you're a woman. He has other intentions to you." Charles sighed heavily as though he now regretted his decision.

"Don't we all? Everyone has some things in mind

when they're in a relationship. You know what? I think you're reading too much into it. Didn't you say that Grandma and Grandpa will only rest assured when she sees that I'm happy with Spencer? You saw with your own eyes that Grandma likes Spencer for me."

Charles did not say anything, but the air about him turned cold and terrifying.

"By the way, don't try to be the third wheel again. I'll try to get along well with Spencer, and I don't want you to get between us," I added.

Wrong move. As soon as I finished speaking, Charles leaned over and kissed me fervently.

I put my hands on his chest and tried pushing him away with all my strength. However, he grabbed my body, rendering me unable to move.

"Hmm!" I groaned in protest.

He did not let go of me, and his lips continued pressing against mine for a long while.

Our bodies were so close to each other. I must admit, my heart skipped a beat, and I felt a little exhilarated.

I had no idea how long the kiss went on. Time seemed to slow down.

It was only when we had run out of breath did he let go of me. We panted and gasped for air. I did not want him to see that my face was red and warm to touch, so I lowered my head and averted my gaze.

Once I got ahold of myself, I shouted, "Stop the car!" My mind was in a mess, but I knew I could not stay with Charles in the car any longer.

It was only then that I found that the partition of the car was raised. The driver must have no idea what had happened in the backseat just now.

The car came to a halt. I jumped out as fast as I could and ran home without looking back.

I touched my lips, and the scene of our kiss replayed in my mind. I had mixed feelings. I did not know how to describe them.

Even when I got home, I could still feel Charles's breath on my lips.

I shook my head and tried to forget what had happened in the car. But at that moment, I happened to see Charles's car outside.

Did he follow me?

Why did he come here again? Shouldn't he be with his beloved woman in the hospital?

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