

Scarlett's POV:

When the doorbell rang, my first thought was that the person outside the door was Charles.

But when I opened the door, the door opposite to mine opened almost at the same time. A handsome man walked out of the room and warmly hugged the woman who had just arrived.

The woman noticed that I was standing there and looking at them, so she gently pushed the man and smiled at me awkwardly. "Sorry. I rang the wrong doorbell."

I forced a smile and replied, "It's okay." With that, I closed the door and leaned my back against it in a daze.

It was a good thing that it was not Charles. That meant I would have a peaceful night.

To my surprise, the doorbell rang again.

Could it be him this time? With my fingers clenched, I opened the door.

At that moment, Charles's tall figure came into my sight. He entered my home as if it was his own and went to the living room.

I closed the door and nervously followed him.

Charles sat on the sofa and looked up at me. "You left your new dress at my car. You can go to my place and get it some other day."

"Got it," I replied while eyeing him warily. Did he come

all the way here just to tell me that? I doubted it. Besides, why couldn't he just bring the dress to me with him?

"Why are you still standing there? Shouldn't you make coffee for your guest?" Charles reminded me as he saw that I was just standing there and staring at him.

I did not have a habit of drinking coffee at night. But I must admit, I liked making coffee at home.

"Hang on."

Just as he had requested, I went to the kitchen and made him a cup of coffee.

I had just dried the mug and was about to pour coffee when I noticed that Charles was standing behind me. How long had he been standing there?

Startled, I gasped sharply and took a step back. Unfortunately for me, I tripped on my slippers and lost balance. I would have fallen backward and spilled coffee all over me. Fortunately, Charles reached out and held my waist just in time.

Time seemed to have stopped. Our bodies pressed against each other, and we could feel each other's heartbeat.

We stared into each other's eyes for God knows how long. It took me a while before I came to my senses. I realized that we were so close. Without meeting his gaze, I pushed him away and turned around to leave.

"Are you done?" he asked in an unusually gentle tone.

"Yes," I replied in a barely audible voice.

With that, Charles left with the mug of coffee.

I left the kitchen with a flustered expression. Charles, on the other hand, was calm and composed as though nothing had just happened. This made my blood boil. Why should I be the only one bothered? It was unfair!

With a scowl, I walked up to Charles and coldly said, "Drink it quickly and leave. I have to sleep early. I have work tomorrow."

Charles frowned and put down the coffee. To my surprise, he walked up to me with a grim expression.

"Has Rita been following you these past few days?"

I took a step back and kept a distance from him. "Does it matter?" I scoffed.

Charles did not say anything anymore. He must have realized that it was futile to talk to me about that woman, so he turned around and sat down on the sofa leisurely. He then lightly drummed on the armrest with his fingers and looked at me up and down.

"The water is off in my apartment. It's bothersome," he explained when he saw that I was looking at him impatiently.

"You want to stay here for the night?" I looked at him in disbelief. In all honesty, I was unconvinced by his reason. I had lost count of the number of times he had made excuses to stay here.

"I can't take a shower there. It's unbearable," Charles reasoned out.

I had known him enough to know that that was true. However, it was also unbearable for him to share a

bathroom with someone, was it not?

Charles's behavior was suspiciously different these past few days. I could not help but even think that he had fallen in love with me. But when I thought of his woman in the hospital, I overturned this conjecture.

I must be imagining things.

It was apparent that Charles did not want to leave, so there was no point in driving him away. He used to live in this place before I returned anyway.

Perhaps he wanted to stay here because this was his former home.

With a heavy sigh, I decided to let him be. I sat on the sofa, watched TV, and paid him no attention. Because I did not chase him away anymore, he finally went to the bathroom to take a shower.

The bathroom was close to the living room. So as I sat on the sofa, I could hear the sound of running water. I could not help but think of what had happened between us in the bathroom last time.

Charles already had a good figure since he was an adolescent and maintained it over the years. So now, he not only became fitter but stronger as well. His muscles were toned, especially his chest and abdominal muscles. These made him look strong, tall, and powerful.

I saw those muscles myself when I ran him a bath last time.

As I stared at his silhouette on the bathroom door, I imagined him raising his head, putting his hands into his hair, and rubbing it gently. His sexy Adam's apple moved along with his movements from time to time. It

was alluring.

"Do you want to do the same?" Charles asked with a hint of mischievousness in his eyes. His voice snapped me back to reality.

I was so immersed in my imagination that I did not notice he had already come out of the bathroom. I looked at him and saw that he was looking at the TV, a sly smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Perplexed, I looked at the TV as well. The leading man and lady in the romance movie I had been watching were kissing passionately. Charles must have thought that I was fantasizing about that.

Before I could react, he bent over and held me in his arms.

Charles was half-naked. Now, I could clearly see his

toned muscles that felt harder than stones. He looked strong and, at the same time, dangerous. We were so close that I could smell the body wash on his body. My body wash.

My eyes widened as I saw that his face was inching towards mine. I thought he was going to kiss me again, so I covered my mouth at once. "What are you doing?" I asked incredulously.

Charles smirked and teased, "You're blushing. You were looking forward to it, weren't you?"

My face turned even redder. But it was not because of disappointment but because of his flirtation. I could not help but look away in embarrassment.

"Don't be nervous. Your kiss doesn't even taste good," Charles muttered.

He said he disliked me, but his actions said otherwise. At that moment, he gently peeled my hands off my face and stroked my lips as though he missed our kiss a while ago. Before I knew it, we were kissing passionately. His soft and warm touch emptied my thoughts and self-restraint. I could not think straight, so I just let him kiss me.

The kiss deepened and became more intense. But then, he began wanting more. He put his hand behind my back and started unzipping my dress.

It did not take a genius to notice his intention. He wanted me to have sex with him.

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