

Scarlett's POV:

As I heard my dress being unzipped, I came to my senses in an instant.

"Charles, stop!" I shouted at the top of my lungs.

Charles, whose eyes were burning with lust, was stunned.

In fear that he would force me, I immediately explained to him, "I'm on my period."

"What?" Charles looked at me confusedly as though trying to figure out if I was telling the truth or not.

While he was distracted, I pushed him with all my strength and ran to the bedroom.

I also locked the door, so he would not be able to follow me in. I then leaned my back against it and calmed myself down. Once I was sure I was in the right mind, I warned myself inwardly.

'Scarlett, you two are going to divorce! Why do you easily fall for him? You should be firm so that you won't get hurt because of him again!'

I kept forcing myself to get a grip, but it seemed to have little to no effect.

My mind was in a mess. That evening, I tossed and turned in bed and did not fall asleep until the latter half of the night.

The next day, I woke up at the sound of the doorbell.

With sleepy eyes, I got up and opened the door of the

bedroom. I surmised that Charles was sleeping in the living room, so I decided to change my lingerie first.

It took me a while to get dressed. Even so, the doorbell had not stopped ringing since. The person outside the door was quite stubborn, which made me think that it was Rita. However, the visitor was not ringing the doorbell as impatiently as she did, so I figured that it must be someone else.

I finally opened the door a few moments later. I was right. It was not Rita but Spencer. For some reason, he was all dressed up.

"I saw Charles's car downstairs," he said lightly. He stepped inside, and his gaze fell on the sofa, where Charles was sleeping.

Spencer pointed at Charles, who was looking at him with a gloomy face, and asked in disbelief, "Did he

sleep here last night?"

Charles' POV:

I was sleeping soundly when the doorbell rang relentlessly. It was so annoying.

Who would come to see Scarlett early in the morning anyway?

If it were a man, I would not let her leave with him. Anyway, I pretended not to hear the relentless ringing of the doorbell and continued to sleep. I thought that if nobody answered the door, the person who had come would eventually leave.

To my surprise, Scarlett opened the door.

"I saw Charles's car downstairs," the visitor said. As he spoke, he walked inside, and his eyes widened

upon seeing me lying on the sofa. He pointed at me and asked, "Did he sleep here last night?"

It was Spencer. What the hell was he doing here early in the morning?

I immediately sat up and glared at him. "What are you doing here?"

"What else? I came here to pick my girlfriend for work. My dear Scarlett, I'm a good boyfriend, am I not?" Spencer put his arm around Scarlett's shoulders as if declaring sovereignty.

"She's not your girlfriend yet. She hasn't said yes to you," I reminded him with a frown.

But then, Scarlett wrapped her arms around Spencer's waist and leaned against his chest. "Who said that I hadn't agreed yet? Spencer is my type. I'm

glad to have him as my boyfriend."

"I feel the same way, honey." Spencer gazed at Scarlett's sweet smile and loudly kissed her on the forehead. "It's all thanks to your ex-husband. If it weren't for him, we wouldn't be together, and we'd still be friends."

Scarlett smiled at me, and what she said next rang in my ears. "Thank you, my ex-husband."

I was reminded of who I was to her, and I felt as though a fishbone had gotten stuck in my throat. I clenched my hands into fists so tightly that I could almost hear the cracking sound of my joints.

However, it suddenly occurred to me that I was the one who pushed her away. I could only hold back my temper at the thought of this.

"It's late in the morning now. Why haven't you made breakfast yet?" I asked crossly.

"Charles, you're being an asshole right now. You not only spent the night at my girlfriend's place but are also treating her as a servant. People who don't know her might think that she's cheating on me!" Spencer roared.

"We haven't divorced yet," I retorted.

"Still, you can't continue being like this; otherwise, how can Scarlett and I be together? Besides, how can you two divorce amicably when you're being unreasonable?"

Get a divorce and surrender Scarlett's soft lips to him? My mouth curled into a sneer at the thought of this.

I was fuming with anger, but there was nothing I could say to refute his words. It was my fault, anyway. I was the one who brought up this stupid plan. But even though I regretted doing this, I had no choice but to bear the consequences of my stupidity.

I could not stay here any longer. Without another word, I stormed out and slammed the door shut.

Scarlett caught up with me in the hallway. "Charles, don't come here again. I don't want to be called a slut. I have a boyfriend now. I shouldn't be entangled with you, my ex-husband, anymore," she said loudly.

I stopped in my tracks. Slowly, I turned around and stared at her dangerously. "Scarlett, don't challenge me. I'm warning you, you wouldn't be able to bear it."

Scarlett was dumbfounded.



Without waiting for her response, I walked towards the elevator and waited for it to open. As the elevator was near her apartment, I happened to overhear her and Spencer talking.

"Do you still love him? If you're still in love with him—"

"No. My love for him vanished the moment he asked me for divorce."

Scarlett's answer brought a pang to my heart.

She was so cruel and heartless. She was able to give up her love and affection to me at will.

But if she was able to give up so easily, how could it be love?

I was disconcerted on the way out. It irked me that things were getting out of hand. It was only now that I

realized both Scarlett and Spencer were beyond my control.

I stood in the cold wind by the entrance of Scarlett's apartment for a while. And instead of going home or the company, I decided to go to the bar to drink alone.

I drowned myself with alcohol. However, I still could not get the scene of Scarlett and Spencer being intimate out of my mind.

I could not understand how things ended up like this. The two of them had known each other for twenty years. They had never shown interest in each other; that was until now. I just proposed to them to act like lovers in front of Grandma. But now, they were acting as though they were a real couple.

Damn it!

The more I thought about it, the more restless I became. I came here to make myself feel better, but it was not working. While I was being miserable, Spencer showed up uninvited.

I felt even more frustrated to see him here. As I saw the wide smile on his face, I felt an urge to beat him right then and there. But, of course, I was not stupid. Instead of beating him up, I persuaded him not to take Scarlett seriously.

"Don't promise her anything, or she'll get attached. She'll give her heart to whoever fulfills her requests. You're not the right person for her. You'd better think things through, so you won't get hurt in the end," I cautioned without making myself sound desperate.

"You know what? I'll follow your advice... but only if we're just acting. I've changed my mind." Spencer sat down on the sofa opposite me and poured himself a

glass of wine.

"What do you mean?" I asked, alarmed.

"I assured you back then that I'd put on an act with her so that Christine will rest assured, didn't I? But now, it seems that we've fallen for each other. Didn't you hear what she said? She said I was her type." Spencer put down his glass and shrugged. "Well, it's not my fault I'm charming," he added with a helpless look on his face.

My urge to punch him grew even stronger when I saw the smug look on his face.

"Spencer, are you betraying me? You can't possibly have the hots for Scarlett!"

"When you decided to ask me to pretend to be her boyfriend, you should've known this could happen.

You can keep your virginity while juggling two women, but I can't. I'm not like you. I'm a man with needs."

"Don't touch her!" I bellowed. His words made my blood run cold.

"Charles, tell me the truth. Are you in love with Scarlett?" Spencer suddenly asked with a meaningful look on his face.

I did not answer him and just snorted in response.

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