

Charles' POV:

"It's none of your business. Just drink your wine."

Since when did Spencer become so nosy? 'He's so annoying.' Feeling irritated, I leaned against the sofa, pinching between my eyes.

"Charles, why can't you just admit it? You love Scarlett. But Rita, well, you're just grateful to her for saving your ass in the past. Besides, she is sick now. You're doing all this for her just because of your gratitude and sympathy towards her."

Looking at the red wine in my glass, I was stunned. When I thought of the way I had been behaving lately, I was speechless.

After a long moment, I argued, "No."

"Then why haven't you had sex with Rita yet?"

"She's not in good health, and I am not a monster!"

"Is that so?" Spencer sneered, "If you are holding back your most primal urge in front of the woman you love, then man, you really are a saint! Anyway, I don't want to waste time with you. If that's how you really feel, then let go of Scarlett. She has suffered enough with you and Rita over the years. If you even have the slightest bit of humanity in your heart, then you would let her go."

Spencer's words made me feel extremely dejected, and all of a sudden, I felt like I could not breathe.

I loosened my tie irritably as I glanced him coldly.

"That's all I wanted to say. If you regret this in the

future, then don't blame me for not reminding you."
Noticing that I was angry, Spencer finished his wine and left.

Scarlett's POV:

When I woke up, a ray of sunshine shone on my bed. I cozied up in my comfortable blanket as I looked up at the bear alarm clock on the bedside table.

It was nine o'clock. My program today started at eleven o'clock. I would not be too late if I just freshened up and rushed to the company at once.

My phone started ringing all of a sudden, next to the alarm clock.

With sleepy eyes, I lifted the blanket off me and got out of bed. I walked to the living room while answering the phone.

"I have a package delivery later. Please sign it for me. And remember to check it before you sign it."

"Sure,"

I said casually before I hung up the phone. Just when I was about to put the phone down, I glanced at the screen and was stunned.

'Charles?

Did he really just ask me to sign for his package?'

Realizing that it was Charles' on the phone, my heart began to race. I couldn't help but think of the coldness in his eyes when he had left the previous day.

We had just parted in discord the day before, and now, he was calmly asking me to sign his package.

If he continued to be that way, then when would we even end our relationship?

The delivery guy knocked on my door at exactly half-past nine. There was a well-packed box in his hand, which he handed over to me.

"Ma'am, please sign for the package."

"Okay, let me take a look at it first."

I put the package on the shoe cabinet near the door before I opened it with a pair of scissors. It was a white wedding dress that was embroidered and embellished with pearls. There was a beautiful lace collar attached to it, which made it look exquisite.

I froze when I saw it. The whole thing was starting to make me feel breathless.

Unwilling to let me go, Charles was even trying various means to provoke me.

He even asked me to sign for the wedding dress he ordered for another woman. And he specifically asked me to look inside first.

When did he learn to play tricks like Rita?

"Ma'am, it looks like you are going to get married. Congratulations." The delivery man handed me the receipt with a warm smile.

His words startled me. It took me a moment to pull myself together and reply, "It's not for me. It's someone else's."

After he left, I put the box on the tea table and sat on the sofa, staring at the gown in front of me in a daze.

Charles was going to be someone else's soon.

And Rita was going to get what she wanted.

'Scarlett, you have to control yourself from now on. You can't be involved with a married man, or people will misunderstand you.

There are many remarkable men in the world, and it is not just Charles Moore. You can't give up the whole forest because of one tree. You should let him go and move on with your life.'

About ten minutes later, the doorbell rang again.

I walked to the door to open it, and I did not have to look at the person's face to know who it was. I could tell just by their scent.

"I have checked the package. It's on the tea table."
Saying that, I turned around and went straight to my room.

Just when I was about to reach the door, Charles explained, "I didn't know it was a wedding dress."

"Alright," I replied, took a deep breath, and faked a smile. "Congratulations, you're finally getting what you want."

"Scarlett, listen to me. I really didn't know that it was a wedding dress." Charles strode towards me, grabbed my arm, and explained in an anxious tone.

When I saw him like that, I felt like he was being ridiculous.

Since Charles liked Rita, he should be with her. I had never stopped him, so why was he doing such a thing

to me?

He was the one who kept putting away the divorce, after all. Why did he have to provoke me with a wedding dress now?

"Let's get a divorce. We are free now, right?" I said in a calm voice as I tried to hold back the anger in my heart.

"Not yet." Charles lowered his head and looked away.

"Then when can we get a divorce? When I've had sex with Spencer or when I'm pregnant with his child? If that's the only way in which I can make you let go of me, then I'll do that."

Charles looked at me in shock. There was a fierce look in his eyes, which made it clear that he was furious with me.

After a long moment of silence, he said, "If that's the only way in which you can understand me, then so be it."

"Okay, I will try my best," I said, looking at him with a smile.

Charles clenched his fists and closed his eyes, as though he was trying to restrain his emotions. A few minutes later, he turned around and left, taking the wedding dress with him.

I stood still and watched him disappear from my sight. My bitter smile felt more painful than shedding tears.

But I had already decided to let go of him.

So why was he continuing to torture me like that?

I had just fallen for the wrong man.

Did I really have to end one mistake with another?

And if I did, then would it be fair to me and Spencer?

Charles did not show up for the next few days.

Cherishing the peace, I decided to focus on my work.

Lately, the program I hosted was gaining a lot of popularity. My superiors took advantage of the audience's enthusiasm and planned for me to host a new program.

I had to interview celebrities with huge followers on social media and talk about some hot topics for the new program, in order to increase our TV channel's ratings.

It was not too difficult, but it was not a cake walk to do

it well.

"Miss Riley, there is hot news all over the Internet about Miss Rita Lively's wedding dress. What do you think about it?" the guest asked all of a sudden as she sat from across me, elegantly. The program was not over yet.

"Mr. Moore and Miss Lively are a perfect couple. It's great that they are getting married. In fact, I wish they have a long wonderful happy life together."

"It looks like you're quite familiar with the couple."

"Sure. Mr. Moore and Miss Lively are both famous. How could I not know them?"

I said those words with a kind smile, but deep in my heart, only I knew how much it hurt me to say that.

Why did I have to talk about it?

Why were those two popping up no matter where I went? And why wasn't I able to avoid them even though I badly wanted to?

After the program was over, I went out for some fresh air during my lunchtime, in an attempt to temporarily forget my troubles.

But as soon as I walked out of the TV station, Rita came to me with a thermal pot in her hand.

"Scarlett, it's so great to see you here. I thought that I would need to get inside the TV station to meet you." Rita ran up to me as she said those kind words.

"What's up?"

"It's nothing. I was just worried that you might be

overworking yourself, so I brought some chicken soup to help nourish your body." Rita pointed at the thermal pot in her hand, hesitated for a second before she continued, "Besides, I wanted to ask you to be my bridesmaid."

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