

Warning 28

[Chapter 28 Drunk](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Thank you for your appreciation," I said to Rita with an insincere smile. I must say, she was so into acting. Did she plan on treating her husband's ex-wife as a sister just so she could show other people how good-natured she was? Perhaps she wanted to earn the reputation of being kind?

"Scarlett, I am a public figure. You won't suffer a loss if you take me as your elder sister. Besides, if anyone wants to give you a hard time in the future, they'll have to think twice. They have to make sure first if they can offend the people behind your back," Rita said with a smug look on her face.

"Are you saying that I can take advantage of you?" I forced a smile at her. What she had just suggested was actually the contrary of what I wanted. After the divorce, I planned to stay away from them and disappear from their lives.

"I wouldn't put it that way. It's just that Charles and I have watched you grow up into a fine lady. We can't help that you're still our little sister in our eyes." Rita turned to Charles and added, "Am I right, Charles?"

"Yes," Charles's answered in a barely audible tone. His hands were clenched into fists under the table. Although he seemed to be in a foul mood, he still answered Rita's question.

"If that's the case, thank you, my dear sister and brother-in-law." I drank up the wine in my glass. It was bitter, but it became tasteless when it reached my mouth.

As soon as I said the word "brother-in-law," Charles raised his head and looked into my eyes with an icy cold gaze.

For some reason, he never touched the glass of wine in front of him.

All of a sudden, Rita pointed at Nina and Spencer and half-jokingly said, "You, two, listen carefully. From now on, Scarlett is my sister. If you dare to coax her into drinking just like what you've just done, I'll be the one who'll settle accounts with you."

Neither Nina nor Spencer said anything. They just watched Rita's acting disinterestedly.

Under the influence of alcohol, I decided to act as well. "Well, it seems that I shouldn't have made my elder sister worry about me. Don't worry. I'll be a good girl in the future so that you won't have to come to the TV station to check on me again and again."

The smile on Rita's face froze, and her face turned pale in an instant. Maybe she was worried that Charles might understand what I meant. But then again, she was an actress. She quickly regained her

composure and put on a considerate look on her face. "It's just that you've only started working for a couple of days. As your elder sister, it's natural for me to be concerned about you. You shouldn't take it to heart. Am I right, Charles?"

As soon as Rita finished speaking, she looked at Charles expectantly.

However, he merely looked back at her, his face as cold as ice.

I was certain that Charles understood what I meant. It did not take a genius to figure out that Rita had been stalking and harassing me while he was away.

His piercing gaze flustered Rita. To our astonishment, she suddenly held her head with one hand and collapsed.

She fell directly into Charles's arms. How convenient.

"Charles, I'm not feeling well," Rita weakly said. She sounded as though she was dying.

To be perfectly honest, her acting was awful. I found it amusing and hilarious, but Charles seemed to believe it. He got fooled by her yet again. His stone-cold expression softened. Without a word, he stood up and helped Rita up.

I could not help sigh as I watched them leave. Rita must know Charles very well to know how she could make him feel sorry for her. Not only that, but she could also handle his anger effectively.

Nina watched as Charles and Rita left. "What's wrong with her? She just collapse like that?" she asked once the two were out of our sight.

"She has advanced stage liver cancer," Spencer explained.

"Can patients that sick hop around like that?"

Nina asked again without thinking. Spencer frowned at her words as though he was unsure if she was joking or not.

Me? Well, I did not read too much into it. I was too drunk to think and care about them.

We left the restaurant not long after. Nina hailed a taxi and left by herself. Spencer, on the other hand, drove me home. Along the way, I looked outside of the window and admired the lights in a daze.

We arrived at my apartment a few moments later. Gentleman as he was, Spencer helped me get off the car.

"Are you okay? How about I buy you some hangover pills?" he asked while looking at me with concern.

"You don't have to. I'm fine." I left him behind and staggered towards the elevator.

Spencer seemed to respect my decision. He did not insist and just let me be. "Okay. But call me if you feel sick or something."

My head hurt so much. I leaned against the wall of the elevator and massaged my temples to somehow relieve my headache. "I feel terrible. I won't drink anymore," I muttered to myself.

All of a sudden, the elevator door opened, and a vague yet familiar figure stepped out of it. "Charles?" I asked with uncertainty.

Charles' POV:

"Do you now know how it feels to get drunk?" I asked sternly the moment I saw Scarlett.

When Rita said that she was not feeling well, I rushed her to the hospital at once. But then, I left as soon as I handed her to the doctor. It was not that I did not care about her. It was just that it wouldn't be any different if I waited up. Upon arriving at the apartment, I saw Scarlett leaning against the elevator and pressing her temples. I felt a pang in my heart when I saw her in pain.

Damn it! Was Spencer out of his mind? How could he make Scarlett drink so much?!

"Wow! You have three heads! You look funny."

The drunk Scarlett was bolder than when she was sober. I pulled her into my arms. But as soon as I did so, she cupped my face and sighed heavily.

"You're not allowed to drink anymore." I shook off her hands and walked forward with my arms around her waist.

At that moment, the doors of the elevator opened again. This time, it was Spencer.

Just after walking a few steps, he stopped in his tracks when he saw Scarlett in my arms. "Didn't you leave with your sickly beauty? What are you doing here?"

"I came here to take care of Scarlett. You can go now." It was apparent in my tone that I did not want to talk to him.

However, Spencer seemed reluctant to leave. He looked at Scarlett and asked me, "Are you sure you won't be called away again?"

I stared daggers at him. "If I see you make her drink again, I won't spare you," I warned.

"Did you really have to bring that up this time? Fine. I'll leave if that's what you want." Spencer still wanted to protest but decided against it when he saw I was in a bad mood. He must know that I would not budge, so he finally left. "You double-faced man. Everyone can see how much you care about her. Why can't you admit it frankly?" he mumbled.

With my arm around Scarlett's waist, I pressed the password to her apartment.

She was restless, probably because of the alcohol. She kept stroking my chest amorously, which subsequently aroused my lust.

Even though I did not want it, it stimulated me.

Argh! Did she not know how difficult it was to restrain myself from these past few days?

"You smell familiar. It's strange. Why do you smell like Charles? You can't have the same smell as him..."

I must admit, Scarlett was amusing, especially now when she was inebriated. With a sly smile, I grabbed her hand that was pounding on my chest and teased, "How does he smell?"

"Hmm. He smells good. I love his scent. Gah! He smells so good." Scarlett seemed to be intoxicated by my scent rather than the alcohol. She then rubbed her head on my chest, indulging herself in her favorite smell.

I rested my chin on her head. The fragrance of her hair was so alluring. If only I could, I would beguile her so that she would only belong to me from now on.

The door opened a few seconds later, and I walked in with her. I kicked the door shut and suddenly felt an urge to press her body against the door. Slowly, I moved my head to hers until we were only inches apart.

However, she suddenly covered her mouth and protested, "No! This is Charles's. You can't kiss me on the lips."

What a silly girl. She was so drunk that she could not even tell who the person in front of her was. "Look at me closely. Do you recognize me?" I asked amusedly.

To my surprise, Scarlett shook his head, and melancholy could be seen all over her face. "You're not him. He doesn't love me. He loves Rita. He's in the hospital right now with his woman. He doesn't love me. He can't possibly be here. Charles..."

She cried bitterly as she spoke. As soon as she mentioned my name, she leaned against my shoulder and broke down.

I felt sorry to see her like this. But I must admit, I was happy as well.

It turned out that the girl who said she no longer loved me still did. I thought she had already removed me from her heart, but I was wrong. I was still in her heart all along.

"Charles doesn't love me. He sent me a divorce agreement as if I never mattered to him. But for some reason, he keeps refusing to proceed with the divorce. He's so confusing. Charles, I hate you. I hate you with all my heart! You're the worst man in the world. I hate you!" Scarlett could not stop crying in my tight embrace.

Guilt washed over me as I listened to her sobs. It was driving me crazy.

I wanted her to stop crying at once. She did not deserve this. She should be happy all the time.

"I hate... hmm..."

Her sobs broke my heart. I held her tightly and lowered my head. She struggled to get out of my grasp, but I held her even tighter. Finally, I leaned over and kissed her.

The moment our lips touched, she stopped struggling and then looked at me with tearful eyes. I closed my eyes and expressed my affection to her through a deep kiss.

It was only when we ran out of breath that I let go of her. But, of course, that did not mean that it was all over. If anything, the kiss made me want more. I wanted to have a taste of her and not lose out on her.

Arm in arm, we walked from the living room to the bedroom. We hugged and stroked each other along the way.

It was a long night tonight. We had all the time in the world to explore each other's bodies. However, I still had dilemmas to overcome before I could go to the last step.