

## **Warning 29**

### [Chapter 29 What Happened Last Nigh](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As the first ray of sunshine shone in the room, I felt its warmth on my skin, and I stretched, rubbed my eyes before I sat up slowly. My mouth felt completely dry, and I had a splitting headache.

The blanket slipped off my body when I sat up, exposing the bruises on my body.

I immediately recalled a novel plot where the heroine woke up after having sex with the hero.

I tried my best to recall what had happened the night before, but I couldn't remember anything. Besides, I was almost going crazy because of the headache caused by the hangover.

I massaged my head as I frowned in pain. I did not want to think about it until my hangover was cured and my headache was gone, but suddenly, I heard a familiar voice from beside me. "Now you know the pain of a hangover. Why did you drink so much last night?"

It was Charles!

Why was he here? I was shocked to find him standing by the bed, dressed in a white shirt and black pants.

"How long are you planning to stay in bed? I've made porridge." When he saw that I was not getting up, he looked at me with a frown.

"Why are you here?" I couldn't remember anything until now, but I did seem very certain that something had happened between us. Otherwise, how could those suspicious-looking bruises appear all over my body?

"I didn't want to stay the night, but you kept holding me," Charles explained flatly.

"That shouldn't be..."

"Shouldn't be what? You think that I did something to you? What do you think about all day long?" Charles interrupted.

"But..."

"No buts. I'm not interested in your shriveled body, and if I remember correctly, this is not the first time I am mentioning it to you." He then walked out of the room as though nothing had happened between us.

However, there was evidence all over my body to prove otherwise.

I hurriedly took out a coat from the wardrobe and put it on. I tried to catch up to him and confront him, but I was surprised to find that I wasn't wearing any underwear. Two small dark red spots could be seen through the white silk pajamas that I was wearing.

Realizing that I had been in the same room with Charles, dressed in such sexy pajamas, I was so depressed and embarrassed that I wanted to bury my head in the ground till he left.

Not long after, there was a knock on the door. "It's time for breakfast."

"Right," I answered as I stood behind the door, feeling nervous. Then I heard him walk away.

I braced myself as I walked out of the room. As I entered the dining room, I noticed Charles arranging the tableware. A ray of sunshine shone from the window of the living room, painting the room in a golden hue. It was like looking at a scene from a movie, which made me feel at peace all of a sudden.

Wasn't it exactly what I had been longing for all this time? Wasn't it the thing that I had never dared to dream of?

"Why are you still standing there? Hurry, go wash up and come have breakfast."

"Okay."

Charles noticed that I was staring at him blankly, so he reminded me. As soon as I came to my senses, I rushed to the bathroom to wash my face with a guilty conscience.

Once I felt refreshed, Charles and I sat opposite to each other at the dining table. While I fiddled with the fried eggs on my plate, I asked tentatively, "Were you the one that took off my underwear last night?"

"No."

"Are you saying that I'm the one that did it, then?"

"If it wasn't you, then who did it? Me? Did you forget what I just told you?" Charles frowned, with an obvious hint of displeasure in his eyes.

"But... Forget it."

I wanted to ask more, but I refrained myself and continued to eat my breakfast.

For some reason, I still felt like it was strange, so I went to my room to check.

My bed sheet and blanket were white. If there were any traces of sex left, then I would be able to see them if I just lifted the blanket up.

Standing near the end of the bed, I lifted the blanket, and checked carefully. The bed sheet was indeed wrinkled, but there were no stains on it.

Only after I saw that was I able to heave a sigh of relief.

"What are you looking for?" Charles' sudden question from my door startled me.

"It's nothing."

"Then why are you panicking?"

"I wasn't... By the way, why did you stay here last night?" I changed the subject in haste.

"Didn't I tell you already? Don't you remember anything? You acted like a rogue, forced me to stay last night, kissed me, and touched me," Charles stated seriously.

When I heard that, I was so embarrassed that I could feel my face burning from shame. How could I do that to him?

We were going to divorce. I should know to put a distance between us.

Needless to say, Charles must think that I was a horny slut and that my usual serious appearance was all pretentious.

I lowered my head in silence. I was so embarrassed that I wanted to dig a hole and bury myself.

That moment, Charles' phone rang.

He took it out from his pocket and glanced at the caller ID. Instead of answering it, he muted it. Just when he was about to put his phone back in his pocket, he noticed me craning my neck and trying to catch a glimpse at the screen.

Caught peeping, I tried to avoid his gaze, feeling ashamed.

Why was he looking at me like that? 'There's no prizes for guessing the caller ID, okay?' I thought to myself, despising the fact that I was too curious about the person who had called him just now.

"You don't have to work today. Do you have any other plans?" Fortunately for me, Charles did not care about what I just did and wanted to know about my plans for the day.

"No, I don't. Let's get a divorce."

