

## **Warning 30**

### [Chapter 30 My Price](#)

Scarlett's POV:

I'm going to accompany Rita for the check-up. As soon as I mentioned divorce, Charles' voice became cold.

He then ran out of the room as though he was afraid that his sweetheart was going to die if he wasted another moment.

Looking at his receding figure, I sighed with a heavy heart. Deep down, I felt like Rita would immediately feel much better if he showed her our divorce papers.

But the door slammed shut, and he was gone.

I walked to the sofa and looked at the clean table. Thinking of that Charles was preparing breakfast in the kitchen, I fell in a daze.

Rita's wedding dress was ready. It was very likely that what just happened a while ago would probably never happen again.

I was in a trance that entire day. And in the evening, I received a call from Nina. I went to the bar to meet her.

Scarlett, what's the relationship between the three of you? Why did I sense a weird awkwardness in your relationship that day?

Nina had been curiously eyeing me ever since I walked into the bar, and now, she could not help but ask.

It's a love triangle, but it's more complicated. Since she seemed to have already noticed that something was wrong, I had to admit it.

So you guys... She was truly shocked.

I can't tell you more for now. Honey. I'm sorry, I interrupted her with a smile.

Nina hesitated for a moment before she smiled back. She then changed the subject and said, "By the way, what's your relationship with Spencer? You two look cute together."

We are just pretending to be dating. We're not lovers.

Can I pursue him, then? Nina asked cautiously, but her eyes were twinkling.

Of course, you can.

Ever since Spencer and I decided to follow Charles' advice and pretend to be in a relationship, we had been feeling very uncomfortable to be around each other. And now, Nina wanted to pursue Spencer. So I could take her with me when I went on a date with him in the future. As long as they were dating, I would just be following them around, and it was not too far off from Charles' original plan, anyway.

It was the best of both worlds.

Tell me more about Spencer. I'm curious. Nina couldn't hide her true feelings at all. As soon as she heard that I had no objection, she seemed to be very excited.

But I didn't know much about Spencer, so I could only tell her what I knew.

Nina listened carefully as I provided as much as details I could. We had a good conversation, and we bonded over that.

While we were happily talking, I received a text message from Rita. It was a photo of her and Charles where she was wearing a wedding dress. She asked me if she looked good.

I wanted to say something perfunctory to her, but when I thought of the fact that she was so difficult to handle, I gave up on the idea. All of a sudden, an idea occurred to me, and I forwarded the photo to Charles with the following message, "This is a good one. It hasn't been exposed yet, right? How much will the paparazzi give me if I sell this? After all, this is first-hand information, which is very valuable."

Charles replied with just a question mark.

I glanced at it and had no interest in continuing the conversation, so I locked my phone screen.

Two hours later, Nina went to the bathroom. While I was looking around the bar in my seat, a middle-aged man walked up to me. He was dressed in a black suit.

Miss Riley, my boss would like to have a word with you.

Upon hearing his words, I looked at him in a daze. His "boss" was no doubt the next Mr. Walker.

Umm, okay. I stood up.

Miss Riley, this way please. The man led me outside.

There was a Bentley waiting at the entrance. As the windows rolled down, I saw a man's ugly face in front of me.

He looked at me, but for some reason, his gaze disgusted me. It almost made me feel like I was some

kind of a commodity, and not a person.

Miss Riley, I already know about your situation, so I won't beat around the bush. I think you already know what I am about to say. Don't worry, I am not a stingy man.

He was indeed another Mr. Walker. However, I liked that he got to the point quickly without beating around the bush.

Thank you for your appreciation, but I don't have any plans of that sort yet, I refused politely, standing by the car door as I looked at him.

It's just a matter of money. In fact, I am even willing to let you name your price. But I would suggest that you reconsider before you turn me down.

Thank you for your suggestion. Though I was cursing him deep in my heart, I did not want to offend him in haste, so I had to maintain a polite attitude towards him.

This is my business card. Call me if you change your mind. Perhaps, it was my good attitude that left him feel satisfied with my answer. He nodded and handed me his card.

After I took it, he motioned his driver to start the car.

Charles' POV:

My friends asked me to join them for a drink, but as soon as I arrived at the bar, I saw Scarlett talking to someone, who was in a Bentley.

I parked the car not too far away from them and asked someone to find out who owned the Bentley. Soon, I got a text on my phone.

The owner's background and his disgusting love history was right before me.

After reading the message, I clenched my phone, feeling depressed. Scarlett was like an irresistible sweet treat for men. The company leader first, then that Mr. Walker, and now, there was another man.

I could already guess that countless men would be looking to woo her in the future.

Before long, the Bentley drove away.

Do they all think that you are single? I asked as I walked towards Scarlett.

Who knows what they think?

Scarlett answered perfunctorily before she headed towards the bar. She was dressed in a white dress.

The hemline flowed with the wind, revealing her slim legs.

Her perfect back glistened under the sea of lights.

I followed her, trying to block the breeze.

All of a sudden, she turned to me and asked with a smile, "Charles, these people are bidding to keep me as their mistress. I wonder how much you think I am worth."

When I heard that, I was stunned.

Never mind me. I am just being silly. I am sure I must be real cheap to you. Since I did not answer, she looked away, laughing at herself.

Seeing her like that, my heart ached, because to me, she was not someone that money could buy.

Otherwise, I would not be delaying the divorce until now.

Suddenly, I felt curious to know what price she thought I would mark her for, so I asked, "Well, what do you have in mind?"

Scarlett turned around. A gust of wind fumbled through her long hair, and a strand of her hair fell on my face. It made me feel soft and numb. My heart skipped a beat when I smelled her unique scent.

A few dimes, probably. Scarlett tucked her hair behind her ear, revealing her perfect profile.

Seeing that, my heart raced even faster.

Even the smallest things she did would affect me greatly and distract me.

I opened my mouth, but I did not know what to say to her, and it took a while before I managed to utter, "You shouldn't belittle yourself like that."

She simply smiled and asked, "How is Rita?"

The same as before. I thought of the doctor's words. He had said that Rita didn't have much time left. If she had any wishes, then it was time we helped her fulfil them so that she could pass without any regrets.

Wish?

Did she really have to get married so that she could pass without regrets?

Scarlett looked at me in silence. Out of curiosity, I asked, "How much do you think I'm worth?"