

## **Warning 41**

### [Chapter 41 Making Breakfas](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"You're the one who proposed the divorce. You served me the papers the day I flew in home, remember?" I corrected Charles.

"Yes. I just don't want you to bring it up every chance you get. What if you regret divorcing me one day?" Once again, he was trying to sound all cool about the issue, but I thought he was just making an excuse.

"That's not going to happen," I answered firmly.

"Why are you so sure? Have you gotten a new boyfriend?" Charles asked, his voice taking on a sharp edge.

"As a matter of fact, I have. He's intelligent, wealthy, and powerful, and we love each other very much. So, yes, I'm sure I'll never regret divorcing you," I said like a winner.

"Scarlett!" Charles shouted angrily.

Then, his phone on the tea table rang. As expected, the caller was his sweetheart, Rita.

The anger on Charles's face suddenly disappeared. He glanced at his ringing phone and then looked at me. He hesitated for a long time before picking up his phone and putting it on speaker.

"Hi, Charles. I didn't mean to make Christine angry last time. Can you take me to her today? I want to apologize," Rita said in a soft voice.

"I don't think that's a good idea. She hasn't fully recovered yet. I don't want to stress her out. Let's just wait for her to get better, okay?" Charles replied without any expression on his face.

"Very well. Can you come accompany me today? I'm lonely, and I miss you very much."

If I had not known Rita, I would not have recognized her voice over the phone. I found it hard to believe that she could speak in such a sincere tone.

I did not want to eavesdrop on their conversation anymore, so I put on my shoes and walked toward the door. But when I realized that I was still in Charles's pajamas, I halted.

"I'll swing by if I have time, all right? Goodbye."

Rita tried to stop Charles from hanging up on her, but she did not succeed. Before she could say

anything more, he already cut the line. Charles tossed his phone to the tea table and looked up at me.

"Grandma wants us to come see her at the hospital."

"Okay, but I have to go home first to change."

Taking a look at his pajamas that I was wearing, Charles picked up his phone again and called his assistant.

"Send me a set of women's clothes."

I took that as a no on my going home to change and headed to the living room. I sat on the sofa and waited for Charles's assistant to arrive.

About half an hour later, someone rang the doorbell. I stood up and answered the door. Charles's assistant was standing outside with a shopping bag.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore. Here are your clothes."

The words "Mrs. Moore" threw me off for a second. In the past, Charles's staff addressed me as Miss Riley. I did not understand the sudden change.

I was so startled that I could only choke my reply. Thankfully, after handing me the bag, Charles's assistant just slightly bowed and left, sparing me the humiliation.

I closed the door and took the clothes to the living room. I started rummaging through the contents of the bag, and I found myself blushing.

"Why did you ask your assistant to buy me this kind of clothes?" I was expecting a change of clothes in the bag but not underwear.

I felt even more embarrassed imagining Charles's male assistant buying some women's underwear at the store.

"Don't you want them? I can go to the store myself and buy you another pair if you like," Charles teased.

I rolled my eyes so hard that they ached.

Would I ever let him buy me a set of underwear? I would rather wear the one his assistant bought.

I went to the bedroom to change my clothes. To my surprise, Charles's assistant was not only considerate but also had good taste in clothes. The pieces he picked for me fit very well and looked amazing.

I loved the blue dress with a defined waist. It hugged my body like it was tailor-made for me.

After changing my clothes, I went out of the bedroom, and Charles flashed me a satisfied smile.

I walked over to him, took out my phone, and pulled up my banking app. I said casually, "Thank you for the clothes. I'll wire you the money right now to pay for them."

"Don't bother. They're just clothes. Consider them a gift." Charles frowned when I told him I wanted to pay him back.

"Well, the clothes were not cheap." While I was changing earlier, I paid special attention to the price tag on each article of clothing. I estimated the whole set to cost around tens of thousands of dollars.

It was not a small sum of money. And as early as now, even if we were not yet officially divorced, I wanted to exercise my own financial independence, and that started with not spending his money.

Charles glared at me. Once again, he was unhappy.

"How about you thank me in a different way?"

I flashed him a confused look.

He did not say anything for a while, but just when I thought he was going to make some excessive request, he stood up and walked toward the fridge.

"You haven't had breakfast yet. I'm making a sandwich. Do you want one?"

I followed him to the kitchen.

"How about I make breakfast for you to thank you?"

"Can you cook?" Charles stopped and looked at me doubtfully.

"I'd like to try." I did not know how to cook, but maybe I could try making some sandwiches. They might not be as good as the ones Charles made, but I was sure they would not be that bad.

Charles tilted his head and motioned for me to come forward.

I walked over, opened the fridge, and took out some ingredients. Charles stood aside and watched me intently.

After making sure that I got the right stuff, he let me begin.

I took a pan and put it on the stove on medium heat.

Charles liked his eggs over easy, bread without too much butter, and he always cut his chicken breasts into thin slices. I moved around the kitchen as if I were on autopilot and kept in mind Charles's food preferences.

He just stood there and watched me with a smile on his face.

"Wow, I didn't expect that you knew how I liked my food."

"Is this how you like your sandwich? I just did it without really thinking about it." I did not want to admit that he was right about me knowing how he liked his food.

Charles simply beamed.

Soon, I served him the best sandwich I could make. He looked long and hard at it and thought for a long time before finally saying something.

"Stay."

"What?" I looked at Charles in surprise.

"I'm asking you to stay." Charles looked deeply into my eyes. I was a bit taken aback by the abrupt sincerity in his voice.

I put my sandwich down and stared back at him.

"I don't understand."

"Which part?"

"All of it. I mean, we're going to divorce..."

"That's not what I meant, Scarlett. I just don't want Grandma and Grandpa to worry about you, so please consider staying. You don't have to do it for me. Do it for them. After all, you're family, and they'll always want the best for you. They'll be more at peace if they know you're living a good life."

#### [Chapter 42 The Truth](#)

Charles' POV:

I was becoming more and more impressed with my own eloquence. I could always find some reason or excuse that Scarlett couldn't refute.

I was so happy to see that she was rendered speechless.

"Okay, I will just think of it as your concern for me because of the elders. Now that I'm fine, shouldn't you go and see Rita? Even if it's just a headache or a cold, the doctor would forbid the patient from drinking. She has advanced liver cancer, and she secretly went to drink yesterday. Did she do it because you did not give her much care lately? Was she drinking to relieve her sorrows, perhaps?" Scarlett said after a moment of silence.

My expression darkened all of a sudden, and I could not believe what I had just heard.

"Are you sure?"

"Abner saw it with his own eyes yesterday. How could it not be true?"

"Do you have any evidence?" I couldn't believe her because Rita's condition did not allow her to consume alcohol. Moreover, I believed that she would not risk her own life for a drink.

"Do you want me to show you photos as evidence? I'm not that jobless, and I am not like Rita to spy on people. Abner just happened to see her there and he called me out of concern. But if you really want the truth, then you can ask your sweetheart or run an investigation yourself. I believe that it will be a cakewalk for you to find out the truth."

I did not talk about it anymore, but I had already made up my mind to look into it.

Rita's POV:

At around three in the afternoon at the hospital, I woke up and saw Charles walking into the room as he pushed the door open.

I had been looking forward to seeing him so much that when he came, my joy knew no bounds.

'Charles still loves me!'

"Charles!"

I realized that something was wrong the moment I called out his name. He was approaching me with a deep look in his eyes, which indicated that he had only come there to question me.

Subconsciously, I tightly grasped the blanket, began to panic, and felt like something bad was about to happen.

'Did he find out something?'

No! No, that can't be possible. I was very discreet, and he could not have found out about it so soon!

"Did you secretly go out to drink?" Charles got straight to the point as he stood next to my bed.

"What?" Startled, I understood that he must have found out that I had been drinking.

Just when I was about to explain to him, my mom walked in with a bowl of fruit and stood before me.

"Charles, did you hear something from others? Rita is in poor health. Why would she drink secretly in her condition?"

"I want to listen to her explanation!" Charles suddenly yelled as he looked at me coldly.

Startled by his reaction, I had no choice but to use the oldest trick in the book, which was to cry.

"Charles, I did it all because of you. Don't you know that?"

"You did it because of me?"

"Yeah, I did it because you made me lose hope. You're the one that makes me feel like I will never have a wedding before I am dead. Charles, I'm tired. I'm really tired of seeing you shuttling between two women. I am so exhausted that I don't even want to go on like this... I just don't..." Looking at him, I cried like a damsel in distress.

"You'd better pray that I don't find out that you lied."

Though Charles seemed to be slightly moved now, it was clear that he still did not believe me.

"Do you really think that I am lying to you? At the cost of my own life? Since when do you not believe my words? You won't trust me till I die, right?" I cried out, pretending to be aggrieved.

Charles was making me feel very desperate. Back then, he was different. He used to be so gentle and caring, but now, he would not even believe my words.

Though he was standing right in front of me, I felt like his heart had drifted farther away from mine. It almost felt like he was going to leave me at any time now.

Charles stood still and glanced at me like an emotionless cold-blooded animal. He then turned around and left without saying anything.

"Charles, are you going to marry me or not?" When I saw that, I moved the blanket away and ran up to him, hugging him from behind.

However, he did not answer me at all.

"Charles, what's happening to us? Didn't you promise that you will marry me? Why is everything changed all of a sudden? I'm really scared, because I may not be able to wait for too long. Charles, tell

me, what can I do to make you change your mind? Please... Just tell me..." With teary eyes, I looked up at him and asked. I prayed that he would look at me too, even if it was just a glance. It was the only way in which I would not end up feeling like a fool.

"Rita... Don't be that way! The doctor says that you can't have any more stress now. If anything happens to you, then what am I to do?" Noticing Charles' indifference, my mom walked up to me to help me.

She knelt on the ground, held onto his legs and pleaded, "Charles, show mercy to Rita, okay? The doctor said that she should not be sad, so please just promise her. I am begging you! She can't keep holding on like this... Please have mercy on a poor mother and fulfill her daughter's last wish..." My mother burst into tears.

I held Charles' arm tighter and tighter as though I was afraid that I was going to lose him for good.

That was when I realized that my pitiful act was not helping at all.

Charles' heart had been drifting towards Scarlett for a while now, and I could not even feel his love anymore.

Everything was going out of control, which was too bad for me.

"We'll talk after you decide whether you're really going to marry me or now." As expected, Charles shook off my hand and left the ward without looking back.

I was in a daze.

Looking at his receding back, my mother shouted at me angrily, "Rita, why did you go to the bar? If anyone finds out that..."

Her fear did not let her finish what she wanted to say. If Charles knew that I had recovered, he would not feel guilty and would feel more determined to leave me.

And if that happened, I would lose completely.

"Are you crazy? How can you go out to drink now? What if he finds out the truth?" Mom made sure that no one was around before she hissed at me and slapped me.

"If he never marries me, then do I have to keep eating this shitty health food for the rest of my life? Mom, I can't stand it. I can't do this anymore. I'm going crazy..." Unwilling to give up, I burst into tears, but there was nothing that I could do now.

The helplessness was so maddening.

I didn't understand. Scarlett had just come back for a few months, and she had managed to shake

Charles' love for me. He had been promising to marry me, but ever since she came, he had changed his mind.

How could I even call it love if that was all it took to destroy it?

Seeing that I was crying bitterly, my mom wailed louder. She held me in her arms, gently patted my back, and comforted me, "Don't worry. Things won't go that way. We have done so much. We will get what we want. Just promise me that what happened today won't happen again."

"I won't be reckless anymore. I promise," I said to her firmly.

#### [Chapter 43 Be Spanked](#)

Charles's POV:

At half past five, I drove to the TV station to pick up Scarlett so that we could go to the hospital together to visit Grandma. I had been waiting for twenty minutes, but she still had not come out.

Thankfully, I saw one of her colleagues, Nina. I asked her where Scarlett was, and she told me that Scarlett left a long time ago.

I took out my phone and tried to call Scarlett, but she did not answer.

Then, Grandma called.

"Where are you? Scarlett hasn't had dinner yet. Come to the hospital and take her out to eat."

After hanging up the phone, I pinched the bridge of my nose and heaved a sigh.

Scarlett avoided me on purpose. This morning, I had told her that I would pick her up after work and then we would come to see Grandma together. Obviously, she turned a deaf ear to me and went to visit Grandma on her own.

On my way to the hospital, all I could think about was venting my anger on her.

But when I arrived at the ward, I could not believe what I saw.

Scarlett was gone.

"I don't understand why you won't just listen to me, Charles. Now you have to suffer the consequences," Grandma said sarcastically, looking at my disappointed face.

I stood beside her bed, struggling to school my features into neutrality. I was so angry at Scarlett that I thought about all the ways I could punish her.



But I was afraid to show Grandma how I really felt because she would definitely laugh at me.

"Why didn't you make her stay, Grandma?" I whined, and I instantly regretted it.

"She insisted on leaving when she heard that you were coming. Did you expect me to tackle her and pin her down?" Grandma backfired. I could tell that she wanted to tell me off about Scarlett again, but this time, she bit down her tongue.

"Someone threatened her yesterday by trashing her place with paint. I think she could be in real danger."

"Then get out of here and find her. No. Call her first. Find out where she is." After I told her that Scarlett could be in danger, Grandma immediately urged me to call her and locate her.

I hesitated. I had already called her many times when I was waiting for her at the TV station and on my way to the hospital earlier. She had not answered any of my calls. I dialed again now, and the result was the same.

I wanted to be furious, but dejectedness got to me first.

Seeing that I was not getting through, Grandma picked up her phone and tried calling Scarlett herself. Scarlett answered on the first ring, which pissed me off and saddened me at the same time.

Obviously, Scarlett did not want to talk to me.

Glancing at me with disdainful eyes, Grandma put her phone on speaker and spoke gently. "Scarlett, dear, where are you? Are you okay? I'm worried."

"I'm all right, Grandma. I'm home. I want to clean the mess up while I have time."

As soon as I heard that she was at home, I turned around and left. I did not bother to look back and check if Grandma was glaring at me.

Twenty minutes later, I arrived at the place where Scarlett lived. The smell of paint in the air was not completely gone, which made me wrinkle my nose.

I covered my mouth and nose with my forearm and pushed the doorbell. I had to ring several times because no one was coming to answer the door. Scarlett must still be pretty shaken from the attack.

"Scarlett! It's me! Open the door!"

I yelled to assure her that I was not a threat.

After a few moments, the door swung open, and the strong smell of paint hit me in the face like a brick.

The place was a mess, almost like a colorful garbage dump. Scarlett stood at the door and stared me down. She was wearing an apron and rubber gloves, and she was all sweaty and panting. She must have been cleaning for a long time.

"Let's go," I ordered with a frown.

"What? Where?" She looked at me in confusion.

"You're not going to live here anymore. You're moving into my house."

"No. I want to live here. This is my home." She stepped back and looked at me warily as if she was afraid that I would drag her out and away.

Seeing this, I decided to play my cards a different way. Maybe being gentle and patient would convince her to leave.

"Scarlett, look at this place. It's ruined, and it smells toxic. It's not safe for you to live here."

Scarlett's POV:

I was in the middle of cleaning my house when Charles showed up.

Seeing him standing at the door, I immediately thought that he had come to forcibly remove me from my home like I was a wanted fugitive or something.

"Well, I think your home isn't safe for me either," I snapped.

In the blink of an eye, Charles put on that frosty expression with which he liked to scare people.

"Do you think I will do something to you?"

I was too annoyed to dignify that with a response, so I turned on my heel and went back to cleaning.

Charles followed me in and shut the door behind him. His eyes were starting to water from the fumes and smell.

"It's awful in here. Just come home with me."

"I didn't ask you to come here, Charles. Just leave. This is none of your business anyway."

"Don't you dare say that again!" Charles threatened.

I ignored him and continued cleaning up the house.

Next thing I knew, my vision was turning upside down.

Charles had grabbed me by the legs and heaved me up on his shoulder like a sack of rice.

As my feet dangled in the air, I struggled to hold on to something to keep my balance. But before I could grab on to Charles's shirt, he slapped me on the buttocks.

My mind instantly went blank. It took me a long time to process what just happened, and when I finally realized it, I felt my cheeks burn with utter embarrassment.

It was the first time that I had been spanked by a man and in such a posture! How embarrassed!

I could not believe Charles just did that. How could he carry me on his shoulder and then spank me like I was a misbehaved child?

He carried me like that to his car, and I wished that the ground had split and swallowed us both.

"You left me no choice. You were being so difficult, so I had to treat you like a hardheaded little girl." After he shoved me into his car, he flashed me that annoying smug smile of his. I could only gnash my teeth together in anger.

Before long, I was assaulting him with my words.

"Can you explain something to me, Charles? Why are you always getting out of your way to be with me? Wherever I am, you're always there. It's like you're so in love with me that you can't be apart from me."

"I'm so in love with you?" Charles scoffed and then continued solemnly, "Scarlett, it's a good thing to be confident, but your confidence can sometimes be a little too much."

"Then why are you constantly interfering with my life?" I screamed in frustration.

"Do you think I want to interfere? I only came here because Grandma was worried about you. She's ill. I don't want her stressing herself out because of you." The smugness had gone from Charles's face before he could finish his last remark.

He stared at me with furious eyes, and I stared right back.

Next thing I knew, the locks on the doors were clicking, and I realized that I had missed my chance to break out of the car and go back to cleaning my messed-up house.

Soon, we pulled up at Charles's place.

I fought and fought Charles, but he still succeeded in heaving me over his shoulder once again and

carrying me to the bathroom like an oversized, squirmy pet. He threw me into the half-full bathtub fully clothed and then went in after me.

The bathtub was big enough to accommodate two people, and there was plenty of room for me to swat off Charles's hands as he attempted to undress me.

With one swift movement, he was able to pin me down on the sloped edge of the tub. He started unbuttoning my shirt.

Fear began to cloud my judgment, and I flailed around like I was drowning just to keep his hands off of me.

But Charles was too strong. I was no match for him. I stifled my sobs as I kept fighting him off.

"Charles!" I screamed helplessly as tears rolled down the side of my face and into my ears.

Hearing my broken voice, he suddenly stopped. He looked like he just snapped out of a trance. He let me go and slowly backed away. I read chagrin in his eyes before he stood up and stepped out of the bathtub. He looked down at me as he wrung some of the water out of his shirt.

"Do you dare to challenge me next time?"

I laid still in the bathtub and tried to catch my breath. I just shook my head as a response to his question, scared to death that he would jump on me again and rip off my clothes.

"Clean yourself up now. Can you do it yourself or do you want me to help you?" Charles swept his eyes over me, and I pretended not to notice.

#### [Chapter 44 The Warm Scene](#)

Charles's POV:

It was crazy. I wanted to strip Scarlett naked and take her right in the bathtub. I had been finding myself in this kind of situation lately, and I had been finding it harder and harder to control myself.

I definitely frightened Scarlett with my sudden moves, and I hated myself for it.

"I can take a shower by myself. I don't need your help." With both her hands clutching her shirt shut at the collar, she glared at me.

The heating in the bathroom painted her cheeks a pretty shade of red. Her chest heaved up and down. She was still trying to catch her breath. Her cleavage was slightly exposed, and I could not bring myself to avert my eyes.

Indeed, Scarlett was no longer the little girl who used to chase me around and beg me for candy. During the three years she spent abroad, she had grown into a full-fledged young woman. I could not help wondering about the lucky man who would get to be with her.

Could it be Spencer or Abner? I dismissed the thought, for it only pissed me off.

Scarlett started rubbing the paint off her hands and arms. I watched her and then frowned.

"The paint is not easy to remove. Are you sure you don't need my help?" I bent over and whispered in her ear.

"No, thanks." I smiled as I saw her ears turn red. But then she stood up and started shoving me toward the bathroom door.

Before I reached the door, I turned and saw her red ears again. I could not help teasing her.

"Maybe we should take a shower together. I also got some paint on me. And it'd be a great way to conserve water," I suggested smugly and leaned against the door. I expected to see panic and nervousness in Scarlett's eyes, but she just flashed me an uninterested expression.

After rolling her eyes and heaving a bored sigh, she finally spoke.

"Like you care about conserving anything at all. Again, no, thanks, Charles. And save your sexual jokes for Rita. I'm sure she'll be thrilled to hear them." The sheer coldness on Scarlett's face almost made me choke.

Why was she bringing up Rita again? Every time I tried to flirt with her, she always ruined the fun.

"Why is Rita coming up in our conversation again? I would never crack a dirty joke in front of her," I snapped as I fell out of the mood to tease Scarlett.

"Of course you wouldn't. She's your ever dearest Rita. Unlike me, you'll never disrespect her by making such inappropriate suggestions," Scarlett backfired through clenched teeth.

"That's not what I meant. I'm sorry, okay? I'll leave you to clean yourself up." With a sigh, I reached out and brushed my thumb against her cheek.

She slightly turned away, but I was still able to touch her face. I felt the heat of her anger in my finger. I usually enjoyed watching Scarlett throw a temper tantrum, but when she got furious like that and used such loaded words, the last thing I wanted was to piss her off even more.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles finally walked out of the bathroom.

I stayed in the bathroom for more than half an hour. Having to stay with Charles only annoyed me more and more. I did not leave the bathroom until the delicious smell of food wafted in. Swallowing my pride, I put on Charles's clean clothes that he let me borrow and went to the kitchen.

I was still in the living room when the heavenly smell of roasted beef and baked potato with cheese hit my nostrils. Charles cooked those dishes well, and it had been a long time since I last saw him prepare a meal. When we were going to school, he made time to cook, but when we started working, he barely had the space in his schedule.

I approached slowly and quietly. The scent of the dishes reminded me so much of the time when we were still students. At that time, I was home with Charles, and Rita was not in the picture. Everything was so simple and happy. It was one of the best times of my life.

"What are you waiting for? Wash your hands and come join me for dinner." Charles was wearing an apron, and the dishes in his hands were steaming. I could not decide whether it was the soft lighting or the smile on his face that made him look gentle and loving. At the moment, he looked like the perfect husband that I had always dreamed of having.

The warm scene in front of me almost moved me, but then I suddenly imagined Rita's face and wrecked everything. Rita was now Charles's fiancée, and I was but a closed chapter in his story.

"No, thanks. I'm going home. Thanks for the shower and the clothes. I'll launder them and get them right back to you as soon as I can." I put on a polite smile and headed to the front door.

"Wait! Scarlett, stop!" Charles called after me, but I pretended not to hear him and kept walking.

Before I could get my hands on the doorknob, Charles was already grabbing me by the wrist and turning me to face him.

Past his shoulder, I could see the table was already set. There were even candles lit.

"Please just let me go, Charles. I want to go home. We can't keep spending time like this together. Don't you understand? You're just making things harder than they have to be. You're engaged to Rita and about to divorce me. We have to keep our distance from each other," I reasoned.

I was sick and tired of being spun around in Charles's web. I tried hard to break away from his grasp, but he was just too strong for me. He held on to me so tightly that my wrist began turning red.

"I'll drive you home after dinner. It's dark out. It's not safe for you to go home by yourself," Charles said flatly and looked out the window.

Indeed, night had descended, and there were not any lights outside except for the faint glow of street lamps.

Charles took advantage of my moments of hesitation, eased his grip on my wrist, and took my hand. He towed me to the dining table.

"Are you going to stare at me the entire meal? I won't run away." I had noticed that Charles had been staring at me like he was scrutinizing me. What was he looking at? And what was that affectionate look in his eyes? It was driving me insane.

"Well, then good. Otherwise, I'll be forced to tie you to my bed." Once again, Charles leaned in and whispered to my ear. As I gnashed my teeth together to rein in my emotions, he let go of my hand and sat opposite me.

Deep inside, I cursed myself for blushing in front of him. Until today, Charles had never uttered sexual innuendos to me. He had never been driven with desire in front of me except for that one time that he kissed me in the elevator. Now that we were alone in his home, he might actually try to sleep with me, and I found that a little unsettling.

"Why are you lowering your head? Are you scared? You know me. I do as I say." Charles flashed me a smile that I could only liken to an arrow piercing through my heart. Seeing that I did not respond, he continued, "Don't worry. I just want you to join me for dinner. That's all."

Then, he started piling some food onto my plate. Afraid that he would heave me over his shoulder again and do God knew what, I just nodded and let him serve me.

I chewed and swallowed my food fast. Even though dinner was going great, I still wanted to go home as soon as I could. Meanwhile, Charles ate at a glacial pace and kept his eyes fixed on me. If he was trying to give me indigestion by watching me intently like a suspect under surveillance, he was succeeding.

"Can you stop staring at me?" I bit my lip and whined. There must be something wrong with Charles today. I felt uncomfortable under his gaze.

"Fuck! You finish your dinner. I'll go take a cold shower." All of a sudden, Charles's ears turned red. He put down his knife and fork, rose from his seat, and started walking away.

Before he could leave the dining room, he turned around and walked right back to me. He stared at me, and he looked like he was trying to find the right words to say.

"Don't bite your lip like that in front of any man ever again, do you understand? Now, stay here, eat your food, and wait for me to get back. If you leave before I get out of the shower, I will drag you right back here, tie you up, and have my way with you," Charles threatened me fiercely.

It was not easy to hail a taxi in the evening, so I was really counting on Charles to drive me home.

"Fine. I won't leave," I promised.

Having heard my response, Charles finally went upstairs, visibly satisfied.

#### Chapter 45 Male Problems

Scarlett's POV:

Charles did not come down after a long time. I was starting to get worried. What if he went back on his words and no longer wanted to let me go? I had better run away now.

He said that he would tie me up to the bed and have his way with me if I ran away. How could I take that seriously? I must be out of my mind. There was no way he would actually do that. For all I knew, he loved Rita with all his heart. He would not betray her and sleep with me, would he?

After pondering for a moment, I decided to leave now. A taxi should still be available at this time.

The night was getting darker, so I had to go. But just as I reached for the door, the doorbell unexpectedly rang.

I frowned. Who would come here this late at night? The first person I thought of was Rita. But just when I was about to scurry for cover, a familiar voice sounded outside the door.

"Charles, open the door! It's me." It was Alice, Charles's mother.

It was already deep into the night. What was Alice doing here? I was perplexed.

With a confused look on my face, I opened the door and beckoned her to the living room to sit down. "Come in, Mom. Charles is taking a shower upstairs. He'll be here shortly." Now, it was even more difficult for me to leave.

Alice sat down and took my hand. "Christine told me that someone went to your apartment to spray paint. I figured that Charles would bring you here, so I came here to see you," she said with a motherly smile.

Alice must have come here to talk to me about the divorce. Well, I could not be rude to her nor say something inappropriate. She had always treated me as if I was her own child, after all.

"It's all right, Mom. Don't worry. I'm fine. But I have to go now. I have to go back early to recite the draft." As soon as I finished speaking, I stood up and turned to leave. This way, I could talk to her perfunctorily without sounding rude. If Charles came down now, I would not be able to leave easily.

"I know you've suffered a lot for years. I'm telling you, that bitch was fooling my son. He's blinded by her, so he can't tell the good from bad. I've watched you two grow up. I know for myself that you two have the best relationship. You can't divorce. Charles has liked you since you were young. Do you still remember that time when you were in high school? Some hooligans from the other school stopped you



and asked you to go with them for a drink? Charles was so furious that he beat those bastards up all by himself. From what I see, he's just being stubborn right now," Alice earnestly said. It was obvious that she was unwilling to let me go.

However, what she had just said to me was ridiculous. At that time, Charles just treated me as his toy. For all I knew, it was not because he had feelings for me but because he was possessive and controlling. He made sure that only he had me. If he really liked me back then, how could he bear not to show his concern to me while I was abroad for three years? He did not even call or text me!

That could only mean one thing. He did not love me. I waited for him for a long time, only to end up disappointed. I had had enough of it.

"Mom, Charles likes someone else. It's Rita. Your son is a grown man. He knows what he wants. Why don't you look at it on the bright side? When Charles and I are finally divorced, he could finally be with his true love and live a happier life in the future. We should be happy for him, shouldn't we?" I felt my chest tighten as I spoke. Yes, I loathed Rita to the core. She was a scheming, hypocritical, and manipulative woman. Even so, Charles was fond of her, and there was nothing I could do about it.

What Grandma said to us last time was true. Charles was not young anymore. In fact, some men his age already had children.

"Please help me persuade Grandma when she finally gets better," I asked.

"I'm telling you, you can't get divorced. I know Charles. He won't sleep with a girl he doesn't like." Alice seemed to realize that I had already made up my mind. Her tone became anxious and apprehensive.

But this was nothing but a huge misunderstanding. When did I ever sleep with Charles?

"Sorry to break it to you, Mom. But even though Charles and I are married, we've never had sex," I admitted frankly. Charles would never betray Rita. He loved her so much. In our complicated relationship, I was the bad guy. The third party.

"How is that possible? Scarlett, stop lying. I have evidence." Alice took out her phone from her bag and scrolled through her gallery.

She then showed me a picture. In the photo, Charles and I were in each other's tight embrace as we slept.

"This photo isn't enough to prove your statement. I just fell asleep at that time, and nothing happened between us. I'm... I'm still a virgin until now." I knew that Alice would not give up until I told the truth. She had suspected us once in the hospital, after all. I was aware that it was humiliating to admit that I was still a virgin after three years of marriage. But, I had no choice to do so.

Alice was flabbergasted. "But you've been married for three years! Could it be that Charles have... you

know... a disease of some sort?"

I lowered my head and did not answer her question. How could I know if he was ill? She should ask Rita instead.

While we were talking, Charles finally went downstairs. He had a bath towel on his shoulder, and he looked fresh from the bath.

Charles took a bottle of water from the fridge and asked, "Mom, what brings you here?"

"Charles, are you free tomorrow? Let's go to the hospital," Alice replied.

Charles looked at me confusedly. "I'm fine. Why do I need to go to the hospital?"

I lowered my head to hide the guilt in my eyes.

I did not say anything. How could things turn out like this?

"There's a renowned urologist in the city. Don't worry. We'll go there in secret and make sure that we won't be discovered by the media," Alice reassured.

"What? A urologist? Scarlett, what did you say to Mom?" Charles asked with a scowl.

I lowered my head in embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Alice seemed to be disappointed at her son for raising a tone at me. "Why are you shouting? Are you trying to scare Scarlett? She has nothing to do with this! You bastard! I just guessed that you have male problems. You've been married for years, and yet you still don't have a child."

Charles stared daggers at me, and an awkward silence filled the air.

He did not take his eyes off me. His piercing gaze made my hair stand on end. This was a bad sign.

"Mom, it's already late. You should go home now. I'll see the doctor on my own when I'm free." Charles led his mother to the door as he spoke.

I followed Alice, intending to slip away without being noticed. Unfortunately, Charles pulled me back into the house before the door closed. To my surprise, he locked the door and held me in his arms.

"What did you say to Mom? What made her say something like that?" Charles asked sharply. It seemed that he had already figured out everything.

"Mom took a picture of us when we slept on the sofa the other day. She assumed that we had sex, so I explained to her that nothing had happened between us and that I am still a virgin. For some reason, she

thought that there's something wrong with you," I briefly explained.

"What? You're still a virgin?" Charles seemed to be taken aback by the last sentence. For a split second, a gleam of light flashed through his eyes.

Why did he seem so shocked anyway? Did he think I was a dissolute girl who would sleep with just any men?

The thought of this made me feel sick to the stomach.

"It's not ridiculous, okay? I'm a conservative," I said proudly. Unlike me, Rita was probably not a virgin anymore when she was in high school.

To my surprise, Charles stared at me with a sly smile. His blue eyes reflected my image, and I could see myself trembling in fear. Then, he lowered his head and approached me little by little. He whispered my name, which sent chills down my spine.

"Scarlett..."

"You bastard, stay away from me!" I pushed him away with all my might. Perhaps he was doing this to make fun of me again.

But then, Charles grabbed my wrists and raised them. His body was so close to mine that my heart pounded in my chest.

The smile on his face grew even wider. As he noticed that my body was trembling, he lowered his head and whispered something in my ear.

"My little virgin, do you need my help popping your cherry?"

#### [Chapter 46 Maybe He Doesn't Want To Divorce You](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles had just taken a shower, and his fresh, minty fragrance enveloped me. The pleasant smell coming off his skin was rendering my mind in shambles.

He rubbed his nose against my neck. Every time he touched me, I felt like my bloodstream turned into white water. The excitement was getting more and more difficult for me to hide. He suckled on my neck and then ran his teeth gently on it. As I heaved a nervous breath, he buried his face on my shoulder, and I felt him smile.

"What the hell are you doing, Charles? Why are you treating me like this? We shouldn't be playing these kinds of games." I covered my face to hide my shame.

It was so typical of him to treat me like some plaything. When we were younger, he used to pull pranks on me and make me cry on Halloween and April Fools' Day, and then he would laugh in a low voice as he did now. What on earth was so damn funny? I did not get it at all.

"All right. I'm sorry. I won't make fun of you anymore. Please stop crying. Your aggrieved look is already driving me insane." Charles wiped away the tears from my eyes and then lowered his head to kiss my chin and cheek.

'Oh, please, stop,' I begged in my heart. I covered my face again. I wanted to start sobbing, but I held it in. Why was he being like this? Did he not know that he was just leading me on with such sweet and gentle actions?

Seeing that I was about to start crying again, Charles stopped kissing me and then leaned against the door with me in his arms. He twirled my hair in his finger like he was so fascinated by it.

"If you really want to have sex, then just go to Rita and stop pestering me." I wiped my tears and tried to get rid of Charles.

"Rita is not in good health. It's not appropriate," Charles replied seriously and kissed my hair.

"But it's okay to do it with me? You're really lowering my opinion of you. Have you no shame? Sleeping with two people at the same time is disgusting." I cast a cold glance at Charles. I felt so wronged.

He was really making me feel cheap. Did I not have some self-respect? Did he think that I was a streetwalker who would take off my clothes and open my legs for 20 dollars?

Charles did not say anything more. He just hugged me in silence. After a long time, I heard him sigh.

"You win, Scarlett. Now, you can either go to bed upstairs alone or stay here with me." He loosened his grip.

I immediately pushed him away, ran to the bedroom without looking back, and locked the door. I leaned against the door and took many deep breaths. My heart was racing like crazy.

While I was in his arms earlier, giving in crossed my mind many times. A small part of me wanted to be with him, but it was not strong enough to overpower the part of me that desperately wanted to break away. After finally calming down and sorting out my thoughts, I went to bed. I had made up my mind. As soon as we finalized our divorce, I would leave here and cut off all my connections to the city.

The next day, I woke up to the morning sunshine on my face. I slid out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Charles did not bother me the entire night. He slept on the sofa in the living room like a real gentleman.

The sun shone on his handsome face. It would have been a perfect, dreamy scene if not for the cigarette butts that were scattered all over the coffee table and the floor.

When did he become so reliant on cigarettes? When we were in high school, he was a model student who kept his grades up and played sports.

I was a little stunned. I seemed to have missed a lot of things in the three years that we were apart. I supposed he was upset because he could not stay with his beloved Rita, or maybe he regretted marrying me and wasting three years of his life.

I lowered my eyes and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Charles. After cleaning up, I left. I had to go home and get some work done on my program's script.

As soon as I got home, I received a call from Charles.

"The breakfast was delicious. Thank you." His voice was a little hoarse. It seemed that he had just woken up.

"You're welcome. Thank you for letting me stay the night." I expressed my gratitude. Although he did force me to spend the night in his place at first, I was still thankful that I did not have to stay in my house that still smelled toxic because of the paint.

"We don't have to be strangers to each other, Scarlett. I remember that you're not like this before." Charles did not sound good to me. I could picture him sitting on the sofa with a lit cigarette in his mouth and frowning.

"Well, a lot has changed, Charles. We're not exactly on good terms. We're getting a divorce. If we were good, we wouldn't be breaking up in the first place." Charles's remark hit a nerve, and I found myself too annoyed to deal with him. We used to quarrel a lot in high school, and when we grew up, we did not really exert that much effort to become close to each other. Truth be told, Charles and I were like parallel lines that would never meet. It was only because of my childish persistence and infatuation in the past that things had become so difficult and complicated.

"I hired someone to get rid of the paint and clean your house. She will arrive around ten o'clock," Charles replied in a defeated tone. He obviously sensed the displeasure in my voice and decided to change the subject.

"You didn't have to do that, but I appreciate it," I thanked him politely. After telling Charles that I had to go and get ready for work, I hung up.

When I was about to enter my house, I saw a familiar figure standing in the corridor. It was of a tall man clad in all black. It was Abner.

He turned around and saw me standing not far away. I approached him.

"Where have you been, Scarlett?"

"What are you doing here?" I was surprised to see him at my place this early.

"I heard from Nina that someone trashed your place with paint. I decided to swing by to make sure you're all right. I brought you breakfast." Abner touched his nose and handed me a small brown paper bag and a paper cup. Whatever was in the cup, it had gone cold. Abner must have been waiting for a long time.

"Thank you, Abner. You didn't have to come here. You could've just called or texted. My place is out of the way from your house and the station." I knew that Abner meant well, and truthfully, I felt a little sad for drawing a line in the sand between us. I could not give him what he wanted. At least not now. He was a young, wealthy, and accomplished man. There were so many girls in and out of the station who admired him, and he deserved better than me.

"It's fine. I'm just worried about you. I rang the doorbell several times, but no one answered. I thought you had already gone to work. Do you need me to help you clean up your place?" Abner forced a smile and looked at me.

"No, thanks. I can manage. I just need to buy some special cleaning tools. My house is still a raging mess, and I don't want you going in there and messing up your clothes or something," I answered awkwardly.

"Did you stay in a hotel last night?" Abner asked tentatively. I had a feeling that he already knew the answer. He just wanted to hear it from me.

"No, I slept at Charles's house last night," I said frankly. I did not see the point of hiding it from him.

Abner fell silent. I watched as jealousy, disappointment, and helplessness took turns twisting his handsome features. It broke my heart a little.

"Thank you for bringing me breakfast. I have to go get ready for work." I dodged Abner's gaze. We were colleagues and friends. I did not want to mess up the already flimsy relationship we had.

"Aren't you guys getting divorced? Or are you getting back together?" Abner asked from behind me as I tried to open my front door.

"Charles and I are over. We just haven't gotten around to finalizing the divorce." Charles had never been in love with me. I was the only one between us who wanted us to be together.

"You two have been at this for a long time now. Don't you think the delay is already getting ridiculous?" Abner pressed.

"It's just because of some family issues. Charles's family doesn't want us to divorce. We're taking care of

it."

"Don't you think Charles is only making that an excuse? He's rich and powerful. If he wants to divorce his wife, even God won't be able to stop him. Scarlett, have you ever thought that maybe Charles doesn't want to divorce you?" Abner went straight to the point.

#### [Chapter 47 The Revelation](#)

Scarlett's POV:

In my opinion, what Abner said was ridiculous. He was just an outsider and had no idea that Charles felt nothing but dissatisfaction towards me.

Charles and I had been living together since childhood. I could tell that I was not his cup of tea. He loved Rita. He even married me for her sake.

"When we got the marriage certificate and were about to finish the divorce formalities, Charles's grandmother fainted all of a sudden. That was why we were unable to finalize the divorce. Once Grandma gets better, I'll get the marriage certificate and go through the divorce formalities again," I explained.

"I've told you that those reasons are just lousy excuses. If Charles wants to divorce you, he would've done that already. Do you think he's a procrastinator?" Abner insisted.

"Charles had always made fun of me since high school. He liked seeing me pathetic. You're wrong. He doesn't have feelings for me." I stood on my ground.

I might have considered that if it was in the past. After all, Charles seemed reluctant to leave me. However, I was in the right mind now. Charles had always treated me as a plaything. He would play with me whenever he was bored and then leave when he had gotten tired.

Rita was the woman he loved. He respected her, took care of her, and most importantly, loved her.

"I guess Charles was just stubborn and maybe a little bit chauvinistic. Now, even though the situation has reached the point of divorce, he's still too proud to apologize. You know, men from rich families are more or less chauvinists. You can't expect them to confess that they've fallen in love with someone," Abner stated confidently.

I sighed. "Abner, Charles is with the woman he likes. They're going to be engaged soon. I bet one hundred dollars that they'll be happy once I'm out of the picture." This argument would not come to an end. After all, Abner and I were both steadfast and had enough evidence to prove our statement.

Abner shook his head and smiled at me.

"I bet one hundred dollars that they'll be on edge when they get married. The woman you're talking

about is Rita. She'll cheat on Charles, possibly blackmail him, and torture him to death." He just made the serious subject humorous. No wonder he was popular with the young ladies in the company.

Truth be told, I would pay to see Charles suffer.

With a smile, I checked the time on my watch. I was going to miss breakfast if I did not start eating now. "Are we going to continue the subject? I haven't had breakfast yet."

"You can go in now. I'll wait for you down there." With a bitter smile, Abner went downstairs.

I opened the door to my apartment. But before I stepped inside, I turned around and looked at him. "Abner, you're a good man. I think we'll be good friends."

"I can be your friend at the moment, but I'm not sure in the future. Scarlett, I tend to be stubborn when I like someone. Even if I know that it's impossible to be with the woman I like, I still want to get close to her and be by her side." Abner looked me in the eye, and I could see his sincerity in his eyes.

Charles was different from Abner. He always hid his emotions, so I never had the chance to understand him.

After I changed my clothes and had breakfast with Abner, we finally went to the TV station.

Rita's POV:

Since our quarrel last time, Charles had not come to see me. He did not even return my calls. What was more, he would not respond whenever I asked him about our wedding. I could not help but panic. I could feel that he was changing his mind.

This was all because of Scarlett.

Why did she have to come back? Couldn't she just finish the divorce formalities via e-mail?

The more I thought about it, the angrier I felt. I could not just sit still and wait for death to come. I had to let Charles know that Scarlett was actually a whore.

"You've been following Scarlett for a long time. Have you taken any useful photos of her?" I asked Richard, my bodyguard, unhappily.

I had ordered him to follow Scarlett and dig up dirt on her.

Richard slowly zoomed in on a set of photos in the camera and showed them to me.

In the photos, Scarlett and Abner were chatting happily at the door of the former's apartment. Another photo showed them walking out of the building together. Not only that, but Richard also took a picture



of them having breakfast at a restaurant. They looked like a sweet couple from afar.

"Well done. Send these photos to the media today. Give them more money to exaggerate their relationship. It would be better if they brought up the news that a rich man housed Scarlett some time ago," I ordered with a smug look on my face.

Scarlett was not as good as she seemed. I could not understand why the Moores all liked her.

That family hated ill-mannered people the most. And yet, Charles's legal wife was flirting with all kinds of men. How could they blame me for being easy but turn a blind eye on that bitch?

"Why are you still here? I said, send these photos to the media now," I snapped. I had to make sure that the wedding would happen soon. The longer it was delayed, the more anxious I felt.

"Honey, it's not as easy as you think. Ever since Scarlett started working in the TV station, Charles has communication with major media outlets. Any rumors about her have to go through him before anyone else. If we expose it rashly, Charles will find out who did it," Richard said hesitantly.

Charles was the one who hired Richard to be my bodyguard. As Richard worked for Charles before, he knew very well what his former boss was capable of.

"What?! Why didn't you tell me before?" I asked in horror.

Now, Charles was paying more attention to Scarlett's affairs. What happened? Had he found out something? No. It was impossible. Nobody knew about what I had done.

"Send the photos to this paparazzo. I knew about him when I was still acting. He won't give us away as long as you give him enough money." I then slid the paparazzo's phone number to Richard. This was the perfect opportunity to deal with Scarlett. I couldn't just let that bitch go easily.

However, Richard still seemed hesitant. I could see in his eyes that he feared Charles.

"What are you so afraid of? I've told you, Charles won't find out about us. He only believes what he sees. For sure, he'll be too disappointed to investigate." I wanted everyone to see Scarlett's true colors. The more Charles thought that Scarlett was pure and innocent, the more I wanted to break his fantasy.

"No, honey. You don't know how smart Charles is. He may even find out our relationship as well," Richard whispered in my ear.

I should not have slept with this imbecile.

"I didn't ask you to send this photo in person. Just hire someone else to do the job. Why do you think you should do it yourself?" I rolled my eyes at him. My patience was wearing thin. Richard was lucky that he was still of use to me. I would have kicked him out of my way if he was not.

"By the way, since you're afraid that Charles will find out about our relationship, stop calling me honey in public. If someone overhears it, he'll find out about us, and we'll be dead meat," I warned through gritted teeth. I hoped this idiot would at least be a little smarter.

"Fine. I'll go now." Richard finally walked out of the ward with the pictures.

Now, the only thing I had to do was to lie on the bed and wait for the news to come out. I would then call Charles as soon as it did.

#### [Chapter 48 Photos](#)

Charles' POV:

"Charles, we received some photos of Scarlett. A paparazzo gave us these pictures and asked us to post them on the front page of today's newspaper," one of my contacts from one of the media outlets called with the news. I was having lunch with my friends when I received the call.

I had told them before that anything related to Scarlett must have my approval first before being released.

"From which TV station is the paparazzo? Withhold the photos for the time being," I ordered. I could not help but frown when I received the news. This had happened before.

"It's not a paparazzo from any TV station. The pictures must've been taken privately. This happens all the time, but it's rare for the paparazzi to target a news anchor like this, especially when she isn't that famous yet. By the way, should I send the photos to you now?"

"Okay. Send the photos to Abby Restaurant now." I hung up the phone and returned to the table. All of a sudden, Spencer leaned over and smiled mockingly at me.

"Why do you look so worried? Is your dear Rita not feeling well again? Did she ask you to go to her now?" he teased.

David, who was cutting steak, also raised his head.

"You should also care about Scarlett when you have time. She's been our friend since we were little," he said with a hint of hesitation in his voice. He seldom meddled in other people's business. Today was an exception.

"Charles, instead of caring about Scarlett, you should divorce her as soon as possible. Set her free. She's young and beautiful. For sure, she'll find an excellent man for her," Spencer advised while looking at me with an inexplicable look on his face.

I massaged my forehead with my thumb and index finger in annoyance. "Since when did you become so

nosy? I'll deal with this matter by myself as soon as possible."

David looked at me in bewilderment. "Charles, you never delay anything. It's not your style,"

"David, tell me, why are you in such a hurry to see me get a divorce? Don't tell me you also like Scarlett," I grumbled.

I knew he only regarded Scarlett as a sister. It was just that I was unhappy that he was siding with her.

David did not answer my question and just rolled his eyes at me.

The man I had contacted from the media a while ago arrived soon. Without further ado, he took out the photos from his bag and put them on the table.

In the photos, Scarlett was having breakfast with Abner. These photos did not mean anything, but they would affect her reputation, especially if such a thing happened repeatedly.

I took the photos and looked at them carefully. "Do you remember the person who sent these?" Someone must have taken these photos for the sole purpose of ruining Scarlett's reputation. They did not even take a clear picture of her face in fear of being discovered.

"They said that the man who gave these photos was in a black suit and sunglasses. He said that someone had asked him to release the photos anonymously. I think this man knows that anything related to Scarlett must have your approval, so he doesn't want to risk giving himself away," the man from the media thoughtfully said.

I nodded and gestured for him to leave.

Once the man was gone, David pointed at the photos and inferred, "Scarlett isn't that famous. I doubt any paparazzi would follow such a gossip that doesn't gain that much attention. Scarlett must've offended someone."

"I bet it's Rita," I nonchalantly said while stirring my coffee.

"Why do you think so?" David and Spencer asked almost at the same time.

"Rita and Scarlett were at odds before." I knew Rita could order her bodyguard to help her. They had an affair, after all. But for some reason, I was neither jealous nor sad when I found out about them.

All of a sudden, Spencer stood up and slammed the table. "What does Rita want to do to Scarlett? When she hooked up with those old men, I've warned you that she wasn't a good woman. Aren't you going to do something this time? If you're going to cover up for her again, I'll go to that whore and settle accounts with her myself."

I ignored Spencer and instead asked him and David an intriguing question. "If your fiancée slept with someone else, would you still marry her?"

Rita saved my life. I should at least fulfill her last wish, shouldn't I?

The two of them fell silent.

It was David who first regained his composure. "Let me ask you something. What if Scarlett has had sex with another man abroad? Will you still want her?"

Scarlett had told me before that she was still a virgin. I knew her. She was not promiscuous. Even when I kissed her, she trembled like a leaf like she had never been kissed by a man.

"You know Scarlett. She's different." I averted my gaze as I spoke. I could not bring myself to think that Scarlett had slept with another man. What would I do anyway? Well, frankly speaking, I might kill that man.

Scarlett's POV:

Getting off work is undoubtedly the most relaxing moment of the day. I had not had such a pleasure for a long time.

As soon as I walked out of the gate of the TV station, I saw Charles standing by his car. He was wearing a black suit and had a cigarette in his mouth. His tall figure cast a shadow over me.

He turned his head and saw me standing a few meters away from him. He then leisurely blew a smoke ring, walked up to me, and stroked my hair.

"What are you waiting for? Get in the car. Let's go to the hospital and visit Grandma." Charles opened the door and pulled me in without waiting for my reply.

My heart skipped a beat. Back when I was in high school, Charles often stroked my hair and asked me to go home with him just like he just did.

It was a pity that we could no longer go back to the way it was. Charles loved someone else, and we were going to divorce soon.

At the thought of this, I came to my senses and refused him. "I can take a taxi."

"Scarlett, I came here to pick you up. Stop being so stubborn." Charles seemed to have seen through everything that he insisted on pulling me into the car.

Once we were inside, Charles handed me a paper bag. "Look at what's inside."

I opened the paper bag while eyeing him with suspicion. It had pictures of Abner and me having breakfast together this morning. There was even a photo of him walking out of my apartment.

What was the meaning of this? Did Charles order someone to take these photos to grill me? How dare he? I was upset and disappointed in him.

"If you're wondering who took those pictures, it wasn't me. I don't have time to ask the paparazzi to tail you and take photos of you. Someone must want to ruin your reputation. Don't worry. I've made sure that these photos won't be released," Charles explained when he saw the resentment on my face.

I lowered my eyes in guilt. "I see. Thank you." Charles never cared about me. But, how did he find out that someone was watching me and taking pictures of me in secret? Anyway, the fact that I was thinking about this... I must be out of my mind.

"I don't accept thank yous. They're meaningless. Why don't you make me breakfast for a week instead?" Charles looked at me expectantly as he drove.

"It's fine by me as long as you don't mind my poor cooking." I accepted his request without a second thought. I did not want to owe him anything, after all.

We arrived at the hospital a few moments later.

As if we were lovers, Charles held my hand and pulled me into the elevator. But when we were inside, I went to the corner and stayed as far as I could from him. What he had done last time weakened my resolve. I must not let that happen again.

"Don't worry. I won't be rude to you anymore," Charles reassured. He must have seen through me at a glance.

I did not say a word and just nodded in response.

The elevator door opened a few moments later. To my surprise, Rita was standing at the door of the ward. The moment she saw us, she walked up to us and clung to Charles's arm with a sweet smile.

I could not help but lower my head in resentment. I felt like I was a toy that had been abandoned once again.

#### [Chapter 49 Cake](#)

Charles' POV:

Scarlett stayed as far as she could away from me. She was cramming herself in the farthest corner of the elevator, a helpless look on her face. I would not hurt her. Why did she seem so scared of me? Did she resent me?

As soon as I stepped out of the elevator, Rita rushed over and clung to my arm.

"Charles, I've been waiting for you for a long time. Why did you only come here now? Is Grandma getting better? I want to visit her with you." Rita rubbed her chest against my arm as she spoke.

Instead of being thrilled, I was disgusted, so I immediately withdrew my arm from her grasp.

"Grandma isn't in good health. I'll take you to her once she recovers," I reasoned out while trying my best to be patient.

"Are you still mad about what happened last time? I'm sorry, okay? I promise I won't go out to drink again. Charles, you don't know how much I miss you," Rita coaxed me in a sweet voice. I used to buy it. But now, it only smothered me.

How I hope I could hear something like that from Scarlett. However, she would never do that. All she wanted was to make a clean break with me.

"I was busy recently. I had to deal with a lot of things at the company. I'll visit you at the hospital when I'm free. Anyway, you should go back to your room and have a rest. You haven't completely recovered yet," I urged perfunctorily. If Rita stayed here, she would disturb Grandma in her ward.

"But I really want to visit Grandma," Rita insisted.

I frowned and sighed in exasperation. "Grandma doesn't like you. You should be very clear about that by now. You'll only put her under stress."

As I did not agree, Rita turned to Scarlett and begged for her sympathy.

"Scarlett, can you go inside and plead with Grandma for me?" Rita implored while sobbing pitifully.

Scarlett glanced at me, probably to see how I would react. Then, she turned to look at Rita and shook her head. "I'm afraid I can't. It's your problem. I'm merely an outsider."

"Why won't you help me? I know I was wrong. I just want to apologize to Grandma in person." Rita wiped her tears, but she would not stop sobbing.

Grandma's health was at stake here, so I did not give in much less compromise. I knew it would only cause more trouble if I helped Rita. She liked making trouble, after all.

Without a word, I left with Scarlett. But then, Rita decided to follow us.

"Rita!" I stopped in my tracks and looked around. I saw Richard, her bodyguard, a few yards away from us.

"Take Rita back to her ward and make sure she doesn't go out. Otherwise, you don't have to come to work next month," I ordered sternly.

Scarlett's POV:

I was bewildered when I saw that Charles's attitude changed towards Rita.

As soon as he finished speaking, he took me to Grandma's ward.

At that moment, Grandma was lying on the bed and laughing heartily as she watched TV.

"Finally, you're here! I've been waiting for you two to visit me for a long time." Grandma waved at me and added, "Scarlett, come and sit next to me."

"Grandma, have you been feeling better?" I asked with a smile. I wished Grandma would recover soon. In that way, she could finally give me our marriage certificate once she was discharged from the hospital. Was I unscrupulous to wish for my own selfish desire?

"Yes. I feel better now than before. But, sometimes, my head would hurt so badly. I may have to stay in the hospital for a few more months," Grandma replied with a smile. She seemed to have seen through what I was thinking.

"Don't worry about me. Anyway, let's see what Grandma is keeping for you." Grandma pinched my cheek and then opened the cupboard. My eyes widened in surprise when I saw what she was handing to me.

"It's Cadecake! Didn't the owner of this cake shop move back to his hometown?" I asked in surprise. Nevertheless, I was beaming with happiness.

I used to eat their cakes when I was a child. Unfortunately, the owner of this cake shop moved away when I was in high school. I had not had such a tasty cake since then.

"I asked Charles to buy it. At first, he thought it was troublesome. But when he heard that it was your favorite, he went there in person without hesitation. I heard that there was even a rainstorm when he went to the countryside. Well, at least, he protected your cake well." Grandma blinked and looked at me expectantly.

In awe, I turned to look at Charles. It was only then that I noticed that his hair was slightly unkempt, and his trousers were a little damp. Charles was also looking at me. There was a faint smile in his eyes, and he did not seem as cold as he usually was. Instead, he seemed gentle and at ease.

It suddenly occurred to me that he smiled like this when he kissed me. At the thought of this, my face turned red.

"Stop looking at me. I won't give you some. It's all mine." I let out a snort and turned my head away as though I was not moved by what he had done.

"I'm not gonna ask for some anyway. It's just like in the past, don't you think so? I always gave my share to you when we were kids. Charles smiled and pulled a chair next to me.

That was true. He treated me well sometimes.

"Grandma, look at Scarlett. She's bullying me," Charles complained to Grandma with a feigned hurt expression.

"Oh, shut up. Who would dare to bully you? I knew you made fun of Scarlett and bullied her when you were little. I just wish you wouldn't bully her anymore." Grandma cupped my face and smiled. But as she did so, she happened to lift my hair, and her face froze all of a sudden.

She turned to look at Charles meaningfully. For some reason, she seemed to be holding back her glee, and she kept blinking her eyes at him as though expressing her appreciation. I immediately realized what was wrong. She must have seen the hickey on my neck. I fixed my hair at once and lowered my gaze, too embarrassed to look at them.

Charles probably saw that my face was beet red. He stroked my hair and chuckled.

"Well, I'm going to take a rest. You can go back now." Grandma noticed that something must be going on between Charles and me, so she smiled ambiguously and drove us out.

I followed Charles into the elevator. I could not stop smiling like an idiot as I stared at the delicate cake in my hands.

Honestly, I had no idea why I was smiling from ear to ear. Perhaps it was because I imagined how embarrassing Charles looked like when he was drenched in heavy rain. He must have been in a mess at that time.

At the thought of this, I glanced at him and saw he was staring at me with his arms crossed over his chest. His eyes, for some reason, were filled with lust. He looked like a wolf in a rut, eager to vent his sexual desire.

I could not help but bite my lips, anxious that he would suddenly lean over and kiss me.

"I'll take a taxi later. You don't have to drive me home," I immediately said the instant the elevator door opened. I was worried Charles would offer to send me home. Knowing him, he would not take no for an answer.

"You like flattering yourself, don't you? I don't have time to send you home. I have to go see Rita."



Charles snorted and looked at me sideways. His demeanor changed from what it was a while ago. Now, his tone was as mean as it usually was.

"I hope so. By the way, thank you for the cake. You idiot could've caught a cold in the heavy rain," I retorted. I refused to admit to being inferior. It was just like in the past. We could not get along with each other. And when we were together, we would not stop quarreling until we both got hurt.

With that, I hailed a taxi and waved goodbye at Charles with a smile.

"Bye, Mr. Moore."

Charles gritted his teeth and glared at me with a sneer. He then slammed the door shut behind me. A few moments later, the car disappeared at the corner of the street.

As soon as I arrived home, I received a message from Charles.

"Little virgin, don't forget to make breakfast for me for a week."

I was going on a business trip next week, so I could only return the favor from Charles when I returned.

"Let's talk about it when I'm back from my business trip."

"Come back early."

## [Chapter 50 Getting Sick](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Abner and I, along with some crew, were tasked to go to Seattle, Washington to conduct an interview with a certain famous personality.

Seattle was beautiful, and its weather was not in the extremes all year round. Abner loved it there and even commented that he would want to settle down there someday.

The interview lasted for two days and came to an end soon. The interviewee was William, an outstanding and elegant entrepreneur. Even at his age of late 30s, he was still the object of many women's admiration.

The night before our flight back home, William invited me, Abner, and the staff to dinner at a fancy restaurant.

"Scarlett, I heard that you've interviewed a lot of celebrities in the past. Is Rita Lively one of them?" William asked me with great interest while cutting his steak.

As if right on cue, all the heads at our table turned to me. My colleagues were familiar with Rita. They

once saw her at the TV station looking for me.

"No, but I know Rita. One of my friends is very close to her." I decided to tell him the truth.

"How is she now by the way? Is she getting better?" William continued to ask.

"She should be out of danger now." After all, Rita went to bars at nights now and got drunk.

"Is she married?"

"No, not yet, but many people like her." I lowered my head and tried to focus on my salad. My remark barely sparked interest from anyone at the table. I supposed they did not know about Rita and Charles's engagement.

"Rita does have a lot of pursuers, but I remember her saying that there's already someone that she'll marry after she fully recovers," William said in a voice tinged faintly with disappointment.

"I think Rita will get what she wants." After Charles and I divorced officially, he and Rita would be able to be together openly.

"Really? Then I should start preparing her wedding gift," William said flatly and took a sip of his wine.

He seemed to be very familiar with Rita. I hated to admit it, but I was actually impressed that Rita knew such an icon in the business world.

I wanted to ask William how he knew Rita, but looking around and seeing my colleagues, I decided against it. I did not want to seem gossipy. The last thing I needed right now was for something to go wrong again. I shoved down my curiosity and changed the subject.

The dinner lasted till very late. After saying goodbye to William and thanking him, Abner proposed that we and the team go for drinks and dancing to celebrate the success of the interview. Nina made me drink a lot. At the end of the night, Nina practically carried me to my hotel room, and I passed out drunk on the sofa.

The next morning, I heard Nina calling me for breakfast, but my head and my whole body felt so heavy and hot that I could just grunt a response.

Then, my surroundings suddenly rang with many voices that felt like they were right in my ears.

I opened my eyes and tried to see what was happening, but my vision was still hazy. Then, someone scooped me up and carried me out of the room. I did not know who it was. All I knew is that his chest felt strong and warm. Could it be Charles?

No. How could it be Charles? He should be with Rita right now. They would get married soon after our

divorce.

After a long time, I finally regained the strength to open my eyes. I saw white walls and smelled disinfectant.

Abner was sitting by my bed, and on the bedside table was a stainless steel tray of pills.

"Where am I?" I rubbed my aching forehead.

"The hospital. This morning, Nina swung by your room to invite you for breakfast, but she didn't get any response from you. So she asked the hotel manager to unlock your door, and we found you unconscious on the sofa and burning up with fever." Abner poured me a glass of water and handed me the pills.

"Thank you. I didn't make drunken ramblings, did I?" I usually blathered when I was hopelessly wasted.

Abner just raised his eyebrows. That was enough answer for me. Obviously, I did say something that I should not have said.

"When I picked you up to rush you here, you kept mumbling Charles's name. You've mistaken me for him. Scarlett, if you still have feelings for Charles, why don't you just tell him? You two are not getting any younger. You shouldn't be playing petty mind games." Abner's words were blunt and honest and something that only mature men would say.

"I don't have feelings for him anymore," I replied instinctively.

After that, an uncomfortable silence hung in the air above us. I felt ridiculous the moment the words left my lips. I thought I had grown accustomed to lying to myself when it came to Charles. As it turned out, I had not. And now I was making myself look like a fool in front of Abner.

"And even if I still do, I will never tell Charles. He already thinks that I'm still in love with him. If I confirm his assumptions, he will just use them to ridicule and then reject me. That's his style. He thinks that not having feelings makes him the winner," I added, clenching the sheets.

Since Charles and I agreed to file a divorce, I had been trying really hard to stick to my pride and principle. I respected Charles's decision to leave me for Rita, but all this time, he seemed hesitant to finalize that decision. He had been stringing me and Rita along, and it was not the kind of relationship that I wanted. I want a husband whose only choice was me, not someone who could not make up his own damn mind.

"I see. If you need anything, just tell me. I will help you anytime." Abner seemed to have sensed my uneasiness and instantly dropped the subject.

"I want to fly home now." I lowered my head and regretted my little outburst. I might feel comfortable around Abner, but every time I revealed a part of myself to him that I still had not sorted out, I felt

embarrassed.

"You haven't fully recovered. And if we go home now, will there be anyone to take care of you?" It annoyed me a little every time Abner looked at me with worry that bordered on pity.

"I can take care of myself, Abner. I'm not an invalid. Let's just go home, please," I insisted.

Abner could just sigh and then took care of my discharge from the hospital. Next thing I knew, we were on a flight back home.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay on your own? I can take you to a hospital right now and then drive you back here tomorrow." Abner pulled over in front of my house. He got out of the car and took out my suitcase from the trunk.

"I'm fine now. I don't need to go to the hospital," I turned him down as politely as I could.

"Very well. Don't forget to take your pills before bed. The doctor said to finish your round of antibiotics even if your fever is already gone." Abner gave me the rest of my medications and kept reminding me about them like a worried father. I smiled.

"Abner, don't you have more important things to worry about than me?" I teased. I just got sick because of a very bad hangover, and he was fussing over me like I had been diagnosed with a terminal illness.

"I'm serious. The doctor said spiking a fever frequently is not a good thing. Your face is still red." Abner frowned and then reached out to feel my forehead.

"Scarlett!" Charles's cold voice interrupted us.

Abner turned his head to look at Charles who was just getting out of his car. Abner handed me my suitcase.

"Take care of yourself, okay? I'll see you at work," Abner said by way of goodbye. Then, he turned around and got in his car. He just walked past Charles as if he did not even see him. I spoke before Charles could.

"Whatever brought you here, I don't want to talk about it right now. I'm exhausted. I want to sleep." I took my suitcase and made my way to my front door. Charles was right on my heels.

"Looks like you had a great time with Abner during the last few days. Have you enjoyed working with him so much that you don't even want to talk to me?" Charles started in a tone that I resented.

I wanted to snap back, but I was too tired to do so. All I wanted was to crawl into bed and sleep for a long time.

"Stop pulling conflict out of thin air and go home, Charles." I just wanted to get some rest after days of hard work. I did not understand why Charles always had to show up when the last thing I wanted to do was to deal with his crap.

"Why do you have a bottle of pills in your hand? What are those for?" Charles noticed the medications in my hand and grabbed them from me. He checked the label.

"I caught a cold when we were wrapping up in Seattle," I replied and leaned against my door.

Charles knitted his brows and then took my suitcase.

"What are you doing? Didn't you hear me? I want to rest. Leave me alone," I yelled.

Charles held my wrist and forcibly grabbed my suitcase. Per usual, he could not just turn around and leave when I asked him to.