



Scarlett's POV:

Charles did not show up days after the Moore Group's anniversary party. I was busy preparing for the job interview at that time, so I did not notice his absence very much.

One day, Tiana and I arranged to meet after being away with each other for years. So now, I stood by the street, waiting for my dearest friend to come.

All of a sudden, a young woman with red hair ran from a distance. It was not until she got closer that I recognized who it was. It was Tiana.

"Tiana, why is your hair dyed red?" I asked in disbelief. Tiana had always wanted to dye her hair red ever since she was in primary school. Now, she had finally done it. I was really surprised when I saw her. After all, her hair was still in its natural color the last time we had a video chat.

"Bitch, it's supposed to be a surprise! You didn't come home for three years to see your best friend. Of course, I had to do something to punish you."

The two of us were like sisters who had been separated for many years. We hugged each other and excitedly jumped in glee at the entrance of the cafe. Yes, we video chatted with each other often, but it still would not replace the joy of being with my friend in person. We could only hug each other in delight.

"Well, tell me everything. When will you move in with

me? Oh, I know! I'll call other friends of ours. We can have a sleepover party!"

"I honestly have no idea, but it'll be soon."

Tiana led me into the cafe as we talked. We ordered two slices of tiramisu and enjoyed it while we continued our chat.

"Charles still wouldn't let you go? Haven't you heard? There are rumors about that bitch Rita spreading around recently."

"I don't care about them. When Charles and I divorce, I will have nothing to do with them anymore."

"That's great then. We can be roommates again soon."

Tiana and I had a great chat. We shared the same

sentiments regarding the matter. No matter what happened, I knew that she would always be on my side. I was grateful to have such a friend with whom I could share my feelings without worries.

"Remember the job that I mentioned to you last time? Well, I told my boss about you and gave him your resume. He's pleased with you. In fact, he wants me to bring you to our company by all means, even if it means kidnapping you."

"You must be kidding me." I chuckled and took a bite of the cake.

"I'm not. Get ready to be a famous TV host! Let that man regret letting you go."

I went to Tiana's residence after spending almost the entire morning with her. She lent me a formal suit before I went to her company, Insight Media, for the

job interview.

At that moment, Tiana patted me on the shoulder and smiled at me reassuringly. "Don't be nervous. You look perfect."

In the interview meeting room.

"Miss Scarlett Riley, why do you want to join my company? We've read your resume. Based on your qualifications, you could've applied somewhere better. Why here?"

the bald and kind interviewer asked with a smile.

"Presenting the audience what they are interested in is the real reason why I chose this field. The role of the media is to open the eyes of the public and make

them see the reality, not deceive them. I believe that Insight Media has the courage to speak the truth and take responsibility for it."

The interviewer looked through my resume again and asked a few more questions. He then whispered a few words to the interviewer next to him. I looked at him anxiously when he finally turned to face me.

"Congratulations, Miss Riley. Welcome to Insight Media."

As soon as I walked out of the building, I called Tiana and told her the good news.

I then booked an Uber and returned to Garden Street.

I did not bring a lot here. In fact, I only brought one suitcase. Maybe I could pack and move out today.

When I got home, I found Charles's car in the driveway, and the lights in the villa were on. He must be home.

This was a perfect opportunity to clear things up once and for all.

I pushed the door opened, and my eyes widened in shock at what I saw. Charles was lying on the sofa and clutching his stomach with a pained look on his face.

When he looked at me, he was not cold and indifferent as usual. Instead, he stretched out his hand to me as if grasping the last life-saving straw. He looked vulnerable and in pain.

"What... what's wrong with you?" I asked, flabbergasted.

"My stomach... hurts... so bad..." he replied in a strained manner.

I rushed to the medicine drawer at once and took a pill for his stomachache. I had known that Charles's stomach hurt sometimes. I then poured him a glass of water to help him take medicine faster.

To my surprise, he opened his mouth to me like a bird waiting to be fed.

Did he want me to feed him? Three years ago... Didn't he ask me to keep a distance from him?

"Give me your hand," I cautiously said. I did not want him to resent me again.

With

out waiting for his response, I put the pill in his hand

and handed him the glass of water.

Charles took the medicine. Then, with his eyes closed, he leaned back on the sofa, grabbed a pillow, and hugged it.

Indeed, nobody was made of iron. Even Charles, who was always as cold as ice, was as docile as a toothless tiger when he was sick.

I could not help but take a few glances at him. I must admit, I like this side of him better than his usual arrogant and domineering side.

At that moment, I went to my room and got him a blanket.

As I put it over him, he merely glanced at me and did not even say thanks.

I supposed that I could clear things up with him while he was at his weakest. At that moment, I took a deep breath and mustered my courage.

"I'm going to move out," I said firmly.

The toothless tiger stood up all of a sudden and threw the blanket on the floor in surprise.

"What did you say?" Charles asked while staring at me with a burning gaze.

"I said I'm going to move out and live with Tiana," I repeated. But as I looked at his face that was red in anger, I lost the confidence that I had just mustered.

"No way!" Charles refused sternly. But as soon as he finished speaking, he winced in pain, clutched his stomach, and lay down again.

"We'll go through the divorce proceedings when you're okay."

I bent down to pick up the blanket on the floor. However, Charles covered his nose and did not take it.

"Why do you smell so funny?" He faced the other way and added, "Let's talk later. Go and take a shower first."

I could not help but scoff at his words. It seemed that the medicine had already taken effect as he was already picking a fight with me.

Even so, I still smelled myself. I did not smell funny. What was he talking about?

Nevertheless, I went upstairs and took a shower, just as he asked. All of a sudden, his words crossed my

mind. What did he mean when he said 'no way?' Did I need his permission to move out? The divorce agreement had already been sent to me via e-mail the moment I came back from abroad. What else did he want?

I finished taking a shower not long after. As I dried myself with the bath towel, I realized that I had forgotten to bring my clothes to the bathroom in a hurry.

Charles should still be downstairs. I could sneak out to get a fresh change of clothes without a problem.

But just as I was about to walk out of the bathroom bare naked, I heard footsteps outside the door.

From the sound of it, Charles was walking upstairs. It seemed that his stomachache was recovering quicker than I had anticipated.

I walked back to the bathroom, just in time before the door of the bedroom opened.

"Aren't you done yet?" Charles asked with a frown.

"I forgot to bring my clothes," I replied awkwardly inside the bathroom.

The room was quiet for a while. But then, I heard my suitcase being opened. A thought suddenly occurred to me. A picture of Charles rummaging in my suitcase for underwear came to my mind, and my face turned beet red. But for some reason, I was more curious about his expression.

"Your clothes are on the bed," Charles said calmly.

With that, he walked out and closed the door behind him.

I rushed out of the bathroom and got dressed as soon as I could. Once I was done, I walked downstairs and saw Charles still lying on the sofa and groaning in pain.

"What's wrong?" I asked with my eyebrows furrowed.

"It still hurts," he answered weakly.

Seriously? Hadn't he just taken the medicine and even had the strength to go upstairs? How could he suddenly become sick again? I eyed him with suspicion.

"Do you want to take another pill?"

"Too much drug for one day. Do you want to poison me?"

"Just lie down then."

Without another word, I went upstairs to pack my luggage. Even if I could not leave tonight, I could pack up now, so tomorrow, I could just grab my stuff and leave.

I stood frozen to the spot the moment I entered the bedroom. My suitcase was open, and my clothes were scattered everywhere. All he had to do was find me a set of clothes. Did he really have to take everything out and scatter them around?

While I was deep into thought, a loud and pitiful groan came from downstairs. I ran downstairs at once and found Charles beaded with cold sweat and was in excruciating pain.

"Should I call an ambulance?"

"No, I'm fine. I feel hot. Just give me a glass of ice water."

"I'm afraid I can't. Your stomach hurts. You can't drink cold water, or the pain will only get worse." I fetched a wet towel instead and then put it on his forehead to absorb his sweat.

I could not leave him alone like this. As there was nothing I could do, I resigned myself to my fate and just sat next to him.

Charles fell asleep a few moments later. I pulled the blanket over him out of consideration. I had decided to watch over him tonight. But before I knew it, I had already drifted to sleep.

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