



Scarlett's POV:

I knew that I was dreaming. I was at a wedding, and I was the bride. I was standing right before my groom, but I could not make out his face.

"Achoo!" My own sneeze woke me up. I found myself lying in bed.

I did not know how I got upstairs. The last thing I remembered was that I was with Charles downstairs. After that, nothing. Why was I feeling so dizzy?

I also felt like I was on fire. I tossed the quilt away and tried to get up.

"Don't move," a stern voice commanded from the door.

I turned my head and saw Charles standing there. He was wearing an apron. I had never seen him like that, so I could not help chuckling.

"You caught a cold. Are you hungry? Breakfast will be ready soon." After saying that, he turned around and went downstairs again.

I struggled to get on my feet and went to the bathroom. After washing up, I felt like my head was going to explode and my knees were going to give out. I dragged myself back to bed.

Charles came back before I could curl up under the covers. He brought me a bowl of piping hot porridge with beef and shrimp.

The porridge smelled heavenly, but all I wanted was to sleep.

"I have no appetite. I don't want to eat."

"No, you have to. Come on, get up."

As he spoke, Charles grabbed a pillow and fluffed it on the headboard for me to lean on.

As I tried to prop myself up, my throat itched like hell, and I started coughing violently. He wiped my mouth with some tissues.

"Here. Eat," he said and scooped up some porridge to feed me.

I stared at him in mixed confusion and disbelief. He had never treated me so gently before. What happened? Did he take the wrong medicine last night,

so he was not his usual self today?

I had to stop and check if I was still dreaming. After deciding that I was already wide awake, I just opened my mouth and let my husband feed me.

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Christine calling.

"Hi, Grandma."

"Oh, good, you're up. Hello, dear. I'm calling to invite you and Charles over for dinner tonight. I'll cook for you."

"Grandma, I..." Before I could explain, I started coughing again.

"Scarlett? What's wrong?"

"I'm feeling a bit under the weather, Grandma."

"You're sick? Where's Charles? Is he taking care of you right now? Wait for me, dear. I'll be right there."

I looked up at Charles and whispered. "Grandma's coming over right now."

"All right. Have breakfast first."

He fed me some more porridge.

After finishing my breakfast, I got up, rinsed my mouth, went downstairs, and waited for Christine in the living room. I curled up in the sofa. Soon, Alice and Christine arrived.

"Charles, what happened to Scarlett? You can manage a big group worth hundreds of millions of dollars, yet you can't take good care of your own wife?"

"Grandma, I had a stomachache yesterday. Scarlett took care of me, but she fell asleep on the sofa and caught a cold," Charles explained as he ushered his mother and grandmother in.

"How's your stomach?"

"Much better."

"Then take good care of Scarlett. Take her upstairs. If she's not feeling well, then she should rest in bed."

Hearing Charles's conversation with Christine, I could not help feeling touched. So I did fall asleep downstairs. Obviously, Charles carried me to the bedroom. I just could not remember. And now Christine was asking him to carry me upstairs again.

"It's okay, Grandma. I can go upstairs on my own."

Christine turned a deaf ear to me and looked at Charles.

Then, Charles effortlessly scooped me up in his arms.

I had no choice but to wrap my arms around his strong, broad shoulders. He still stared at me coldly, but as soon as our bodies touched, I felt electricity course through my skin and bones. This was the first time that Charles had held me this close while I was sober. I lowered my head and gritted my teeth. I felt hot all over, but somehow, my cheeks felt hotter.

Alice and Christine went upstairs with us and saw all my unpacked clothes.

"What's going on? Why are all your clothes out of the closet, Scarlett?"

"Grandma, I... I'm going to move out. I've found a job."
I dodged Christine's eyes.

Christine cast a sharp glance at Charles.

"Is this because of Rita?"

"No, Grandma. I just want to go to work. The place I'm moving into is close to my new office," I hurriedly explained.

"If that's the reason, then you don't have to get your own place. We have so many houses. One of them is bound to be close to your office. Then, we can live together, and Charles will go back to live with us. The whole family should be together." There was a hint of anxiety in Christine's tone.

"If Charles is not treating you like he's supposed to, just tell me, honey," Alice told me and held my hand.

"Grandma, Mom, I appreciate your kindness. But I..."

Before

I could finish my sentence, Christine interrupted me.

"We can talk about this another time, Scarlett. For now, you need to get some rest. We'll leave now. I'll send someone to bring the dinner here. I will make you your favorite apple pie."

I originally thought that it would be easy for me to move out, but I was wrong. As it turned out, there were many twists and turns I had to go through.

Charles then drove Alice and Christine home. I crawled into bed and instantly fell asleep.

Charles's POV:

"Charles, the most important thing for you to do now is to make Scarlett happy so that you two can prepare to have a baby. Your grandfather, your father, your mother, and I will help you with the company's affairs."

"Yes, dear. You're not getting any younger. You should think about starting your own family."

As I drove them home, my mother and grandmother bombarded me with reminders. I knew that the longer I waited to tell them about the divorce, the higher their expectations would be, and that would only make the situation even worse.

"Grandma, Scarlett and I are not meant for each other. We've already talked about it. We're getting a divorce."

The confession just rolled off my tongue. I did not expect that it would be so easy to speak up about something that I had been letting stew inside me for a while.

"What? What did you just say, Charles Moore?"

"You have got to be kidding."

And there it was. Every time my mother and my grandmother got angry with me, they called me by my full name. Now I was realizing it was a bad idea telling them on a moving vehicle that I was driving. This was not a great place for Grandma to have a heart attack.

"Stop the car! I want to get off! I'm telling you, young man! If you divorce Scarlett, I will ask your grandfather to modify his will!" Christine screamed.

"I'll call Burton and ask him to pick us up," Alice

muttered.

I had no choice but to pull over on the side of the road and endure another round of verbal assault from my mother and grandmother. They were both seething with rage.

"You want to divorce your wife because of that Rita woman, don't you? I knew it. That scheming bitch! I knew she was a terrible person from all those crappy movies she'd starred in! And she used to date men even older than your grandfather! Are you out of your damn mind, Charles? No. You can't be with Rita. Over my dead body!" Christine gasped as she spoke. I quickly grabbed a bottle of water and handed it to her.

"I second that! What do you think you're doing, son? Scarlett is the best wife any man can ever wish for, and you're going to toss her aside for some low-rent actress?"

I just sat there and kept silent. I did not bother defending myself. I just let them scold me for a long time until their anger subsided.

"Rita's got cancer," I finally blurted out. At first, I wanted to divorce Scarlett and marry Rita because I wanted to make Rita's last days happy.

Mom and Grandma were stunned by my revelation.

"I'm very sorry to hear that, but all the same, Scarlett shouldn't be the victim in this scenario. Scarlett is our family, Charles. We've known her since she was a little girl. She's your wife. She should come first."

After a while, Burton arrived and picked up my mother and grandmother.

"Rethink your decision, Charles."

After Burton took Mom and Grandma home, I sat in the car for a long time before returning to the villa. When I got home, the house was as quiet as a tomb. I went upstairs and gently pushed the bedroom door open.

Scarlett was still in bed. Her hair was a little messy, and her eyebrows were slightly knitted together. She pouted her lips, which I found a little cute.

Looking at her this close now, I realized that I had never properly appreciated her beauty.

I married her three years ago, but I had never touched her. But now, watching her sleep, I had a strange feeling. She actually told my mother and grandmother upfront earlier that she wanted to move out.

But no, I would not allow it.

I would not let her leave my life and detach herself from my world. Because deep in my heart, I did not feel like I could live in a world where she and I were not somehow tethered.

Suddenly, Scarlett rolled over and opened her mouth slightly as if she was mumbling something.

Except for that one quick smack at our wedding, I had not kissed her yet. And now, staring at her lips, I found myself wondering what it would feel like to kiss her deeply and passionately. Had Pierre kissed her? Damn it!

Next thing I knew, I was leaning toward her until we were close enough to share breath.

Then, all of a sudden, Scarlett's eyelids fluttered open. She stared at me with big, wide eyes like a deer

caught in the headlights.

I looked deeply into her eyes, and time and the world stood still.

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