

Warning 71

[Chapter 71 Pressed Under](#)

Charles' POV:

For the whole day, my mood would instantly get better every time I thought of the submissive look on Scarlett's face last night.

I decided to go for a run after dinner. But when I opened the door, I saw an uninvited guest at the doorstep.

"Wow. It's unusual to see you so happy, Moore. Are you happy to see me?"

Spencer's voice jolted me back to reality. With that, I put on a serious look in an instant.

"What's up?" I asked, ignoring his senseless remark.

Judging from the look on his face, this playboy seemed to be up to no good.

Spencer walked past me and went into the living room as though this was his home. He then sat down on the sofa with his legs crossed and asked, "Tell me the truth. Did you have sex with Scarlett in the car last night?" His tone was suggestive, and he even winked at me.

I frowned and did not answer his question.

At that moment, what had happened in the car last night crossed my mind. I could not take my eyes off Scarlett's pretty face. It was like I was addicted to her.

With a mischievous smile on his face, Spencer elbowed me and asked, "So, did you have sex last night?"

I heaved a heavy sigh and replied gloomily, "No, we did not. She didn't want to." My patience was wearing thin because of Spencer's boring and annoying questions.

Over the years, countless women had thrown themselves at me. As a matter of fact, I had never been turned down by one, except for Scarlett. At the thought of this, my hackles rose all of a sudden.

That ungrateful and arrogant woman!

"Many women are crazy about you, but Scarlett broke your heart. What a shame," Spencer said with feigned pity. He always mocked me whenever he had the chance.

"Is that why you came here?" I asked crossly.

"No. Actually, I heard from Nina that several employees from Scarlett's TV station would be given a

chance to study abroad. Do you know that?"

"No. What does that have to do with me?"

"Don't say I didn't warn you. Rita's family has been pressuring Scarlett. They're getting impatient. They want you two to divorce as soon as possible. Unfortunately, your dear Scarlett doesn't want to sleep with you. If she takes this opportunity and leaves..."

"Shut the fuck up!" I interjected. "If you have nothing else to do, just focus on running your new bar. Get out of here. I don't want to see your face."

Spencer shrugged and stood up to leave. But before he walked out of the door, he took several bottles of wine from my wine cabinet. But I did not care. What I had just heard was buzzing in my mind. Scarlett might go abroad, and I might lose her for the second time.

I could not believe it. Last night, she did not refuse my kiss and even kissed me back. That must mean something.

However, what Spencer said was true. Scarlett might leave me behind.

With this thought in mind, I took my phone and called her.

"Scarlett."

I could not wait to call her name the instant she answered the call

"Charles, what's up?" Scarlett asked confusedly. It was quite noisy on the other end of the line. It seemed that she had company.

"Where are you?"

"I'm at home. What's wrong?"

"Okay. I'll be right there."

I hang up the call at once and drove to Scarlett's apartment. I needed to talk to her now. If not, I might be a little too late.

I arrived at her apartment not long after. I immediately rang the doorbell, and Scarlett opened the door with a look of bewilderment on her face.

"Charles, why did you come here all of a sudden? What's the matter?"

Before I could answer, I heard a man's voice inside her apartment. My eyes twitched, and I felt a sinking

feeling in my stomach. Without another word, I walked past her and saw two guests sitting at the dinner table. They were Scarlett's colleagues—Nina and Abner. The latter liked Scarlett.

All of a sudden, I felt a fire of jealousy burning in my chest. Scarlett invited another man for dinner at home. It irked me that she did not even invite me, much less tell me about it.

"Why are you always avoiding me? And why didn't you tell me about this little dinner party of yours?" I asked through gritted teeth.

Before Scarlett could answer my question, Nina came over. "Wow. Scarlett, did you invite Charles? Charles, come. Have a taste of Scarlett's bacon. She's so good at cooking," she remarked lightly, oblivious of my anger.

"Yes. Scarlett made it especially for tonight," Abner chimed in with a sardonic smile. When he spoke, he stressed the word 'especially' as though he were implying something.

I must admit, it got into me.

"Enjoy your dinner. Don't forget to lock the door when you leave." I then grabbed Scarlett's hand and led her to her room.

"What are you doing? Let me go." Scarlett tried to break free from my grasp, but I only held her hand tighter.

Her resistance vexed me even more. In a fit of anger, I carried her on my shoulder and marched to the bedroom.

"Wait. Should we leave and give you guys some privacy?" Nina asked behind me.

I did not answer, but I heard the door open and close after a moment. I looked back and found that the two had left.

Now that they were gone, I pushed Scarlett and pressed her on the dining table.

"Are you going to study abroad? Answer me!" I queried without beating around the bush. Spencer's words echoed in my mind, and it was driving me crazy.

"What are you talking about? Oh. Are you pertaining to the company's program, which some of us will have the opportunity to study abroad? How did you know about that?" Scarlett's ears were red, and she could not look into my eyes in embarrassment.

"You didn't answer my question," I insisted. She must be feeling guilty right now for keeping me in the dark.

"There's nothing to say. Besides, I'm just a rookie. I don't think I even stand a chance," Scarlett replied with a sigh.

"As if. Admit it. You can't wait to leave, right?" I scoffed.

I was suppressing my anger with all my might. Truth be told, that was not what I wanted to ask. I meant, 'You can't wait to leave me, right?'

"What I've said is true, Charles. They'll probably give this opportunity to the anchorwoman of the entertainment channel. Everyone says so."

I calmed down a little upon hearing this.

"Anyway, you're not allowed to have another man over, let alone make him dinner."

"He's just a colleague. He happened to be there when I invited Nina, so I invited him too." Scarlett struggled to make me get off her, but I was too strong for her. "Charles, let go of me. Do we have to talk like this?"

Instead of letting her go, I moved closer to her and whispered in her ear, "From now on, you can only cook for me."

Scarlett looked at me with an amused expression. "Can't you just hire a chef?"

I was disgruntled with her reaction. What she had just said proved that she deserved a good punishment tonight.

I could not control myself anymore. The next second, I found myself kissing her soft lips and unbuttoning her shirt.

"Let me go... Hmm..."

Scarlett could not finish her sentence. She tried with all her strength to push me away, but to no avail. I kissed her fervently on the lips and made my way down to her neck. Conquering her was the only thought I had in my mind. And soon, I allowed my desire to becloud my reasoning.

My lust for Scarlett was burning as my body was pressing hers.

"Don't... Charles, stop. I don't want to have a hickey. I have live programs to do." Breathing heavily, Scarlett raised her hand and covered her neck.

Her pleas brought me back to my senses and even made me feel sorry for her.

Without a word, I picked her up and walked into the bedroom. The dim bedroom light added an air of

romance to the night.

Ever so slowly, I put Scarlett on the bed.

She buried her head in the crook of my neck, not letting me see her face. Because of this, I crawled on the bed and pinned her on the bed, forcing her to look at me.

I smoothed her long hair and nibbled her ear. Meanwhile, I spread her legs with my knees.

"Scarlett, you're not allowed to sleep with other men on this bed. Do you hear me?" I warned in a threatening tone.

[Chapter 72 The News](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Charles' touch completely distracted me.

I knew that he wanted to sleep with me.

I was madly in love with him, so I was unable to resist his touch at all. In fact, in my head, I had imagined us having sex so many times by now. However, now I felt like I was not ready.

And fortunately for me, he was not so crazy as to do it. Only when I saw him leave did I finally breathe a sigh of relief. Upon hearing the sound of water running in the bathroom, I figured that he was going to take a shower before he continued our romance. I quickly got up from the bed, tidied up my dress, and sneaked out of the house.

I decided to stay in a hotel for the night, thinking that he would leave on his own if he could not find me in the room when he got out of the bathroom.

I felt like it was ridiculous for me to run away from my own house in order to avoid sleeping with a man. And yet, I still did not know how to face him.

As soon as I left the building, I heard a familiar voice coming from behind me.

"Where are you going, Scarlett?"

I turned around in a hurry, and saw Charles walking towards me.

"How... How could you wash up so fast?" I stammered in nervousness.

"I can guess what you were thinking about. You ran away from home trying to avoid me, didn't you?" Charles bantered with me. The closer he got to me, the weaker my knees felt. I could not help taking a step back, trying to avoid his masculine scent.

"No, I didn't run away. That's my home! Why would I do such a thing? I just came out to buy some groceries." I raised my head, in an attempt to look and sound more confident.

"Okay, then. I'll go with you," Charles said flatly.

Whenever I was with him, I would always end up putting myself in a sticky situation.

Although I was angry, I could not show it. All I could do was pretend like I was calm as I walked to the nearby supermarket.

And Charles followed me closely. His tall and handsome appearance caught a lot of attention. However, I had no choice but to ignore him.

Before entering the supermarket, a gust of cold wind blew, which caused me to shiver and put my hands in my pockets.

"Use my hand, instead."

When I was not expecting it, he pulled my hand out from my pocket and held it. His hands were dry and warm as they completely wrapped my palm.

"Charles! Don't do this to me! Are you seriously that eager to sleep with me?" I couldn't stand it anymore, and my heart was racing.

"Yes, I am,"

he replied in a very calm voice.

I felt like I had really underestimated his shamelessness.

Completely embarrassed, I tried to withdraw my hand from his.

"But I don't want to sleep with you. So can you let go of me?"

Even after trying for a while, I could not get rid of his hand that was gripping mine tightly.

"It's fine. I am not a monster, and I am not going to force you." Saying that, he gave me a graceful smile. But I thought that he was doing it on purpose, which infuriated me more.

"Aren't you a monster in a human form? How many times have you sneaked a kiss in the past few days? You even touched my chest. And you..." I would not have been able to speak of such things openly on a normal day, but now, I was angry, so I did not care.

"You are so cute, Scarlett!" Charles only chuckled and kissed my lips again, stopping me from complaining any further.

'No, I can't always let him be so insatiable.'

Annoyed and embarrassed, I bit my lip and tried to fight back.

"A very special kiss, indeed."

With smiling eyes, he finally let go of me.

Feeling powerless, I gave up on arguing with him. After all, I could never be as shameless as he was.

When we arrived at the supermarket, I randomly picked up some snacks and was about to pay, but...

"By the way, I think we might also need this, so how about we get it too?" Charles said all of a sudden, standing in front of a shelf that was not too far away.

I followed his gaze and noticed that it was a shelf full of condoms of different kinds. He took a box from it and pretended to put it in my shopping basket.

Seeing that, my face burned with rage.

"Charles!"

Annoyed and irritable, I stomped my foot on the ground, but he did not seem to care at all.

"You can use it by yourself."

Saying that, I strode away, without even looking at him.

"Scarlett, don't be angry now."

I walked out of the supermarket, but he caught up with me soon after and followed me back home. I felt helpless, but he insisted on staying over at my house, and promised that he would not touch me again. And since I could not say no to him, I had no choice but to agree.

Fortunately, Charles didn't break his promise, and our night was a peaceful one.

After a good night's sleep, I rubbed my eyes, and got up to make breakfast. I also turned on the TV to watch the news. It was a part of my morning routine as I was also a TV show host.

But I was shocked when I heard the news. A picture of me and Charles kissing in public was on TV. I never thought that we were photographed.

I ran to the guest room in a hurry, and pushed open the door without even knocking first. "Charles, a picture of you kissing me has been exposed!"

"Yes, my secretary has informed me." Saying that, he looked at me with calmness in his eyes.

He was neatly dressed, and was wearing a tie.

I was stunned when I saw him like that.

"You... Don't you plan on doing something about it? If Rita sees the picture, she will misunderstand us."

"So what if she sees it? I was only kissing my wife on the street. It's not like I did something against the law." Charles adjusted his tie, raising his eyebrows at me.

I was rendered speechless. I suddenly remembered what he had said to me at the hospital. He had told me that he loved me.

However, I had not been able to believe it then, or now, for that matter.

I looked at him, not knowing what to say.

"Scarlett, we are a couple. It's only right for the public to know about it," Charles said softly and held my hand.

But I still could not find my voice.

That moment, I heard the doorbell ring.

I seized the opportunity to run out of the guest room.

Since Charles was there with me, I opened the door without hesitation. There was a strange man standing in front of me.

"Hello, Miss Riley. I'm Mr. Lively's driver." The man took off his hat and greeted me with a kind smile.

"Hello." Deep in my heart, I had a bad feeling.

He quickly handed me a well-wrapped satin box. "Here is a gift from Mr. Lively."

I sneered. It was that filthy man again.

"What's wrong?"

Before I could refuse him, Charles walked up to me from behind. He glanced at the gift box in the driver's hand and took it. The driver probably knew him, so he repeated his words.

"Did Mr. Lively say anything else?" Charles asked.

And the driver shook his head in response.

Since I did not want anything to do with Nate, I grabbed the gift box, and threw it at the driver's face before I slammed the door on him.

"Don't accept his gift for me, Charles."

"Why not?" Charles asked in confusion.

"It's because my relationship with him is not good enough to be exchanging gifts." I made up an excuse as I did not want to tell Charles that Nate was trying to keep me as his mistress.

[Chapter 73 The Diamond](#)

Scarlett's POV:

After we had our breakfast, Charles drove me to work.

Soon, we arrived at the TV station, but just when I was about to get off the car, he stopped me.

"I want to stay at your house tonight."

"Okay," I agreed without hesitation.

"You agree?" Charles seemed surprised.

"You'd better not ask again, or I might change my mind."

"Why are you being so cooperative all of a sudden? Did my kiss really satisfy you that much?"

Instead of answering him, I gave him a punch as I got off the car and left without looking back.

I didn't want to think about why I was willing to compromise. Perhaps, it was because of what he said to me earlier in the morning, or perhaps, it was because the photo of our kiss was now made public. I really could not tell which one was it.

The moment I stepped out of the elevator, I ran into Nina.

She gave me a wink.

"Scarlett, Mr. Lively is waiting for you in the reception room."

Upon hearing that, I was really annoyed as I did not expect Nate to come to me again. After saying goodbye to her, I walked into the reception room.

Since I did not know what tricks he had up his sleeve this time, I figured that I had to be vigilant.

Nate greeted me as soon as I entered the reception room. With a smile on his lips, he took out the exact gift box that I had thrown at his driver's face earlier that morning.

"This is a gift for you. I hope you accept it, Scarlett."

Shaking my head, I replied coldly, "Mr. Lively, there is no need for you to give me such things, or anything for that matter. After all, we have nothing to do with each other."

However, Nate smiled as he opened the box and showed it to me. Inside the box was a beautiful diamond.

"I remember that when you were a child, you used to like such shiny things."

I thought of the shiny brooches that my father had given me while he was still alive, and I subconsciously nodded with a smile.

"Scarlett, do you know how stunning you look when you smile?"

With the diamond in his hand, Nate walked towards me to grab my hand.

"Stay away from me!" I roared and took a few steps back.

However, Nate continued to approach me without giving up.

"Mr. Nate Lively, please behave yourself!" As I uttered those words, I kept telling myself to stay calm.

I passed by the table and walked towards the door. I decided that if he continued to approach me against my wishes, then I would just leave.

"Honey, you are such a greedy one! You don't like this diamond because you feel that it is too small to catch your eye, don't you?" Nate asked, faking a brilliant smile.

"Mr. Lively, oh, you think I have no idea what's going on here? You just want me to leave Charles. In fact, I know that you're not interested in me at all!" I also gave him my best fake cold smile.

I would be a joke if I had not read his mind yet.

His attempts to make me his mistress were actually an effort to clear out the obstacle for his daughter. If I had agreed, then it would only ruin my own reputation and Rita would end up with Charles. That way, he would be killing two birds with one stone.

'What a good plan! It's no wonder he was able to defeat my dad!'

"No, no. you're very beautiful, indeed, Scarlett, and you really fascinate me."

"You might be speaking the truth here, but I don't find you attractive at all, Mr. Lively," I said coldly.

"I know that you like Charles, but there's just no way for you to be with him." Nate's smile vanished as he said those words.

While we both were in a stalemate, someone knocked on the door.

I opened the door at once.

Nina and Abner were outside.

"The meeting is about to begin, so it's time for us to go now, Scarlett," Nina said to me as she dragged me out of the reception room while giving a polite smile to Nate.

I could tell that the meeting was just an excuse to get me away from Nate.

We came to Abner's office to talk so that Nate would not be able to see through our made-up story.

Since I was able to get rid of him with their help, I heaved a sigh of relief and kept thanking them.

"Did he do something bad to you?" Abner asked with concern.

I told them that Nate gifted me a diamond.

"Oh my God! He is such a despicable man! Are you going to tell Charles about it?" Nina asked with a worried expression.

I shook my head. I didn't want Charles to know about it.

"But if Charles doesn't interfere, then Nate will only keep making trouble for you, right?" There was a hint of anxiousness in Nina's voice as she held my hand.

"I won't let others do such a thing to me." I smiled to comfort them.

In fact, I soon realized that I had underestimated Rita and Nate's resolve to break my relationship with Charles.

That noon, when I walked out of the studio, Rita approached me.

"Can you go out with me if you're not too busy, Scarlett dear?" Under everyone's watchful gaze, Rita gave me a pitiful glance as she held my hand.

After thinking for a moment, I agreed. There were two reasons for that. One was that I did not want to irritate her, and the other was that I wanted to see what she was trying to pull off this time.

I thought that she was going to take me to someplace fancy to show off. But she did not. She drove to a familiar road. I was stunned when I looked out of the window.

Rita was taking me to the house where I had lived many years ago.

"How do you feel, Scarlett? It's still the same here, isn't it?"

After getting out of the car, Rita took a graceful stroll inside the community and turned back to look at me. She gave me a sweet smile, which would enchant any man, but I was not one. I stared at the old buildings and the house I had lived in, lost in thought.

My father had jumped down from there.

The place carried a lot of happy memories of my family. But Dad and Mom were gone now, leaving me alone. The house was also taken away because of my father's case. An emptiness engulfed my heart as I thought about it.

"Don't just stand there, Scarlett. Let's go and have lunch. I promise that you're going to love the place I am going to take you to."

A while later, Rita walked to me and held my arm gently, as though we were friends.

Seeing that, I could not help but doubt the credibility of her words.

I was obviously not expecting her to take me to a restaurant that my family used to go to when I was a kid.

After getting off the car, countless memories flooded my mind as I looked at the restaurant, which was just like how I remembered it to be.

Leaving her behind, I walked in and found that even the restaurant's decor was the same. I felt as though I had traveled back in time.

However, Rita didn't care about my neglect at all. When I heard her laughter, I figured that she had entered the restaurant as well. She seemed to be greeting everyone loudly, as if she was afraid that I

might not hear her.

I didn't really care what she was talking about, so I deliberately avoided her as I walked to the corner of the restaurant to look at some old paintings.

"Oh my God! Look who is here!"

All of a sudden, I heard a loud voice coming from behind me. I turned around and found a middle-aged man, who was talking to Rita, looked at me with a smile.

I was in a trance for a second before I recognized him. 'Isn't he Victor, the owner of this place?'

I had always like him and respected him. He had shown me great hospitality in the past, and his wife, Sherry, had also cared for me.

"Scarlett, I haven't seen you in a long time! Hold on a minute, I'll be right back!"

Saying that, Victor walked to a room behind the counter.

"I am sure he is going to find Sherry. Whenever Charles brings me to this place, Sherry keeps talking about you."

Although I never asked her, Rita felt like she needed to explain it to me. In other words, she was implying that Charles often brought her to the restaurant.

'Does she really think that I care?'

I ignored her.

Soon, Sherry showed up and gave me a big hug. I hadn't seen her for so many years, so I held her hand and looked at her carefully. She was still as beautiful, gentle, and enthusiastic as I remembered her to be. We sat in a table and talked about how much we missed each other.

After a while, Victor and Sherry said that they would like us to stay for lunch. I didn't want to bother them, but Rita agreed to stay before I could politely refuse them. Seeing her innocent expression, I frowned as I forced myself to keep calm.

Once the food was served, Rita and I were let alone at the table as the couple had to take care other guests in the restaurant.

"Scarlett, you know what? I'm going to marry Charles!" Rita held my hand and added briskly, "And I want you to be my bridesmaid."

[Chapter 74 Tried On The Wedding Dress](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"I'm not suitable for that, so you'd better find someone else," I reminded Rita with a frown as I withdrew my hand.

"You are the perfect one for the job, Scarlett. You are the one who knows how much Charles and I are in love, and only with your blessing, I can live happily," Rita said with a pout as she looked at me pitifully.

I was silent for a moment. I felt helpless when I thought that she was only trying to make me look like a fool at her wedding.

Tears welled up in her eyes when she saw that I was silent. "Can't you help me realize this one small dream of mine? Do you really despise me that much, Scarlett? I know that we had some misunderstandings between us because of Charles, but apart from that, I really consider you as my close friend."

"Okay, then. I can be your bridesmaid." My head started to ache as I looked at her. I wondered how she was able to put on such an act and cry so easily.

Only after hearing that I agreed, she held back her tears and smiled. "I know you are the best. I want us to go to the store and try on the wedding dress and the bridesmaid dress together. I really hope the wedding happens soon. I want to be the most beautiful bride in the world."

I gave her a faint nod as my mind was flooded with all kinds of emotions. Rita sat next to me and kept talking about how nice Charles was to her, and how well he treated her.

We headed to the wedding dress store after lunch. As soon as we arrived at the destination, I got off the car, trying to put as much distance as possible between us. She was so talkative and annoying that she could have become a stand-up comedian.

"Charles!" Rita exclaimed in surprise.

When I looked up, I saw Charles handsomely dressed in a stunning suit as he stood near the door. A manager, who was standing next to him, bowed to him respectfully.

He seemed to have seen me too because he stared at me for a few seconds, but I turned away from him.

"Honey, I knew you would come." Rita trotted over to Charles and clung to his arm.

However, he pulled his hand away and pointed at the store manager as he said, "From now on, he will be responsible for your wedding dress."

"I see. It looks like you have arranged everything for me. Thanks, honey." Rita snuggled up to Charles,

looking at him affectionately.

"Scarlett, come here," Rita urged me when she saw that I was not trying to get close to him.

I walked towards them reluctantly. I was actually afraid of knowing how much Charles and Rita loved each other, because that would certainly make me look like a fool.

"Were you with Scarlett all this while?" Charles asked Rita. He had a plain expression as he kept gazing at me.

I lowered my head in embarrassment, while Rita held my hand.

"Yes, I took Scarlett to visit Victor today. By the way, I have good news for you. Scarlett has promised to be my bridesmaid." Rita covered her mouth, smiling shyly.

The happiest one in the spot should always be her. I didn't say a word, but when I looked into Charles' eyes, I felt like a huge boulder was pressing on my chest, making me feel suffocating.

The manager seemed to have sensed the awkwardness in the room, so he interrupted us and said that he would help us choose the wedding dress.

It was a large studio, and they only had designer wedding gowns, so they only catered to celebrities.

"Scarlett, which one do you think suits me the best?" Rita pointed at two white wedding dresses.

Since I was not in the mood to play along, I just randomly pointed at one of the dresses.

"I'll try this one first, then. Scarlett, you should also pick a bridesmaid dress."

"Are you two sisters? You are both stunning, and we have some dresses over here which would look perfect on bridesmaids. You can try them on, ma'am." Saying that, the staff member walked to me with a dress.

I gave them a cold gaze as I was not interested in their suggestion. I just wanted to end this farce as soon as possible.

"Scarlett, go and try it on, will you? Now that you're here, there is no reason not to try it, right? I've never seen you in a formal dress. You can join Richard later, and we can all take pictures. We don't want to waste this beautiful memory, right?" Pretending to be generous, Rita pushed me, but her words were clearly filled with sarcasm.

"I have to go back to work. You should try the wedding dress on your own." I couldn't stand her hypocrisy any longer, so I picked up my bag, and was about to leave.

"Scarlett, don't go! Did I make you upset? If I did something wrong, then please tell me, so that I can be more careful about what I say in the future." It seemed like Rita was about to cry. She grabbed my bag, refusing to let me go, as she winked at Richard, signaling him to stop me.

Even though I had seen right through her act, I held back my anger. I turned to look at Charles, who was looking at his phone. His indifference made me want to pounce on him and hit him hard.

"No, thanks. I'm not the one getting married, so there is no need for me to be involved," I said bluntly.

"Ma'am, are you not satisfied with the dress? I can help you select a different one if you like. What kind of a dress are you looking for? A strapless one or a camisole dress? Do you prefer it long or short?" the staff member asked patiently.

I didn't want to be rude to her after seeing how excited she was. So I had no choice but to tone down my attitude a bit and agree to try on the dress.

"Charles, can you come in, and help me with the zippers? My hair got stuck in the zipper!"

While I was walking towards the dressing room, I heard Rita's voice. I stopped in my tracks, my heart sinking in mixed feelings.

"Ma'am, this way, please," the staff member said to me in a low voice.

She saw me standing in front of the dressing room in a daze. I could not help but twitch the corners of my mouth as I walked in.

The staff member seemed to want to say something to me, but she was hesitating for a long time before she finally asked curiously, "Ma'am, may I ask you a question?"

"What is it?" I raised my head in confusion.

"Which of the two men outside is your brother-in-law?" she asked cautiously.

"The one sitting on the sofa," I answered frankly.

She then looked at me in shock, keeping silent for a long time.

"What's the matter?"

"No, it's just that I feel like the handsome man and you look more like a couple. As for the other gentleman, he..." She hesitated for a moment before she continued, "Well, he seems to be very attentive to your sister."

"He is her bodyguard," I explained.

All of a sudden, the curtain was drew open and Charles was standing there quietly.

"You go out," he said to the staff member.

I put down the dress in my hand silently, unwilling to try it on.

"What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be helping Rita with her zippers?" I hissed. The cool white light in the dressing room was starting to make my eyes hurt.

"Richard is helping her," Charles said in a low voice as he took a step forward and put his hands around my waist.

I lowered my head, and he asked, "Have you been home?"

For an entire day, I had been holding back my emotions, so the moment I heard his words, tears streamed down my cheeks uncontrollably. I wiped the tears away with the back of my hand and forced a smile. "The light is so bright that it's hurting my eyes."

Charles's heart ached. He gently wiped off my tears with his fingers and said in a hoarse voice, "If you don't want to see Rita, then don't force yourself. I'll take you away."

He then held my hand and was about to take me away, but I held his hand and sniffled. "You still have to take wedding photos with her, so I'll go on my own."

With that, I walked out of the dressing room.

By then, Rita had changed into her wedding dress and was waiting outside. Her face paled when she saw me and Charles walking out of the same dressing room.

I didn't feel like explaining myself. Besides, if she was going to misunderstand us or not was beyond me.

"I'm leaving," I said coldly and left without looking back.

"Richard, please go see Scarlett off," Rita ordered. I sneered in my heart because it was obvious that she was sending Richard away just so that she could be alone with Charles.

[Chapter 75 The Remark Of Her Number](#)

Charles' POV:

Scarlett's grievance caused me so much heartache that I felt like a swarm of wasps were stinging my heart. After she left, I walked to Rita with a cold glance in my eyes.

"Why did you go to see Scarlett? If you could not take care of things on your own, then I would have

helped you."

"Charles, what are you even talking about? I don't understand. I consider her as a part of my family." Rita looked flustered, but it was obvious that she knew what I meant. She was a smart woman, but her cleverness was used for the wrong things.

"Since when did you become so close to Scarlett? You did not treat her like family when you caused trouble for her, did you?" I sneered.

"I... I have realized that I was wrong before. I was blinded by jealousy, but now, I understand that Scarlett is a good person, so I wanted to invite her to our wedding..."

"That's unnecessary." I interrupted her with a frown. The way she nagged people all the time disgusted me.

"What... What do you mean by that?" Rita stammered as she held onto my sleeve.

I pulled my arm away, lit a cigarette, and slowly took a drag. "The wedding is canceled as of now, and as for your last wish, I can compensate you in other ways."

"Charles!" Rita snapped in disbelief.

Looking at her shocked expression through the screen of smoke, I felt very calm. "Rita, thank you for saving me back then, and I will try my best to satisfy you monetarily. But if it's a relationship you want from me, then I am sorry. I can't give you that. I'm a selfish person, and you have already trampled on my bottom line."

"No! It's not like that. Charles, please don't call off the wedding. I apologize, and I swear I won't piss you off ever again." Shaking her head, she pleaded me with tears in her eyes.

"Enough, Rita. Don't embarrass yourself." I pulled away coldly.

"It's all Scarlett's fault. That bitch! If she hadn't intervened in our relationship, then you wouldn't have changed your mind. She is the one to blame! She is the third party!" Rita suddenly became hysterical. She almost seemed like she was going to eat Scarlett alive.

"Rita Lively, I don't want to hear this ever again. Scarlett and I are a real couple, and you have been cheating on me for a long time now. Do you really think that I don't know what happened between you and Richard?" I warned her with a sneer.

"I... I can explain. Richard and I are not like that. I am sure it was just someone spreading groundless rumors about us. Someone must have wanted to slander me."

"I don't want to hear another word from you." Disgusted with her, I stubbed the unfinished cigarette

and left.

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as I got home, I received a call from Nina, asking me to join her for dinner at her house. I wasn't in the mood and I wanted to refuse her, but after her continuous persuasion, I finally agreed.

Nina was from a wealthy family. The same year that she had started working, her parents had bought her a duplex apartment. Moreover, she was a hard-worker, which had financially helped her live the life she wanted over the time.

Nina was the one that prepared the dinner that evening, and it was a sumptuous, fancy French dinner. Feeling full from all the delicious food, I was happy, so I volunteered to help her with the dishes.

"Honey, stay here tonight, okay? Let's have a girl's night and chat like the good friends we are," Nina suggested while feeding her pet in the living room.

I washed the dishes and hesitated for a while, but thinking that Charles would come to my house, I instantly agreed to her proposal.

After a while, Nina walked in with my phone in her hand.

"Honey, your phone is ringing. It seems to be an unknown caller."

"Answer it for me, please." I raised my hands which were covered in soap foam, indicating that I would not be able to answer the call.

Nina nodded and put my phone on speaker. A cool and pleasant male voice came from the other end of the line.

"Hello, honey."

"Oh, wait! It's Nina here, and Scarlett is washing the dishes. Hold on, I'll hand the phone to her." Nina was startled when she heard Charles' voice, and quickly handed me the phone.

I wiped my hands awkwardly and took the phone from her. Nina, on the other hand, ran out of the kitchen, rubbing her palms as if she was afraid of hearing something that she should not be hearing. "Why didn't you save your husband's number?" she muttered.

"Why aren't you home?" Charles complained.

"Nina invited me to her house for dinner. Well, I have to go. I'm doing the dishes."

"I miss you, honey."

His low voice was so seductive that it made me freeze. I quickly said, "I am hanging up now."

"I'll pick you up later," he said to me in a decisive manner.

It looked like he was done coaxing Rita, and was coming over to coax me now. 'Is he really that bored?' Ignoring his words, I hung up, and told Nina not to open the door for him if he showed up.

However, the moment Charles was at her door, Nina betrayed me.

Nina pushed me out and closed the door with a bang, ruthlessly locking me outside.

Under the cold night breeze, I stood in front of Charles, shivering as I cursed Nina for being so heartless to me.

"Why haven't you saved my number?" Charles asked.

"Why bother, anyway? Besides, what if people get the wrong idea?" I pouted indifferently.

"What kind of wrong idea could they possibly get? Isn't it only normal?" he asked angrily as he pulled his tie a bit, feeling annoyed.

I smoothed the wrinkles on my dress, and whispered, "It's obviously not normal at all!"

"Why is it not normal?" Charles asked again.

I curled my lip. It was meaningless to argue with him as I had no chances of winning.

"We are a couple, so there's nothing to hide," he added.

"What about you? Have you saved my number as 'Honey'?" I retorted, annoyed.

Charles snorted as he took out his phone from his pocket and showed me his contacts screen. My number was indeed saved as Honey.

I widened my eyes in surprise.

When he saw that I fell silent, he smiled with satisfaction and said, "Do you believe me now? I saved your number, so why didn't you do the same? Don't you have any conscience?"

"You must have saved it right before you rang the doorbell. I didn't expect you to play such dirty tricks just to triumph," I said stubbornly, turning to face away.

"What do you mean by that? If you think that we're playing some kind of a game here, then I'll admit

defeat right away. I am willing to lose to you."

I could not get used to him being so affectionate all of a sudden. Taking a deep breath, I changed the topic. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to take you back home." Saying that, Charles reached out his hand.

I ignored him and tried to run away from him, but he lifted me, carrying me over his shoulder.

I patted him on the back as I struggled. "You are being so unreasonable!"

"Will you be obedient if I'm reasonable?" he asked.

"I... I'll think about it." I cleared my throat and decided to fool him.

"I'll reason with you once you've decided."

"No, no. I haven't taken my bag yet." I wanted to use the excuse to sneak away from him.

Unexpectedly, Nina opened the door, and handed me my bag.

"Nina, you showed up just at the right time. Were you peeping at us this whole time?" I became listless in an instant. I couldn't help but suspect that Nina was actually on Charles' side.

[Chapter 76 Cut Off](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"I wish you a happy night," Nina said with a meaningful look on her face. She then closed the door behind her, leaving me and Charles alone.

At that moment, Charles jolted me on his shoulder and advised in an evil tone, "Nobody can save you now, so be good."

"Charles, I swear if you don't put me down this instant, I will cut off my relationship with you!" I warned through gritted teeth.

"Wow. The little kitten has turned into a ferocious tiger."

Charles chuckled, and I felt his chest vibrate. My anger subsided all of a sudden.

I licked my lips and scoffed, "Are you scared?"

"You're going to cut off ties with me. How can I not be scared?" Charles grumbled. Nevertheless, he did not put me down and carried me to the car.

"I can go home by myself. You don't have to drive me home."

I recalled that Charles mentioned he wanted to stay overnight in my place. I suddenly felt an urge to flee at the thought of this.

Charles must have sensed what I was thinking. He put his hands on my shoulders and threatened, "If you run away, we'll do 'it'."

I stiffened and stopped struggling at once. "I won't run. Just don't do it," I pleaded in a low voice.

As soon as I finished speaking, I realized that I was being ridiculous for talking to him like that. I should have snapped back at him and expressed my displeasure. Besides, it was vulgar to mention sex all the time. At the thought of this, I raised my head and stared daggers at him. I wanted to tell him with my eyes that I would never let him sleep with me all his life.

However, Charles did not seem to care. Without even looking at me, he kissed me on the forehead and went to the driver's seat.

"I'm telling you, what you're thinking won't work."

I reminded him that he could never sleep with me, but he did not seem to hear me. Annoyed, I punched him on the shoulder. "Did you hear me?"

All of a sudden, Charles moved close to me that his face was only an inch away from mine. "What-what are you doing?" I stammered.

"Nothing. I'm just helping you buckle up your seatbelt," Charles answered with a playful smile. A few seconds later, I heard an audible click on my side.

My face turned beet red. I averted my gaze in embarrassment, but I had no idea where to look. In a fit of panic, I pushed him away. "It's alright now. Thank you."

Neither of us said a word the entire ride. I just looked out of the window and ignored his presence. I hated to admit it, but I couldn't help but feel that Charles had affected me the way no one had done before.

Beep.

My phone beeped, indicating that I had received a message. I took my phone out of my bag and saw that it was a message from Nina.

"Honey, I can guarantee that Charles loves you."

I stared at her message for a few seconds. My mind was in a mess because of it. How could Charles love me? He never cared about anyone except Rita. Even if he really was interested in me, perhaps he was just attracted to my body. The sudden realization hit me that the one you couldn't have was always the best. Once Charles had me, he would soon lose his interest in me and become attracted to someone else, for sure. He would just throw me away like a used doll by then.

At that moment, Charles noticed that I was troubled about something. "What's wrong?" he asked with a frown.

I put my phone back in my bag and lied, "Nothing. I just read a joke." Fortunately, Charles did not ask another question.

We arrived at my apartment thirty minutes later.

Just as I was about to get off the car, Charles locked the door of the passenger seat. I looked at him warily, wondering what he was up to.

"What do you want?"

"I forgot to tell you something." Charles rested his chin on his hand and looked at me with amusement. "If I want to do something, do you really think you can stop me?"

I instinctively put my arms on my chest. "What do you mean? You know what? Just go home. You should sleep early. It's good for your health. You're wasting your time with me here."

Charles snorted. "Is it really?"

He then unbuckled his seatbelt, and his face turned serious all of a sudden. "I bought the house you used to live in before."

"What?" My jaw dropped at what he had said, and I looked at him in awe.

"It's under your name now."

"Why did you do that?" I asked Charles in confusion. Did he really spend a fortune just so he could sleep with me?

"The house was taken away after your father's case. Anyway, I believed he was wronged. And that place belongs to you, so I bought it back. You're my wife. You deserve it." Charles paused for a second and added, "Just like I've always told you, I'll give you everything you want. You don't have to burden yourself."

"How's that possible? We're just married by contract, remember?" I reminded. I swore to myself I would not be indebted to Charles, be it a favor or money. However, I seemed to owe him more and more as

time went by.

"If you don't want to be burdened..." Charles moved closer to me with a mysterious smile, held a lock of my hair, and smelled it. "You can always pay me back with your body."

"You wish!" I pushed him away as hard as I could. I wanted to get away from him, but the door was still locked. Unable to do anything, I bit my lower lip and glared at him. "Open the door! You bought the house without my knowledge. I won't sleep with you just because you did that. Just let me out. I don't want to listen to your nonsense anymore!"

Charles leaned against his seat and nodded as though he were in deep thought. "You're right. I shouldn't have threatened you to sleep with me."

"Then why don't you open the door?" I was flabbergasted.

Unexpectedly, my phone rang. I looked at it to see who was calling and found that it was Nate. I took a deep breath and hung up the call at once.

Charles raised his eyebrows and looked at me confusedly. "Why didn't you answer it? Who is it?"

Before I could say anything, my phone rang again. Annoyed, I picked it up, and Nate's greasy voice came from the other end of the line.

"Scarlett, have you decided? I promise that you won't suffer any losses if you become my mistress."

I resisted the urge to curse him right there and then. "I'm gonna have to decline your offer. Please find someone else to bother."

I hung up the call before he could even reply. Just like his daughter, Nate was always bothering me.

"Is it Rita or Nate?" Charles asked with a frown.

I forced a smile at him. He had always had a keen eye. He just guessed correctly that it was Nate. But what was the point of telling him about it? He was going to marry Rita soon anyway.

"It's just an insurance agent." All of a sudden, I remembered something. I lowered my head and said in a muffled voice, "Bring the marriage certificate tomorrow. Let's go through the divorce formalities."

"It's lost."

I looked up at him, wide-eyed. "Lost? Where did you lose it? Charles, are you kidding me? How can we divorce without that?" I did not believe him. I had known Charles for so long that I knew he was not irresponsible. He should have hidden it somewhere.

He did not answer my question. Instead, he got out of the car and walked to the door of the passenger seat.

My heart pounded in my chest. Was he going to force himself on me?

"Hey! What are you doing? Stop carrying me on your shoulder! Charles, you've gone too far!"

Regardless of my protests, Charles picked me up and carried me on his shoulder like a sack. He then carried me upstairs in one breath. Although I was displeased with his behavior, the path was so bumpy I could not speak. A few moments later, I saw him input the code to my apartment as if it were his, and I felt even more hopeless. Could I really be able to cut off my relationship with him someday?

[Chapter 77 Seduction](#)

Scarlett's POV:

"Are you crazy?!" I bellowed while kneading my wrist and glaring at him as he had just thrown me onto the sofa.

"Be mindful of your actions." Charles yanked off his tie and threw it on the floor. Then, he unbuttoned several buttons of his shirt, knelt on the sofa on one knee, and bent over to me. "Don't you dare run away while I shower, or else you won't be able to get out of bed tomorrow," he warned in a barely audible tone, which made my hair stand on its end.

"Fine. But stay at least ten foot away from me. You're not allowed to kiss or hug me either." I put forward a request, dissatisfied with his domineering attitude.

Charles snorted and pinched my face. "You wish, Scarlett. Stop dreaming that you can challenge my authority."

I rolled my eyes and threw a pillow at him as I watched him leave.

While Charles was taking a shower, I sat on the sofa and thought of ways on how to get rid of him.

All of a sudden, Nate called. I glanced at the closed bathroom door and heaved a heavy sigh before I answered the call.

"Is Charles at your place?" Nate asked in his usual greasy voice.

"It's none of your business. Leave me alone, and stop calling me." I refuted Nate without a second thought. I was tired of him bothering me all the time.

However, he seemed rather amused. "Oh, stop playing hard to get, Scarlett. Just so you know, I can satisfy you in bed."

"You wish. You're nothing compared to Charles. He's strong and athletic, unlike you, dirty old man. If you want to describe yourself, you should be realistic," I retorted sarcastically. I had known that Nate was full of himself, but I did not know that he was this shameless.

"But I'm more experienced than he is. Charles is still young. He still has a long way to go, don't you think?" Nate seemed proud of himself for sleeping with many women. But instead of feeling impressed, I was disgusted.

It was uncomfortable talking to him, but I endured it. Suddenly, an idea occurred to me. With my phone in his hand, I walked to the bathroom and gently asked, "Charles, do you want me to select your pajamas?"

"Sure," Charles answered with the sound of running water in the background.

Now that I had gotten the answer that I wanted, I sneered and hung up the call. If Nate was smart enough, he would not call me so brazenly again.

Charles came out of the bathroom after a while. He was not wearing anything except for the bath towel that was hung loosely on his hips. I could also see his well-toned abs even from afar.

"Where are my pajamas?" Charles looked around and frowned in confusion when he saw that his pajamas were nowhere in sight.

I turned around and muttered, "Find it yourself." I was still in a bad mood because of Nate.

Without a word, Charles picked up my phone and input the password.

I could not help but look at him gloomily. He knew everything about me, did he not?

Unfortunately for him, I had already deleted the call log. As Charles could not find anything, he just chucked my phone aside disappointedly. To my surprise, he held up my face and looked into my eyes as though he were trying to retrieve information from them.

His intense gaze brought a bitter feeling to my heart. I lowered my eyes and mumbled, "Don't look at me like that."

Charles never listened to my words. Regardless of my plea, he did not take his eyes off me. He pinched my chin harder, forcing me to look up at him. The ambiguous atmosphere now turned romantic. Unable to stand his gaze, my face turned red again.

"What's wrong? Unhappy?" Charles moved close to me that I could feel his warm breath on my face. I was so nervous that I instinctively held my breath.

At that moment, I cleared my throat to ease the awkwardness between us. "Stop. Don't get too close to

me."

Charles snickered. "Beg me."

I swallowed hard and averted my gaze. "Charles, stop seducing me!"

"I'm not seducing you. You're a woman with strong willpower, aren't you? I don't have the ability to challenge your self-restraint, do I?" Charles blinked, and his thick eyelashes fluttered like two little fans. Impressively, they made him appear more innocent.

"If you're not seducing me, then why are in front of me, half-naked?" I asked in a low voice. I turned my face away and did not dare to look at him.

Charles held my hand and chuckled. "Didn't you say you'd select my pajamas? I don't see them. Without pajamas, I can only be naked. Perhaps you actually don't want me to wear anything, so you keep muttering excuses."

"Of course not!" Embarrassed, I raised my head and looked at him. However, the sight of his beautiful smile stunned me. It was as bright and warm as the sun during winter. I rarely saw him smile like this.

But before I could come to my senses, everything turned black. It turned out that Charles had leaned over and kissed me with lust and desire burning inside him. Unlike before, his kiss was fervent and wild, and it seemed as though he was going to swallow my whole tongue.

I struggled to squirm free from his arms but to no avail. So, I leaned my head back slightly and whispered, "Don't push your luck."

"You should learn to embrace what you truly feel." Charles held me tighter and did not allow me to get out of his embrace. With one hand on my waist and the other on the back of my head, he kissed me passionately once again.

His kiss rendered me speechless, and I could only hit his back to express my dissatisfaction.

"Focus." Charles held my hands and looked at me with eyes filled with desire. Unable to do anything, I followed his lead and allowed myself to indulge in his wonderful kiss.

It was not until the phone rang that I came to my senses and was able to get out of his arms.

Charles' POV:

I only let go of Scarlett when my phone rang for the third time. I could not help but curse inwardly. Why was it that every time I got a moment with Scarlett, someone would call and ruin everything?

As I saw Scarlett staring at me with her doe eyes, I felt compelled to kiss her on the lips again.

She pushed me and urged, "Answer the call."

I sighed and kissed her forehead. With my arms around her, I answered the call and put it on speaker.

"Let go of me," Scarlett whispered while struggling to get out of my arms.

I took a deep breath and, without warning, bit her on the neck. It was unwise of her to move like that in the arms of a man, who had been holding back his desire for a long time. At that moment, I suppressed my lust and cast a warning look at her.

Scarlett seemed to understand what I meant. She wrinkled her nose in displeasure but stopped moving.

"Charles, can you hear me?" Rita asked at the other end of the line. I frowned and waited for her to continue.

She was silent for a moment as though she did not expect I would be so cold to her. "Charles, can you come to my house? I feel lonely today. Can you accompany me?"

"Rita, I have already made myself clear to you. I won't go there anymore. Why don't you ask Richard to keep you company?"

While I was talking, the bath towel on my waist loosened and fell to the floor.

"Ah!" Scarlett screamed in surprise and covered her eyes with her hands. Her face turned even redder than before.

My mood turned better in an instant. "Scarlett, go and take a shower first."

Upon hearing this, Scarlett ran away like a rabbit. I could not help but laugh at her reaction.

"Oh my God. Charles, are you with Scarlett? Did you sleep with her?" Rita asked sharply.

"Do you have anything else to say?" I asked back. This woman was getting more ungrateful, and it was wearing my patience thin."

"I... I want to prove my innocence. Charles, nothing happened between Richard and me. I promise I'll behave myself in the future. Can you break up with Scarlett and give me one more chance? Let's start over. Please." Rita begged for forgiveness regardless of her image.

Unfortunately for her, I was tired of her blatant lying. "What happened in the past has been imprinted on my mind. How can we start over and pretend that nothing happened? I'm grateful for what you've done for me, but that's it. Don't ruin my last shred of mercy for you. One more thing. I honestly don't care if you and Richard are in a relationship."

Chapter 78 Divorce

Scarlett's POV:

When I stepped out of the bathroom, I found that Charles was not in the bedroom. I heaved a sigh of relief. He must have gone to Rita's place.

Before I could get him out of my mind, the door swung open. My heart leapt to my throat the moment Charles walked in.

"Why... Why are you still here? I thought you went to see Rita," I asked in a trembling voice.

"If I leave, my wife will be unhappy," he shrugged and started walking toward me.

I scoffed.

"What do you mean? We're a married couple, remember?" Charles narrowed his eyes.

I shook my head. "We have never been a real married couple. Have you forgotten that our marriage is fake from the very beginning?"

I tried keeping the words in, but standing in front of Charles now, I could not help blurting them out in an accusatory tone. If it were not for him wanting a divorce, I would not have come home from overseas.

Charles furrowed his brows, and his eyes glinted with a dangerous light. He reached out and grabbed my wrist.

"What about now? I want us to be a real couple, Scarlett. I love you." As he spoke, he approached me step by step, forcing me to retreat.

In a few heartbeats, I found myself backed in a corner. The wall felt cold against my back, and it was a complete contrast to Charles's warm torso that was a hair's breadth away from mine.

"Do you still think I'm not being serious? I mean it. I want to be with you."

I looked at Charles's face, gnashed my teeth together, and shook my head.

Charles lifted my wrist that he was holding and pressed my hand against his chest. I felt his heartbeat on my palm.

"Scarlett... Please tell me you want to be with me, too."

My mind went in shambles as my eyes threatened to burn with frustrated tears. I kept silent for a long time, trying to sort out the mixed feelings that my nominal husband once again had stirred up. I once

loved him so deeply, but all he did was hurt me over and over again.

He broke my heart for Rita every chance he got, and now he was telling me that I was the love of his life.

How was I supposed to believe him?

"No, Charles, I don't want to be with you. We can't be together," I refused coldly. "I don't love you anymore, okay? Have you forgotten all the things you've done to me for Rita's sake? I can't be with someone who treats me like an option. I deserve to be a priority. And you can't make me take you back with a mere 'I love you'. Quit being so indecisive, will you? Seriously. I'm about to lose all respect for you."

A muscle flickered in Charles's jaw as he stared at me in silence.

I put my hand down from his chest and waited for him to speak.

After a few moments, he lowered his head and finally stepped back.

"You will regret saying that sooner or later," he said in a low voice. I could not perceive any emotion in his tone. Then, he turned around and laid down on the sofa.

I went to bed and turned my back to him.

The next day, I went to work as usual, but I still felt a little depressed.

I went to get myself a cup of coffee, hoping that it would refresh me and help me focus.

"You look awful. Is everything all right?" Nina came over to my desk and asked with concern.

"Yeah. I just didn't get that much sleep last night," I replied, taking another sip of my coffee.

"That's rough. How about we go grab dinner and some drinks after work? We can discuss what's bothering you or just have a good time until you forget your troubles. What do you say?"

"Sounds like a plan." I knew she meant well, so I did not refuse. I was thinking about finding a place to be alone and rest for a while, but maybe company was what I needed this time. And Nina was kind enough to offer it.

After we got off work, Nina took me to a nice restaurant.

"Oh, cheer up, Scarlett. The food here is divine. You're going to love it." After placing our orders, Nina reached out and held my hand.

I nodded and forced a smile. "Thank you, Nina. I can't wait to eat and feel better."

"Is Charles the reason you're so down?" Nina asked while arranging her plate and cutlery.

I frowned. I was not expecting her to mention Charles's name, and hearing it annoyed me.

"Tell me the truth. Are you so listless because there's something wrong with your sex life? Is Charles's sexual appetite too intense?" Nina asked again.

"No. In fact, we haven't slept with each other ever," I retorted.

"What? No way! You've been married for years. How is it possible you two haven't slept together yet?" Nina lowered her voice, but I could tell that she was extremely shocked.

"It's true. He and I have never lived together like a normal couple, and now we're getting a divorce," I answered firmly.

"But... But he seems to care about you very much now," Nina stammered.

"Men will always prefer the new over the old. It will be stupid of me to fall for any of his thoughtful gestures now. I've learned my lesson. He's hurt me enough," I replied calmly while cutting my steak with my knife.

"Wow. I'm so sorry. You must have suffered a lot because of him," Nina frowned.

"Speaking of divorce, do you know how to expedite one?" I blurted out mindlessly as the heartbroken look on Charles's face from yesterday flashed before my eyes.

Nina shook her head.

"Well, I don't know the details of speeding up the process, but I do know that getting a divorce on the grounds of infidelity is quite easy," I murmured to myself.

"What?" Nina stared at me with wide eyes.

Before we could continue, a man from the table next to ours coughed loudly as if he was trying to get our attention. I sneaked a peek out of the corner of my eye and was surprised to find Spencer and Charles sitting there opposite each other.

I froze with my hand still holding my fork near my mouth. The piece of steak that I was about to eat almost fell off my fork. It was very likely that they had overheard our conversation.

I lowered my head and pretended not to notice them.

"What's wrong, Scarlett? You look like you're in pain." Nina handed me a piece of tissue.

I shook my head. "Nothing. I just thought about something at work."

I tried to conceal my uneasiness from Nina by putting on another fake smile. I went back to my food and tried to concentrate, hoping that Charles would not come over and bother us.

I ate the rest of my food while keeping the conversation as far away from the topic of Charles as possible.

After dinner, Nina went to the parking lot to get her car. I stood on the sidewalk outside the restaurant and waited for her.

A few moments after Nina left to get her car, I heard a familiar and annoying voice from behind me. "Oh, my God. Scarlett? Fancy seeing you here."

I turned around and saw Nate standing behind me with a big, smug smile on his face. He looked like an old-fashioned, respectable gentleman. Who would have thought that there was a filthy mind under all that old-timey elegance?

[Chapter 79 Charles Was Drunk](#)

Scarlett's POV:

Nate had not stopped pestering me, which was so annoying. There was even a point where I suspected that he was following me. I stared at him coldly.

"I wasn't expecting to see you here. I'm meeting a friend at this restaurant." He seemed to have read my mind from the way I looked at him. He immediately held up his hands in surrender and explained.

He was undressing me with his eyes again, and it filled me with disgust.

"Really? What a coincidence."

"Sweetie, have you thought about what I proposed last time? If you agree right now, I'll have ten million dollars wired to your account immediately," Nate said smugly.

I stood my ground. Even if he gave me everything he had, it would never be enough to pay for my freedom and dignity.

Nate reached out and attempted to grab my wrist. I dodged his advance.

"Mr. Lively, as an elder, you should conduct yourself appropriately, and I don't think you're doing that by trying to touch me without my consent." After that, I turned around and walked toward the parking lot to look for Nina.

But Nate did not heed my warning. He caught up with me, grabbed my shoulder, and turned me around. Then, he dragged me toward a big tree shading one secluded area of the parking lot. Even if he was significantly older than I was, he was still stronger, and the more I struggled to break free, the tighter he held on.

"Let go of me, Nate! This is harassment! I'll call the police!"

"All this resisting is useless, Scarlett, and you know it. Give in now, or suffer the consequences," Nate scoffed.

Before I could respond, I heard a familiar pleasing voice.

"Good evening, Mr. Lively. Is there a problem here?" Spencer said as he walked toward us.

Nate was stunned to see Spencer. He obviously was not expecting anyone to come over and interrupt him as he tried to manhandle me. He let go of me and faced Spencer.

I took the opportunity to rush over to Spencer's side.

"Are you all right? Did he hurt you?" Spencer looked at me with worried eyes, which I deeply appreciated.

I shook my head.

Spencer turned to look at Nate, raised his chin, and said, "We haven't seen each other in a while, Mr. Lively. I see you're as energetic as ever."

"I'm flattered." Nate curled his lips in an amused smile. He did not seem to be threatened by Spencer's presence at all.

"Charles and I just grabbed dinner nearby. What are the odds of us running into you?" Spencer continued to talk casually, but as soon as he mentioned Charles, Nate's face changed.

"Well, fate is indeed a funny thing. I'm meeting a friend for dinner, too. I should get going. You two have a good night. See you around," Nate said by way of goodbye, forced a smile, and started walking away. Spencer and I just stared after him.

"That man is trouble, Scarlett. You should stay away from him," Spencer said when Nate was out of earshot. He shook his head and shoved his hands into his pockets.

I nodded my reply. That was when I realized that I was shaking a bit. That encounter with Nate truly scared me. "I will. Thank you."

"Spencer? Hey! What are you doing here?" At this time, Nina pulled over beside us and rolled down the passenger-side window. She was overjoyed to see Spencer.

"I had dinner with a friend at a nearby restaurant. I heard the food there was amazing." Spencer also smiled at the sight of Nina.

That was when I started feeling a little uncomfortable. Since Spencer was here, it meant that Charles was also... Before I could finish that thought, Charles showed up.

He walked over to us with a facial expression as cold as the night. "Let's go, Spencer."

Spencer pursed his lips and whispered in my ear, "You should go and comfort him, Scarlett. He won't say it, but I can tell that he's pretty upset. When you and Nina were talking earlier about speeding up a divorce, we overheard your conversation. Charles has been in a foul mood since."

"That's not my problem, Spencer. He's the one who asked me for a divorce, and I've had it with his delaying tactics. He's the one who's leaving me with no choice," I backfired without hesitation. Then, I got into Nina's car without looking at Charles.

Seeing me get in the car, Nina immediately shifted to drive. As she drove away and watched Spencer and Charles through her rearview mirror, I fastened my seatbelt and shoved the thought of Charles out of my mind.

Charles's POV:

Scarlett left just like that. She acted as if she did not even notice that I was there. She did not even look in my general direction.

I felt heartbroken. I did not expect that she was capable of treating me that way.

At the restaurant, she even said that she would cheat on me to get our divorce finalized as quickly as possible.

"They're gone, Charles. Let's go," Spencer shrugged.

I did not say anything and just stood there.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Nate was here earlier and bothering Scarlett. I arrived just in time to rescue her from that dirty old man. I mean, I get it if he's attracted to her because she's beautiful and all, but he looks at her like she's a piece of meat. I don't like it. You should watch out for that geezer," Spencer explained, breaking the long silence.

I whipped my head toward him and stared at him with wide eyes.

I could not believe such a thing happened just now. But why did Scarlett not tell me?

I suddenly remembered that one time when Nate sent a driver to bring Scarlett a gift. I balled my hands into fists as rage threatened to burn a hole through my chest.

How could she keep me in the dark about Nate? Did she not tell me because she did not believe that I would help her?

My heart suddenly felt so heavy that I started gasping for air.

"What's wrong? Are you okay, buddy?" Spencer asked, patting me on the shoulder.

"I need a drink," I blurted out.

I did not like drinking, but now I felt like alcohol was the only thing that could numb my pain.

"Really? Sweet. Me, too. Let's go," Spencer snickered.

When we arrived at the bar, we sat at the counter and told the bartender to keep the drinks flowing.

"What on earth does Nate want with Scarlett anyway?" I shook my glass, watched the liquor swirl inside, and then gulped it down.

"Oh, please. You know what every man wants with Scarlett. She's magnificent." Spencer ordered a glass of martini and sipped it leisurely.

"Yes, but... I bet he has an ulterior motive." I downed another glass and began to feel dizzy.

"Well, whether or not that old man has some scheme up his sleeve, you still have to keep an eye on Scarlett. Or just sleep with her already to make your marriage official, whichever is easier for you." It might be the alcohol taking over my better judgment, but to me, Spencer had begun spewing nonsense once again.

We drank a lot and almost closed up shop ourselves. By the end of the night, my mind was left a wasteland of Scarlett's images and memories. I took a taxi and told the driver to go to Garden Street. Soon, I arrived at Scarlett's house.

I dragged my feet to her front door, careful not to bump into anything and then pass out.

I entered the password to her door and had to budge it open with my entire body. My vision was spinning, but I managed to make my way through the darkness and into Scarlett's bedroom. I found her lying there on her side with her back to me and covered with a blanket. I climbed into bed beside her and laid on my back.

All I could think about was wanting to sleep with her.

After a few moments, I felt her stir beside me. And then there was a small scream, and then her bedside lamp went on.

"Charles? What the hell are you doing in my bed? Oh, my God, you reek of alcohol!" Scarlett's voice rang in my ears. Panicked as she was, she still sounded enchanting to me.

I rolled to my side and brushed my thumb over her cheek. My movement forced her to lie on her back.

"Don't leave me, Scarlett," I murmured.

"You should go home or go to Rita." She tried to back away from my touch.

I felt unhappy.

"No. I don't want to go home or go to Rita. I want to be with you."

Before she could protest again, I pressed my body onto hers and silenced her with a hungry kiss.

[Chapter 80 Unexpected News](#)

Scarlett's POV:

As I woke up, I stretched my arms and rubbed the sleep off my eyes. Just like I always did the moment I woke up, I took my phone from the bedside table and checked the time. However, what I saw unexpectedly jolted me awake.

"Famous actress Rita Lively and the CEO of the Moore Group are getting married!" the headline of the news read.

I had mixed feelings. I had no idea how many people had already seen the news. I could not help but think that I might be the last one to know about this.

While I was in a deep thought, Nina suddenly called.

"Scarlett, have you seen the news?! Charles is going to marry Rita! It's ridiculous! A few days ago, he acted as if he loved you with all his heart. But now, news of him marrying someone else is trending on the Internet. He's so confusing!" Nina went straight to the point as soon as I answered the call.

"That's what I've been telling you, Nina," I replied calmly as though the news did not affect me in any way.

"Oh my God! I can't believe it!" Nina sounded so disgruntled by the news.

At that moment, I felt something move under the quilt. It startled me and made me hang up the call in fright. I took a deep breath and looked at the quilt. It was arched, and it seemed that a person was underneath it.

My heart pounded in my chest. I slowly approached the quilt, and my eyes widened in surprise when I saw Charles's face under it. He was fast asleep next to me. His angular face was like a sculpture—sharp and well-defined. His unkempt hair made him look a little wild and carefree, unlike his usual demeanor, which was reserved and astute. My eyes trailed from his face down to his body. I could not help but swallow hard as I gazed at his well-toned deltoids and abs.

It was not until then that I remembered that Charles had come over last night, drunk as a skunk. Unlike when he was sober, he acted all childish and annoying last night.

I stared at him, lost in thought. For some reason, I could not take my eyes off him.

Charles must have sensed my burning gaze as he slowly opened his eyes after a moment.

"Who's going to get married?" he asked in a hoarse voice, and it made him sound sexier.

"You are. You and Rita are going married. It's written on the news." I turned my face away and got out of bed as soon as I finished speaking. I did not want Charles to think that I cared about it.

However, he suddenly grabbed my hand, wrapped his arms around my waist, and pulled me into his arms. As a result, I fell backward on his warm chest.

"Charles, let go of me. Why don't you go and hug your Rita instead?" I was annoyed by his aggressiveness. I knew that struggling would not take me anywhere, so I grabbed my phone on the pillow and showed him the news.

Charles took my phone and stared at it for a moment. Then, without a word, he handed it back to me and took his own phone to confirm what he had just read. I laid under the quilt and did not say anything. My chest felt stuffy, and I find it a little hard to breathe. I must admit, the news of Rita and Charles getting married broke my heart.

"I won't marry her." Charles quickly put on his shirt and tie as he spoke. Once again, he became the cold CEO he had always been.

I lay on the bed with my arms around my knees and ignored him. The news of their marriage was written all over the Internet. Compared to it, his words meant nothing.

Charles was going to marry Rita, and we could finally be divorced. That was what I wanted, was it not? But why was I unhappy?

"Scarlett, let's announce our marriage to the public," Charles casually said. Nevertheless, his words were

like an atomic bomb.

Shocked by what he had said, I sat up and looked at him. At that moment, I felt that the pain I had bottled up in the bottom of my heart could no longer be suppressed and would burst anytime soon. My eyes stung, and a few seconds later, tears streamed down my face uncontrollably.

"I didn't ask anyone to post this news." Charles sat on the bedside and wiped my tears. Although his fingers were rough, his movements were so comforting that I could not bring myself to push him away.

This sensuous feeling washed over my body. 'Just enjoy yourself for a while,' I told myself inwardly and then allowed Charles's warm embrace to calm me down.

I buried my head in his chest and closed my eyes, greedily enjoying the tenderness he was giving me at the moment.

A few moments later, my phone suddenly rang. The loud and unexpected ringtone brought me back to reality. I pushed Charles away and courteously answered the phone.

"Hello. Is this Scarlett? It's William. We've met on your program." A gentle voice of a man came from the other end of the line.

I immediately remembered the person I was talking to. I had interviewed William before.

"I'm in Los Angeles for work. Would you like to have lunch with me?" William politely asked like a gentleman.

"Sure," I agreed without a second thought. I had a good impression of him, after all. I figured that I would probably see him again at work, so it was only necessary to maintain a good relationship with him.

We exchanged a few pleasantries afterward, and then I finally hung up the call.

I recalled what William had said the last time we met. He asked me about Rita and told me that she would marry the man of her dreams once she recovered.

Her wish was going to come true now. She and Charles would get married soon.

While I was in a daze, Charles hugged me from behind. "Who was that?" he curiously asked.

Instead of answering his question, I pleaded, "Let me go." Our position was intimate, and it felt awkward.

"I don't want to." Charles turned me around and kissed me. Before I knew it, he had put his hands on my waist, picked me up, and pushed me onto the bed.

I was powerless, so I just kissed him back and followed his lead. He even touched me amorously, and my body trembled at his every touch.

"Don't see other men," Charles ordered in between kisses.

"That's my friend," I protested straightforwardly.

"You're my woman. I won't let anyone else have you." Charles tightened his grasp on my waist and kissed me harder as he spoke. His tongue then forcefully entered my mouth and explored it.

His unique masculine musk enveloped me. And because of his kiss, my legs were weak and trembling. I must say, I was starting to like it that I felt an urge to indulge myself in his burning desire. However, I knew at the back of my head that I could not let things go on like this.

"You're wrong. I'm not yours." Ashamed of what I was feeling, I tried my best to keep my head clear.

The fire in Charles's eyes dimmed. To my surprise, he stood up and began unbuttoning his belt.

What was he doing? Was he going to force himself on me?

In a fit of panic, I gritted my teeth and rushed out of the bedroom.

I wanted to run away as far as I could. There was no way I could accept this man, especially when he already belonged to someone else.

But when I ran to the door, I realized that I was only dressed in a camisole nightie and that I had left my phone on the bed. Even if I could run away, where would I go anyway?

With shame and anger in my heart, I stood in a daze as Charles made his way towards me.

I did not look at him, and he did not say anything either. He just handed me my phone and kindly put a night robe on me.

"I won't force you. I'll try my best to restrain myself. But you can't make me wait too long," Charles solemnly said.

I clutched my phone tighter and did not say a word. My face was still flushed because of what had just happened.

Charles moved closer to me and whispered something in my ear. "Did you hear me, honey?" His low and husky voice sounded like a dangerous signal. It made my hair stand on its end and made me take a step back instinctively.

Without warning, Charles lifted me up yet again. "Don't go anywhere this morning. Just stay with me here."