



Scarlett's POV:

I recovered quickly from my cold, and finally, my first day at the TV station came.

At ten o'clock in the morning, I walked into the studio and reported for work. I was nervous to be in front of the camera, but before long, we started shooting.

The show's guest today was a very lively and dynamic entrepreneur. Charles was also an entrepreneur, but unlike my interviewee, he was a cold, taciturn man.

Damn! Why was I thinking of Charles while I was at work? Realizing that I was being unprofessional, I shoved Charles out of my mind and concentrated on

doing my job well.

Half an hour later, the shoot was over. The director and staff were pleased with my performance. They even said that I was a very promising host for their channel and that as long as I worked hard, I would have a bright future.

Then, they invited me to lunch as their way of welcoming me to the company. But I politely refused. It was just my first day working at the TV station, and I did not want my colleagues to think that I was being given special treatment.

So at lunch time, I decided to eat alone at a nearby restaurant. A few minutes after I sat down, I saw Rita enter the establishment.

She had a few bodyguards following her.

And to my surprise and displeasure, she took the seat across from mine without asking me first.

"Scarlett! Fancy seeing you here!"

"Hi, Rita. Are you here alone? Where's Charles?" I did not want to exchange pleasantries with her, but I had no choice. I did not want to be rude to her in public.

"Oh, Charles wanted to accompany me, but I refused. He has too much work to do. I didn't want to bother him and tire him out," Rita chirped like she was the happiest woman alive.

I gritted my teeth and forced a smile. The last time I overheard the two of them talk on the phone, she was practically begging Charles to come over to keep her company. Now she was telling me the opposite under the guise of concern. Clearly, this woman was just trying to make me think that Charles cared about her

more than he cared about me.

I could tell her that I could see through her bold-faced lies, but I found it pointless to embarrass her. Charles had no idea that Rita was manipulating him, and if I told him, he would just accuse me of being jealous. So I found it better to just keep my silence.

Truth be told, I thought that the only reason that Charles believed Rita when she was acting all weak and fragile was that he had feelings for her. On the other hand, I, who did not care about her at all, thought that when she was acting like a damsel in distress, she was just trying to get attention, which I found disgusting.

Right after Rita finished her sentence, a waiter approached us and took our orders. I went ahead and said, "A medium well filet mignon and a glass of orange juice, please. Thank you."

"I'll have the same," Rita ordered after I did.

"All right. Coming right up."

Then, the waiter took our menus and walked away. Not wanting to initiate small talk with Rita, I fixed my gaze outside and watched the city's bustling lunchtime scenery. However, Rita did not seem to know how to read a person's body language.

"Charles is so considerate. I just wanted to leave the hospital for a bit and go outside to get some fresh air, but he refused to let me go without his bodyguards to protect me. He also always tells me to call him as soon as I feel uncomfortable or whenever I need him."

"That's nice." She was starting to upset me, but I decided to keep my cool. I thought about what she said. The hospital was far away from here, and she

could have picked a restaurant that was nearby. Instead, she decided to hop across town to eat at a restaurant near my workplace. This woman might have painted herself a weakling, but she was a scheming one, and that was the worst kind.

"Scarlett, can you divorce Charles as soon as possible? My health is getting worse and worse, and I'm afraid I won't be able to see the day that Charles and I get married. He's the man of my dreams, and it's my dying wish to marry him. You're a kind and considerate person, aren't you? Please don't let me leave this earth with regret." Rita reached out for my hand and squeezed it. She flashed me a beseeching expression that made my stomach flip.

At that moment, I thought that for an actress, she had terribly laughable acting skills.

"Grandpa keeps our marriage certificate. After I get it,

I will officially divorce Charles." I gently withdrew my hand from her grip, careful not to make sudden movements. I did not want us to attract the wrong kind of attention. "You didn't have to come all the way here to persuade me, Rita. Charles and I have talked about it. He'll be all yours soon."

After that, I spent my entire lunchtime pushing my food around my plate. Rita's little guilt trip spoiled my appetite and my mood.

Charles's POV:

Scarlett had been pushing me to get on with the divorce lately, and it upset me. So I decided to spend some time with Spencer and David after work to cool off.

They invited me for dinner tonight at a nearby restaurant, and I agreed without hesitation.

As soon as we sat down, my eyes darted to the TV on the wall. It was showing the program hosted by Scarlett.

"Charles, isn't that Scarlett?" David pointed at the TV, looking excited.

I had known Scarlett to prefer dressing casually and comfortably. This was one of the rare times that I had seen her in a formal outfit. She looked even more stunning, and it was impossible for anyone to keep their eyes off of her.

"Beautiful girls like Scarlett are popular among men. You don't know how lucky you are, Charles." David picked up his glass and swirled the wine inside. He stared at Scarlett on the TV and sighed.

"Come on, David. Charles only has Rita in his heart.

Even though Scarlett is as beautiful as a fairy, he won't really care." Spencer put his hand on David's shoulder and spoke in a voice dripping with sarcasm. He glanced at me from time to time as if he was looking at a fool.

They were always like this whenever Scarlett became the topic of our conversation. I was starting to get sick of it.

But at the same time, when they stared at Scarlett with so much admiration and adoration, I could not help feeling betrayed, like they were coveting something that I owned.

Also, lately, whenever someone mentioned Scarlett's name, my mind went in shambles. It was a bit frustrating.

"But seriously, Charles, don't you have feelings for

Scarlett?" David really could not read social cues at all. How did my silence tell him that I wanted to talk about Scarlett?

"Oh, give it up, David. When a rich old man snags Scarlett, I'm sure Charles will be happy to tell you then how he really feels about her." Spencer stopped David from prodding.

When I heard that last remark about Scarlett being wooed by a rich old man, I could not keep my mouth shut any longer. "What did you just say?"

"I said that Scarlett is a knockout and that there must be a lot of men out there who'd love to keep her. Does that bother you? Bro, you're divorcing her soon. Whether she gets a new boyfriend or becomes some rich old dude's mistress, it'll have nothing to do with you."

"We grew up together. Even if we don't end up together, we're still family." I quickly realized that I overreacted, so I explained.

I thought I had made a convincing excuse, but Spencer overturned it the next second.

"Family? When she was abroad studying in the last three years, you didn't even call her once. Is that how you treat your family?"

I was silenced by his words. He was right. In the three years that Scarlett was abroad, I never bothered to pick up the phone to call her or fly over there to see her. I only saw her again when she came home after her graduation.

After that, the three of us fell silent. Spencer started playing on his phone. David was afraid that seeing Scarlett on TV would stress me out even more, so he

found the remote control and put on a different channel.

But Spencer's comment about Scarlett possibly becoming some old rich guy's mistress lingered in my mind and took root in my heart. I downed one drink after another to drown my dejection.

"Hey!" After a long time, Spencer waved his phone in front of me, indicating me to look at his chat history.

I was not interested in it at all. I was about to look away, but I caught a glimpse of Scarlett's Facebook profile picture out of the corner of my eye.

I took Spencer's phone and was about to click on her updates. But when I thought of her fanatic French pursuer, I hesitated.

Girls liked to post pictures of themselves with their

boyfriends. Scarlett would not be an exception, would she?

"What? Don't you want to see it? If you have no interest in it, give my phone back."

Seeing that I was hesitating, Spencer reached out his hand to grab his phone. I leaned back on my seat to avoid his hand and then directly clicked on Scarlett's updates.

I checked the photos in her posts one by one, but I did not find any of the so-called French admirer. I only saw some photos of her daily life.

"When did you two start chatting with each other?" I breathed a sigh of relief and gave the phone back to Spencer. Only then did I realize that they had been contacting each other privately.

"It's none of your business, isn't it? Besides, you're not the only one who grew up with Scarlett. She's also my friend, and we're allowed to talk to each other."

"You better not let me find out that you're making a move on her, or I won't let you go." I warned Spencer because he was a playboy who liked to mess with women.

I was afraid that he would pursue Scarlett and then hurt her like he did with all his past girlfriends.

"Wow! Wow! I'm so scared!" Spencer said mockingly and continued, "Seriously, man, what the hell is wrong with you? You served your wife divorce papers, yet you still keep her on a tight rein. You obviously don't want to let her go. I think you're in love with her, dude. You either don't know it yet or you already do but don't want to admit it. As for Rita, you're just with her because you feel sorry for her."

"How is that possible?" I asked sardonically. But as the words left my lips, I realized that Spencer might be on to something. Was he right about me? At this point, I did not even know.

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