

Chapter 19 I Don't Mind Becoming A Widow

Charlotte knew he had no feelings for her and had long given up hope. However, after waiting in vain for three years, hearing him say those words still hurt her.

She took a deep breath and deliberately made some noise opening the door before she entered the room.

Eli paused and glanced at her then politely excused himself.

"I'll go upstairs. We have another meeting soon, so join us as soon as you can," Eli said before leaving.

The couple was left alone in the private room. Before Charlotte could speak, Griffith said, "Arthur will take you to pick out some clothes."

"What?" Charlotte said.

"I have a meeting in half an hour, and I'm in need of formal attire. Pick a conservative tie for me."

Charlotte shrugged and replied, "Mr. Wilson, have you forgotten why I'm here?"

Griffith got up and walked past her, adding, "Make sure the shirt is black."

Charlotte gritted her teeth.

"Griffith, I..."

"Every minute you delay reduces the possibility of me finding time," he interjected.

Charlotte took a deep breath and said, "Then, can we finally talk after the meeting with your clients?"

"It depends," he replied.

Charlotte clenched her fist tightly.

Meanwhile, Arthur brought in a few sets of clothes along with matching ties and cufflinks.

Charlotte glanced through the few sets of clothes before randomly picking a set and carrying it to the inner room. Griffith stripped his clothes, not bothering to cover up when she entered. She threw the set of clothes on the bed and said irritably, "These will do."

Griffith glanced at them and said nothing. After putting on the shirt, he gestured for Charlotte to tie his tie. She stepped forward and started working on the tie expressionlessly.

"My aunt is organizing a charity auction tomorrow night. Someone will pick you up in the morning," he said.

Charlotte frowned and replied without hesitation, "I'm not going."

He looked down and calmly said, "You're changing your mind about the divorce again?"

Charlotte closed her eyes and tightened the tie with force.

Griffith widened his eyes and instinctively grabbed her wrists, pushing her against the wardrobe. Unable to move, she sneered, "Don't worry, if we can't divorce, I don't mind being a widow."

He freed one of his hands and impatiently tugged at his tie to loosen it.

"You're my wife," he said menacingly.

"Soon I won't be."

"As long as you're still my wife, you better behave and fulfill your duties!" he warned.

Charlotte stared directly into his eyes. Even though her courage slightly wavered, she put on a brave face.

"What exactly do you want?" she said.

Griffith could not figure out what she wanted either. There seemed to be no end to this dispute.

Charlotte noticed the disgust in his eyes. Her heart clenched.

"Could it be that you don't want a divorce because you can't live without me?" she said provocatively.

"Don't flatter yourself," he retorted impatiently and released her.

"Then please proceed with the divorce promptly," she said firmly.

They stood in silence and stared at each other for a long time. Then he furrowed his brow and withdrew his gaze to turn and grab his suit.

"The auction starts at night and the private banquet starts at noon." He put on his suit and adjusted his cufflinks and added, "If you want a divorce, complete your responsibilities first."

"Can we get divorced after the auction ends?" she asked.

He walked past her and said, "It depends on your performance."

Chapter 20 Ignoring Griffith

Charlotte was furious, but there was nothing she could do. She wanted to return to the hospital, but Griffith ordered her to return to the mansion.

"You haven't come home in days. Are you planning to let everyone find out we're getting a divorce?" he said.

Charlotte cursed him inwardly. However, considering the consequences of the news spreading that they were planning to get divorced, she obliged and returned home.

She slept in a separate room, but Griffith did not come back home that night. It was only the next morning that he came home. He was sitting at the dining table when Charlotte came down for breakfast. She deliberately ignored him and sat at the other end of the table.

Griffith looked up and saw what she was wearing.

"What are you wearing?" He furrowed his brow.

Charlotte was taken aback.

She wore a sleeveless black dress that featured a zipper at the cleavage. The zipper was left open halfway, so her cleavage was slightly exposed.

"I'll wear a coat outside," she replied. The weather was cold after all.

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helped Charlotte put on the white coat. "Look, the dress matches this white coat perfectly."

Griffith furrowed his brow. Charlotte was indeed looking elegant in the white coat. However, she would have to take it off once she entered the auction hall.

Helen noticed he was still displeased, so she quickly picked up the zipper and said, "The zipper can be fixed, and Madam will keep it zipped up."

At the end of her words, she hinted at Charlotte.

Since Helen was a long-serving housekeeper from the Wilson Family's mansion, Charlotte did not want to argue with Griffith in her presence. For that reason, she reluctantly slid the zipper back and covered her cleavage.

Slightly irritated, she wanted to sit down and continue eating. But Griffith asked, "Why aren't you wearing any jewelry?"

He remembered she loved wearing small earrings, and their closet had a full collection of them.

"I wouldn't dare touch anything from your family," she retorted.

Griffith snorted and remained silent.

After finishing breakfast, he got changed and went to the company while Charlotte had to attend the private banquet before the auction. The banquet and auction was organized

by Nora Wilson— Griffith's paternal aunt. She never liked Charlotte, thinking Griffith was out of her league. Every time they met, Nora would either mock or patronize Charlotte.

Charlotte was annoyed by Nora and the rest of her friends. She tried to delay her arrival at the banquet as much as possible and waited in the living room. After a while, she heard footsteps coming down the stairs. She looked up and saw Griffith walking toward her. He tossed her a jewelry box. She opened it and, to her surprise, saw a pair of ruby earrings.

"Are you trying to make the reporters think my family is going bankrupt? Or are you trying to embarrass me by not wearing any jewelry?" he said sternly.