

Chapter 10 A Tool To Vent His Desires?

Owen went upstairs after making a remark and Priscilla had a smug look on her face. Charlotte's expression remained unchanged. She looked at the dog and stroked its chin and praised, "Good boy."

Griffith did not return to the dining room so Charlotte went to their room upstairs. She did not want to share a bed with him but sleeping in a different room would raise suspicion. So she tidied the sofa.

However, when she opened the wardrobe, the night gowns were unattractive and tacky. Obviously, Priscilla was behind this. She would rather not wear them or else Griffith would ridicule her.

After taking a bath, she put on a bathrobe and covered herself with a blanket and slept on the sofa. The lights were off when Griffith entered the bedroom. She quickly put down her phone when she heard his footsteps. Griffith opened the wardrobe and there was a moment of silence before he slammed it shut.

Charlotte realized he must have seen the nightgowns. She felt embarrassed, as she remembered at least half of them were sexy lingerie. He might think she

wanted to seduce him, she thought.

She suddenly turned around and asked, "Have you considered the divorce?"

Griffith glanced at the empty bed and tossed the towel on the bedside and ignored her. Charlotte could not figure what was on his mind. Then she recalled his conversation with her grandfather and what Faith mentioned about Katie. 1

Her parents died when she was still a teenager. She was unfavored in the Scott Family and was treated lowly. As such, she knew nothing about the elite circle but had kept an eye on Griffith all these years. She knew Griffith was aloof and indifferent toward everyone except Katie Hussey. He even defied his grandmother who raised him for her.

Katie was his true love. because of her, he did not even lay a finger on Charlotte on their wedding night. The first time they had sex was because Griffith got drunk and mistakened her for someone. Since then, every time they had sex was like a chore to her. He never treated her gently. She knew he was venting his anger on her for occupying Katie's position.

Griffith ignored her and went to bed. His breathing turned heavy and felt rather impatient. Charlotte thought he must be tired of their family. He was

always like this every time they visited her family. She turned over, preparing to sleep. Then she heard movements behind her. Griffith had gotten off the bed and approached her.

She turned around and asked, "What are you doing?"

As her voice fell, Griffith leaned over and picked her up.

Startled, she instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck only to discover he was burning hot. Puzzled, she looked him in the eyes and sensed his desire. Before she could respond, Griffith tossed her on the bed. 1

"Griffith Wilson!" she barked.

Griffith pressed her down with his leg, acting unusually rough. Charlotte was shocked and tried to push him away, but he held her wrists and pinned them above her head.

"Stop pretending. Weren't you waiting for me?" His voice buzzed in her ears, sounding rather impatient.

She tried to explain herself, but Griffith silenced her with his lips. In the past, she always took the initiative. Although he occasionally took the lead, it was only after he had suppressed his desires for a long time. However, he never touched her whenever

they stayed over at the Scott Family's mansion because he despised everyone here.

Charlotte had no idea what went wrong with him and panicked. He had undone her robe and touched her directly, realizing she was not wearing anything. He grunted and was even more convinced that she did it on purpose.

He did not stop. After all, they were legally husband and wife. A little play from her side would not hurt. She came to realize that Griffith had lost control of his desires. She could not help but lament inwardly. Did he really treat her as a tool to vent his desires? She did not expect to reach such a point in their relationship. She had requested for them to divorce many times, but he never took her seriously. Furious at the thought of it, she slapped him across the face when he loosened his grip.

Chapter 11 Both of You Can Finally Be Together

Smack!

A loud and crisp sound echoed, and the room fell silent.

Griffith froze. After regaining his senses, he felt a burning sensation on his cheek. The desire in his eyes faded and was replaced with an icy glare. This was his first time being slapped across the face.

Charlotte quickly grabbed her bathrobe and got out of bed.

"I said I want a divorce!" Charlotte remarked.

In the past, whenever Griffith refused the conditions requested by the Scott Family, Charlotte would come to beg him and even resorted to using her body to please him. As such, he thought she was using the same old tricks, and he even played along to simply give her a way out.

Griffith's expression was unsightly. She could not help but explain, "I don't know who drugged you, but it wasn't me."

Griffith snorted coldly and said, "You fed me soup."

Charlotte figured that explaining to him was just a waste of energy, so she headed toward the bathroom to get cold water for him. As she passed by him, he grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her to face him.

"Let go of me!" she cried.

Griffith stared icily at her and said, "Haven't you caused enough trouble?"

"What do you mean?" Charlotte was in disbelief. He was being unreasonable.

"Do you think I'm unaware of your old tricks? You drugged me so that I'll fall into your temptation to make things easier when you come and beg me to agree to the conditions requested by your grandfather."
"

Charlotte narrowed her eyes.

"Are you out of your mind?" She pulled her wrist back and said, "I didn't drug you, and I wasn't trying to tempt you! I've got nothing to do with the project. This is between you and my grandfather, so don't involve me at all! You're annoyed with me and even look down on me. I'm already asking for a divorce, so what more do you want from me?"

"Who begged me to come for dinner?" Griffith

retorted, suppressing his anger. "Do you think anyone would give a damn about you without me?"

Charlotte clenched her fists tightly. Her body trembled in anger.

If not for her concern that her grandfather would harass William, she would have never begged him.

"I don't need anyone to care about me. I'll survive without you. You don't have to worry about that," Charlotte said in a hoarse voice, suppressing her anger.

Griffith's expression darkened.

"I'll fill up the tub for you. Whether you believe it or not, I didn't drug you."

Griffith's phone on the bedside suddenly rang as her voice fell. The ringtone was exceptionally jarring in the tense atmosphere of the room.

Charlotte glanced at the phone and saw 'Katie Hussey' displayed on the screen. As expected, no matter how angry Griffith was, he got up to answer the phone.

Charlotte felt her heart wrench seeing his sudden change of attitude. She felt like a foolish clown and looked away. The room fell silent and she could hear a faint sob coming from the phone. She could not make

out what Katie had said but Griffith seemed to be concerned. He quickly put on his clothes and said, "I'm coming over now," he said and hung up.

Charlotte stood next to him stiffly. When he was all dressed up and ready to leave, she grabbed his arm and said in disbelief, "Where are you going?"

If he left at this hour, how was she going to explain it to the rest of the Scott Family?

Griffith pulled away and said harshly, "Didn't you want a divorce? Where I am going has nothing to do with you." 1

Charlotte gritted her teeth. She knew what would happen if he went to meet Katie under such a state. 1

She nodded and said with a trembling voice, "Fine. Then tell me exactly when we're getting the divorce. What about tomorrow morning at 10am?" She took a deep breath and smiled faintly, "Please make time to get it settled so that you can finally be with your beloved sweetheart."