My Ex-Husband Wants Me Back

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Chapter 1 Is This Why You Called Me Back

Charlotte Scott turned around and said to a few people present, "Thank you for remembering and coming to my parents' memorial day."

She was dressed in a black dress. Her face was pale but she was composed and graceful. The guests attending the memorial ceremony comforted her briefly one after another and left. Charlotte took out her phone. She did not see any missed calls but instead noticed an entertainment news notification that had just popped up.

'Katie Hussey and Mysterious Boyfriend Attended Berlin Film Festival Together!'

Charlotte recognized the back figure of the man in the photo at a glance. It was her husband, Griffith Wilson. According to the entertainment news, the photo was taken exactly three days ago. At that time, she wanted to ask him to join her on her parents' memorial day, but she could not get through to him on the phone. As it turned out, he was busy accompanying his childhood sweetheart at a film festival.

Feeling somewhat numb inside, she sighed heavily and called Griffith with a blank face.

Two rings later, Griffith answered the phone and said casually, "What's up?"

"Where are you?" Charlotte asked.

"At the office." Griffith was slightly displeased. He did not like Charlotte checking up on him.

The corner of Charlotte's lip slightly twitched.

"Really? I thought you're in Berlin."

"Look, don't call me if there's nothing important." Griffith was losing his patience.

Charlotte closed her eyes and replied, "Alright. It won't happen again." Before Griffith

would hang up on her, she quickly added, "Are you coming home tonight?"

"I'm not sure. It depends," Griffith said perfunctorily and hung up.

Charlotte stared blankly at her phone, feeling a deep sense of irony. She could not help but think the state of their marriage had reached the point of absurdity.

Ava Bishop, her best friend, came to pick her up and could not resist making a sarcastic comment.

"You really have bad taste. Why did you even choose him?"

Charlotte took off her high heels and leaned back in the passenger seat. She rubbed her temples and joked, "I guess my desire got the better of me. And now I'm facing the consequences."

Ava mumbled, "You can still laugh about it."

Soon, they arrived at a mansion. Ava could not go inside, so she said to Charlotte before the latter got off, "Call me if you need anything."

"Alright," Charlotte responded and got out of the car.

She noticed two maids whispering to each other when she entered through the door. They quickly dispersed as soon as they saw her. Charlotte ignored them. Feeling exhausted, she went upstairs and rested. When she woke up in a daze and came downstairs to get some water, she overheard a conversation.

"Mrs. Wilson is really pitiful. She still has no idea that her husband has an illegitimate child," one of the maids whispered.

"It's not easy getting married into a wealthy family after all," the other replied.

Charlotte froze on the staircase, her face turning pale. She felt her heart wrench.

"What are you two talking about?" she said coldly.

The maids turned around upon hearing her voice. They were frightened to see Charlotte on the staircase. Charlotte remembered that the two maids were transferred from the old mansion, so they should be well aware of the situation there.

She descended the stairs slowly and said nonchalantly, "Explain everything clearly and I'll let things slide."

The maids exchanged glances and intended to come up with some excuses. However, Charlotte was obviously not going to buy into their excuses. So, they reluctantly told her the truth.

"Young Master Griffith brought Miss Katie back to the old mansion two days ago. They also had a child with them. According to our colleagues in the old mansion, that child's name is Harry Wilson..."

Charlotte clenched her fists tightly. Overwhelmed with a mix of emotions combined with days of exhaustion, she felt a splitting headache.

The maids knew they were in deep trouble and tried to make amends.

"Madam, Lady Francine was furious when she found out about it and forbade that child from entering the house. So, please don't take it to heart."

How could she not take it to heart?

Despite feeling a headache, Charlotte asked expressionlessly, "How old is the child?"

"Over two years old..." one of the maids replied.

The child was over two years old, which indicated he was born shortly after Charlotte married Griffith. She felt as if she had fallen into an ice cellar upon hearing the maid's words.

After the death of her parents, Charlotte was seen as worthless among the three female descendents of the Scott Family. For that reason, everyone said she was lucky to marry into the Wilson Family. She was genuinely happy that her dream came true—to be married to the man she loved. However, she never expected her dream would turn into a nightmare.

Griffith already had someone he loved. He had married Charlotte out of convenience, all for the sake of benefits. Now that he held all the power, he was ready to bring back his true love and child.

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When Griffith returned to the mansion, there were only two maids in the living room, and the dishes on the dining table had gone cold. He glanced across the dull living room. Griffith was handsome but carried an aloof demeanor. Clad in a black suit, his tall figure emanated a strong dominating presence.

One of the maids approached Griffith and asked, "Should I call Madam down?"

Griffith unfastened his cuff links slowly and replied, "Tell her to pack my suitcase for a business trip."

"Alright," the maid responded and went upstairs.

After a long while, she finally came down and appeared hesitant.

"Madam is feeling unwell, so she can't help you pack the suitcase," she said.

Griffith furrowed his brow. He threw his cufflinks behind and went upstairs.

The bedroom door was slightly ajar and he pushed it open. The main light was switched off and the curtains were pulled shut. Only a lamp near the bedside was lit and a faint scent lingering in the bedroom.

Griffith approached the bed. Just when he was about to switch on the light, he heard movements behind him. A pair of slender arms wrapped around his waist, causing him to stop dead in his tracks. It had been two months since they were this intimate. Charlotte was bare naked. He could feel her alluring curves through the thin layer of clothes behind his back. With her face pressed on his back, she began to unbutton his shirt.

Griffith's breathing turned slightly heavy. He furrowed his brow and grabbed Charlotte by her hands and pressed her down on the bed.

"Is this why you called me back?"

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