## **Chapter 2 How Dare She Asks For Divorce**

"It's been a long time. Don't you want it?" she asked as she offered her soft red lips.

Her arms bent gracefully. Griffith released her and held her chin. Her slightly tousled long black hair nestled on her shoulders, accentuating her snow-white skin. Under the soft dim light, her beautiful eyes were mesmerizing.

Griffith had never met a woman more stunning than Charlotte, and he could not deny that she was irresistible. Moreover, there was no reason for him to deny her since they were legally a couple. When Charlotte noticed that Griffith's eyes widened, she smiled faintly and sat up. Griffith placed his hand at the back of her head and took control assertively.

The bedroom fell silent, but Griffith was ignited like a wildfire. He instinctively opened the drawer at a critical moment but failed to find what he was looking for. Charlotte opened her eyes and saw that Griffith was clearly displeased.

"It's fine. You don't have to use it. I'm already preparing for pregnancy," she said.

The desire in Griffith's eyes diminished as her voice fell. A hint of scrutiny could be seen in his eyes as he looked at her.

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Charlotte smiled faintly.

Griffith got up from her as the fiery desire in him completely vanished. Her smile faded away, seeing him tidying himself expressionlessly. The coldness in his eyes made her feel winter had come early. She sat up.

"Are you that afraid of me having a child?" she said.

Griffith paused for a moment. He furrowed his brow and looked at her.

"You did it on purpose," he said icily.

Charlotte remained silent. He withdrew his gaze and fastened the last button on his shirt.

"Playing tricks again? It's so boring," he said.

Charlotte put her clothes on and got off the bed. After a long silence, she replied, "Yes, it is boring."

She muttered without any intentions in mind; she just wanted to see his reaction. Then she looked at him and smiled. "Since it's so boring, why don't we divorce?"

Griffith walked toward the closet. He did even bother to glance at her through the corner of his eyes upon hearing her words.

"Pack my shirts," he said.

"I want a divorce."

"I have a business trip tonight."

Charlotte took a deep breath and turned her back against Griffith.

"I said I want a divorce!"

Griffith turned around and looked at her.

"Why don't you just be frank and tell me what your family wants from me this time?" he said sarcastically.

"I don't want anything. I just want you to sign the divorce agreement and find a time for us to get the divorce certificate."

Griffith smiled contemptuously and said, "Do you remember how many times you have brought this up?"

Charlotte fell silent. She had indeed done too many foolish things in the past.

Griffith withdrew his gaze and tossed a black shirt on the bed.

"It gets boring after crying wolf too many times."

Charlotte stared at him and said firmly, "I'm serious this time."

Griffith had lost his patience to talk to her. He was already busy, but he took time to come home only to be met with her shenanigans again, ruining his mood. Seeing that she was not saying anything, he left the bedroom and instructed the maids to come in and take care of things.

Charlotte stood beside the bed and watched the maids with a blank expression on her face. It was not until the sound of the car engine starting in the courtyard that one of the maids reminded her hesitantly.

"Madam, Master has left."

loosely behind her back. She stared into the night and stood there like a delicate figurine.

If he wanted to leave, so be it. She should have figured out that Griffith was not someone she

Charlotte walked toward the tall window with her arms folded. Her black long hair fell

After a while, she said, "I know."

could retain three years ago. She did not have a habit of dwelling in negativity. After Griffith left, she slept peacefully until the next morning. After a night of rest, she was in a much better mood. However, after she put all her belongings in her luggage and made her way out, she was stopped by one of the maids.

"Is there something wrong?" she said.

The maid replied awkwardly, "Madam, I'm sorry, but Master instructed last night that if you

were to leave, we need to keep an eye on you and make sure you don't take anything that belongs to the Wilson Family."