## Chapter 4 Are You Even Qualified

Charlotte put down her pen and rubbed her temples.

"Griffith, we are getting a divorce. Do you think it's appropriate for me to pester you to sober up?" she said patiently.

"Then why did you beg me to come back home and eat the dishes you made when you requested for a divorce last time?" Griffith asked in return.

It made her recall the first time she cooked for Griffith and accidentally burnt herself. The maid who was a busybody called Griffith and exaggerated the severity of the situation. When Griffith returned home that night and discovered Charlotte only suffered a minor injury, he coldly accused her of using the incident as a ploy in front of the maids. After that, every time Griffith came home, he would always find fault with her. Looking back now, Charlotte realized how foolish she was back then. In Griffith's eyes, the submissive version of herself must have looked like a clown.

Charlotte clenched her fists and nodded.

"Yes, I was foolish previously. But not this time. I've sent you the divorce agreement. I guarantee you will definitely escape from me if you act fast."

Griffith's expression darkened when Charlotte brought up the divorce agreement. He thought she would come to her senses while he was gone on that four-day business trip. However, not only did she not return home at night, she even claimed that she had sent him the divorce agreement.

"Charlotte Scott, what kind of tricks are you playing again?"

"I'm demanding a divorce from you. Is your brain damaged from drinking too much?" Charlotte retorted impatiently.

"You keep talking about getting a divorce. But did it ever cross your mind that you might not even be qualified to make such a request?" Griffith said.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Charlotte Scott, may I remind you that our family has been supporting you financially all these years?" Griffith replied scornfully.

Charlotte clenched her phone tightly and smiled self-deprecatingly. No wonder he did not take her seriously. In his eyes, she was only but a parasite living off of him, but she did not get a job only because the Wilson Family did not allow it.

Over the years, not only had she taken care of Griffith and managed the house, she also had to take care of his grandmother and deal with the ladies from other wealthy families. She had never used his credit card for her personal stuff unless it was necessary during major events and festivals. Yet, in the end, she was labeled as a parasite living off the Wilson Family.

Charlotte took a deep breath and said indignantly, "Fine! If you think you've been taken advantage of, then sign the papers quickly! Get rid of me, or I will ruin the Wilson Family sooner or later! Find someone else to sober you up!"

Charlotte hung up.

Griffith frowned deeply. It seemed that he had been too lenient with her lately, to the point where she had crossed the line. He gave her a way out, but she used it against him. The jet lag and overworking for the past few days coupled with the hangover he was experiencing made him dizzy and irritated. Left with no choice, he reached for the painkillers he refused to take earlier and swallowed them in a gulp.

Griffith's appalling attitude pushed Charlotte to start work. However, the scheduled interviews were all next week and she had no other way to channel her energy. Seeing her in a dilemma, before leaving the apartment, Ava asked, "Would you like to go to Shine with me? They just received a batch of top-notch jewelry today. You can check out the exhibition. Who knows you might come across a talent-scout?"

Charlotte was moved by Ava's words. Opportunities had to be sought out after all. They would not come knocking on the door if she just stayed at home.

"Alright, I'm coming with you."

Charlotte changed her clothes and left with Ava.

Shine was a top-notch fashion studio and gallery in the nation. They housed a collection of high-end jewelry and dresses. It was owned by Snell Smith, a famous figure in the entertainment industry known for dressing celebrities on the red carpet.

There were not many people in the gallery, so Ava showed Charlotte around while she was working. Suddenly, Charlotte stopped in front of a set of purple jewelry.

"What's wrong?" Ava asked.

Charlotte gasped. She looked at the set of jewelry again.

"This belongs to my mom," she said in disbelief.

"What?" Ava was puzzled. "Then why is it here?" she said as she approached.