

Chapter 6 That's Dog Food

They had an unpleasant encounter last night, so Charlotte intended to ignore him. However, after Griffith left the elevator, he stood next to her and looked down at her, saying, "Did you come to the company to bring me lunch?"

Charlotte was in disbelief. Where did he get the audacity to think that she came to bring him lunch?

"You have some nerve, thinking my secretary would tell you where I am," Griffith sneered.

Charlotte was about to retort when Arthur Thompson, Griffith's secretary, reached out and said, "Mrs. Wilson, I'll take it from here."

She wanted to argue but refrained herself, seeing someone approaching. Since Griffith thought she was here to bring him lunch, she decided to play along and teach him a lesson. She smiled and passed Arthur the meal box.

Seeing her response, Griffith was certain of his speculation that she was trying to please him just like before.

"Let me remind you, your little tricks won't work," Griffith said.

Charlotte nodded and smiled mirthlessly, "Yes, I understand. Thank you for your consideration, Griffith."

Griffith's expression slightly softened. He walked past her and remarked, "I won't put up with your tantrums every single time."

Charlotte watched Griffith walk away arrogantly. She clutched her bag in front of her and tried to calm herself down. Why bother arguing with an animal?

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Back in Wilson Corp.

Griffith returned to his office and freshened up briefly. He noticed the meal box in Arthur's hand and said, "Just leave it on the table."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson."

Arthur did not dare to act recklessly. He waited for Griffith to personally unpack his lunch as he stood nearby the table. Suddenly, his phone kept vibrating.

Griffith sat down at the table and glanced at the meal box. He smirked, thinking Charlotte was trying to please him. The meal she made previously to ask for his favor was horrible, so he was curious to know what she made this time.

Arthur's expression changed drastically as he tried to stop Griffith from opening the meal box, but it was too late. Griffith frowned as he saw the leftovers in the meal box.

Arthur looked at his phone and stammered, "Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson said that the leftovers... are for her friend's pet dog." He felt a chill run up his spine.

Griffith sighed and grabbed a tissue to wipe off the oil on his fingers and extended his hand.

"Give me the phone," he said.

Arthur quickly handed Griffith his phone.

Griffith's expression darkened as he read the message sent by Charlotte. Suddenly, he noticed their previous messages and scrolled through them.

"Did she talk to you about getting a divorce?" Griffith asked.

Arthur smiled awkwardly and replied, "Yes."

The first message was received on the first day of Griffith's business trip and Charlotte's attitude was relatively good.

Charlotte: [Arthur, please tell Wilson that I want \$300 million as compensation. That's not much, right?]

Arthur: [I will convey your request to Mr. Wilson.]

On the second day, Charlotte continued to urge.

Charlotte: [How about this, \$150 million! This is the lowest it gets. Get him to process it immediately.]

Arthur replied with a crying emoji.

Arthur: [Mrs. Wilson, it's not about the money but Mr. Wilson has been really busy recently!]

On the third day, Charlotte was losing her patience.

Charlotte: [\$75 million! It can't go any lower!]

Arthur: [Mrs. Wilson, please don't be like this.]

Charlotte was clearly agitated at the last message.

Charlotte: [\$15 million! If it goes any lower, it will compromise his status! He wouldn't want rumors to be spreading that the Wilson Family is on the verge of bankruptcy, unable to afford the divorce compensation to his ex-wife, would he?]