Chapter 8 She Isn't Worth That Much

"That's impossible," Griffith said.

Arthur was speechless at how confident Griffith was. He thought for a moment and replied, "Perhaps Mrs. Wilson just hopes you can spend more time with her."

Griffith opened his eyes. This was more likely to explain the reason for her demanding a divorce. He sat up straight, took the medicine and glanced at the clock on the wall. It was almost time for dinner.

After getting off work, Ava and Charlotte parted ways. Charlotte tried to hail a taxi to head to the Scott Family's mansion. Suddenly, she was startled by a black Bentley pulling over in front of her. The car window rolled down and Griffith did not even bother to glance sideways as he said, "Get in."

Charlotte hesitated for a moment. Was he willing to join them for dinner? She then quickly opened the door and got into the Bentley, fearing Griffith might change his mind all of a sudden.

Griffith and Charlotte remained silent on the way to the Scott Family's mansion. Then, she looked out the window and said, "Thank you for the trouble."

Griffith closed his eyes and replied with a hint of mockery, "Don't mention it. I don't want your grandfather to show up at my office tomorrow morning because I was absent for dinner. That would be embarrassing."

Charlotte was speechless but felt somewhat relieved at the same time.

alliance between both families. While the Scotts might rely on the Wilsons, the former was quite influential as well. If their patriarch caused trouble, Griffith would be affected as well.

Soon, the Bentley arrived at the Scotts' mansion. A graceful figure had been waiting at the

Needless to say, Griffith was willing to join them for dinner merely for the sake of the

doorway.

Charlotte could not help but sneer. As soon as the Bentley stopped, the woman darted toward Griffith.

"Griffith, it's been awhile now," the woman said.

"Faith, your cousin sister is here as well," Charlotte deliberately said.

Faith Scott finally looked at Charlotte. "You're home often. Do I need to take care of you?"

Her voice was gentle and affectionate. The Scott Family's Second Miss was naturally born weak. Even though she seemed kind-hearted, Charlotte knew her true colors. Hidden beneath that pretty face was the devil itself.

Charlotte felt a chill run up her spine as she recalled all the evil deeds Faith had done in the past. When Faith opened the door for Griffith, Charlotte grabbed his arm tightly. Griffith raised his brow and glanced at Charlotte.

"You didn't wait for me again," she said with a beaming smile.

Griffith hesitated for a moment then reached for her waist and pulled her to his side.

"Are you still a child?" he said disdainfully.

Then the both of them got out of the car together. Faith stepped back and the smile on her face faded. The butler came out and greeted Griffith warmly. Griffith responded indifferently and entered the house with Charlotte.

Priscilia Scott was in the living room but the family's patriarch was nowhere to be seen. She was Charlotte's third aunt-in-law. Her eyes sparkled when she saw Griffith. However, no matter how hard she tried to get acquainted with him, he remained indifferent.

"Young Master Wilson, Master Scott is waiting for you in the reading room upstairs," the butler said respectfully.

Before heading upstairs, Griffith glanced at Charlotte.

"I'll wait for you to come down and have dinner," she smiled.

He scoffed. She knew he was thinking about the 'dog food' he received in the afternoon.

After Griffith left, Charlotte went to the kitchen to check on the menu in order to avoid facing Faith and Priscilia alone. However, Faith followed her into the kitchen and sighed. "Charlotte, I heard that Katie has returned."

and smiled at her.

She tried to pat Charlotte on the shoulder, but Charlotte casually avoided and turned around

"What are you trying to say, Faith?"

Faith pursed her lips and hesitated for a moment before saying, "You did not grow up together with Griffith, so you must not be aware that Katie was raised by the Wilson Family since she was a child. They practically grew up together and were inseparable..."

either, right?"

While the two families were acquainted, only Madeline Scott was Griffith's childhood

Charlotte remained calm and asked, "How did you know? You didn't grow up with him

friend. She was Charlotte's eldest cousin sister; the daughter of her eldest uncle.

Faith was startled by Charlotte's words. She shook her head and looked at Charlotte as if she

was dealing with a rude child.

"Charlotte, I'm telling you this not out of jealousy but as a reminder."

Charlotte looked quietly at Faith.

When Madeline refused to marry Griffith, Faith should have been the next in line. However, Griffith's grandmother, Francine Abney did not want a sick woman to be married into the

family. Charlotte could recall vividly the distorted expression on Faith's face during a fit of rage. It was terrifying.

Charlotte suddenly smiled.

Faith was taken aback. Then, Charlotte wrapped her arms around Faith. She rested her chin on her shoulder and patted her on the back as she said, "Faith, of course I know you have my

best interests at heart."

After saying that, she quickly let go.

Faith let out a sigh of relief and replied, "That's good."

Charlotte smiled and could not bother to speculate on her thoughts. She picked up a plate of fruits and said, "I'll go upstairs to check on Grandpa and Griffith."

"Alright."

Charlotte headed upstairs toward the reading room. When she reached the door, she put down the fruit plate and sat on the floor, chewing on a piece of fruit waiting for time to pass.

However, she heard voices coming from the reading room. She looked up and realized the door was slightly ajar.

The man's voice was cold and distinct.

"If you want me to give you some benefits in the South City Project because we are in-laws,

let me make it clear to you. Charlotte isn't worth that much."