

## Chapter 3 What Benefits Would You Receive If I Died

Charlotte found it amusing knowing Griffith's concerns. After all, he had left in a hurry last night. She raised her chin slightly and said, "They're just some clothes."

The maid chuckled nervously and replied, "Um... Weren't those still purchased by the Wilsons?" She quickly lowered her head to avert Charlotte's gaze at the end of her words.

Charlotte tidied her hair and asked with a smile, "Even my clothes are considered a property of the Wilson Family? Is Griffith Wilson going to wear them if I leave everything behind?"

The maid pondered seriously for a moment. After realizing it would be difficult for her to deal with Charlotte's clothes later, she awkwardly made way, allowing Charlotte to take her belongings with her. The chauffeur peeked out of the car window twice as Charlotte walked appeared at the doorway, showing no intention of offering her a ride. She pulled on the luggage's handle and strutted out of the mansion with her high heels.

After leaving the residential area, Charlotte hailed a taxi and headed to Ava's apartment. When Charlotte arrived at Ava's doorstep, her best friend knew right away what had happened when she saw Charlotte with her luggage. With her hands planted on her hips, Ava unleashed a relentless stream of curses at the Wilsons.

Charlotte let her vent freely for three minutes. Then she checked her watch and poked Ava.

"What are you doing?" Ava responded.

"Can you let me in, my dear? My feet are cold," Charlotte said.

Ava looked down and gasped. She suddenly realized Charlotte was wearing a pair of crystal high heels, a classic black dress with a beige trench coat; she snapped back to her senses. The weather was cold but maintaining her dignity was more important to Charlotte.

Ava cleared the way and said, "Well, you look like you're in good shape."

Charlotte finally entered the apartment. She placed her luggage at a corner and sat down to massage her feet.

"What are your plans now?" Ava asked.

Charlotte pointed at herself and said, "Do you think I'll starve to death?"

Even though Charlotte was not favored in the Scott Family, she had a strong professional background and a face that destined her for more than obscurity. Moreover, she graduated from a top film academy.

"Are you going back to being an actress?" Ava asked while she fetched Charlotte a pair of in-door slippers.

Charlotte stood up. Her black long hair fell behind her back and she casually replied, "You forgot? I can never return to the entertainment business."

Startled, Ava realized her mistake and quickly changed the subject.

"Well, you're talented at playing the piano and dancing. Heck, you can even speak three foreign languages. Nothing is impossible for you. Moreover, Griffith Wilson must compensate you after the divorce, right?"

Even though Charlotte would receive compensation from the divorce, she did not intend to put her hopes on anything but her own capabilities.

She shook her head and replied, "I need to find a part-time job. I can only plan my next step after William is done with his high school exams."

William Scott was the only biological younger brother Charlotte had after their parents died. The Scott Family's patriarch, her grandfather, had been using William as leverage to force Charlotte to get things done through Griffith. As such, apart from her genuine love for Griffith, Charlotte had to put up to her grandfather for the sake of William.

"Alright. Take it easy. Get a good rest for a couple of days first. I've got your back," Ava assured Charlotte.

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With Griffith away on a business trip, it seemed as if he had disappeared from the face of the earth. Charlotte had sent several sets of divorce agreements to Griffith for the last few days, but there was no response from him at all. Left with no other option, she focused on finding a part-time job.

Late at night, she sat alone at the table, practicing two old tunes as preparation for her job interviews. Suddenly, a call interrupted, making her rather annoyed. She picked up her phone and discovered it was a call from the mansion.

"Hello?"

"Madam, Master is back home," a maid informed her.

"What's that got to do with me?" Charlotte replied, exasperated.

The maid hesitated and said, "Master is drunk and has a headache, but he refused to take the painkillers."

"Since he refuses to take the painkillers, just let him be. He won't die of a headache, will he?" Irritated, Charlotte was about to hang up when Griffith's voice came through the phone.

"Charlotte Scott." Griffith's voice was hoarse and tipsy.

"What benefits would you receive if I died?"