

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 168

/ Bye, My Ex-husband By AMBER HUNT
Chapter 168 A Close Call

Charles' POV:

As I stood by the window that evening, lost in thought, I felt my heart still trembling with fear.

All of a sudden, I heard the doorbell ring, so I walked to the door.

"Is Scarlett okay?" Spencer walked in, looking rather anxious. And David and Vivian followed him inside. "She was scared, but now she's asleep." Upon hearing that, David asked with a frown, "Was it an accident or a conspiracy?"

"It was certainly not an accident," I answered affirmatively.

The next second, the doorbell rang again, and Richard walked in. "Mr. Moore, we have already checked the cellphones of those troublemakers, and we have found that the person who contacted them is from this city, but we don't know their identity

I fell silent when I heard that while David questioned in an anxious tone, "Who do you think it might be?"

"At first, we thought that it might be Rita, but we had to rule her out because she is abroad now..."

I massaged my temples, feeling exhausted. "Take those troublemakers to the police station."

Upon hearing my orders, Richard nodded and left.

I felt a little annoyed, looking at David, Spencer, and Vivian, who were sitting on my couch, so I asked them to leave. "You three should leave too."

Spencer straightened up his clothes, but it seemed like he was unwilling to leave. "We came here to see Scarlett. Isn't it rude of you to drive us away before we even say hi to her?"

I looked at him coldly and said in a low voice, "If you came to visit the patient, then why did you come empty-handed?"

Embarrassed, Spencer gave me an awkward smile and justified, "Well... I was too anxious to see her... Anyway, I'll buy her a gift later."

With an indifferent expression, I glanced at him and said, "Get out of here."

Soon, they left, and the whole house became quiet again. A strange sense of fear rose in my heart when I thought of what happened before.

I stood up, walked to the window, and dialed a number on my phone.

"Mr. Moore."

"Arrange two female bodyguards for me. They should be strong and good at fighting," I said concisely before I hung up, turned around, and walked upstairs.

Scarlett's POV:

I didn't know how long I had slept. I found myself lying on my bed at home when I woke up.

I instinctively put my hand on my belly and was relieved to find that my baby *was* doing okay.

Picking up my phone, I browsed the Internet for news. There were articles about my miscarriage all over the web.

Recalling what had happened the day before, I knew that there was someone who did not want me to give birth to the baby.

Thinking of that, I broke into a cold sweat and my limbs felt like a block of ice.

Just before I could have had a panic attack, Charles walked into the room and hugged me. "Are you alright?" he asked in a concerned tone.

I leaned into his arms and said weakly, "I'm fine. I just feel a little dizzy."

"Would you like to lie down a bit longer, then?"

"No. I have already slept for way too long." I put my arms around his neck and continued in a serious tone, "Was it Rita that called you yesterday?" .

"Yes. If we find out that she's the one behind all of this, then she is going to be in some serious trouble,"

Charles said in a deep voice, before he lifted me up and carried me downstairs.

Looking at the two strangers in the living room, I could not understand what was going on. "Scarlett, meet Janet and Tracy. I hired them as your bodyguards."

Saying that, Charles gently put me down on the sofa.

"You don't have to be so melodramatic. I am fine," I refused at once.

With a helpless sigh, Charles grabbed my hand and tried to persuade me gently, "What if the accident that happened yesterday happens again? I can't always be with you, and when I am not with you, I want you to be protected. That's the only way I can be at ease."

"But..."

"They will protect you, no matter what it takes, and they won't make you feel uncomfortable. If you ever get bored, you can talk to them."

When I realized that I could not refuse him at all, I could not help but chuckle.

After thinking for a while, I said to Charles, "Since you want to arrange bodyguards for me, I want another person too."

"Who is it?" Charles asked, as though he was willing to agree to let whoever I want be my bodyguard.

"I want Richard." Upon hearing that, Charles frowned. "Let's get you someone else. I don't think that Richard will be good. After all, he slept with Rita."

"I want him. I don't want anyone else," I said like a spoiled child.

Charles held my hand and said in an awkward tone, "Honey..."

I sighed helplessly and argued, "It's going to be okay. I don't care about his past, so why do

you?"

"All right, then." In the end, Charles had no choice but to compromise.

After I had breakfast, the doctor came to visit.

"How is she now?" Charles asked the doctor nervously. The doctor took off his mask and said to him with a smile, "She is perfectly fine, and the baby is healthy. Just be careful in your daily activities in the future." 3

"Thank you, doctor." With that, Charles saw the doctor off.

He walked back into the room a while later, and was about to sit down when his phone rang all of a sudden.

Sitting down beside me, he whispered, "It's from Rita."

"Pick up. And put it on speaker," I said in a hurry.

Charles gave me a nod and answered the call in an indifferent tone, "What's up?" "I saw the news, and I was worried about Scarlett, so I wanted to know how she is doing."

Holding Charles' hand, I hinted at him.

He gave me a nod before he said over the phone, "She's not doing well. I think it might take a while for her to get better."

"What a terrible news! I hope she recovers real soon." Upon hearing her tone filled with fake pity, I could not help but sneer in my heart. "If there's nothing else, then bye."

"Charles, can we talk? There is some business that I would like to discuss with you," Rita said at once, in an anxious tone.

Without saying anything, Charles disconnected the call.

He then held me and asked with a confused look in his eyes, "Why did you want me to tell her that you're not fine?"

"I wanted her to be happy for the time being," I said with a chuckle.

Charles leaned closer and kissed the corners of my mouth as he whispered, "Take the bodyguards with you, no matter where you go."

"Okay, I got it." I did not want him to worry about me, so I nodded.

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Chapter 169 What Does She Want To Do Again

Rita's POV:

I had never been as happy as I was now when I saw news of Scarlett's miscarriage all over the Internet.

I called Richard before I returned home. "Can you pick me up from the airport?"

A long moment of silence later, he replied in a low voice, "Alright."

I was not surprised to see him waiting for me at the exit as soon as I walked out of the airport.

I followed him to the car and sat down on the passenger seat.

I moved closer to him and gazed into his eyes as I asked, "How have you been doing lately? Did you miss me?"

Richard pursed his lips and remained silent as he started the car and drove. Chuckling, I placed my hand on his thigh and gently rubbed it.

Instantly, I felt his breaths getting heavier, but he remained expressionless,

I slowly slid my hand to his inner thigh and looped my fingertips along the seam of his trouser.

Richard grabbed my hand and pushed it away before he said in a cold voice, "Don't do that."

But I placed my hand on his shoulder and gently pinched his earlobe with a smile. "Where are you going?" he asked in a low voice, looking straight at the road. Ignoring his words, I unfastened my seatbelt and began kissing his neck.

I could feel his body stiffen immediately, so I provocatively nibbled on his earlobe.

Noticing his breaths getting heavier and heavier, I sneered in my heart.

He obviously still had feelings for me, and thinking about it made me happy.

Just when he was about to push me away, I sat back, and smiled at him.

Seeing that there was a red light ahead, Richard immediately turned the car around and sped up, taking a different road.

There was a sparsely populated suburban area nearby. What was he planning to do?

Soon, he stopped the car, and just when I was about to unfasten my seatbelt and get close to him, he said coldly, "Get off the car." Again suspiciously I looked out of the window, and found that we were in the middle of a forest.

After getting off the car, I was about to ask him what he wanted to do when he suddenly threw my bag out of the window, started the car, and drove away.

A heavy feeling of shock came to my heart.

How could he leave me alone in a place like that?

'Damn it! He's crazy!

I was furious, so I took out my phone and called him, but he did not answer.

In a fit of pique, I kicked a rock on the ground. "Shit!"

I finally spotted a car passing by, asked for a lift, and went downtown.

Wanting to find Spencer, I went to his bar.

"What are you doing here? I still haven't gotten even with you over those sleeping pills you gave me," Spencer hissed coldly.

Looking at him with an innocent expression, I asked, "What sleeping pills are you talking about? I don't know anything, Spencer. Did you misunderstand something?"

But he frowned and said, "If you have nothing to say about it, then leave."

I smiled at him and asked him in a concerned voice, "Well, I heard that Scarlett is not in a good condition. I want to know if she's okay now."

"She's put on bed rest," Spencer said with a long face. "Did she really have a miscarriage?" "I have no idea," he said in an irritable tone before he turned around, intending to leave.

Seeing that, I tried to persuade him. "Spencer, Scarlett is now going through a really tough time, and she needs someone like you. You should use this opportunity to try and win her back. She married Charles only for the sake of her baby, and now, the baby is gone. It's like God is trying to help you."

Even after that, he silently left with a frown.

Scarlett's POV:

Early that morning, I got a huge package delivered to me. It was a parcel from Rita. Just when I was about to open it, Janet stopped me. "Don't get too close. We don't know what's in it."

Saying that, she took the package outside.

A while later, she walked back into the room and put the package on the ground. "I've checked it. There's no problem."

I then took a closer look at its contents and found that it was photos of Rita and Charles. It had a note that read, "Back to the owner".

I turned to Janet and Tracy and said indifferently, "Cut the photos in half, throw the halves with Rita in the trash, and return the halves that have Charles back. Also, make sure to take pictures and send it to the press when you throw it in the trash."

Hearing that, they glanced at each other and gave me a nod.

I then turned to Richard and added, "I want you to take away all the jewelry and the wedding dress that Charles gave her and tell her that they're going back to their owner as well."

"Yes, ma'am," Richard replied respectfully. "Should I tell Mr. Moore about this?"

"No, I'll tell him myself. You know what? Save the dress for Rita, and the rest... you can give them to a charity in my name."

After carefully listening to my orders, Richard gave me a nod and left.

When I went upstairs after finishing my work, I saw that Charles was still asleep.

I walked to him with a chuckle, and he immediately got up and held me in his arms.

Nestling in his arms, I let out a laugh. "I am the one that's pregnant, so why are you sleeping more than me?"

"I haven't had good sleep in a while," Charles whispered in my ear with his eyes closed.

Noticing his under-eye bags, I pitied him.

I kissed his chin lovingly and said, "Rita sent me some photos of you two." Charles opened his eyes and complained, "What does she want now?" He then stood up and walked downstairs. I followed him and saw Janet and Tracy cutting the photos like I asked them to. When I noticed him frowning, my heart clenched. 3

Was he not pleased with my decision? While I was lost in thought, he walked to me and kissed the corner of my lips. "Whatever makes you happy."

I looked into his eyes and said nervously, "I also asked Richard to take back the jewelry that you gave Rita, but I told him to leave the wedding dress for her."

With a helpless gaze, he turned to Janet and Tracy, and said, "Get it done quickly."

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Chapter 170 Enemies were Destined To Meet

Rita's POV:

I was at home with my mom, enjoying my cup of coffee.

My mother seemed to be really concerned when I told her about the filthy thoughts that my father had for Scarlett. Wiping her tears away, she said, "It looks like he is really determined to be with her."

Unwilling to talk about Scarlett anymore, I looked out the window, feeling irritable.

All of a sudden, I heard the doorbell ring, and when I saw that it was Richard, I could not help but frown. 'How dare he come to me after leaving me alone in the middle of nowhere?'

As soon as I opened the door, Richard barged in with his men, pointed at my room, and said, "Move everything out of that room."

Seeing the group of men walking to my room, I immediately stood up and stopped them. "What are you doing?"

Glancing at me for a moment, Richard pushed me aside and walked straight into my room.

I ran to my room, pointed at them, and roared, "Get out of here!"

However, Richard ordered his men, "Let's get this done quickly, gentlemen!"

I immediately pushed the men who were trying to take away my jewelry and shouted, "Stop! Those are my things! You're robbing me."

But then, Richard grabbed my hand, pulled me aside, and hissed, "I think you know exactly whether they're your things or not."

He then turned to the others and added, "Leave her be. Let's go!"

"Stop! Put those down. They are mine..." Due to my emotional state, I felt dizzy all of a sudden and lost my balance. I had to lean against the wall to keep me straight.

However, Richard completely ignored me and said coldly, "You're going to end up in serious trouble if you don't take good care of yourself. And this time, you may not be lucky enough to survive."

I ran to him and grabbed his collar. "These are all gifts that Charles gave me. How dare you take them away?"

"Well, they belong to Scarlett and Charles now. They have every right to take them back." Saying that, Richard peeled my hand off his collar and left with his men.

Stumbling, I tried to chase after them. My mom was so worried that she tried to help me, but I coldly shook off her hand and watched as Richard loaded my belongings in the car.

"We won't be taking the wedding dress with us, so you can look at it whenever you miss Charles." Richard glared at me with a snort and left.

I gripped the door to prevent myself from falling down. Anger was burning within my heart, suffocating me with its flames.

All of a sudden, another group of strangers knocked on the door.

They were two gorgeous women dressed in tight clothes, who walked to me and threw a big box at me with a plain look in their eyes.

"Who are you?" I asked coldly.

They looked at me and one of them replied flatly, "We came here to return these things to its owner."

I opened the box and found the photos that I had sent to Scarlett. However, the photos were all cut in half, and I got the side that only had Charles' picture. Looking at it I became so furious that I felt my head hurting.

"As for your photos, if you want to see them, you can search them online," one of the women said.

I raised my head and glared at her.

The other one eyed me with disgust and complained, "You look so pretentious in the photos that it makes me sick."

With that, they both turned to leave.

"Stop!" I shouted at them angrily. But they just left anyway.

I kicked the box, took out my phone, and dialed Lily's number. "Are you free tonight? I have something that I need to talk to you about." "I can make time." It did not take too long for Lily to agree to my request.

However, the anger burning within me did not cool down at all.

Thinking of the complacent smile on Scarlett's lips, I could not help but want to tear her face apart.

That evening, I went to the restaurant where I was supposed to meet Lily, and bumped into Scarlett accidentally. I saw Richard following her like an obedient little puppy.

But then I noticed that Scarlett was looking pretty fine. In fact, her belly looked bigger than it was before.

'Didn't she just miscarry the baby? What the hell is going on?'

While I was lost in thought, Scarlett glanced at me and said slowly, "Why do you look so pale? You should go to the hospital for a check-up. You need to take good care of yourself."

"Are you cursing me?"

I wanted to slap her. It would have been really great if she fell and had a miscarriage.

But the next second, Richard grabbed my hand and stopped me.

"What does this mean, Richard?" I asked angrily.

Wasn't he in love with me? Why was he going up against me?

Scarlett straightened up her clothes slowly, pretending to be nice and gentle. "He is my personal bodyguard now."

"Damn you!" I cursed angrily, throwing my bag at Richard's face.

However, someone grabbed my wrist the next second, and a sharp pain surged through my hand.

I turned around, and saw that it was one of the women who had come to my house earlier that morning.

"Let go of me!" I hissed at her. The moment she loosened her grip on my wrist, I crumbled to the floor, losing my balance. I looked at her dazzling smile awkwardly as I threw my bag on her face. She dodged my attack effortlessly, and I stood up to slap her. I then spat on her face. "You are just a dog who works for Scarlett. How dare you be so arrogant to me?"

In a concerned tone, Scarlett asked the woman, "Are you okay, Janet?"

The woman called Janet puffed up her cheeks and looked at me coldly.

"What? Are you angry now?" I sneered. "Know your place."

I quickly reached out to grab her hair.

Since I was not able to do anything to Scarlett, I wanted to hurt her subordinate in front of her to humiliate her.

However, the next second, a sharp pain pulsed through my scalp as Janet grabbed my hair and yanked my head back. "Ah..." While I was crying out in pain, I felt a loud, hard slap across my cheek.

The second I fell to the ground, there was a short period of darkness when I could not see

anything or figure out what was happening.

I was in so much pain that I could not help but burst into tears. Looking at Richard, I questioned, "Are you really just going to stand by and watch me get bullied?"

Richard looked down at me expressionlessly and stood beside Scarlett. With a sad look in my eyes, I asked him, "Have you forgotten that we had a baby together?" "You have killed our child on your own," he hissed.

Lily, who got there a little late, helped me up and said in an anxious tone, "Let's get out of here, Rita."

"Did you ask Lily to drug Abner?" Scarlett asked me all of a sudden.

Lily glanced at me before she stepped forward and said to Scarlett, "Don't sling mud at her! never said that she was the one who made me do it."

"Then it must be a mistake." With a meaningful look, Scarlett turned around and left.

Lily explained immediately, "Rita, are you okay? I met an acquaintance of mine coincidentally. That's why I got here a little late."

I shook off her hand and looked at her in silence.

I could sense a hint of panic in her eyes, but she continued to pretend like she was calm as she said, "Scarlett's only saying that to cause trouble between us. Don't let her fool you."

I looked at her with a fierce glare and threatened her, "You'd better not slander me, or I will teach you a lesson."

Lily grabbed my hand and promised, "Rita, please just trust me. I really didn't do such a thing. We're both in the same boat now, and there is no way that I would go and make trouble for myself."

"You'd better keep your promise. You know what I'm capable of, right?"

I snapped before I pushed her hand away and walked towards Scarlett's box. I felt like I needed to find out what was going on with her pregnancy.

But then, just when I was about to push the door open, Richard stopped me.

"Didn't Scarlett have a miscarriage?"

He stood there without saying a word to me, like a log of wood. "Tell me what happened with her." I could not help but ask again. "I have nothing to tell you," Richard replied indifferently.

"That's impossible! How could she have escaped the accident unharmed? She lied to me, didn't she?" I asked him, grabbing him by the collar.

"Let go!" Shaking my hand off, he pushed me away.

When I looked up, I saw Charles walking towards me with a frown.

Unlike the gentle and tender man in my memories, he seemed rather cold and aloof.

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Chapter 171 The Truth Comes Out

Rita's POV:

Charles looked sullen as he approached me. Despite that, I put on a smile and walked up to him.

"What did you just say?" The sound of his voice was as frigid as the wintry winds.

I just kept smiling at him and said, "I'm worried about Scarlett's health, so I wanted to comfort her somehow."

Then, I tried to grab his hand, but he dodged my attempt to do it.

Charles scoffed at me. "I feel like you were expecting that my wife would have a miscarriage."

The way he said it made it seem like he knew something. Though I was flustered, I managed to keep my composure.

I was quick-witted enough to come up with an excuse. "Scarlett and I grew up together. Our relationship became a little unstable because of some misunderstandings in the past. But now that you're married to her, I sincerely hope that you'll be happy together. And considering something like this happened to her, it's only natural for me to worry about her. I'm only concerned for her safety; nothing more than that."

"Both Scarlett and the baby are fine. Don't even think of playing any tricks. I'd rather not send you to prison one day myself. But believe me when I say this, I won't hesitate when that day really comes," Charles stated without even glancing at me.

After he said that, he was about to leave.

Scarlett's child is still alive? But how is that possible?' | asked inwardly.

I was so angry that | gnashed my teeth. However, I didn't have much time left, so I immediately rushed forward to stop Charles. "Charles, wait! I need to talk to you about something."

"There's no need for that," he answered frigidly as he continued walking away.

Anxiously, I followed him. However, Richard stopped me. | glared at Richard and shouted to Charles, "For the sake of the fact that I once saved your life, can't you please talk to me?" "Nobody forced you to save me," Charles replied before entering the private room. Blankly, I stared at his back and shook off Richard's hand. "Let me go!"

And because I was annoyed, I spat on his face. "You are such a dutiful lapdog!"

Richard looked down at me, frowning as he wiped his face in silence.

Just when I was about to yell at him again, my phone rang.

Upon seeing the number on the screen, I looked for a quiet corner and answered the call. "Why are you calling me all of a sudden?"

"Because I'm worried you'll try to escape," said the other man at the end of the line.

"Didn't I tell you that I'd call you..."

But before I could finish my sentence, someone snatched my phone away.

I turned around and saw Richard staring at me with a sullen expression. He trapped me in the corner, shackled me with his hand and listened to the phone.

I struggled to get my phone back, but it was all in vain.

Based on Richard's reaction, I had a bad feeling that the jig was up.

The following moment, he slammed the phone to the ground, trampled it underfoot, and shot me a cold glance. "That person you were talking to over the phone is asking you to pay him the money. And he mentioned something about a miscarriage. Someone tried to hurt Mrs. Moore while she was at the hospital, and you're the one pulling the strings behind the scenes, aren't you? My God! You never learn your lesson, Rita!"

Little by little, my heart sank. I stared at Richard's sullen face and pulled him into a vacant private room beside us.

Hurriedly, I closed the door and said in a hushed voice, "Richard, we need to talk."

"Talk? There's nothing to talk." Having said that, Richard began to walk away.

In a fit of panic, I grabbed his wrist. "I need your help to keep it a secret. Please, Richard! I'm begging you. If Charles finds out about this, I'm screwed!"

After hearing me say that, Richard stood in his spot, putting on a straight face.

"I know I did something wrong before, Richard, but we..."

I stopped midsentence to plant a kiss beside his lips. Unexpectedly, he pushed me away and responded, "You really will do anything for your personal gain, won't you?"

"Richard, it's not what you think. Please, just listen to me!"

I held onto his wrist, but Richard shook off my hand off again and walked away. This time, he didn't look back.

Feeling desperate and defeated, I collapsed on the sofa.

Scarlett's POV:

"Hey, Charles! You've put on your wedding ring again." Inside the private room, David and Spencer were making fun of Charles.

Charles grunted at them and retorted, "You're both still single and you don't have any rings at all. What right do either of you have to talk about that?"

"Fine, it's our bad. We shouldn't have said such nonsensical things." After Spencer said that, he pretended to slap himself on the face. "If you really feel bad, slap yourself harder. It'll be better if you can't speak again." Having heard Charles' rude remark, Spencer grinned like an imp. "Charles, just forgive me, man. I swear I won't say anything stupid again!"

Having said that, he gave David a kick, implying that the latter should help him.

As I watched their comedic interaction, I couldn't resist the urge to laugh.

This time, David turned to me and asked worriedly, "Are you alright, Scarlett?"

Everyone looked at me at the same time. I shook my head and smiled. "As you can see, nothing serious happened to me."

Spencer stopped joking around and put on a serious face. "What do you think happened?" "I have a feeling that Rita had something to do with this," said David. Upon hearing his input, everyone fell silent.

"Maybe you're right. What's even more suspicious is that she came here today, and she asked a lot about Scarlett and the accident. I really don't believe that it's just a coincidence," Spencer said.

Right after he said that, he turned his attention to me.

In response, I shook my head and said, "I don't have any evidence to prove that Rita did it. Honestly, I'm not really sure about anything right now."

Spencer let out a sigh. "Scarlett, you'd best focus on your well-being in the meantime. Don't just think about the training program."

Just then, Richard opened the door and walked in. He seemed serious when he whispered something in Charles' ear. I couldn't hear what he said to Charles, but I noticed that Charles' face became sullen all of a sudden.

"What's wrong?" I asked worriedly.

"Scarlett has a flight to catch tomorrow afternoon, so I'll be taking her home to get some rest. Having said that, Charles stood up and led me out.

On the journey home, I glanced at his face and asked, "Hey, what happened?"

Charles pressed his lips and looked at me. "Rita was the one who hired someone to cause trouble at the hospital."

Shocked, I looked back at him and asked, "Do you have any evidence to prove it?"

"Richard heard the culprit talking to Rita over the phone and asking her for the money she promised," Charles replied as he looked ahead at the road outside the window.

A long silence ensued between us. Moments later, I asked, "So, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do you have any ideas?" Charles asked in response. "Call the police," I said without hesitation.

He nodded without hesitation. "Agreed. Let's leave it to the police."

I smiled at him, and felt a little relieved. "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to call the police on her."

"She's done something horrible, and she needs to face consequences of her actions," Charles answered before planting a kiss next my lips to comfort me. .

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The following day, Charles drove me to the airport himself. I leaned against his chest, feeling more reluctant to leave him.

He fiddled with my long hair and kissed me on the forehead. "It'll be the weekend in a few days. I'll fly to you by then."

"Sound great," I replied, still feeling reluctant to depart.

"Wherever you go, you have to take your bodyguards with you, okay?" Charles had been saying that many times for the past few days.

"Yes, I got it. Since when have you become so anal-retentive?" | smiled at him and let out a helpless sigh.

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As soon as I finished speaking, Charles kissed my lips. As punishment, he bit my lip, causing me to frown because of the pain.

I pushed him away, but he bit me again before deciding to let me go. "If you don't be a good girl and listen, I'm going to punish you right here."

The implications of his words made me blush. "We're at the airport, you pervert."

Charles chuckled at my remark. "We're inside an exclusive VIP room. Only the two of us are

here."

I could tell that he wouldn't hesitate to do it. Thus, I shut my mouth and nestled in his arms in silence. I even kissed his cheek to appease him.

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Chapter 172 Attempted Murder

Nate's POV:

I was depressed as I watched the company's stock prices plummeting that morning.

Just when I was lost in thought, the police knocked on my door. I stood up and asked, "Sir, what can I do for you?"

A middle-aged police officer walked in and asked in a serious tone, "Is Rita Lively here?"

Rita stood up at once and asked, "What's the matter?"

"We suspect you to be involved in an attempted murder case, so please come with us to the police station. I suggest you cooperate with the investigation." As soon as the policeman finished his words, another younger police officer walked to Rita, holding a pair of handcuffs. I immediately lunged forward intending to stop the policeman. "Sir, is there some kind of a misunderstanding?"

"We'll know that after we investigate the matter,"

the policeman said before he tried to put the handcuffs on Rita.

Rita immediately covered her chest as though she was about to faint.

"Mom, I want to go to the hospital. My heart hurts..."

She leaned against the sofa weakly with a pale face.

Susan immediately held her and said to the policeman, "Sir, my daughter is having a heart attack! Call a doctor."

"There is no need for that. Take her to the hospital right away," I said calmly. The policemen glanced at each other before they made way for us. Rita kept looking out of the window on our way and asked, "Mom, are the policemen still on our tail?"

"... I don't know." Susan was clearly frightened. She was trembling.

Seeing her like that, I frowned and said in a cold voice, "What are you so afraid of? It's just the police, and you're already scared to death!"

Hearing that, Susan calmed down and asked Rita, "What happened?"

"Charles is probably the one trying to sue me..." Rita replied in a low voice.

"Charles wants to sue you?" I asked with a frown.

Shaking her head, Rita said in a voice that was filled with hatred, "No. It's not him. I am sure that bitch, Scarlett, is the one behind all this!"

"The police are following us. Let's get to the hospital first," I said indifferently.

Susan looked back and asked in a hurry, "What should we do now?"

"What can they do? Scarlett is fine now. Dad, find me a good lawyer."

I nodded in reply.

It was clear that Rita was going to have to stay in the hospital for the next few days.

I left the hospital after that, and went to the Moore Group to meet Charles. I wanted to ask him what happened, but he did not seem to want to see me.

Just when I was about to walk out of the door, someone stopped me.

"Hello. Are you Mr. Lively?"

When I turned around, there was a beautiful young woman in front of me. She was wearing a deep-neck tight dress, which emphasized her beautiful figure.

I straightened up my clothes and greeted her, "Hello. Who are you?"

"I'm Lily, a friend of your daughter. It's a pleasure to meet you, sir." "Oh, hi, Lily! Are you free to grab some coffee with me?"

Lily smiled at me and nodded in reply.

I stared at her while I sat in the cafe, admiring her.

She had flawless supple skin and beautiful eyes, which made me take a fancy to her at the first sight of her.

"How is Rita doing? Well, I heard that she had a conflict with the others last night," Lily said slowly.

"She hasn't been doing that well." I sighed helplessly.

"Really? What happened to her?"

"Someone is trying to sue her for attempted murder," I said in a voice that was filled with concern, and Lily looked at me in disbelief.

I was moved. She was not just gorgeous, she was also truly kind-hearted. "Rita could never do such a thing. Besides, I trust her." Lily tried to comfort me with her kind words.

"I know. I only came to the Moore Group to question Charles about it. But I could not meet him, unfortunately." Saying that, I took another sip of coffee.

"Well, it looks like we both have the same problem, then. I could not see him, either." "Are you having some kind of trouble?"

Lily looked at me with a pitiful glance and said in a helpless tone, "It's not that big a deal. I just wanted to ask Mr. Moore if he could help me get this acting role."

Hearing that, I immediately offered, "I can help you with that."

Feeling restless, I could not help but touch her smooth, glass-like hands.

"Thank you." She seemed to be a little shy as she withdrew her hand with a look of gratitude in her eyes.

Spencer's POV:

While David and I were in the bar, talking, I looked through the French window, and noticed two familiar-looking people sitting in the cafe from across the street. Seeing that, I could not help but look again.

With a curious look in his eyes, David turned to me and asked, "Do you see a beautiful woman there? You seem to be so absorbed."

glared at him, raised my chin as I glanced at the cafe again, and nodded. "Look! It's Nate and

Lily."

David stared at them for a few seconds before he said in a voice filled with contempt, "Should we drug them a little to spice things up?" By then, I noticed that Nate was trying to slide his hand under her clothes, but she seemed to be playing hard to get.

I withdrew my gaze and smiled sarcastically. "Look at them! They're so horny that they might end up fucking right in the cafe. These people don't need drugs at all!"

The second after I said that, Lily and Nate became bolder.

I took out my phone and said, "It's going to be real fun to take some pictures and send it to Rita."

However, David stopped me. With an amused look, he said, "It might be even more fun if we let her know after they sleep with each other."

Agreeing with him, I put away my phone.

When I looked at the cafe again, Nate was holding Lily's waist as though he was ready to leave with her. I immediately sent someone to follow them. There was no way that I was going to miss such an amazing show.

All of a sudden, we heard some noise, and David and I both turned in the direction.

A girl in a uniform pointed at a man, and said, "You just touched me!"

That seemingly wealthy man looked at the girl and said sarcastically, "Don't sling mud at me! I almost gagged when I saw how flat-chested you are! I think you must be trying really hard to get married to a rich guy like me, but even if you get naked and kneel before me, I still wouldn't look at you. I am not that blind to go for a girl like you, bitch!"

"Call some of our guys," David whispered in my ear before he rushed to them.

Before I could even react, he punched that man in the face while protecting the girl behind him.

Observing the situation, I noticed that David seemed to be really protective of her, so I wondered if he had a crush on her.

It was no wonder that he was suddenly acting like a hero, saving the damsel in distress.

I called over some of our men. We needed to at least seem aggressive and intimidating.

The wealthy man covered his face, glaring at David. "Who the hell are you? How dare you meddle in my business?"

Without saying a word to him, David raised his leg and kicked him hard in the chest.

The wealthy man fell to the ground and was not able to get up. He looked at his companions and ordered them, "Damn it! Teach this bastard a lesson!"

Rubbing my palms excitedly, I kicked my bodyguards' butt and said, "Go get them!"

While the bar was in chaos, I seized the opportunity to step on the wealthy man's hand, enjoying his painful scream.

Just when I was fighting with all I got, I suddenly noticed that two people were missing.

Where did David and the girl go?

"Damn it! Did they really just run away and leave me to handle this?!" | cursed while smashed the wine bottle in my hand on their heads to vent my anger.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 173

/ [Bye, My Ex-husband](#) By AMBER HUNT
Chapter 173 Let's Get Married

David's POV:

I took the opportunity and took Cathy to an empty box nearby. I could see that she was frightened. Her face was pale, and her body was trembling. I

What was more, her clothes were ruffled, and her beautifully coiled hair was now disheveled over her shoulders. (This novel will be daily updated) Not only that, fear was written all over her pretty face.

I patted her on the head comfortingly. "It's all right now. There's nothing to be scared of anymore."

Cathy pointed at my hand. "Y-you're bleeding..." she said with a trembling voice.

I lowered my gaze to look at my hand and shook my head indifferently as if the wound did not even hurt. I then looked her in the eye and solemnly said, "Let's get married."

Cathy looked at me in astonishment.

"I said, let's get married," I repeated, seeing that she was in a daze.

"Is it because we slept together once?" Cathy shook off my hand and continued, "We were both drunk that night. It was an accident."

"I don't care if it was just an accident or not. I have to be responsible for you. So, let's get married."

"I refuse," Cathy said flatly. If it were other girls, they would have been ecstatic. She, however, did not seem amused by my proposal.

Although I was disappointed with her response, I did not show it. "Give me a reason why we shouldn't get married. You'd better not tell me a lame excuse like you're poor and I'm rich and that we're not meant to be together. In my eyes, family background is merely additional decoration to one's characters. I don't really care about it."

Cathy pondered for a moment and then answered, "You're too old for me."

"Hey! I'm just eight years older than you." I did not know whether to laugh or cry. I must admit, I was not expecting that answer.

"Eight years is big enough an age gap. My mother won't let me be with someone much older than me."

As soon as Cathy finished speaking, she shook off my hand, opened the door, and left. Of course, I hurriedly went out and tried to catch up with her. "Do you propose to every girl you sleep with?" Cathy scoffed when I finally caught up with her. I was dumbfounded. Truth be told, that night was the first time I had had

sex. However, being a virgin was not something one should brag about, especially when you were old. How could I tell her that I was a virgin until that night?

Cathy was a waitress in the bar, so she knew the place very well. Although I tried to follow her closely, I eventually lost her.

I returned to the box dejectedly. Fortunately, Charles and Spencer arrived not long after to accompany me.

Spencer looked around as soon as he entered the room. Seeing that I was alone, he looked at me with pity and asked, "Where is she?"

"She ran away," I briefly answered, not in the mood for a chat.

Spencer was taken aback. "Ran away? Pfft. It turns out that you're not as charming as I expected. I thought she'd be grateful for your help and agree to be with you."

I sighed helplessly. "She thinks I'm too old for her."

For a moment, Spencer was quiet. But, all of a sudden, he burst into laughter. (This novel will be daily updated at) He laughed so hard that he clutched his stomach as his insides hurt. "Damn! I can't believe that you're actually robbing the cradle!"

I kicked him in annoyance. "Don't go too far." "Why not? It's hilarious! Let me laugh a little longer!" Spencer collapsed on the sofa from laughing too hard.

I was at a loss for words as I watched him laugh and cry at the same time. For a second, I doubted if he was really my friend.

Only Charles seemed to notice my wound. He kicked Spencer on the shin and ordered, "Stop it. Deal with his wound first."

"Okay, okay. I'll call Vivian." Spencer did as told, but he still had not stopped laughing.

Vivian arrived a few moments later. She poured alcohol all over my wound to disinfect it. My wound stung and I frowned.

But strangely... why did I not feel any pain earlier?

"Hold on. The wound is a little deep." Vivian carefully treated my wound. Her hands were so light that I could barely feel what she was doing.

"Charles, why'd you come so late? You just missed the chance to fight alongside me. Don't you feel any remorse?" I asked teasingly while enduring the dull pain in my wound.

Spencer rested his feet on the table and grumbled, "Cut the crap. You ran away with the girl and left me to fight alone." Sure enough, he looked as though he had just gotten into a fight. His shirt was unbuttoned, and he had several bruises on his body. He looked like a gangster.

Meanwhile, Charles took a sip of wine. Unlike the two, he was unscathed. "You two are weak. It's embarrassing to fight side by side with you. I'd rather video chat with Scarlett than fight with you."

I stared daggers at Charles and gritted my teeth in indignation. "You really can't resist the urge to gloat about your love life any chance you get, can you?"

Charles chuckled. "Really? Well, I just can't find a reason to avoid you. You're my friends, after all."

Spencer was dissatisfied with Charles as well. "Next time you quarrel with Scarlett, I'll definitely laugh at you in your face. No, that won't be enough. I'll post your problem online, so thousands of people will laugh at you as well."

Charles looked at Spencer with narrowed eyes, "Go ahead. But I'll be sure to issue a lonely hearts ad for you first."

Spencer immediately raised his arms as if to surrender. "You know what? Let's stop fighting. *We're* friends! Anyway, come on. Let's drink and forget that we've just said. I'd like to propose a toast for all of us."

The three raised their glasses and clinked them with one another. With that, they drank up the alcohol to drown their sorrows.

Scarlett's POV:

I got up early today. I was full of excitement as I would finally see Charles after a long time.

In fact, I spent thirty minutes just choosing the perfect outfit for today. (This novel will be daily updated at) In the end, I settled with a cotton dress that Charles had bought for me.

I combed up my hair and put on delicate makeup. I wanted to look stunning when I finally got to see Charles.

Once I was all dolled up, I sat down on the sofa in the living room and waited for him. However, about an hour later, he still had not arrived. I was starting to get worried. He had never been late to anything. Just then, the doorbell rang.

Excited, I stood up at once. Meanwhile, Janet followed and reminded me, "Mrs. Moore, watch your step."

I walked to the door anxiously. Before I opened the door, I took a deep breath and turned to Janet. "Is my makeup okay? Is my hair fine? Does my lipstick look good and not smudged?"

Janet smiled. "You look stunning."

I opened the door excitedly, only to be disappointed in the end. Instead of seeing Charles outside the door, what I saw was a package.

I frowned in confusion. I was not expecting any package today. Besides, who would send me that?

Janet stepped out, took the package in, and closed the door behind her.

Then, she put the package in front of me and reassured me, "Mr. Moore should be here soon. Would you like to check the package first?"

I nodded in response. I opened the box, and my eyes widened in shock with what I saw. Inside the box were several photos in it, including photos of a contract with the signatures of Nate and my father.

I put the photos aside, and I noticed that there was also a flash drive in the box.

"I'm going upstairs. Call me when Charles arrives." I took flash drive with me and went upstairs.

I returned to my room. For a moment, I contemplated whether or not I should check the contents of the flash drive. In the end, I decided to do it.

I plugged it into my computer and found that it only contained a recording. Without further ado, I put on my headphones and played the audio.

It sounded like two people were talking. One was Nate, and the other voice sounded as if it had been processed.

"Wish us success." That was the last thing I heard. But even when the recording was over, I remained in a daze. It took me a moment before I regained my comp

I stared at the computer screen, lost in thought. I felt as though my heart was torn apart because of what I had just heard.

While I was in deep thought, my phone vibrated.(This novel will be daily updatad at) I took a look at it and found that Charles was

calling.

I could not make my mind if I should answer it. In the end, I did not.

I stared at my laptop and recalled the audio I had just listened to. I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach at the thought of them.

If all this was true, how could I face Charles?

All of a sudden, a sharp pain shot across my heart and belly.

I curled up on the ground in pain. My vision was becoming hazy, and I felt that I was spiraling into the darkness little by little.

“Scarlett...”

I heard someone call my name.

It sounded like Charles, and he was anxious.

The next second, the darkness completely devoured me.