

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 191

Chapter 191 | Regret It

Scarlett's POV: The moment I came out of the TV station, I saw Janet and Tracy at the door, but James wasn't with them. "Where's James?" I asked anxiously.

"He's in the car," Janet replied.

In a swift pace, I went to the car and opened the door.

There was someone else inside.

After taking a closer look, I realized that it was Charles.

"Aren't you supposed to be at the hospital receiving an infusion?" (This novel will be daily updated at) "It's finished. Richard drove me here and Tracy asked me to wait in the car." Charles coughed mid-sentence in an attempt to look weak.

I shot him an indifferent glance, uncertain of how to respond. "Grandma isn't feeling well. We should go back and visit her," he added. "She was fine before, wasn't she? What happened to her?" I became worried about Grandma's health. "She's getting old. And health complications come with growing old," Charles said after a cough. "Anyway, just get in the car."

After entering the car, I said to Janet, (This novel will be daily updated at)"Take Charles to the hospital first, and then drive me and James back to the Moore mansion."

"Whoa, hold on! I don't need to go back to the hospital. I'll just go home and take some medicine," Charles said in a hurry.

"No. You need to go to the hospital," I responded firmly. "What if you end up infecting James, huh?" Having said that, I ended the conversation, picked up James, and said, "James, did you miss Mommy?" My little guy was becoming more and more nimble by the day. The sight of his tiny hands gripping my fingers were so heartwarming, and his eyes were as bright if not brighter than the stars in the sky. The minute I laid eyes upon my beloved child, all of the sadness and anxiety I felt were swept away. "I missed you," Charles muttered in an aggrieved voice. I moved a few inches away from him, while cradling James in my arms. "Your dad has a fever. It's best that we stay away from him." "For God's sake, Scarlett, I'm wearing a mask! He's not going to get infected," Charles replied, sounding dissatisfied.

"Even so, you still have to go to the hospital," I said. I refused to even look at him. This matter was something that I would not negotiate. Throughout the entire journey, Charles didn't speak anymore. I could sense that he must be in a bad

mood. When we arrived at the hospital, he didn't leave the car. Annoyed, I shot him a glance. "Do I really have to stay the night here?" he asked, appearing to be sad about the matter.

"If your fever isn't treated in time, it could turn into pneumonia; maybe even cerebral hemorrhage, or..." I could finish my sentence, Charles opened the door and got out of the car with a long face. After watching him go into the hospital, I told Janet to drive back to the Moore mansion. (This novel will be daily updated at) Upon our arrival, I saw just how happy Christine was to see me. "Scarlett, my dear! Why are you here so early today?" Based on her glowing, ruddy cheeks, she didn't seem like she was having any problems with her health. "Everything went well today, so I came back early." I sat down with James in my arms. Christine began to make faces in front of James to make him laugh, and then said to me, "Oh, I'm so glad that you're here! I'm getting old, darling. Being here all alone makes me miss you all so much." "I'll visit you more often when I have more time," I responded. Christine didn't seem like she was experiencing any discomfort. This wasn't the first time that Charles had played this trick, but I would always fall for it. "I heard that Charles is sick. Is it true?" She asked worriedly. "Yes, it's true. He never takes care of himself. If only someone could remind him to..."

Alice glanced at me as she spoke. Ignoring her remark, I said, "I already sent him to the hospital. We have some elderly and a child at home, all of whom don't have that high of an immunity. We can't be too careful. That's why I hope Charles can just stay in the hospital until he's fully recovered. (This novel will be daily updated at)" Christine chuckled at my response. "Well, I guess you're right. Just let him stay at the hospital for a week, and do not let him come back before he's fully recovered." "One week might not even be enough! We should let him stay there for at least two weeks," I said lightly. Christine and Alice exchanged glances and smiled. Christine then nodded at me and said, "Well that means he won't be able to see his wife, and child for half a month. Let's see if he'll be worried!"

It was late at night, and James was sleeping soundly in my arms. By now, the elders must've gone to bed already. I remembered that Charles was still in the hospital, and truthfully, I was worried about him. After telling Janet to look after James in my absence, I planned to go to the hospital to check on Charles. (This novel will be daily updated at) Worriedly, Janet looked at me and asked, "Is it okay for you to go there alone? Maybe you should take Tracy with you?" I shook my head in dismissal. "I can go there myself. And make sure not to tell anyone else, okay? I'll be back soon." "Be careful," said Janet.

"I will. Don't worry." I patted her on the shoulder and left quietly.

At midnight, there was nobody in the corridor outside Charles' ward.

While the nurse was unaware, I snuck into Charles' ward.

There was no one on the bed. 'It's so late. Where could Charles have gone?' I wondered.

The light in the ward was dim. While I was looking around the room, I suddenly heard a sound from behind

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"Are you looking for me?" Charles asked.

I was just passing by," I muttered, ready to leave. "Passing by, huh? It's midnight. You're supposed to be in bed already, but you just happened to pass by my ward?" Charles slowly made his way towards me. "Why don't you tell me the real reason you're here?" "Uh." I couldn't come up with a good excuse why I was here in the middle of the night, so I just clammed up. "Are you worried about me?" he whispered as he moved even closer towards me. I lowered my head, not wanting to look at him. Slowly, his scent pervaded in the air. "Answer me." He got so close that I could feel the warmth of his breath on my face. "I regret it," I answered in a trembling voice. "What do you regret?" Charles asked. "Do you regret coming here to see me at midnight or do you regret that you were ever reckless enough to love me?" I pursed my lips, looking into his eyes. "It's both." Suddenly, Charles burst into laughter. He pressed his body against mine and kissed me with his slightly cold lips.

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Chapter 192 As Long As I Don't Leave Any Marks

Scarlett's POV: My body stiffened when Charles came closer and was about to kiss me. I quickly pushed him away and said "Let me go! I have to leave." However, he ignored my struggle and continued to caress my neck, making me go weak to his touch. Holdii my cheeks, he leaned in and kissed me gently. "You're the one that took the initiative this time, Scarlett." He smiled as he whispered those words in my ear his warm breath brushing against my skin. When I looked into his glistening deep eyes, it made me want to just give up. Charles bit my lips gently and said, "Stay focused." I was embarrassed and became instantly annoyed with him. "You're in the wrong. How can you say such thing when you're the one taking advantage of me?"

Without answering me, he continued to kiss a trail from my lips to my neck until I felt a slight sting. Feeling that my heart began to race at once. "Charles! Don't leave any marks!" Charles chuckled in a low, seductive voice, "Are you saying that I can do anything as long as it doesn't leave marks?"

Upon hearing that, my face flushed a deep red from the embarrassment. "No... Ah!" Before I could say another word, Charles interrupted me by carrying me in his arms. When I turned around, I was stunned to see that he was taking me to the bed. I couldn't help but feel flustered. (This novel will be daily updated at) Charles put me down on the bed and leaned over. I placed my hands on his chest and reminded him in a loud voice, "Calm down. We're divorced!" "So what?" He completely ignored my words and stared at me with obvious lust in his eyes. Trying to calm down, I glared at him and retorted, "Do you always try to have sex with any woman who is single?" "I don't. And you are not single," he replied in an

ambiguous tone. While I was wondering what he meant by that, he grabbed my hands and pressed them against the head of the bed.

All of a sudden, a soft ring was heard.

I looked up and noticed that I had accidentally pressed the call bell that was beside the bed.

Charles clicked his tongue and immediately turned it off.

"Let go of me!" I struggled, *my* face red with embarrassment. I immediately realized that the nurse must be on her way. I was worried of what she might think of us if she saw us in bed in the hospital ward. "Did you do that on purpose?" Instead of giving up, he lowered his head to bite my lips gently as he muttered with dissatisfaction, "You're so evil!" Furious, I tried to bite him back, but he dodged my attack with a smile. All of a sudden, the nurse pushed open the door and asked, "Mr. Moore, what can I do for you... Oh! I am sorry for disturbing you." Charles looked at her irritably and said, "Get out."

I took the opportunity to push him away, jumped off the bed, opened the door, and ran out.

Seeing that, the nurse was in a daze.

I could not help but cover my neck in embarrassment.

"I will get discharged on my own tomorrow and go home!" Charles shouted from behind me.

I walked fast until I arrived at the parking lot. My heart was racing, and I could not feel it slowing down at all.

'Charles... He's such a bastard!'

That night, I could not sleep well. I even dreamed of being intimate with him.

The next morning, I walked into the office, yawning tiredly. (This novel will be daily updated at)"Scarlett didn't you get enough rest?" Nina asked as she brought me a cup of coffee.

"Thank you." Saying that, I took it from her with a grateful smile before I subconsciously covered my neck.

But Nina suddenly came closer and began to examine my neck. "Wow, look at this!"

"It's nothing!" I retorted subconsciously. I had applied a thick layer of concealer over the hickey, so how could she still see it? Nina's eyes narrowed at me as she asked with an ambiguous smile, "Who was it? Was it William? Or... Charles, perhaps?"

"It's time to work! How can you have time to chat when there is a pile of documents right before you?" In order to avoid answering her question, I pretended to be busy.

During lunch break, Nina held my arm tightly as she took me to have lunch with her, leaving no room for me to escape.

As soon as she placed our food order, she winked at me and asked, "It's lunch break. Can we chat now?"

I didn't expect her to be so persistent. In the end, I couldn't put up with her constant rain of questions, and I had to tell her about everything that happened the previous day.

"It is obvious that you two love each other deeply, but because of what happened between you guys in the past, you find it difficult to let go and be with him now." Nina's words felt like a nail that was hammered into *my* head.

"There's just too many misunderstandings between us and I don't know what to do..." I couldn't help but sigh.

"Scarlett, why don't you try to think of it from a different perspective? Your father was framed, and no one really knew exactly what happened back then. If Charles had stood up and protected your father rashly, then his behavior would be labeled as harboring evildoers. Besides, you two were not in love at that time, so there was no reason for Charles to help your father. It's actually a bit unfair to hold him responsible for what happened back then..."

Nina hesitated for a moment before she continued, "Don't you think so?" I looked at her blankly while my fingers unconsciously clenched the fork. But deep down, I knew that she was speaking the truth, so I could not refute her.

I was in a daze that afternoon, and I only came back to my senses when it was time for me to get off work. Janet came to pick me up.

After I got in the car, I noticed that she was driving towards Moore mansion, so I immediately stopped her. "Janet, take me to my house, and not the Moore mansion." I was clearly not ready to face Charles now. However, the moment I arrived at my house, Alice called me and asked, (This novel will be daily updated at) "Scarlett, why aren't you here yet?" Since I could not tell her that I was avoiding Charles, I had to give her an excuse. "Sorry. I forgot to tell you before. There is a lot of work for me to do, so I am going to have to work overtime." "All right, then. I agree that your work is really important, but you must not forget the fact that you're also a mom now. James has been crying non-stop. He must really miss you," Alice said earnestly. I felt guilt and remorse cloud my heart as I said, "I'm sorry, l..." "Scarlett there's no need for you to apologize. You can come back tomorrow and be with him."

After promising her that I would come there the next day, I hung up.

I tossed and turned in my bed. I was extremely exhausted, and yet, I could not fall asleep at all.

I could not help but regret when I felt that I should have gone to the Moore mansion to be with James.

When my alarm rang the next morning, I woke up at once and felt my head hurting due to the lack of sleep. Massaging my forehead, I got out of bed. Janet and Tracy had already prepared breakfast for me, so I quickly freshened up myself and sat down at the table. Tracy placed a cup of hot, mellow coffee in front of me before she said, "When I went to get coffee this morning, I saw Mr. Moore's car outside."

Stunned, I lowered my head to eat some cream cake while masking my expression.

Janet also seemed to be surprised. "Is he still there? He was waiting out there last night, and he told me not to tell you that he's there." I continued to eat breakfast, pretending like I did not hear them. The cake was truly the best one I've had until now. "He seems to know Scarlett's tastes really well. He is the one that got the cream cake for her," Tracy said with a sigh. I suddenly felt like the cake became very dry in my mouth.

After I finished my breakfast, Janet drove me to work.

On our way, I browsed the news on the Internet. The news about the Lively Group was still the most trending topic online.

All of a sudden, the car came to a screeching halt, making me almost toss my phone out. Tracy looked at me and asked with concern, "Scarlett, are you okay?" "I'm fine. What happened?" I looked out and saw that there were a group of people ahead, holding cameras and microphones in their hands. Seeing that, I could not help but frown.

"Rita is there," Janet replied.

I raised my eyebrows as I tilted my head and looked in front of me.

Rita was standing in front of the car, looking quite haggard and sad. She glanced into my eyes for a moment before she turned around and walked to the backseat. Like flies, the reporters were swarming beside her, following her.

"What does she want now?" Tracy said impatiently. I smiled and said, "I am sure she's trying to angle for some sympathy." But the next second, I heard a loud scream coming from outside the car. Rita fainted. There were many people who saw that, but none of them stepped forward to help her. They seemed to be keener about taking pictures of her. The flashlight from their cameras were so dazzling that I had to cover my eyes. One of the reporters banged his fist on my car, seemingly urging me to get off. I immediately understood their motive. If I did not get off the car, then their news report could end up being boring. "Leave

them alone. Let's go." I closed my eyes again, feeling that it if was out of my sight, it would be out of my mind.

Upon hearing my words, Janet stepped on the gas, and the roaring car engine frightened the reporters, forcing them to make way for us.

By noon, there was news of Rita fainting in front of a car all over the Internet. Someone found out that the license plate of that car belonged to the Moore Group, but I was the one that used the car. There were others who began purposely misleading the public by saying that I was a heartless woman who turned a blind eye to Rita when she fainted before my car. "She was a talented actress, and I think that she should really continue to be an actress," Nina said sarcastically, handing her phone to me.

I took it from her and saw Rita's latest Facebook post. "Thank you for all your concerns. I fainted because of my physical weakness, and I am feeling a lot better now. Please don't cause trouble for Scarlett. She was just passing by when it happened. She has nothing to do with me falling unconscious."

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Chapter 193 Crazy Woman

Lily's POV:

Thad been waiting for Scarlett at the gate of the TV station for quite a while now. I wanted to win her over.

It was not long before I saw her.

While I was walking towards her, I heard footsteps coming behind me. The next second, I screamed in pain as someone yanked my hair. "Come here! caught the bitch!" a man, whom I had never met before, said to his accomplice. "Let go of me! Do you know who I am? Fuck you!" I fired back. (This novel will be daily updtad at)I put on a brave face as I struggled to get out of the man's grasp when the truth was, I was terrified. "You're Lily, right? You're our target!" another man shouted. He then kicked me to the ground. There was nothing else I could do but curl up on the ground and shield my body from his kicks. "Come on! Beat her!" Three strong men surrounded me. Then, they punched and kicked me while I lay helpless on the ground.

"Help!" I cried out at the top of my lungs, but nobody seemed to hear me.

A few moments later, the men finally stopped beating me and fled the scene.

My body was sore and aching from being beaten to a pulp. I curled up on the ground, unable to move. Just as I abandoned hope, I saw Scarlett making her way towards me.

"Scarlett, help me..." | implored.

Thankfully, her female bodyguard helped me up.

"Scarlett, please help me. Rita is against me. She's our common enemy. We should work together to bring her down." I was like a frog in the mud, humbly begging for the attention of a swan. However, Scarlett heartlessly rejected my proposal. "Lily, the conflict between you and Rita has nothing to do with me. I'm not interested in your private affairs," she coldly replied. "What? Are you serious? Rita has been scheming against you. Wouldn't it be great if we cooperate and bring her down together?"

Scarlett reacted as if she had not heard my words. "Have you called anyone? If not, I'll call an ambulance for you."

Since she did not want to cooperate with me, the least I could do was not act like a coward in front of her. "I'm alright. My driver is waiting for me in the car." I gathered my strength and pushed her bodyguard away. As if nothing had happened, I started walking towards the parking lot.

I did not want to give up, but my body was in excruciating pain. My bruises and wounds felt like they were screaming at me, saying that I had to go to the hospital as soon as possible.

My driver sent me to the nearest hospital.

I lay weakly on the bed after the doctor finished treating my wounds.

All of a sudden, the door opened. My eyes fluttered open as a familiar voice rang in my ears. "Lily."

Rita walked towards me with a look of contempt in her eyes. (This novel will be daily updated at) "It seems that you haven't learned your lesson. You even went to Scarlett to ask her to join hands to go against me. Come to think of it. Why would she help

you?"

"It was you, who sent someone to beat me, wasn't it?" I asked, my voice trembling in anger.

"Isn't it obvious? It's your fault. You're a slut. You use men to get what you want. Sorry to say, but you barked up the wrong tree. You may have fooled my father, but you can't fool me. If I don't teach you a lesson, how can you know your place?" Rita asked with a disdainful smile.

"So, you forged the paternity test report? You did it because you want Nate to leave me, didn't you?" Rita chuckled. Slowly, she bent over and slapped me on the cheek provocatively. "Wow. I didn't know you were smart enough to figure that out. You know what I really want? I wanted to kill your child. The Lively family only needs one heir. And I, Rita Lively, am the only one." Tears welled up in my eyes. This crazy woman! While Rita was having a monologue, a man strode over and slapped her across the face so hard that she fell to the floor. Rita screamed in pain. "Why do I have such a vicious daughter as you? You make me sick!" Nate shouted angrily.

Unable to take it any longer, I burst into tears. "Nate, she killed our child!" Nate rushed to my aid and held me in his arms. "I'm sorry, Lily. Rita deceived me. I had never expected she would do such a thing!" I buried my head in his arms. I might look weak, but I was not stupid. I had known all along that Rita was evil, and so was Nate.

The Lively family were devils in disguise.

I suppressed my hatred and looked up at Nate with pitiful eyes. "Nate, why do I feel that we're not destined to be together in this life? Don't worry. In the afterlife, I'll beg God to let me give birth to your child." Nate touched my face lovingly and then turned to look at Rita. (This novel will be daily updated at) "Rita, since you can't accept a new member of the family, from now on, the Lively family no longer has a place for you. I'll hold a press conference and announce that I have cut all ties with you!"

Rita grabbed a chair to support herself. Her face was red and swollen, and her lips were stained with blood.

Nate was ruthless to her, just like what he did to me the other day. How ironic. I could not help but scoff at his hypocrisy.

"Dad, are you out of your mind? Have you gone crazy?!" Rita shouted in astonishment.

"No. It's you who are out of your mind. How dare you hurt Lily and our child?!" Rita strode forward and held Nate's hand. "I'm the daughter you've raised for so many years! This woman is just one of your lovers. Are you sure you want to cut ties with me for her? She has lost the baby, and that is a fact. Besides, have you forgotten about the situation of the Lively Group? Only I can help you manage the company!"

I could sense that Nate was getting a bit hesitant, so I held his hand and looked at him with the most pitiful eyes I could muster. "Nate, you don't have to do this for me. She's your daughter. I forgive her. I know that I'm not as important as she is in your life. But know that I love you. I'll try with all my best to give birth to your child in the future." Of course. I was only putting on an act. I knew very well that a man could never refuse a weak and helpless woman who loved him wholeheartedly. Sure enough, Nate held me in his arms again. "Lily, you're too kind. You don't deserve this."

All of a sudden, my throat felt itchy.

I coughed, and there was a taste of blood in my mouth. I looked down at my palm and found that I had coughed up blood.

My eyes widened in terror.

"Lily!"

Suddenly, I felt the room spin around, and my body went limp. Nate calling my name was the last thing I remembered before everything went black. Rita's POV:

Nate hurriedly called the doctor the moment Lily fell unconscious. And now, the ward was in chaos.

I took the opportunity and slipped out of the ward.

I called Richard as I walked out of the hospital. However, he hung up the call without even answering it.

"What an asshole!" I exclaimed. I did not stop calling him until he answered a few moments later.

"What the hell do you want?! Stop bothering me!" he bellowed impatiently.

"Tell Charles that I have what he wants." I hung up the call without waiting for his response.

I was certain that Charles would help me obtain the Lively Group. 1

I browsed the news as soon as I awoke the next morning. There I saw the hottest news at the moment. The headline read: "Rita Lively, the daughter of Nate Lively, has announced that she is no longer in relation with her father and is now the new CEO of the Lively Group." "As you wish, Dad," I muttered to myself. With that, I stood up and began to get ready for the celebration party of 'my' company. At the party, Nate's former underlings all showed respect to me.

I enjoyed everyone's compliments. But, in my mind, something was missing. (This novel will be daily updated at) I looked and found that Charles had not arrived yet. I only saw him thirty minutes later.

With two glasses of champagne, I approached him and greeted, "Charles, you're finally here. Thank you for your help. Without you, I wouldn't be able to take charge of the company." "You're welcome," Charles curtly answered. His cold gaze made me shiver.

Of course, I knew better than to get close to him. With a smile, I handed him a glass of champagne and said, "Have a drink with me."

Charles did not take it from me. Instead, he picked up a glass of wine from the table and raised it perfunctorily.

Although he was cold to me, his presence was enough.

The celebration party was a success. When it finally came to an end a few hours later, I saw Charles walking to the parking lot alone. I strode to catch up with him. I could barely keep pace with him. Because of this, I decided to hold the hem of my evening gown to run faster and tried to stop him. "Charles, wait for me!" Charles frowned in displeasure. "Don't follow me." When he turned a corner, he bumped into a woman. My jaw dropped, and my face turned dark and gloomy when I saw who the woman was. "Scarlett?" Charles wrapped his arms around her waist. Astonishment was written all over his face as well. Scarlett's face turned beet red. "Let go of me!" she ordered while glaring at him. Charles let her go and stepped back. I saw, with my own eyes, that the way he treated Scarlett was different from the way he treated me. I suppressed my jealousy and forced a smile at her. "Hi, Scarlett." It seemed that it was only then that she noticed me. Her gentle manner disappeared in an instant, replaced by disdain. "I saw today's news. Congratulations!"

"I owe it to Charles," I answered, deliberately making her jealous.

Just as I had expected, Scarlett cast a contemptuous glance at Charles. I must say, I was pleased. My eyes fell on the ring on her finger, and I noticed that it was not the one that Charles had given her. I felt even happier. I could not help but wonder if something was wrong between her and Charles. "Why are you with him again?" Charles asked in an annoyed tone. His voice drew my attention. I followed his gaze and saw that he was looking at the man behind Scarlett with an apparent dissatisfaction.

It was William. He was wearing a crisp suit and leather shoes.

"We have to talk about work," Scarlett replied indifferently.

Behind her, William smiled meaningfully and chimed in, "Yes. Scarlett and I have something to deal with. We're leaving now. We don't want to bother you two." Without another word, he took Scarlett's hand and left. Before William could take a step, Charles grabbed him by the arm. "Don't touch her!" he bellowed. His voice was filled with anger.

"Sorry. We're in a hurry." William turned to look at Scarlett, unmoved by Charles's command.

For a moment, Scarlett was stunned. Once she came to her senses, she shook off Charles's hand and said lightly, "We're leaving now. You can continue your talk with Rita." Charles stood frozen in the spot as he watched Scarlett walk away with William. I could not help but sigh in my heart. Scarlett was indeed a head-turner. Many excellent men had fallen head over heels for her. "What a perfect match! Both you and William are perfect for her," I remarked with a smirk. I observed Charles's expression as I spoke.

He glanced at me sideways and said in an annoyed tone, "Just shut up if you don't have anything better to say. Don't ever forget that even though I've helped you, I can also take everything away."

The smile on my face faltered, and I felt as though a bucket of cold water was poured all over my body.

I was petrified. When I came to my senses, Charles had disappeared. While I was making my way to my car, I saw that William's car was still in the parking lot. I was perplexed. I had just seen him leave with Scarlett.

I strode towards his car and knocked on the window of the driver's seat.

William rolled down the window. To my surprise, he was alone. (This novel will be daily updated at)At that moment, he shot an impatient look at me, urging me to say what I wanted to say. "William, I'm not messing with Scarlett anymore," I explained in a low voice. Without a word, William started the car and sped away.