

# Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 1

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

## Chapter 1 Back For Divorce

Scarlett's POV:

I checked the time again and sighed. It had been one and a half hours since I flew in, and I had lost count of the times I had glanced at my watch. My husband, Charles Moore, was nowhere to be found. He was supposed to pick me up from the airport. But he must be with his girlfriend right now. I shook my head and smiled bitterly at the thought, stood up, and dragged myself and my luggage out of the airport.

I married Charles three years ago. But shortly after our wedding, I received some good news from my dream university abroad. I was accepted to one of their programs, so I left to study there. Charles and I had not seen each other for three years. While I was away, he was spending all his time with the woman he truly loved.

Now, I was finally finished with my studies and I came back home. I wanted to end our nominal marriage. I decided it was time for me to stop hoping for things that would never happen.

On my way home in a cab, I sent Charles a message that read, "We need to talk."

Before long, I was standing inside our empty house. I set my luggage aside and headed to the living room. I sat on the sofa and waited. The house looked and smelled like no one had lived in it for years. Our wedding photo was still hanging on the wall. It offended and saddened me at the same time.

I glanced at my phone. Charles still had not replied. I guessed that maybe he would not be home tonight.

But I just sat there for a long time and immersed myself in my thoughts. Then, I heard a car pull over outside. I shot up from my seat, feeling my heart break into a gallop. Did I still expect anything of my stone-hearted husband? Maybe. Maybe not. But at the last moment, I gnashed my teeth together and clasped my trembling hands. I reminded myself, 'I'm here to end this.'

The doorknob turned, and the door swung open. Charles turned on the lights, and they cast a tall shadow of him down the hall. He walked in. He was clad in a charcoal black suit and immaculate white shirt. His expression showed exhaustion, but it did nothing to overshadow his angular face and prominent cheekbones. Everything was still the same. He still exuded that icy aura that I could feel from a few feet away.

As he walked closer, my heart beat faster, and my breath started coming in short bursts. I could not believe I forgot how handsome he was. He was like a god who

did not belong in the mortal world. He had the kind of charm that just made people surrender.

Time had made him into a more mature-looking, head-turning man. I averted my gaze as I felt my cheeks burn.

He walked to the sofa and sat down. I took the seat across from him.

Then, he stared at me with his cold, sharp eyes. My first thought was to lower my head and avoid looking directly at him, but I forced my chin up. I saw my reflection in his dark eyes.

“You’re back.” He spoke in his usual monotone, which would have made me bristle had I not known it so completely.

“Yes,” I answered, keeping my voice as nonchalant as his.

“My lawyer just sent you an email.” As Charles spoke, he loosened his tie. His muscular chest poked through his shirt.

“Okay, let me check.” I swallowed and schooled my features into neutrality.

I took out my phone and pulled up my email, and the subject line of the latest email in my inbox jumped right at me—divorce agreement. Although I was expecting it, I still felt like somebody drove a knife through my chest. The pain was swift and startling, and the only reason I was thankful for it was that it blinded me from Charles’s charm for a second.

“All right. I’ll sign it.” I put my phone away and looked back at my soon-to-be ex-husband. Soon, he would no longer belong to me. I had a good run pretending to be Mrs. Moore. But it had to come to an end now, and I had to kick Mr. Moore out of my world.

“Don’t you want to read the agreement first?”

“No need. I’m sure Mr. Moore will treat his ex-wife well.” I forced a smile. Ex-wife. I was going to be his ex-wife pretty soon, but I was not sure I was okay with such a blunt term.

“You will get this Gardner Street house. And the apartment downtown...”

“When?” I interrupted Charles.

“What?” He frowned and looked at me with probing eyes.

“When are we signing the papers?” I asked softly.

“I’ll make an appointment with my lawyer,” Charles replied, slightly dipping his chin.

“Very well. I’ll wait for your call.”

After a moment of silence, he looked up at me again.

“Rita is not in good health. I just want to fulfill her last wish,” he explained.

I clenched my fist as I swallowed the lump in my throat. Fulfill her last wish? What a great man. But did he have to do it at my expense? Well, I supposed I had no right to be hurt here. After all, I was just a fake Mrs. Moore. A substitute.

“I understand.” I just nodded, even though deep inside, I was brimming with so many things I wanted to say to his face.

“If you need anything else, I’ll have my lawyer put it in the agreement.”

“No, I’m good. Whatever’s in there, it’s enough.” Once again, I curled my lips into a weak smile.

“Come see Rita tomorrow.” Charles

stood up and started pacing in front of me.

He said his last remark firmly. He was not asking me to come see his girlfriend. He was commanding me. What did he think of me? And why should I go meet that woman? Did he just want to rub salt into my wound?

“And why would I do that?” I asked him with a straight face.

“I don’t want her to feel guilty about our divorce. Tell her that you’re in love with someone else. Assure her that our decision to end our marriage has nothing to do with her.” He stopped in front of me and looked into my eyes once again.

“Fine.”

I wanted to refuse. But for some reason, I had always found it difficult to say no to him. All he had to do was look me in the eyes and ask, and I’d just give in without a fight.

“Thank you. I’ll pick you up tomorrow.”

“Don’t bother. Just text me the address, and I’ll be there.”

Charles took one last look at me and then walked away.

I watched his receding figure as tears welled up in my eyes. We had been hiding our marriage during the past three years. No one knew about it except our family and close friends. A few months ago, the media reported news of Charles and Rita’s engagement. Photos of Rita trying on wedding dresses were also published and got circulated all over the Internet. What a perfect match!

I spent some long nights staring at those photos, and each and every time, my eyes automatically darted to Charles. At that time, I thought that I should not lose hope in us. I believed that as long as I stayed married to him, there was still a chance that he could fall in love with me and then our relationship would become real. I loved him, and as long as I did, that was enough.

I did not realize until much later that I also needed him to love me back and not just for a bit. I wanted him to love me as much as I loved him.

I spent the last three years waiting for him. I tried and tried my best to show him my affection and concern despite the distance between us, but I got nothing in return. One day, I woke up and allowed the truth to beat me to a pulp.

That day, the clingy, needy Scarlett died a painful death, and from her corpse rose a new one, a Scarlett clad in an armor so thick, no sword or spear could pierce it.

I went up to my room with my suitcases and unpacked my clothes. Then, I took a shower and changed into a nightgown. The room looked like nobody had touched it since I left. There was not a knickknack out of place or even a wrinkle on the sheets. It was obvious that Charles had not used it in the last three years because he was probably living someplace else with Rita.

The thought made me wince. I went to the balcony to breathe some fresh air. To my surprise, I saw Charles's car still parked in the driveway. Why was he still here? Should he not be rushing back to his beloved Rita?

While I was blankly staring at his car, my phone rang. It was my best friend, Tiana. I answered her call.

"Hey, Tiana!"

"Bitch! Welcome back!"

"Thank you."

"I'm still on a business trip. I'm so sorry I couldn't pick you up at the airport today."

"It's okay. Work comes first."

"Are you back for good or are you going to leave again the first chance you get?"

"I think I'll be staying for now."

"Great! Come work in our radio station then. I mean, you're perfect for the job. You majored in media, your voice is pleasant to hear, and you're gorgeous. People are going to love you. You'll fit right in. What do you say?"

"Okay."

"Have you talked to Charles?" Tiana's voice suddenly became low as if she wanted to feel out something.

"Yes." I looked at Charles's car in the driveway again.

"Did he tell you about his little girlfriend?"

"Yes."

"What a shameless jerk! How dare he mention her to you?"

"It's all right, Tiana. He asked me to come see Rita tomorrow, and I said yes."

"What? You agreed to meet that bitch who stole your husband? Are you out of your damn mind, Scarlett? That woman seduced Charles and encouraged him to divorce you. I honestly don't know why she's wasting her energy. The Moore family didn't approve of her for Charles three years ago. What makes her think they've somehow changed their minds now?" Tiana was practically roaring from the other end of the line.

"All's said and done. At this point, I just want to let bygones be bygones." I smiled lightly.

"Bygones? Scarlett, you still love him, don't you?"

I did not answer. Of course I still loved him. I had never stopped loving him.

"Scarlett!" Tiana's yell snapped me right back to reality.

"I'm tired, Tiana. I'll call you tomorrow, okay? See you soon."

I hung up the phone before Tiana could protest and took a deep breath. Charles's car was still there, and it didn't look like he planned to leave anytime soon. But what did I care?

All of a sudden, exhaustion finally weighed down on me. I went back to my room and crawled into bed. I laid on my back, stared at the ceiling, and waited for sleep to come. A few moments later, I heard someone knocking on the door.

Rubbing the sleep off my eyes, I slid out of bed and opened the door. I found Charles standing outside.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 2

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
**Chapter 2 Sick Feeling**

Scarlett's POV:

"Anything else?" I asked in disbelief.

"We have to get up early to see Rita tomorrow," Charles replied coldly.

"Okay."

I was confused. I could not help but wonder if he returned just to make a point.

"I'll sleep here tonight," he added.

I came to my senses the instant I heard what he had said. I wanted to ask him if it was really okay for him to stay here, but I decided to swallow my words instead.

"I'm afraid you'll oversleep because of the jet lag," he explained. He must have seen the confusion on my face.

"Oh. Okay. I'd better clean the guestroom now."

As soon as I finished speaking, I turned around and walked over to my suitcase, ready to leave with it.

But then, Charles walked up to me and blocked my way.

"Why are you avoiding me?"

I looked back into his cold eyes and reminded him, "I'm just doing what you want. Didn't you ask me three years ago to keep a distance from you?"

As soon as I said those words, he slowly walked towards me, a hint of anger in his eyes.

"You stay here."

His words made me lose my grip on my suitcase, making it fall to the ground. He then walked closer, and my heart beat faster and faster...

To my surprise, he just walked past me and then sat on the sofa. There he unbuttoned his shirt and made himself comfortable.

"I'll sleep on the sofa," he said flatly.

I could not help but hit my head and scold myself for being imaginative. A dirty thought crossed my mind just now! Without another word, I picked up my suitcase and put it aside.

I turned my back on Charles and heard him take his clothes off and open the closet to get fresh ones. A moment later, he finally entered the bathroom.

It had been three years since we got married. The man of my dreams, my legal husband, was now only a few feet away from me. Even though he had gone to the bathroom, his scent still lingered in the air. It smelled so good, and it made me feel butterflies in my stomach.

I walked to the bedside and lay down on the bed. I lay on my side with my body curled up and listened to the sound of running water from the bathroom.

When the sound finally stopped, I quickly closed my eyes and pretended to be fast asleep. I even slowed down my breathing, so he would not notice I was just feigning sleep.

There were so many guest rooms. Why did he insist on sharing a room with me? Perhaps it was because we had not seen each other for three years. Nevertheless, this man was getting more and more unpredictable.

A deafening silence filled the air after a long while. I secretly opened my eyes and looked at Charles. He was lying on the sofa with his back to me. As I gazed at his figure, my body finally relaxed. I had known that nothing would happen tonight. Even so, I still could not help but be disappointed deep inside.

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Charles was already gone when I woke up the next morning. I checked the time on my phone, and my eyes widened in shock. It was already ten o'clock in the morning!

I jumped off the bed and washed up as fast as I could. When I walked out of the room, I saw Charles reading a book on the sofa in the living room.

"Why didn't you wake me up?!" I asked, my voice slightly louder in panic.

"I did. In fact, I almost splashed cold water on you just to wake you up." Charles did not even take his eyes off the book when he spoke. There was no emotion in his tone either.

"Sorry. I was a little tired yesterday. Let's go now," I said awkwardly with my eyes lowered to the floor. It seemed that I slept so soundly last night.

"Eat something first."

"What? Then Ri—"

"There's no need to hurry. We'll meet later at lunch."

His words took me aback. Did he not say that I was supposed to get up early? Did I hear it wrong? Perhaps he said that only to trick me.

Anyway, I did as I had been told. I ate a light breakfast and then urged him to leave afterwards. It was not because I was in a hurry to see Rita. It was just that I wanted to get this over with as soon as possible.

I was silent on the way to the restaurant. Charles did not say a word either. We had been married for three years. But for some reason, we were like strangers to each other. To make this worse, I was currently accompanying my husband to his fiancée.

The car stopped at Rainbow Dream, a Michelin three-star restaurant. This was the most luxurious restaurant in the city. Truth be told, I had never been here before. Even after becoming Mrs. Moore, Charles never took me to this place.

The instant we entered the restaurant, a waiter approached and greeted us. "Mr. Moore, Miss Lively is waiting for you on the second floor." Judging from the waiter's greeting, it seemed that Charles was a frequent guest here.

Without a word, I followed Charles into the elevator.

"Smile when you see Rita and don't pull a long face," Charles ordered coldly.

I forced a smile and reassured him, "I will."

"Scarlett, long time no see!" Rita greeted us with a wide smile the moment we entered the private room. It appeared that she had not aged after all these years. She must be paying an exorb

itant amount of money to maintain her youthful face. Impressively, her face was exactly as that in the movies. She did not look like a patient who had been ill for a long time.

"Long time no see," I greeted back with a gentle smile.

"Have you gotten over the jet lag? I was worried that you wouldn't be able to get up in the morning today, so I set the time at noon."

"Yes, thank you. I slept soundly last night. This is my hometown, after all."

"You've suffered a lot in the past three years. It's all my fault. Good thing Charles is here. I feel so much better now than I did in the past." Rita coughed as soon as she finished speaking. As if on cue, Charles handed her a glass of water.

When he saw Rita today, it felt as though the ice in his body melted, and he changed into a completely different person in an instant. His attitude towards Rita was different than the way he treated me.

Today's main course was steak. Charles carefully cut the steak on Rita's plate. It was unusual to see him like this—so gentle and considerate.

"I'm fine. Don't worry. I'm doing great. Actually, I just got my diploma." I smiled at Rita as I struggled with the steak with the knife and fork.

"You stayed in France for three years. Do you have a boyfriend? We're going to spend our honeymoon in France during the Cannes Film Festival this year."

Boyfriend? As a dutiful Mrs. Moore, I had never considered being with another man while I was still married. For some reason, I still had a glimmer of hope for Charles.

"Uh... yes, actually. I met a guy there. He's an artist." I immediately thought of a guy whom I could show to her. As Charles had said yesterday, I should make Rita rest assured.

I saw him from the corner of my eye. He was cutting the steak. He stiffened for a second.

"Do you have any photos of him?" Rita asked inquisitively.

Her curiosity caught me off guard. I looked at Charles in hopes that he would help me. Sadly, he did not even glance at me.

"Well, we're not together yet, so I didn't save his picture on my phone," I reasoned out and then continued cutting my steak.

"Does he have Facebook? Maybe he posts photos there. I want to see him," Rita urged. It seemed that she had no plans of dropping the topic until she saw the man herself.

"Let me check." As I spoke, I took out my phone and thought about which classmate I should pretend to be my pursuer for a while. The first person that came into my mind was Pierre. He and I had a good relationship, so my plan could work. I visited his Facebook page and immediately saw a picture of him in front of the Eiffel Tower. He had long wild hair and a young and handsome face. Pierre and Charles were polar opposites. The former was artistic and went with the flow, while the latter was cold and reserved. I handed my phone to Rita with Pierre's photo on the screen.

Her eyes beamed with happiness upon seeing the picture. "Oh my! He looks just like an artistic and carefree Parisian guy. I'm so happy for you, Scarlett. After all, Charles and I... I'm sorry." She then showed the photo to Charles.

He just glanced at it for a second. "You two are a perfect match," he coldly remarked.

Rita finally returned my phone. "Will he come to America to visit you?" she asked excitedly.

"He's still in Europe. He's holding an art exhibition in Lyon. He'll come here next month to establish his career, though." I lied. Everything that came out of my

mouth was nothing but fiction. It did not matter, though. The most important thing for me right now was to make Rita happy. Besides, I might not see her again after I signed the divorce agreement. Otherwise, I would have to think about how to make Pierre come here.

“Do you love him?” Rita asked, her eyes twinkling in anticipation.

I was stunned.

“Of course.” I tried my best to keep calm and composed, so she would not see right through me.

“That’s great! Charles, it seems that we don’t need to worry about Scarlett at all. Let’s wish Scarlett happiness!” Rita excitedly raised her glass.

Charles also raised his.

“Scarlett, promise me that you’ll be happy.” Rita looked at me in the eye when she spoke. But then, I knew very well that this was all a facade. Underneath her gentle mask was an ugly evil heart.

“Of course. You too.”

We drank up the wine in our glasses as a sign of promise.

When I put down my glass, my hands suddenly trembled. Not only that, but I also felt sick to my stomach. I wished that this meal would be over soon. I did not want to see this hypocrite anymore.

“Sorry, I have to go to the bathroom.” I excused myself, unable to take it anymore. I wanted to go outside and breathe the fresh air to ease the sickening feeling in my stomach.

When I returned to the table a few moments later, Charles was already helping Rita put on her coat.

“Rita doesn’t feel well. I’ll drive her home. Later, I will—”

“It’s okay. I can go home on my own,” I reassured.

I watched helplessly as Charles walked out of the restaurant with Rita in his arms. All of a sudden, the tense muscles all over my body loosened up.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 3

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### Chapter 3 Unexpected Visitors

Charles's POV:

After sending Rita home, I went back to the office to deal with some business matters.

In the evening, I received a message from Spencer.

It read, "Charles, would you like to join us? Everyone is here."

I replied, "Okay. I'll be there soon."

I typed as I walked out of the office.

Spencer owned the Mint Bar. It was one of the most popular bars in the city, and tonight, it was particularly crowded. As soon as I walked in, I saw Spencer and David. We all had been friends since we were little boys.

"Have you seen Scarlett?" Spencer asked as soon as I was in front of him.

"Yes," I answered and then asked the bartender to serve me a glass of whiskey.

"Are you really divorcing her?" Spencer pressed, coming closer to me.

"Yes," I answered impatiently and lit a cigarette.

"How could you, man? Scarlett's, like, our girl. We grew up with her. You and Rita are being cruel to her."

I blew a puff of smoke in the air as the bartender set my drink in front of me. I decided not to answer Spencer and just drank my whiskey. But what he said was true.

Truth be told, I was nervous when I spoke to Scarlett last night about the divorce. Meanwhile, she just sat there the entire time, looking all calm and collected. I could not decide whether it bothered or impressed me. We had not seen each other for three years. She was no longer the sweet little girl who wore her heart on her sleeve. She had grown a lot.

Seeing her again in that cool disposition upset me a little.

"Did she agree?" David asked curiously.

"Yes, she did."

At this time, I was regretting my decision to come out and meet my friends. I just wanted to have a drink with them, and here they were grilling me with all these questions.

"So you're really marrying Rita?"

"Yes."

"Are you serious? Are you really going to sacrifice your happiness just because she saved you?" David got quite emotional at my answer. He accidentally spilled his wine on my clothes.

"Fuck!" I cursed angrily.

"Oh, my. I'm so sorry, man," David immediately apologized.

Since I did not want to sit there looking like a total mess, I excused myself and went home to change my clothes. I left the bar and called for a transport service. I had planned on going home, but as soon as I got in the car, I found myself stopping to think.

Then, I asked the driver to take me to Gardner Street instead.

When I arrived, the house was brightly lit, and I could hear bursts of laughter coming through the open windows. A familiar Mercedes was parked in the garage.

It seemed that my mother and grandmother had come to visit.

I walked quickly to the door, but before I could input the password, someone had already opened the door from the inside.

"Where were you? Why weren't you answering my calls?" My mom trotted over and scolded me.

"I was in a meeting, Mom."

"And why do you reek of alcohol? Did you drink? Oh my God, you're a mess. Go get changed." She wrinkled her nose and ushered me in.

I entered the house and saw Grandma and Scarlett sitting in the living room, talking and laughing. There were fruits and even an apple pie on the coffee table.

"Hi, Grandma." I went over to say hello and picked up a slice of apple pie, but my grandma slapped my hand away.

"Hands off. That's not for you. That's for Scarlett."

"Charles, what happened to you? Come, let's get you some fresh clothes." Scarlett stood up and walked toward me.

"You've been married for a long time. Why do you still call Charles by his first name?" Grandma asked Scarlett and then looked at me suspiciously.

"Is there anything wrong with the way I address him?" Scarlett stopped and asked.

"Don't young married couples such as yourselves call their spouses honey or babe or something?"

Scarlett froze and seemed to think for a while. Then, she cleared her throat. "Come, honey. Let me help you change."

She helped me take off my suit jacket and flashed me a sincere smile.

"That's more like it," Grandma beamed, her tone filled with satisfaction.

She loved Scarlett very much. While

Scarlett was abroad during the past few years, Grandma often asked me about her. I just replied perfunctorily every time.

Before long, Grandma started a new topic.

"Charles, I've made an appointment with the doctor for you this week. Don't drink until then. I want you to go get yourself checked out."

I was stunned.

"But I've just had a physical examination, Grandma. I'm very healthy."

"I don't want you to have another physical examination. It's a more specialized check-up. It's been several years. Where are my great grandchildren? And I definitely think it's not Scarlett's fault. It's yours."

Scarlett pursed her lips and looked at me. A muscle flickered in her jaw. She looked as if she was trying not to burst into laughter.

Before I could defend myself, my phone rang, and I heaved a sigh of relief. Scarlett, who was holding my jacket, took my phone out of the breast pocket and saw the name of the caller on the screen. I could tell that it was Rita by the way her face suddenly changed.

"Is it that woman? Oh, for crying out loud!" my mother exclaimed.

I took my phone from Scarlett and rejected the call.

"Is it Rita? You're a married man now, Charles. Why are you still involved with that woman? You should be loyal to Scarlett. And what were those photos of Rita trying on wedding dresses I saw on the news? What's going on?" Grandma nagged.

"It's not what you think, Grandma."

“Then why did you decline her call? Is there anything that you two have to talk about that you don’t want us to hear?”

I did not know how to answer. I could lie to others but not to my grandma. She always saw through me.

Grandma was so angry that she trembled. Scarlett quickly poured her a glass of water.

“Charles will be more than happy to answer your question, Grandma, but let me take him to change his clothes first,” Scarlett said, pushing me upstairs and into the bedroom.

“I have a couple of white shirts in the third cabinet.”

As Scarlett went to get me a clean shirt, I took off the one that David stained with his wine. It was already ruined. Damn it. I really would not spare David next time.

Then, I felt a palpable silence behind me. I turned around.

Scarlett was standing there and staring at me with one of my shirts in her hand. She dipped her chin, trying to hide the furious blushing in her cheeks.

“How long have you been standing there?”

She did not reply. She just quickly closed her eyes. I walked up to her.

This time, I was able to see more of the new her. She was no longer the little girl she used to be. Her past three years in France had changed her from a mere bud to a delicate rose.

Her long eyelashes were trembling. Her lips were pressed together in a thin line as if she was suppressing something. Her face grew redder and redder with each passing minute.

I took the shirt from her hand and quickly put it on.

After I changed into a fresh shirt, we went back to the living room together.

“I don’t have many years left, Charles. Why couldn’t you just live a peaceful life with Scarlett? Why are you always trying to piss me off, huh?” Grandma was still blaming me.

“Grandma, next time you want to come here, you can call me and I’ll come pick you up, okay?” I still did not know how to answer her, so I just decided to change the subject.

"No, thanks. You're always so busy. I don't want to inconvenience you. I just want to see if you're treating your wife right."

"Grandma, I'm fine," Scarlett chimed in.

"Very well then. By the way, don't forget the 60th anniversary party of the Moore Group tomorrow. Charles, I expect you to buy Scarlett a beautiful evening dress for the party. I want everyone to see how lucky you are to land someone like her. Don't you make me unhappy again, you hear me, young man?"

"Of course, Grandma."

After chatting with my grandma and my mom for a long time, I was finally able to convince them to call it a night and saw them off.

Under the circumstances, there was no way I could mention the divorce to them without unleashing one hell of an uproar.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 4

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Chapter 4 A Greedy Man

Scarlett's POV:

After I said goodbye to Charles and Rita at Rainbow Dream, Charles's mother, Alice, called me. She told me that she and Christine—Charles' grandmother were coming to see us. It had been a long time since I last saw them. I was so excited by Alice's call that I practically screamed my agreement at her over the phone. I could not wait to see them both, especially Grandma Christine. I had missed her and her delicious apple pies.

They had always been very kind to me and made me feel like I was family. If they found out that Charles and I were planning to get divorced, they would be heartbroken.

So Charles and I tried our best and acted like a normal loving married couple until Alice and Christine decided to go home. It just was not the right time to tell them. We had to be really careful as well because Christine was unusually perceptive. She could sense lies and deception from a mile away like a shark smelling a drop of blood in the water.

I was not expecting Charles home, but as soon as I saw him, I acted like a caring wife to him. I honestly thought I deserved an Oscar Award for my performance.

Thinking about how Grandma Christine scolded Charles earlier like he was a naughty, restless little boy, I had to bite down my laughter.

“What’s so funny?”

“What? Nothing,” I mumbled. I needed to find a place in the house to be alone for a while. Since Charles and I talked about the divorce, I had been finding it a little difficult to stay in the same room as he was.

“Where are you going?”

“The kitchen.”

“Can you run me a bath, please?” Charles ordered with a cold face.

“Okay.”

I turned on my heels and went upstairs to the bathroom. I stared at the huge white porcelain double bathtub and realized that I had never used it. Suddenly, I was imagining Charles taking a bath in it.

It took all of three heartbeats before my imagination blew the Charles-in-the-bathtub scene out of proportion and sent me reeling. ‘What the hell, Scarlett? Stop with the inappropriate thoughts about your husband already!’

I shook my head and turned on the tap. After adjusting the water temperature, I waited for the bathtub to fill up.

I sat on the edge of the bathtub and thought about the dinner party tomorrow night. Shall I go with Charles? If I were being honest, going with Charles to the party would make me a bit uncomfortable, but I had not seen or spoken to his family in a long time. I would really love to see Alice and Grandma Christine again and also Lawrence. I had known them since I was a little girl, and I truly think of them as my family.

While I was immersed in my reverie, the bathroom door suddenly swung open.

I instinctively turned around to look, but I was not able to retain my balance.

Next thing I knew, I was falling into the bathtub.

Fortunately, the bathtub was almost full. It was so big that I felt as if I had fallen into a swimming pool.

Scared to death that I was going to drown, I flailed around instinctively. Then, I remembered that I was in a bathtub and stopped.

The bathroom suddenly fell eerily silent except for the sound of running water from the tap.

“I’m sorry... I’m so sorry,” I quickly got out of the bathtub. I scattered water everywhere as I stepped out.

“Why are you apologizing?” Charles frowned and looked at me.

I was sopping wet, and all I could see was my bra peeking through my white shirt and my skirt clinging to my legs. Even though I was fully clothed, I felt like I was naked. I tried to wring some of the water out of my shirt, but I just felt like I was wringing my dignity’s neck.

Why did I have to sit on the edge of the bathtub? I could have just stood there as I waited for it to fill up.

“I’ll change the water.” I quickly turned off the tap and opened the bathtub’s drain.

“No, I got it. You go change.”

Charles coughed, threw me his bath towel, and turned around.

I wrapped the towel around my body and ran to my room to change into clean, dry clothes. After changing into fresh clothes, I grabbed another bath towel for Charles to use and went back to the bathroom.

I found Charles standing there half-naked. From where I stood, I only saw one side of his body. He was not that heavily muscled, but he was taut and slender. He looked like a well-chiseled statue of a male Roman deity, and it made me catch my breath. I wanted to turn around and leave, but my eyes seemed to have a mind of their own. I could not help staring him down. His side view allowed me a peek of half of his eight-pack abs and his Adonis belt that extended into his trousers.

I swallowed as my cheeks started to grow hot. Charles was about to take off his pants, but suddenly, he stopped and turned to look at me.

Then, he started walking toward me, giving me a full view of his gorgeous torso. My eyes darted to the scar on his chest. I looked at it carefully.

Since when did he have that scar?

“May I have my towel, please?” I had no idea how long I had been staring. If it were not for Charles’s question, I would not have woken up from my fixation on his scar.

“Oh. Yes. I’m sorry,” I muttered. I lowered my head a

nd handed the towel to him with both hands.

After a rustling sound, the towel was replaced by a pair of trousers and a shirt.

After that, I rushed out of the bathroom and tossed his clothes into the washing machine.

Before long, Charles's phone started ringing again, and Rita's name appeared on the screen.

The sudden pang of pain startled me so much that I found myself grabbing on to the sheets. I sat there in bed, thinking about how my own husband never really belonged to me.

After a while, Charles walked out of the bathroom in a bathrobe. He was drying his hair with a towel.

Damn, he looked so sexy. But I forced myself to look away.

"Rita called you just now," I told him.

He just nodded and quickly picked up his phone. He glanced at me and then went to the balcony to call Rita. I could hear some of their conversation from where I was sitting.

"Okay. Now don't cry. Drink some water first. I'll call Jenny and ask her to come over to your place. You need to get plenty of rest." I scoffed. Rita's performance would be insufferable even if it were in a movie. I did not understand why she had to torment everyone in real life as well, especially Charles.

After hanging up with Rita, Charles came back in, walked to the wardrobe, and changed into a charcoal black suit.

At this moment, I was no longer in the mood to watch him. The more I saw of him, the more heartache I had to endure.

"I'm going out. Don't wait up for me. Call me if there's anything urgent," Charles told me as if he was reading off a manual.

"You've had some drinks. Don't drive." Even if it broke my heart to think that he was running off to Rita, I still cared about his safety. I did not want him to get hurt.

Charles appeared to be stunned.

"I'll call the driver over."

Then, he made a phone call. Not long after, a car arrived at the villa.

From Charles's POV:

I got in the car and was about to go to Rita's place, but the disappointment in Scarlett's eyes bothered the hell out of me. I suddenly felt fidgety, and after a few moments, I finally told my driver, Burton, my destination.

"The Mint Bar, please," I blurted out.

I had already asked Jenny, Rita's doctor, to come see Rita. Rita would be fine if I did not show up at her place tonight.

"Yes, Mr. Moore."

When I walked into the bar, everything was still the same. The neon lights were still flashing, the music was still blaring, and the crowd seemed to have not thinned out since I was here earlier.

"Charles! There you are! I knew you'd come back!" Spencer came up and punched me playfully in the chest.

"Fuck off!"

David poured me a glass of whiskey. I drank it all up in one gulp.

"Wow, easy there, Mr. Moore. What's the matter? You look upset. Oh, I know. Let me tell you why you're upset, Charles. It's because you're too greedy. You want too much all at once. Let me tell you something—you can't have two women at the same time. Just give it up, man."

"Will you shut the hell up for once, Spencer?" David chimed in and pushed Spencer away.

He threw a cue to me.

"Let's just play. It'll take your mind off things."

"Sure. Why not?" I caught the cue, and David started setting the pool table.

He let me break. Watching the billiard balls rolling on the table calmed me down for a second.

"But seriously, Charles, do you mind if someone else pursues Scarlett? After you two are officially divorced, of course."

Hearing this, I approached Spencer with the cue in my hand.

"No, no, you misunderstand. I'm not talking about myself. Scarlett's like a sister to me. I just think that it's only fair that she also has someone special in her life, you know? You and Rita have been living like an old married couple since Scarlett left three years ago. Don't you think it's about time that Scarlett went back to the dating pool? After all, she's single and ready to mingle now. She deserves to be happy, too."

I took a shot at a ball near the side pocket, but I did not get it in.

"Rita and I are not an old married couple."

“Do you mean that you’ve been sleeping with her regularly during the last three years?”

Rita had always been in poor health. Every time I was with her, we did everything but be intimate. Even if I wanted to, I could not put her through such a strenuous activity in her condition.

“Oh, my. Buddy, don’t tell me you haven’t gotten her.” Spencer shook his head.

Before I could retort, my phone rang again. It was Rita. I rejected the call and turned off my phone.

But on second thought, Scarlett was alone in the villa. If anything happened to her and my phone was turned off, she would not be able to find me.

I turned my phone on again.

“What’s wrong? Was that Rita? Why didn’t you answer?” Spencer asked in confusion.

“It’s none of your business, Spencer.”

“Charles, you can’t waver between two women like this. It’s unfair to both of them. Since you want to divorce Scarlett, you should treat Rita well.”

Somehow, the words “divorce Scarlett” sounded like nails on a chalkboard to me.

“Scarlett and I haven’t gone through the divorce formalities yet. We’re still married.”

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 5

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

**Chapter 5 The Brightest Girl**  
Scarlett’s POV:

I looked at myself in the mirror. I wore a long white evening dress, a pair of Prada high-heeled shoes, and a pair of pearl stud earrings. I tied my hair up into a tight, clean bun.

But I still thought that there was something missing.

Then I put on my black choker necklace with the small turquoise on it and smiled. My father gave it as a gift to my mother, and my mother handed it down to me.

"Are you done? Come on, Scarlett, let me see. Can't you raise your phone so that I can see you?" Tiana and I were on video call while I was getting dressed. While I got ready for the party, she was protesting loudly on the other end of the line.

"I only have two hands, Tiana. Calm down. I'm almost done."

At last, I put on my favorite pink lipstick and pouted my lips to check the color.

"Turn around. Let me have a look."

I looked at myself in the mirror and still felt uneasy.

I picked up my phone and angled the front camera toward myself. Tiana covered her mouth and stopped moving.

The picture had frozen. Was it because of a bad signal?

"Tiana, are you still there?"

"Oh, my God, girl! You look absolutely stunning! Oh, Charles is going to be stupefied by how gorgeous you look tonight! In fact, all the men at the party will be stupefied!"

"Mrs. Moore, if we don't set out now, we'll have to take the helicopter," Burton, the driver, called at me from the driveway.

"Thanks for the over-the-top compliment per usual, Tiana. I have to go. I'm already running late." Then, I hung up.

I lifted my dress and went downstairs carefully.

"You look beautiful, Mrs. Moore. You'll be a sensation at the party tonight." Burton opened the door for me.

"Thank you, Burton. Let's go." I was not that much into attending formal events, but I was looking forward to this party.

"Will we make it?"

"We will, Mrs. Moore. Trust me." After saying that, Burton stepped on the accelerator and drove toward the Ritz Carlton Hotel.

Before I knew it, I was at the hotel's drop-off area.

I got off the car and felt the cold evening wind on my arms and face. Fortunately, it should be warm indoors.

I entered the banquet hall, and many heads turned toward my direction. All the attention made me feel a little tense and wonder if I had somehow gone overboard with my outfit.

"Scarlett! You're finally here." I heaved a sigh of relief as Christine approached me.

"Hi, Grandma. Sorry I'm late."

"Our little princess is finally here."

I beamed as Alice and her husband Lawrence also walked toward me.

"Dad, mom. Oh, I'm so glad to see you both. I deeply apologize for arriving late."

"Don't worry about it, dear. The best is always the last one to show up anyway," Alice assured me with a smile.

At this time, many people in the banquet hall had taken notice of me. One of them was a young man who waved at me and smiled. It was Spencer.

I swept my eyes over the buzzing crowd and finally met a pair of cold, dark eyes. It was Charles, and he was staring right back at me. Other than the usual detached look, there was something else in his eyes tonight that I could not quite figure out.

"Who is she?"

"I think that's the girl Lawrence and Christine adopted. Don't you think she's magnificent?"

"Yes, she is breathtaking. She is even more attractive than Rita."

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Everyone began to whisper among themselves.

"Look, our little Scarlett has become a charming young woman!" Spencer came over with a smile on his face. David was right on his heels.

"Long time no see." I extended my hand toward them, and they kissed it.

When Spencer hugged me, I caught a glimpse of Charles. He was standing by the stage and watching me. He still looked at me with those icy, unreadable eyes. This time, I caught a glimpse of anger on his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen, before we celebrate the 60th anniversary of the Moore Group tonight, let us first please welcome our dear CEO, Mr. Charles Moore, for his opening remarks."

Charles went onto the stage, smiled at the emcee, and shook hands with him. The cold look on his face was gone, and he started giving his speech in a warm tone that I had not heard him use. He glanced at me from time to time, and I returned his gaze.

A few reporters were invited to the party tonight. After Charles's speech, they were allowed to ask him a few questions.

"Mr. Moore, there's a rumor going around that you and Miss Rita Lively are engaged. Is that true?"

"Were you with her when she was photographed trying on wedding dresses?"

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I was not surprised by the questions they threw right at Charles. The Moore Group had always been in the spotlight, and Rita was an actress whose career fueled the rumor mill. Financial reporters could sometimes be gossipy.

I turned to look at Alice, Christine, and Lawrence. They were not liking what was happening.

"I think my personal life is the least of everyone's concerns tonight. And with that, let me welcome you to tonight's festivities. On behalf of the Moore Group, thank you for joining us and have a wonderful evening."

Charles handled that quite well, and it was expected. He had been in the game long enough to learn how to deal with nosy people.

After Charles ended his speech, the band resumed the music, drowning out the reporters' follow-up questions.

Soon, the guests began to fill the dance floor.

"Scarlett, may I have this dance?" Spencer walked over to me and offered me his hand.

I beamed as he gracefully bowed to me like a real gentleman.

I found it a little amusing, considering Spencer was a bit of a ladies' man back in high school. No amount of gentlemanly demeanor could ever cover up the trail of broken hearts he left in his wake.

"Well, why not?" I took his hand and let him tow me to the dance floor.

He put one hand around my waist and held my hand in the air with the other. I rested my other hand on his shoulder.

"Hold me tighter, you coward. Are you afraid of getting beaten by Charles or something?" I whispered to Spencer.

Spencer grinned and shook his head slightly. Then, he held me closer.

We began to dance. After a few moments, I suddenly felt uneasy. I felt as if someone was watching me. I immediately dismissed the feeling. Maybe I was just thinking too much or maybe I just put on my choker too tightly.

"Take your hand off her." A familiar voice suddenly interrupted my train of thoughts.

Someone had yanked Spencer's hand off my waist.

I had no choice but to stop. I turned around sulkily and found Charles standing right behind me with that confusing expression on his face. I could not tell if he was angry or in pain.

"What's the matter, Charles? I'm just dancing with our friend," I snapped.

He looked stunned. He obviously was not expecting such a reaction from me. But he did not say anything. He just turned around and stomped away like a little boy whose parents did not allow him to play outside.

At this time, a waiter passed by, and I took a glass of champagne from his tray and downed it in one gulp. I was not in the mood to dance anymore.

"Why does he always swoop in and ruin everyone's fun?" I complained to Spencer.

"Force of habit. Don't worry, Scarlett. Your good days are on the way."

Good days? Did he mean the days after the divorce?

I was not sure about that. Soon enough, the revelry in the banquet hall proved too much for me, and I had to get out to get some fresh air. I took off my choker as I made my way to the balcony. The cold night air felt so nice against my face.

Spencer and David did not follow me, and I appreciated it. I needed some time alone to calm down and realign myself.

Los Angeles was a different kind of beautiful compared to Paris where I spent the last three years to study. But even though Paris would always have a special place in my heart, Los Angeles would always be my home.

But since I came home, I had felt a little lonely. I missed Tiana. I could not wait for her to return from her business trip. It was now suddenly occurring to me that I had spent the last three years of my life with just my European friends. Now I missed Tiana even more.

A breeze blew, and my arms prickled with goose bumps. I took a deep breath and welcomed the discomfort. Somehow, it helped ease my nerves.

Next thing I knew, someone was covering me up with a suit jacket. I instantly recognized the scent off the fabric.

I turned around. In the dim light, I was able to make out the contours of a handsome face. I met the gaze of the man standing behind me, and the river of emotions inside me that I had just calmed ran into raging rapids once again.

"It's freezing out here. You're going to catch a cold."

It amazed me sometimes how my husband turned from an uncaring man to a concerned one. It was like he had a switch somewhere that he flipped whenever he wanted.

But why? Why did he do that? Why did he give me the cold shoulder and then turn around and mess with my head? I already said yes to the divorce. He was no longer obligated to care about me.

"Aren't you cold?" I looked up at Charles.

"No, I'm all right."

At this time, my phone beeped. It was a message from Tiana. She said that she had already found a place for me to live.

"I'm going to move out in a few days."

"Why?"

"Because divorced couples usually don't go on living under the same roof."

"I haven't signed the papers yet."

"The place is close to the office where I'm going to work. It'll be much more convenient for me."

"Where you're going to work? You found yourself a job? I could've arranged that for you."

Hearing that, I smiled bitterly in my heart. I suddenly realized that Charles had been arranging many things for me, the most notable of which was him arranging for me to grow into a woman worthy of his name. I had been living a life that he directed, and I had been flowing with his current like dead fish.

"No, thanks. I'm good. I've already spoken to their human resources department."

"Listen, Scarlett..."

"Why should I listen to anything that comes from you anymore?" I snapped once again.

I started taking off the suit jacket, but Charles stopped me.

"Are you trying to catch a cold so that you can make me take care of you? Or would you like me to go inside right now and get Grandma so that she can scold you?" he said with a half-smile.

I rolled my eyes and put the suit jacket back on.

"Take this." Charles put a bank card in my hand and then turned around to leave.

"When shall we go through the divorce formalities?" I asked.

"Why are you in such a hurry to divorce me? Is it because of that French artist? What's his name again? Piero? Pierre?" he asked sharply.

I did not know what to say. I fixed my eyes on him for a few moments. Then, I turned on my heels and left.

If he thought that I had answered yes to his question, then I guess he had just misunderstand me.