

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 31

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Chapter 31 You Are Priceless

Scarlett's POV: When Charles asked me how much he was worth to me, he was standing really close, and I could feel his warm breath on my ear. It was incredibly ambiguous.

I looked down at my toes, and whispered, "You are priceless."

Since he got the answer he wanted, he chuckled in my ear.

"But that was in the past," I added, looking into his eyes.

His smile froze as he turned around and forced me to face him.

"And now?"

His grip was so tight that his fingers were digging into my flesh.

I frowned. It was too windy and I couldn't open my eyes. However, my mind was particularly clear as I said the following words

"You are not worth a cent."

Charles' expression darkened as he finally eased his grip on my arm.

"I want to be the priceless one. Now, and forever!"

"Charles, do you even hear yourself? Don't you think it's ridiculous for a man who is about to divorce his wife to want her to consider him as a priceless treasure?" Shocked, I looked at him in disbelief, but deep down, I was also laughing at the absurd idea.

How could he be so greedy?

'He already has a lover, and yet he wants to be important to me?'

"I am not drunk, if that's what you're thinking. I know exactly what I'm talking about," he retorted with a serious look in his eyes.

"If you are sober, then why do you keep shuttling between two women? You are going to marry your sweetheart, and yet, you can't seem to cut off ties with me, either... Hmm..."

I was furious, but before I could finish

my words, my lips were sealed with his as he kissed me forcibly.

Stunned, I did not know how to react, and when I saw a man passing by, I came to my senses and pushed him away

“What the hell do you want from me, Charles? You asked me to come back to get a divorce, but you’re also dragging me along and flirting with me. Are you still the same Charles Moore?”

“It is me! What? Don’t act like this is the first day you know me!” Charles’ eyes were still filled with passion, but he seemed to be enraged because I had pushed him away.

“You’re crazy!” I was so angry that I could not even bring myself to fight with him. I turned around and was about to leave, but then...

“Yes! I’m crazy!” Charles took a step forward and grabbed my hand. “What are you doing, Charles?” I glared at him, unable to break free.

Without answering me, he pulled me towards his car with great strength. He was obviously livid.

But so was I. I grabbed the car door with my hand, refusing to get in.

“Give me a reason to get in the car,” I demanded.

“I left my jacket at your place. I’ll drive you home and take my jacket from there. Is that good enough?” Charles was trying his best to restrain his emotions.

“It’s just a jacket. You don’t need to wear that particular one.”

“It’s my favorite jacket.”

As far as I knew, Charles rarely ever wore the same clothes again, so his reason did not seem believable to me.

I stood next to the car door with no intention of getting in.

“I won’t come in. You can get it and give it to me.” Charles looked at me helplessly before he finally decided to

compromise

I looked at the cars passing by not far away and all the people around us. I felt that it was not good for us to keep

standing there like that, so I agreed to his request and called Nina to apologize to her.

"You can't go back on your word. I was still a little worried.

"Sure," Charles answered readily.

After getting in the car, he leaned against the seat, but his eyes were fixed on me. He looked like a child that was so happy after getting a toy by throwing a tantrum

I turned to look out of the window, ignoring him. Soon we arrived at the community, Charles got off the car and opened the door for me like a gentleman while I ignored him and walked straight to the elevator

With his hands in his pockets, he followed me.

As soon as he entered the elevator, he leaned against the wall with a playful look in his eyes. He kept playing with my hair and didn't stop until I turned around, glaring at him.

The elevator door opened, and Charles could not wait to get off it, which made it pretty obvious what he wanted to do.

"Don't forget what you said." I had to remind him.

He stopped and looked at me, obviously trying to hide the excitement in his heart.

As I went to open the door he leaned against the wall, looking at me. Seeing that the door was open, he could not wait anymore. He touched his nose and said, "Well... I'm a little thirsty."

Ignoring him, I walked straight into the room, fetched his jacket, and threw it to him. Just when he was about to squeeze in, I shut the door.

Slamming the door on his face brought me joy. I could not help but think of his cold expression as he stood outside the door.

Charles' Pov:

In the club, I casually tossed my jacket away as I sat on the sofa, feeling pretty depressed

"What's the matter? Did you just meet Rita?" Spencer took out a clean glass and poured some red wine for me.

"No." I pinched between my eyes, not wanting to say more. "Looks like it was my dear baby Scarlett, who gave you the cold shoulder." Spencer put the glass of wine in front of me and laughed.

It was as though he was always looking for an opportunity to mock me.

Confused, David looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"What's going on? When did Scarlett become so close to you? And why are you calling her 'dear'?"

"You won't understand. It's a secret between the three of us." Spencer looked at him mysteriously.

"I will understand if you tell me. How can you still be my friend if you have secrets that I don't know about?" David's expression changed when he felt like we were excluding him.

"Do you really want to know?" Spencer

asked, looking at him.

"Of course, I do!"

"Then ask him." Spencer raised his chin as he pointed at me.

However, I was not in the mood to explain to him now. I could not get my mind off the fact that Spencer had called Scarlett so endearingly.

'Dear? Baby? Do people really think that they can call others whatever they want now?'

"Don't call her like that from now on," I warned Spencer with a long face.

"Like what?" He tried to play dumb with me.

"Dear! Baby!" Enraged, I began gritting my teeth

"Wow! You are such a meddlesome ex husband, aren't you? What's so wrong with me calling my girl 'dear'?"

"I asked you to act, not to make it a real thing!" I picked up the glass and took a sip.

"Are you asking me not to be dedicated?"

That doesn't sound like your style! Charles, do you really love Rita?" Spencer asked.

"There's no need to ask. He doesn't look like he loves her at all!" David swirled the wine in his glass as though he was watching a play. Obviously, he understood what was going on from the conversation between Spencer and me. "But it looks like Scarlett is giving him the cold shoulder now."

"It seems that someone is going to suffer a lot! Cheers!"

After saying that, Spencer viciously tried to clink his glass with David, but he ignored him

When I thought of what Scarlett had said to me outside the bar an hour ago, I suddenly became excited and wanted to show off.

"Scarlett said that I was priceless to her."

"Well, you're just making things up at this point. Scarlett is such a smart girl. How could she say something like that to someone who is going to divorce her any day now?" Spencer looked at me in

disbelief.

"You can ask her yourself."

"I am not joking around. I am really going to call her now." Spencer took out his phone and unlocked the screen. Seeing that I was sitting on the sofa and drinking leisurely, he gave up and said, "Forget it. It's your business, anyway. If I call Scarlett and ask her about it, she will think that I'm a nosy bitch, and that would ruin my image."

"Charles, are you still going to divorce her?" David asked.

"I don't think that he wanted to divorce her at all. Maybe he is just thinking about how to consummate their marriage!" Spencer crossed his legs on the sofa, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"We are a couple. Is it wrong to want that?" I asked.

"Shame on you!" When they both heard what I said, they looked at me with disdain and disgust in their eyes. Spencer was really angry.

But I didn't care. I just felt proud of

myself and my decision.

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Chapter 32 Act Like A Shrew

Scarlett's POV:

After my program ended in the morning, a colleague of mine informed me that someone was looking for me outside the studio.

Rita had come to see me at the station several times, so when I heard that someone wanted to see me, she was the first person that I thought of.

While I debated with myself whether or not to step out and meet her, I heard an angry voice. When I looked up, I saw Susan, Rita's mother.

This time, it was the mother and not the daughter that had come for me.

"I'm looking for Scarlett! Where is she? Hey, don't touch me!"

"Madam, this is the studio. You can't come in here."

"Then tell Scarlett to come out here and face me!" Susan marched angrily inside the studio like she was going to tear the place down. Two female assistants could not stop her at all.

From where I stood, I saw everything that was happening. "Go ahead with your work. I'll talk to her," I told my colleagues and went over to Susan.

The two assistants who were trying to stop her stepped aside when I nodded at them.

As soon as her path cleared, Susan rushed over to me and slapped me across the face.

I held my cheek and stared at her with wide eyes. I did not expect that she would do that, so I was extremely startled. My face burned after the impact, and for a few moments, my ears rang.

Seeing this, my colleagues hurried and surrounded us again.

"You bitch! How dare you seduce my

daughter's man? Did you think that you could get away with it? You better leave him now, or you will suffer the consequences!" Susan pointed at me and threatened me.

Looking at her, I guessed that she was around 50 years old. She was a heavysset woman, and her face was now contorted in fury. If I did not know her, I would not have guessed that she and Rita were mother and daughter.

Well, I supposed that was to be expected on account of Rita's multiple plastic surgeries

"You can make trouble here all you want, but I'm not afraid of you, Susan." After taking a moment to recover from Susan's slap, I approached her and spoke to her calmly.

My remark only made her even angrier, and she charged at me again.

But I was prepared for it this time. Before she could hit me again, I was able to catch her wrist and throw her aside. She staggered and almost fell to the ground.

"What's going on here?" The next moment, Abner came over to see what the commotion was all about. He probably heard Susan yelling. Per usual, he was in a neat, crisp suit and looking all powerful and elegant. Anyone would recognize him as the guy who ran the place. Seeing Abner, Susan stepped forward, pointed at me, and shouted, "Did you know that your precious rising star TV host had a morally questionable lifestyle?"

Abner narrowed his eyes at Susan and glanced at me.

"This is a professional working environment, ma'am. If you have an issue with one of my people, then take it up with me in my office."

"I didn't mean to make a scene, but Scarlett is so shameless. She seduced the man my daughter was supposed to marry. Now my daughter's alone and heartbroken. As her mother, I had to do something." Susan glared at me. I did not even flinch. 1

looking back as if they were expecting something else to happen.

"Are you okay, Scarlett? Your face is swollen. Do you need to see a doctor?" After everyone was gone, Abner approached me.

"I'm fine. No need for a doctor." I flashed him a weak smile. Then, he ushered me back to my station.

"Where are you going? We're riot done here! What? You just wreck my daughter's engagement and not face the backlash? Shame on you! We're not finished here until you promise to leave Charles!" As Abner led me away, Susan stepped forward and tried to grab me.

But Abner immediately stood in her way.

"Ma'am, please. I already told you that I will speak to you in my office. I can't let you hurt and humiliate one of my people in my building. You need to calm down."

"How could you defend her? She's a wicked woman, and she deserves the humiliation. If you're not going to deal with her, then I will tell every media 09:32

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person in this city about what she did to my daughter. She will be exposed for what she truly is, and your TV station's reputation will be ruined because of her. "Susan figured from Abner's tone that he was partial to me, and she only got even more furious.

"Ma'am, we're not going to be able to solve anything if you're angry and not thinking clearly." After Abner tried and failed to calm Susan down, the TV station's make-up artist stepped up and attempted to soothe her.

After a few moments of speaking with the make-up artist, Susan finally lowered her voice. "I don't want to make trouble either, but Scarlett has gone too far. I'm only trying to make things right for my daughter."

"I understand. Well, our boss's doors are open if you have anything to complain about Scarlett, and he will help you get to the bottom of the problem. But right now, I have to get Scarlett ready. I have to fix her make-up for her program's shoot."

"Okay."

Susan flashed Abner a suspicious look and reluctantly nodded. Then, she followed him to his office.

After that, the make-up artist took me to the dressing room. Sitting in front of the mirror, I looked at my swollen face and thought about what just happened.

Based on Susan's behavior earlier and what I already knew about Rita, I could only come up with one conclusion. They feared the strong and bullied the weak. Between me and Charles, I was the weak one and easier to intimidate.

Charles did not want to marry Rita, and that was his own decision. I did not have anything to do with it, and I should not take the blame

The more I thought about it, the more I got annoyed. I shook my head and stopped the make-up artist who was about to set my makeup with powder. "Sorry. I have to go talk to Susan."

"Don't worry about her, Scarlett. Abner can handle her." The make-up artist tried to stop me, but I was not about to let Abner get dragged into something that did not involve him.

"I should face her myself," I told the make-up artist.

Before she could stop me again, I was already walking out of the dressing room.

I went straight to Abner's office.

The door was left open, and from where I stood, I could see Susan sitting in front of Abner's desk with a glass of water in her hand. I came just in time to hear the middle of her exaggerated story about how I destroyed her poor daughter's life. I could not help rolling my eyes.

Obviously, Abner did not want to listen to her, but he had to deal with her.

"Abner, may I speak with Susan in private, please?" I knocked on the glass door of his office.

Abner flashed me a worried look and

then glanced at Susan as if he was afraid that I would suffer again if I faced her alone.

But he did not say anything. He just nodded, stepped out of his office, and shut the door behind him.

"How would you like to lose your job if you don't leave Charles, Scarlett? Your boss just said that he would handle it." Susan raised her chin in smug satisfaction. I almost laughed at the emptiness of her threat.

"Oh, did he? Did you tell him that I'm still Charles's legal wife?" I backfired, cocking my head to the side.

Susan was rendered speechless by what I said. Her previous aggressiveness suddenly vanished into thin air

I struck while the iron was hot.

"I meant it when I said I wasn't afraid of you, Susan, because at the rate you're going, everyone will eventually find out that Charles and I are still legally married. How do you think that will play out for Rita? That's right. She'll look like

a desperate celebrity trying to lock down a wealthy married man by bullying his poor wife."

I watched horror, defeat, and fury dance in Susan's twisted face. I had to admit that I felt vindicated seeing her come to the realization that she had come to a gunfight with a knife. 1

Obviously, she had come here guns blazing hoping that she would frighten me into submission. I almost felt sorry for her that her little plan did not work. So, even though she came at the station today to assault me, she was the one who ended up crawling back home.

Because if there was anyone in the world who would kill to keep my marriage to Charles under wraps, it was Susan herself.

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Chapter 33 It's You

Scarlett's POV: After work, I walked out of the TV station with Zora, the make-up artist who helped me out this morning when Susan, Rita's mother, came storming into the studio and started wreaking havoc. Before we could make it to the gates, Abner caught up with us and invited us to dinner.

As soon as we sat down at the restaurant, Zora turned to me.

"So, how did you deal with that hysterical woman who made trouble for you today?" I almost chuckled a reply. Zora was one of the most serious, professional people I knew at work. I found it startling and a little amusing to see her transform into a common gossiper.

"I told her that if she ever comes after me like that again, I will expose her family's atrocities," I replied with a

"Atrocities? Oh, my. Tell me more." Zora's eyes glinted with excitement and anticipation

I just beamed at her but did not answer.

Seeing that I did not intend to reveal more than I already had, Zora stopped asking, but she still flashed me some curious looks the entire meal.

While Abner, Zora, and I enjoyed our dinner, a familiar man strode into the restaurant with a group of men whose swagger screamed opulence. My eyes darted to one of them whose name was Walker. I would never forget him as he had casually asked me to be his mistress over drinks before.

Abner instantly recognized Charles. He glanced at the door and then said to me, "The reason for your bad luck today is coming over."

It took all of two heartbeats for Charles to reach our table, his entourage falling into step behind him.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" I said by way of greeting "Dinner with some friends."

I swept my gaze over the men Charles referred to as his friends. They greeted me with a smile, but I could tell from their curious stares that they were guessing the kind of relationship I had with their dear friend.

"I see you've come here for dinner, too. I'll get the check. It's my treat tonight. Enjoy yourselves." Charles nodded to Abner and Zora. 1

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Moore." Abner did not move. Zora stood up, shook Charles's hand, and thanked him.

Although a little surprised by Zora's gesture, Charles returned the handshake and grinned. Then, he shot me a look as if he was waiting for my expression of gratitude

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Moore. Thank you," I finally blurted out.

Charles answered my remark with a rare, gleeful chortle.

"You're annoyingly cute when you try to be formal with me, Miss Riley. I wish you'd just call me honey." 2 My heart leapt to my throat. Why the hell would he say that in front of people?

Was I not in enough trouble?

Charles flashed me his smug smile that he knew very well peevied me. I could only stare at him as he walked away with his friends to their table. He seemed to be in a good mood, and it made me a little nervous.

"What just happened, Scarlett? Did one of the richest, most eligible bachelors in the city just flirt with you in front of God and everybody? Are you guys dating?" Zora looked at Charles's receding figure with wide eyes and then bombarded me with questions in an excited, gasping voice.

"No. It's not what you think," I said perfunctorily.

"What is it then?"

"It's complicated."

Again, Zora stopped asking since she could not get any decent answer. I heaved a sigh of relief.

After dinner, Abner, Zora, and I left the restaurant together, but before we could walk out the door, Charles's assistant rushed over to us.

"Miss Riley, Mr. Moore wants you to stay and wait for him."

"Fine." I did not want to wait for Charles, but his assistant was just doing his job. I did not want to make things difficult for him.

Seeing that I agreed, he nodded and shuffled back to their table.

"Scarlett, do you really want to sit around here and wait for him? You could've refused." Abner immediately noticed my unwillingness.

"It's okay. I have something to discuss with him anyway." I shook my head.

"Are you really going to be okay?" Abner

watched me carefully. If I told him the truth, he would not leave.

"Yes. Don't worry. Go home. I'll see you at work tomorrow.'

"All right."

I said goodbye to Abner and Zora at the door. As soon as the two of them left, Charles and his friends rose from their seats and started heading out of the restaurant. I stood at the door and waited for them.

"Come." Charles snaked his arm around my waist and ushered me out of the restaurant. The dotting look in his eyes got me all confused and a little anxious.

I did not resist. I just let him guide me out. The last thing I needed right now was the attention of the entire world around us. I did not want to embarrass him or myself.

"Ease up. You're with me and my friends. You're safe." Outside the restaurant, Charles stood in front of his friends, wrapped his arm around my shoulders, and held me close.

"My friends, I heard that one of you once attempted to pursue my dear Scarlett. Well, he can't be blamed though. For having a good taste," Charles commented in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

His friends simply looked at him and did not say anything. They all tensed up like they knew they were going to pay for coveting what belonged to one of the members of the Moore family.

Of course, Walker was the most nervous. After all, he was the one Charles was talking about. The others might just look guilty because they had thought about making a move on me but never really acted on it.

"Scarlett is the apple of my grandparents

eye. She's very precious to them. No man in his right mind would risk the wrath of Michael and Christine Moore just to steal Scarlett away."

None of them moved a muscle, but all of them avoided making eye contact with me and with Charles. I supposed they might be wealthy, but none of them was

powerful enough to challenge the might of the Moore family.

I just stood there and bore witness. I thought this little charade of Charles's was beneficial to me. If I let him threaten his friends passively, then none of them would dare come after me anymore, and I would be able to live in peace.

"Well, I guess you also share fault in this, Scarlett. You keep such a low profile. You should make it known that you're part of the Moore family." Charles stared at me with adoring eyes and tucked a lock of my hair behind my ear.

Remembering the mark that Susan's hand left on my face, I dipped my chin and turned my face away from Charles's view. But I was a little too late. Charles saw what I was trying to hide, and his calm, delighted face suddenly turned dark as if someone had just flipped a switch.

"What happened to you?"

I tried to cover up my cheek with my hair, but he stopped me and held my hand tightly.

"Tell me what happened."

"Nothing," I tried to struggle, but it did not work. Charles was incredibly strong.

"For the last time, what happened?"

"I said it's nothing, Charles. Calm down. People are watching."

Charles's expression only became colder. Realizing that he would not get a straight answer from me in public, he grabbed my hand and dragged me toward his car. Next thing I knew, we were sitting in the backseat.

"Is it Rita?" Charles asked through gritted teeth.

"No, it's you!" I exclaimed.

He made a promise to Rita, but he did not keep it. He was the reason Susan marched to the TV station and humiliated me in front of my colleagues.

If he had just married Rita like he said he would, we would not be here right now.

"What?" Charles looked at me with a frown. Then, he appeared to think of something and suddenly said, "You look much better than usual when you're angry. You're more like a real human being now."

"You're insane!"

How was this the perfect time to be joking? And how could he switch moods from angry to amused in a matter of seconds? I honestly did not know anymore

I pushed him away and reached for the door.

He reached over me and shut the door immediately after I opened it.

“Do you have a first aid kit at home?”

“Why?”

“To treat your face.” 1

“No.”

“Then we’ll go to my place. I have all sorts of creams there that’ll make you feel better.”

“No, thanks. I’m fine.”

“No, you’re not. Drive!” That was the last word that he uttered before he settled in his seat.

Next thing I knew, the driver was gunning the engine and driving to Gardner Street.

Twenty minutes later, we arrived at our destination. I refused to get off the car. Why should I do whatever he asked? He did not own me.

When Charles finally lost his patience, he yanked me out of the car and stuck me into the house.

“Be a good girl. When you get hurt, you need to treat your injury immediately. Otherwise, it will take you longer than you need to recover.” 1

“I know, but do I have to treat my injury here?”

“No. I just want you here.” I was speechless for a while. What did he mean by that?

We were going to divorce. Why should I listen to him?

But Charles was so strong. I was helpless

**Bye, My Irresistible Love by
Gorgeous Killer Chapter 34**

/ Bye, My Ex-husband By AMBER HUNT
Chapter 34 Applying Ointment

Scarlett's POV:

Charles forcibly took me to his house.

"Go remove your makeup, so I can apply ointment on your face." He pushed me towards the bathroom and urged me to take off my makeup.

"No." I stood still and turned to refuse him again.

"Do you really think the ointment is going to work if I apply it on top of your makeup?" Charles frowned and continued in a domineering tone, "Hurry up! I'm going to get the first aid kit."

Without resisting again, I walked straight into the bathroom. It was because I wanted him to finish applying the ointment soon, so that I can leave the place.

I removed my makeup and walked out of

the bathroom. As soon as I wiped my face dry, Charles pushed me down on the couch. He leaned close to me, and I was able to feel his warm breath against my ear. He smelled good, but the intimacy between us was making me feel uncomfortable.

"What is this all about?" Why did he have to be in such an intimate position with me just to apply ointment? I was really starting to doubt if he was doing it on purpose.

"I can see better this way." Charles then dipped a cotton swab in the ointment and applied it on my face gently.

But it hurt, and I wanted to stop him as I gasped and trembled. Then, I realized that he was not going to let me go until he was done applying ointment for me, so I gave up the idea of protesting and endured the pain, biting my lip.

"Does it hurt?" Charles asked, looking into my eyes.

We were so close, and compared with the pain, his heartbeat made me feel more uneasy. So I shook my head and

tried to push him away. But he grabbed my hands like it was nothing. I looked at him in confusion. Was he only applying ointment to my face? Or was he taking advantage of me? He put down the cotton swab in his hand and gently massaged my lips with his thumb.

"It's not a good habit. If you continue to do that, then I can't keep myself in control."

“What?” I stared at Charles, not knowing what he was talking about.

When I was not expecting him to, he leaned over and kissed me. The moment his lips clung to mine, he tried to push his tongue into my mouth as he breathed on my face.

I stared at him blankly and completely forgot to struggle. I didn't resist his kiss, and in the end, I couldn't help but respond to him.

The sound of us sucking each other's lips echoed in the living room, making it seem insanely erotic.

I had no idea for how long we'd been kissing when we heard his phone ring.

He stood up with a frown and went to answer the phone while I sat up and tidied my clothes. “I have already told you not to call me again,” Charles said in a serious tone over the phone.

I looked up at him and saw him toss the phone on the tea table irritably before he turned to me.

The phone screen was still on, and I noticed that it was Rita who had called him.

It was the second time I was seeing him react so strongly to Rita's call. The first time, he had put his phone on mute, but now, he told her not to call him again.

What was Charles doing?

When I looked at him, a bold thought

flashed through my mind. It was because of his reaction that Rita had felt like she was in a crisis and that was why she was trying to force him to marry her soon.

“What should I do? Scarlett, tell me what I should do.” Charles lowered his head. He looked like he was going crazy as he hugged me, asking for help.

My heart ached to see him in such a miserable condition, so I patted his back to comfort him.

“She is the one you love, and she has been the one you have loved for so many years. You two are finally going to get married, and you can't back down now. It is her last wish. It's also your wish. You made a deal with me just for today, didn't you? You should be happy at now, not sad. Listen to me, we will get a divorce tomorrow. It'll be good for all of us.”

“Do you really want to get a divorce?” Charles asked reluctantly. “Yes.”

As soon as I said those words, a sense of

emptiness conquered my heart.

However, I had a clear mind.

We had expected Charles and Rita to get married from the start, and we had agreed our marriage was just to prevent our families from urging us to get married to other people. So we married each other so that I could live my life and he could continue to be with Rita.

We had not gotten married for the sake of love, so our motive was not pure. Now Rita was dying, and she wanted to get married soon. It was the perfect time to put an end to our phony relationship.

"But I..." Charles looked at me affectionately, which made my heart sink.

"No buts. You should be more determined. Rita doesn't have much time left. You have to marry her before it's too late, or you will end up regretting it for the rest of your life. Cheer up! We'll get divorced tomorrow!" As I said those words calmly, I forced myself not to look into his eyes.

"Okay." Seeing that I had made up my mind, Charles gave me a bitter smile and closed his eyes.

I let him lean in my arms while I waited for him to turn into the strong and decisive Charles again.

"What are you going to do after we divorce?" he asked after a long time.

"Work, eat, sleep, and hang out with my friends."

"Will you start dating other people?"

"Nope." I did not think that I should even be dreaming of a luxury like love. But if I met someone I liked, then I would probably let nature take its course.

I couldn't tell Charles that, because I was afraid that he was going to cause trouble again.

I glanced at the living room clock and noticed that the time was around 12 in the night. I looked at Charles, who was holding me tightly in his arms. Gently, I tried to move away from his embrace.

He was now like an insecure child. If I moved even a little, he would hold me more tightly. I would not be able to get rid of him at all.

The next day.

I was sleeping soundly when I heard the sound of high heels tapping on the floor, waking me up. When I came to my senses, I remembered that I had been sleeping

on the sofa with Charles. All of a sudden, I noticed someone pushing the door open from the outside.

I was stunned when I looked up.

'Why did Alice come here?'

She seemed to be really excited and had forgotten to close the door when she walked in. She was staring at us in shock. After a long while, she finally said, "You two can continue to sleep. I'm leaving now."

I quickly straightened myself up, but I was so nervous that I was unable to button up my shirt.

"Mom, it's not like you think. You

misunderstood us!"

But she did not listen to me at all. She even took out her phone and started taking pictures of us.

"Charles! Charles! Mom is here!" I shook him, trying to wake him up.

He slowly got up, and his beautiful sleepy eyes gradually brightened.

"What's the matter?"

Alice could not hide her smile when she saw him.

"I have already selected a fine young man to introduce to Scarlett. When can they meet?" She asked deliberately.

Charles looked at her and answered briefly, "She is busy."

"Then, are you two still planning to divorce? Scarlett will always be my daughter-in-law, won't she?" Alice's eyes lit up as she hoped to get a positive answer from her son.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 35

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Chapter 35 Critical Condition Notice

Scarlett's POV:

A slight frown appeared on Charles's face as though Alice had already asked too many questions.

"Fine. I won't ask you anymore. As for the divorce, I suggest you think it through again. But, you know, it'll be great if Scarlett gets pregnant while you're at it," Alice hurriedly said with a

shrug.

"Alice, I just came here to get my face treated. It's not what you think," I quickly explained, not wanting Alice to misunderstand me more. After fighting with the buttons for a long time, I finally buttoned them up.

"You don't have to explain. I'm the one who should apologize. I didn't know you both returned here last night. But, you don't have to be shy about it. That's normal for a man and woman, after all.

Besides, you two are a legal couple. You're free to do anything you want." Alice admitted her faults but still did not let the matter go.

Truth be told, I felt an urge to cry when I heard what she had said.

Charles and I had already made up our minds about the divorce. But now, Alice misunderstood what was happening between us again. What should I do now?

Anxious, I grabbed Charles's hand and asked him, "Please tell mom that we've already agreed to divorce yesterday."

However, Charles merely withdrew his hand and rested his head on it. He then looked at me blankly and acted as if this was none of his business.

This made my blood boil. I wanted to beat him right then and there, but there was nothing else I could do but hold my anger.

Flustered, I turned my face away from him. It was then that Alice caught sight of the palm print on my face.

Scarlett, what happened to your face? Oh my God! Charles, did you beat her? You jerk! How could you do that?!"

Alice was fuming with anger as she thought that it was Charles who slapped me on the face. "It wasn't me, but I've already taken care of it." Charles held my chin and gently turned my head to face him. His high spirits did not seem to change at all. At that moment, he opened the medical kit on the tea table and applied ointment to my face again.

My face no longer hurt as much as it did last night. However, I was still angry and resentful, so I tried to keep him at arm's length

As Alice saw that Charles and I did not fight, she did not ask any more questions. She just left without a word and even closed the door for us.

Judging from her brisk pace, she must be eager to share with Michael and Christine what she had just seen.

“Why didn’t you

explain

to her

everything? We agreed that we’d divorce today, didn’t we?” I asked Charles once his mother was gone.

“Mom has already misunderstood everything. If we told her that we would still divorce, she’d beat me. You know how violent she can be,” Charles explained patiently while applying the ointment on my face with a cotton swab.

“Then why didn’t you let me go last night?”

“I didn’t stop you,” he retorted with an innocent look on his face.

I was speechless. Yes, he did not stop me, but he held me tightly in his arms. I had to sleep in his warm embrace all night long

This was all his fault. Alice would not have seen us like that if he had not done that in the first place.

“Never mind. But I’m telling you, don’t try to delay the divorce again. You promised me,” I reminded him. However, his mouth remained shut about the matter. This maddened me, so I pulled

down his hand and advised, “I’ll make an appointment with the lawyer later. I won’t leave until you come. I’ll wait for you no matter what. Don’t postpone it anymore. It’s unlike you.”

With that, I left, leaving him in a daze.

Charles’ POV:

In the hospital.

Two hours ago, I received a notice that Rita was in critical condition. I rushed to the hospital at once. As soon as I arrived, Susan, Rita’s mother, grabbed my arm and broke into tears.

“Charles, please fulfill Rita’s wish. She can’t hold on any longer. Please, we’re begging you! Rita is our only daughter. I can’t bear to see her suffer like this. I... I

wish it were me who's dying instead. I'm begging you, Charles. Her health is deteriorating. She can't hold on any longer."

"I'll talk with Rita." I walked away from Susan as a dreadful feeling washed over me.

"Charles, you can't tell Rita about this. Her condition is getting worse. She won't be able to bear the news. If you really love her and don't want her to leave with regret, you should marry her as soon as possible." Just as I was about to walk towards Rita's ward, Susan took a step forward and deftly grabbed my arm. "To tell you the truth, we don't expect her to make it. We just hope that she'll have no regrets when she leaves this world. Please stop messing with Scarlett and marry Rita as soon as possible. My daughter is dying."

I turned around and looked at her coldly. "Is that why you went to the TV station for Scarlett?"

Susan froze. She suddenly stopped crying and lowered her head with a guilty look on her face.

Although tempting, I figured that it was not the right time to settle accounts with her, so I shrugged off her hand and went straight to Rita's ward.

But before I could touch the doorknob, I stiffened in my spot. It suddenly

occurred to me what Scarlett had told me this morning. She said she would call a lawyer and wait for me no matter

what.

I was at a loss. For a moment, I felt as though my body had a mind of its own. Before I knew it, I turned around and

left.

Through the glass panel on the door of the ward, I saw a familiar figure get up from bed and sprint towards the door.

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She did not seem like a patient in critical condition at all.

Scarlett's POV:

I stood at the entrance of the law office and watched people walk in and out of the building Unfortunately, the person I was waiting for was nowhere to be seen.

This morning, I excused myself from the TV station, so I could go through the divorce formalities. However, it seemed that I excused myself for nothing.

But then, I suddenly remembered that I

had told Charles I would not leave until he came. Because of this, I decided to wait for him nevertheless.

Finally in the afternoon, just as I was about to give up, a familiar black car came to a halt in front of the building. It was Charles. As he got off the car, I noticed that he was wearing a nice, crisp suit. It seemed that he came here prepared.

“Here you are. Hurry up. They’ll be closing soon.” I urged.

To my surprise, the passenger door opened, and Rita, who was still in a blue and white hospital gown, got out of the car.

Charles brought that woman here before we could even get through the divorce formalities. She did not even change her clothes! It appeared that she could no longer wait to marry him.

I felt a sharp pain in my heart, but the smile on my face never faltered. I did not want to give Rita a sense of satisfaction. Not only that, but I also did not want Charles to think that I did not want to

leave him.

“Sorry to keep you waiting. I’m not in good health, so we took our time on the way,” Rita explained with an apologetic look on her face. In my eyes, it was disgusting.

“I don’t mind as long as he comes.” I walked away and entered the law office before they could respond.

Charles and Rita followed me.

The divorce formalities started a few moments later. The lawyer printed out a copy of the divorce agreement and looked at us across the table. Meanwhile, Rita stood outside the door, watching us.

“Have you two made up your mind?” the lawyer seriously asked.

“I have,” I replied calmly. I then looked at Charles and waited for him to answer.

For some reason, he did not. With his fingers crossed, he lowered his head and said nothing

“Mr. Moore? I asked if you two have made up your mind.” The lawyer called

Charles’s attention.

Charles still made no answer and just looked at me coldly.

The lawyer put his hand on the divorce agreement and smiled gently at me. "Mrs. Moore, your husband doesn't seem willing to proceed with the divorce. Why don't you two go home first and discuss

it?"

"Sir, we've already reached an agreement before coming here. Besides, someone here can't wait any longer." I beckoned the lawyer to look outside the window

He followed my gaze and saw Rita anxiously watching us.

The lawyer immediately understood what I meant, but he still persuaded me. "Divorce is a matter based on the will of both parties as husband and wife. Anyone else's opinion doesn't matter."

"They've been in love with each other for so many years, and they still do. I don't want to be the bad guy here. The third party. I believe it would be best if I fulfill

their wish."

"You compromise because they love each other. What about you? Have you ever loved him?"

Without missing a beat, I answered, "No," I said I did not love him, but my heart said otherwise.