

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 6

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 6 A Toothless Tiger

Scarlett's POV:

Charles did not show up days after the Moore Group's anniversary party. I was busy preparing for the job interview at that time, so I did not notice his absence very much.

One day, Tiana and I arranged to meet after being away with each other for years. So now, I stood by the street, waiting for my dearest friend to come.

All of a sudden, a young woman with red hair ran from a distance. It was not until she got closer that I recognized who it was. It was Tiana.

"Tiana, why is your hair dyed red?" | asked in disbelief. Tiana had always wanted to dye her hair red ever since she was in primary school. Now, she had finally done it. I was really surprised when I saw her. After all, her hair *was* still in its natural color the last time we had a video chat

"Bitch, it's supposed to be a surprise! You didn't come home for three years to see your best friend. Of course, I had to do something

to punish you."

The two of us were like sisters who had been separated for many years. We hugged each other and excitedly jumped in glee at the entrance of the cafe. Yes, we video chatted with each other often, but it still would not replace the joy of being with my friend in person. We could only hug each other in delight

"Well, tell me everything. When will you move in with me? Oh, I know! I'll call other friends of ours. We can have a sleepover party!"

"I honestly have no idea, but it'll be soon."

Tiana led me into the cafe as we talked. We ordered two slices of tiramisu and enjoyed it while we continued our chat.

"Charles still wouldn't let you go? Haven't you heard? There are rumors about that bitch Rita spreading around recently."

"I don't care about them. When Charles and I divorce, I will have nothing to do with them anymore."

"That's great then. We can be roommates again soon."

Tiana and I had a great chat. We shared the

same sentiments regarding the matter. No matter what happened, I knew that she would always be on my side. I was grateful to have such a friend with whom I could share my feelings without worries.

“Remember the job that I mentioned to you last time? Well, I told my boss about you and gave him your resume. He’s pleased with you. In fact, he wants me to bring you to our company by all means, even if it means kidnapping you.”

“You must be kidding me.” | chuckled and took a bite of the cake.

“I’m not. Get ready to be a famous TV host! Let that man regret letting you go.”

I went to Tiana’s residence after spending almost the entire morning with her. She lent me a formal suit before I went to her company, Insight Media, for the job interview.

At that moment, Tiana patted me on the shoulder and smiled at me reassuringly. “Don’t be nervous. You look perfect.”

In the interview meeting room.

“Miss Scarlett Riley, why do you want to join

my company? We’ve read your resume. Based on your qualifications, you could’ve applied somewhere better. Why here?”

the bald and kind interviewer asked with a smile.

“Presenting the audience what they are interested in is the real reason why I chose this field. The role of the media is to open the eyes of the public and make them see the reality, not deceive them. I believe that Insight Media has the courage to speak the truth and take responsibility for it.”

The interviewer looked through my resume again and asked a few more questions. He then whispered a few words to the interviewer next to him. I looked at him anxiously when he finally turned to face me.

“Congratulations, Miss Riley. Welcome to Insight Media.”

As soon as I walked out of the building, I called Tiana and told her the good news.

| then booked an Uber and returned to Gardner Street

I did not bring a lot here. In fact, I only brought one suitcase. Maybe I could pack and move out today

When I got home, I found Charles's car in the driveway, and the lights in the villa were on. He must be home.

This was a perfect opportunity to clear things up once and for all.

I pushed the door open, and my eyes widened in shock at what I saw. Charles was lying on the sofa and clutching his stomach with a pained look on his face.

When he looked at me, he was not cold and indifferent as usual. Instead, he stretched out his hand to me as if grasping the last life-saving straw. He looked vulnerable and in pain.

"What... what's wrong with you?" | asked, flabbergasted.

"My stomach... hurts... so bad..." he replied in a strained manner.

I rushed to the medicine drawer at once and took a pill for his stomachache. I had known that Charles's stomach hurt sometimes. I then poured him a glass of water to help him take medicine faster.

To my surprise, he opened his mouth to me like a bird waiting to be fed.

Did he want me to feed him? Three years ago... Didn't he ask me to keep a distance from him?

"Give me your hand," | cautiously said. I did not want him to resent me again.

Without waiting for his response, I put the pill in his hand and handed him the glass of water.

Charles took the medicine. Then, with his eyes closed, he leaned back on the sofa, grabbed a pillow, and hugged it.

Indeed, nobody was made of iron. Even Charles, who was always as cold as ice, was as docile as a toothless tiger when he was sick.

I could not help but take a few glances at him. I must admit, I like this side of him better than his usual arrogant and domineering side.

At that moment, I went to my room and got him a blanket.

As I put it over him, he merely glanced at me and did not even say thanks.

| supposed that I could clear things up with him while he was at his weakest. At that moment, I took a deep breath and mustered

my courage.

"I'm going to move out," I said firmly.

The toothless tiger stood up all of a sudden and threw the blanket on the floor in surprise.

"What did you say?" Charles asked while staring at me with a burning gaze.

"I said I'm going to move out and live with Tiana," I repeated. But as I looked at his face that was red in anger, I lost the confidence that I had just mustered.

"No way!" Charles refused sternly. But as soon as he finished speaking, he winced in pain, clutched his stomach, and lay down again.

"We'll go through the divorce proceedings when you're okay."

I bent down to pick up the blanket on the floor. However, Charles covered his nose and did not take it.

"Why do you smell so funny?" He faced the other way and added, "Let's talk later. Go and take a shower first."

I could not help but scoff at his words. It seemed that the medicine had already taken effect as he was already picking a fight with

1. me.

Even so, I still smelled myself. I did not smell funny. What was he talking about?

Nevertheless, I went upstairs and took a shower, just as he asked. All of a sudden, his words crossed my mind. What did he mean when he said 'no way?' Did I need his permission to move out? The divorce agreement had already been sent to me via e mail the moment I came back from abroad. What else did he want?

I finished taking a shower not long after. As I dried myself with the bath towel, I realized that I had forgotten to bring my clothes to the bathroom in a hurry.

Charles should still be downstairs. I could sneak out to get a fresh change of clothes without a problem.

But just as I was about to walk out of the bathroom bare naked, I heard footsteps outside the door.

From the sound of it, Charles was walking upstairs. It seemed that his stomachache was recovering quicker than I had anticipated.

I walked back to the bathroom, just in time before the door of the bedroom opened.

"Aren't you done yet?" Charles asked with a frown.

"I forgot to bring my clothes," I replied awkwardly inside the bathroom.

The room was quiet for a while. But then, I heard my suitcase being opened. A thought suddenly occurred to me. A picture of Charles rummaging in my suitcase for underwear came to my mind, and my face turned beet red. But for some reason, I was more curious about his expression.

"Your clothes are on the bed," Charles said calmly.

With that, he walked out and closed the door behind him.

I rushed out of the bathroom and got dressed as soon as I could. Once I was done, I walked downstairs and saw Charles still lying on the sofa and groaning in pain.

"What's wrong?" I asked with my eyebrows furrowed.

"It still hurts," he answered weakly.

Seriously? Hadn't he just taken the medicine and even had the strength to go upstairs? How could he suddenly become sick again?

I eyed him with suspicion.

"Do you want to take another pill?"

"Too much drug for one day. Do you want to poison me?"

"Just lie down then."

Without another word, I went upstairs to pack my luggage. Even if I could not leave tonight, I could pack up now, so tomorrow, I could just grab my stuff and leave.

I stood frozen to the spot the moment I entered the bedroom. My suitcase was open, and my clothes were scattered everywhere. All he had to do was find me a set of clothes. Did he really have to take everything out and scatter them around?

While I was deep into thought, a loud and pitiful groan came from downstairs. I ran downstairs at once and found Charles beaded with cold sweat and was in excruciating pain.

"Should I call an ambulance?"

"No, I'm fine. I feel hot. Just give me a glass of ice water."

"I'm afraid I can't. Your stomach hurts. You can't drink cold water, or the pain will only get worse." | fetched a wet towel instead and

then put it on his forehead to absorb his sweat.

I could not leave him alone like this. As there was nothing I could do, I resigned myself to my fate and just sat next to him.

Charles fell asleep a few moments later. I pulled the blanket over him out of consideration. I had decided to watch over him tonight. But before I knew it, I had already drifted to sleep.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 7

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Chapter 7 I Want To Move Out

Scarlett's POV:

I knew that I was dreaming. I was at a wedding, and I was the bride. I was standing right before my groom, but I could not make out his face.

"Achoo!" My own sneeze woke me up. I found myself lying in bed.

I did not know how I got upstairs. The last thing I remembered was that I was with Charles downstairs. After that, nothing. Why was I feeling so dizzy?

I also felt like I was on fire. I tossed the quilt away and tried to get up.

"Don't move," a stern voice commanded from the door.

I turned my head and saw Charles standing there. He was wearing an apron. I had never seen him like that, so I could not help chuckling

"You caught a cold. Are you hungry? Breakfast

will be ready soon." After saying that, he turned around and went downstairs again.

I struggled to get on my feet and went to the bathroom. After washing up, I felt like my head was going to explode and my knees were going to give out. I dragged myself back to bed.

Charles came back before I could curl up under the covers. He brought me a bowl of piping hot porridge with beef and shrimp.

The porridge smelled heavenly, but all I wanted was to sleep.

"I have no appetite. I don't want to eat."

"No, you have to. Come on, get up."

As he spoke, Charles grabbed a pillow and fluffed it on the headboard for me to lean on.

As I tried to prop myself up, my throat itched like hell, and I started coughing violently. He wiped my mouth with some tissues.

"Here. Eat," he said and scooped up some porridge to feed me.

I stared at him in mixed confusion and disbelief. He had never treated me so gently before. What happened? Did he take the wrong medicine last night, so he was not his usual self today?

I had to stop and check if I was still dreaming. After deciding that I was already wide awake, I just opened my mouth and let my husband feed me.

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Christine calling. "Hi, Grandma."

"Oh, good, you're up. Hello, dear. I'm calling to invite you and Charles over for dinner tonight. I'll cook for you."

"Grandma, L..." Before I could explain, I started coughing again.

"Scarlett? What's wrong?"

"I'm feeling a bit under the weather, Grandma."

"You're sick? Where's Charles? Is he taking care of you right now? Wait for me, dear. I'll be right there."

I looked up at Charles and whispered. "Grandma's coming over right now."

"All right. Have breakfast first."

He fed me some more porridge.

After finishing my breakfast, I got up, rinsed my mouth, went downstairs, and waited for Christine in the living room. I curled up in the sofa. Soon, Alice and Christine arrived.

"Charles, what happened to Scarlett? You can manage a big group worth hundreds of millions of dollars, yet you can't take good care of your own wife?"

"Grandma, I had a stomachache yesterday. Scarlett took care of me, but she fell asleep on the sofa and caught a cold," Charles explained as he ushered his mother and grandmother in

"How's your stomach?"

"Much better."

"Then take good care of Scarlett. Take her upstairs. If she's not feeling well, then she should rest in bed."

Hearing Charles's conversation with Christine, I could not help feeling touched. So I did fall asleep downstairs. Obviously, Charles carried me to the bedroom. I just could not remember. And now Christine was asking him to carry me upstairs again.

"It's okay, Grandma. I can go upstairs on my

own."

Christine turned a deaf ear to me and looked at Charles

Then, Charles effortlessly scooped me up in his arms.

I had no choice but to wrap my arms around his strong, broad shoulders. He still stared at me coldly, but as soon as our bodies touched, I felt electricity course through my skin and bones. This was the first time that Charles had held me this close while I was sober. I lowered my head and gritted my teeth. I felt hot all over, but somehow, my cheeks felt hotter.

Alice and Christine went upstairs with us and saw all my unpacked clothes.

"What's going on? Why are all your clothes out of the closet, Scarlett?"

"Grandma, ... I'm going to move out. I've found a job." I dodged Christine's eyes.

Christine cast a sharp glance at Charles.

"Is this because of Rita?"

"No, Grandma. I just want to go to work. The place I'm moving into is close to my new office," I hurriedly explained.

"If that's the reason, then you don't have to get your own place. We have so many houses. One of them is bound to be close to your office. Then, we can live together, and Charles will go back to live with us. The whole family should be together." There was a hint of anxiety in Christine's tone.

"If Charles is not treating you like he's supposed to, just tell me, honey," Alice told me and held my hand.

"Grandma, Mom, I appreciate your kindness. But I..."

Before I could finish my sentence, Christine interrupted me.

"We can talk about this another time, Scarlett. For now, you need to get some rest. We'll leave now. I'll send someone to bring the dinner here. I will make you your favorite apple pie."

I originally thought that it would be easy for me to move out, but I was wrong. As it turned

out, there were many twists and turns I had to go through

Charles then drove Alice and Christine home. I crawled into bed and instantly fell asleep.

Charles's POV

"Charles, the most important thing for you to do now is to make Scarlett happy so that you two can prepare to have a baby. Your grandfather, your father, your mother, and I will help you with the company's affairs."

"Yes, dear. You're not getting any younger. You should think about starting your own family."

As I drove them home, my mother and grandmother bombarded me with reminders. I knew that the longer I waited to tell them about the divorce, the higher their expectations would be, and that would only make the situation even worse.

"Grandma, Scarlett and I are not meant for each other. We've already talked about it. We're getting a divorce."

The confession just rolled off my tongue. I did not expect that it would be so easy to speak up about something that I had been letting stew inside me for a while.

"What? What did you just say, Charles Moore?"

"You have got to be kidding."

And there it was. Every time my mother and my grandmother got angry with me, they

called me by my full name. Now I was realizing it was a bad idea telling them on a moving vehicle that I was driving. This was not a great place for Grandma to have a heart attack

"Stop the car! I want to get off! I'm telling you, young man! If you divorce Scarlett, I will ask your grandfather to modify his will!" Christine screamed.

to pick us up,"

"I'll call Burton and ask him Alice muttered.

I had no choice but to pull over on the side of the road and endure another round of verbal assault from my mother and grandmother. They were both seething with rage.

"You want to divorce your wife because of that Rita woman, don't you? I knew it. That scheming bitch! I knew she was a terrible person from all those crappy movies she'd starred in! And she used to date men even older than your grandfather! Are you out of your damn mind, Charles? No. You can't be with Rita. Over my dead body!" Christine gasped as she spoke. I quickly grabbed a bottle of water and handed it to her.

"I second that! What do you think you're doing, son? Scarlett is the best wife any man can ever wish for, and you're going to toss her

aside for some low-rent actress?"

I just sat there and kept silent. I did not bother defending myself. I just let them scold me for a long time until their anger subsided.

"Rita's got cancer," I finally blurted out. At first, I wanted to divorce Scarlett and marry Rita because I wanted to make Rita's last days happy.

Mom and Grandma were stunned by my revelation.

"I'm very sorry to hear that, but all the same, Scarlett shouldn't be the victim in this scenario. Scarlett is our family, Charles. We've known her since she was a little girl. She's your wife. She should come first."

After a while, Burton arrived and picked up my mother and grandmother.

"Rethink your decision, Charles."

After Burton took Mom and Grandma home, I sat in the car for a long time before returning to the villa. When I got home, the house was as quiet as a tomb. I went upstairs and gently pushed the bedroom door open.

Scarlett was still in bed. Her hair was a little messy, and her eyebrows were slightly knitted

together. She pouted her lips, which I found a little cute.

Looking at her this close now, I realized that I had never properly appreciated her beauty.

I married her three years ago, but I had never touched her. But now, watching her sleep, I had a strange feeling. She actually told my mother and grandmother upfront earlier that

she wanted to move out.

But no, I would not allow it.

I would not let her leave my life and detach herself from my world. Because deep in my heart, I did not feel like I could live in a world where she and I were not somehow tethered.

Suddenly, Scarlett rolled over and opened her mouth slightly as if she was mumbling something

Except for that one quick smack at our wedding, I had not kissed her yet. And now, staring at her lips, I found myself wondering what it would feel like to kiss her deeply and passionately. Had Pierre kissed her? Damn it!

Next thing I knew, I was leaning toward her until we were close enough to share breath.

Then, all of a sudden, Scarlett's eyelids

fluttered open. She stared at me with big, wide eyes like a deer caught in the headlights.

I looked deeply into her eyes, and time and the world stood still.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 8

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Charles's POV:

I did not want to retreat. In fact, I wanted to get even closer. As Scarlett and I stared into each other's eyes, I felt an overwhelming desire to hold her.

But before I could, she pressed her hand against my chest and pushed me away.

She opened her mouth. She looked like she wanted to say something but decided against it. Suddenly, the thought of her fanatic French pursuer crossed my mind, and it pissed me off.

Did she also push him away when he tried to hold her?

Or was it only me that she did not want close?

All these thoughts shoved me to the brink of my sanity, and the more I looked at Scarlett, the more I wanted to grab her, kiss her, and take her. I wanted to own her as a husband should his wife.

But then, as if the universe were conspiring against me, my phone rang.

I cursed under my breath. I wanted to reject the call, but seeing Rita's name, I picked up.

Only then did I realize how ridiculous I was being just now.

thinking

I loved Rita. What the hell was wanting Scarlett like that?

"Hello?" | loosened my tie and walked away from the bed. I took a few deep, steady breaths before answering Rita's call.

"Hi, Charles. I'm not feeling so well today. | feel so exhausted that I can't even walk. I'm scared, Charles. I feel like I'm about to die. Am I going to die?"

"It's all right, Rita. You'll be fine. You just need to rest."

"I don't want to be home alone. Will you come keep me company, please?"

As I listened to Rita choke her pleas to me over the phone, I turned my head to look at Scarlett. She had gotten up from bed and was now tidying up her clothes.

She caught a cold last night and had been burning up since this morning, but I had never

heard her complain. She moved about and did what she had to do like she was not sick.

It made me wonder how she and Rita could be so different when they were both women.

"I have something important to deal with at the office today, and I don't think I can get out of it. Just don't think too much, okay? Get some rest. You'll feel better after you take a nap.

I tried my best to comfort Rita. I felt guilty about not coming to her, but at the same time, I did not want to see her today. There was only too much of her sobbing and worrying that I could take. I did not want to spend my free time absorbing her negative energy. 2

I hung up the phone and looked at Scarlett. "Are you feeling better?"

"What?" She was so stunned by my question that she dropped some of her clothes on the way to her suitcase.

"I'm asking if you're feeling better," I repeated myself, which I did not normally do. Still, I tried convincing myself that I was not making concessions for Scarlett out of romantic love. She was still my family. I still cared about her.

Scarlett's POV

"Are you feeling better?" Charles asked. I failed to respond immediately because I was not expecting the question. I dropped some of my clothes that I was packing and hurriedly picked them up. Rita just called him. He should be running off to her right now instead of asking about how I felt.

After all, I was just a woman who was destined to be a tiny speck in his past. I was nothing but a mere passer-by in his infinite world.

"I'm fine." I nodded and forced a smile.

Charles watched me put away my clothes for a while and did not say anything. Then, he finally turned around to leave. I did not know if it was the throbbing headache that got me all fired up, but after I put all my clothes away, I called after him and boldly asked, "Aren't you tired of popping in and out on me and Rita like this?"

Charles stopped but did not answer.

"You love her, don't you? Then go to her and stay with her. Let's just make this easy on all three of us." I had been married to Charles for three years, but not once had I regarded myself as his real wife. I was just a bump in the road toward his true destiny-Rita. I did

not understand why he was still trying to delay the inevitable, and it was starting to frustrate me.

I loved him, but I did not appreciate being strung along like this.

"Why are you in such a rush to go through the divorce formalities?" Charles turned around and flashed me a disdainful frown.

My heart leapt to my throat, but I refused to back down. I straightened my back and retorted, "A divorce is what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't want things to end between us without me fulfilling my duties as a husband first,"

Charles replied abruptly.

What did he mean by that?

As an uncomfortable silence hung in the air between us, I racked my brain for several possible answers.

Did he want us to officially consummate our marriage?

I immediately dismissed the thought. Maybe he had misunderstood what he was trying to say.

Before I could say anything else, Charles

spoke again in haste. "Getting a divorce is more complicated than you think, Scarlett. Besides, Grandpa keeps our marriage certificate. Even if we both sign the papers right now, it won't be official instantly. It will take a long time to go through due process."

Hearing that, I could not help feeling disappointed and then angry. I understood that our divorce was meant to go through due process. What I did not understand was why he was delaying turning the signed papers in to start the process. I felt like he was trying to manipulate me.

Was he trying to keep me in his life for as long as he could because he knew that I loved him enough to cater to his every whim?

I gnashed my teeth together and kept my furious gaze fixed on him. I looked desperately for a hint of mockery in his but I did not see it.

"Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?" Once again, he was acting like he cared about me. At this moment, he must be doing it out of guilt.

I refused directly and looked away.

"No, I'm fine. Just go see Rita. She's the one you should be worried about right now."

"I haven't signed the divorce agreement yet. We're still married. I'm still obliged to take care of you while you're sick," Charles said impatiently.

"But you don't love me, do you? I don't need your pity, Charles. We'll be back to being strangers again soon. The best way for us to get along with each other is to not disturb each other. You understand, don't you?"

I loved him but not enough to put myself through unspeakable pain. I still had my pride. I did not need Charles to feel sorry for me, and if this were the only kind of relationship I could have with him, then I would rather be on my own.

"I wish you and Rita all the happiness in the world." I looked at him and gave him my sincerest well wishes.

"That's incredibly kind of you, Scarle brief flashes of pain, anger, and Charles's eyes. His tone sounded sarcastic, but I thought that it was because a lot of people had been telling what to do lately and he was sick of it. Afte all, he was a domineering man, and he did not like relinquishing control, especially of his personal affairs. 5

"I'm going back to bed. I'm tired. You should go to Rita." Without waiting for Charles's reply, I crawled back under the covers and closed my eyes. 5

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 9

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Chapter 9 Love Without Knowing

Scarlett's POV:

I recovered quickly from my cold, and finally, my first day at the TV station came.

At ten o'clock in the morning, I walked into the studio and reported for work. I was nervous to be in front of the camera, but before long, we started shooting.

The show's guest today was a very lively and dynamic entrepreneur. Charles was also an entrepreneur, but unlike my interviewee, he was a cold, taciturn man.

Damn! Why was I thinking of Charles was at work? Realizing that I was unprofessional, I shoved Charles out o mind and concentrated on doing my job we

Half an hour later, the shoot was over. The director and staff were pleased with my performance. They even said that I was a very promising host for their channel and that as long as I worked hard, I would have a bright future.

Then, they invited me to lunch as their way of welcoming me to the company. But I politely refused. It was just my first day working at the TV station, and I did not want my colleagues to think that I was being given special treatment.

So at lunch time, I decided to eat alone at a nearby restaurant. A few minutes after I sat down, I saw Rita enter the establishment.

She had a few bodyguards following her.

And to my surprise and displeasure, she took the seat across from mine without asking me first.

"Scarlett! Fancy seeing you here!"

"Hi, Rita. Are you here alone? Where's Charles?" I did not want to exchange pleasantries with her, but I had no choice. I did not want to be rude to her in public.

"Oh Charles wanted to accompany me, but I refused. He has too much work to do. I didn't want to bother him and tire him out," Rita chirped like she was the happiest woman alive.

I gritted my teeth and forced a smile. The last time I overheard the two of them talk on the phone, she was practically begging Charles to

come over to keep her company. Now she was telling me the opposite under the guise of concern. Clearly, this woman was just trying to make me think that Charles cared about her more than he cared about me.

I could tell her that I could see through her bold-faced lies, but I found it pointless to embarrass her. Charles had no idea that Rita was manipulating him, and if I told him, he would just accuse me of being jealous. So I found it better to just keep my silence.

Truth be told, I thought that the only reason that Charles believed Rita when she was acting all weak and fragile was that he had feelings for her. On the other hand, I, who did not care about her at all, thought that when she was acting like a damsel in distress, she was just trying to get attention, which I found disgusting.

Right after Rita finished her sentence, a waiter approached us and took our orders. I went ahead and said, "A medium well filet mignon and a glass of orange juice, please. Thank

you."

"I'll have the same," Rita ordered after I did.

"All right. Coming right up."

Then, the waiter took our menus and walked

away. Not wanting to initiate small talk with Rita, I fixed my gaze outside and watched the city's bustling lunchtime scenery. However, Rita did not seem to know how to read a person's body language.

"Charles is so considerate. I just wanted to leave the hospital for a bit and go outside to get some fresh air, but he refused to let me go without his bodyguards to protect me. He also always tells me to call him as soon as I feel uncomfortable or whenever I need him."

"That's nice." She was starting to upset me, but I decided to keep my cool. I thought about what she said. The hospital was far away from here, and she could have picked a restaurant that was nearby. Instead, she decided to hop across town to eat at a restaurant near my workplace. This woman might have painted herself a weakling, she was a scheming one, and that was worst kind.

"Scarlett, can you divorce Charles as soon as possible? My health is getting worse and worse, and I'm afraid I won't be able to see the day that Charles and I get married. He's the man of my dreams, and it's my dying wish to marry him. You're a kind and considerate person, aren't you? Please don't let me leave this earth with regret." Rita reached out for my

hand and squeezed it. She flashed me a beseeching expression that made my stomach flip

At that moment, I thought that for an actress, she had terribly laughable acting skills.

"Grandpa keeps our marriage certificate. After I get it, I will officially divorce Charles." I gently withdrew my hand from her grip, careful not to make sudden movements. I did not want us to attract the wrong kind of attention. "You didn't have to come all the way here to persuade me, Rita. Charles and I have talked about it. He'll be all yours soon."

After that, I spent my entire lunchtime pushing my food around my plate. Rita's little guilt trip spoiled my appetite and my mood.

Charles's POV:

Scarlett had been pushing me to get on with the divorce lately, and it upset me. So I decided to spend some time with Spencer and David after work to cool off.

They invited me for dinner tonight at a nearby restaurant, and I agreed without hesitation.

As soon as we sat down, my eyes darted to the TV on the wall. It was showing the program hosted by Scarlett.

"Charles, isn't that Scarlett?" David pointed at the TV, looking excited.

I had known Scarlett to prefer dressing casually and comfortably. This was one of the rare times that I had seen her in a formal outfit. She looked even more stunning, and it was impossible for anyone to keep their eyes off of her.

"Beautiful girls like Scarlett are popular among men. You don't know how lucky you are, Charles." David picked up his glass and swirled the wine inside. He stared at Scarlett on the TV and sighed.

"Come on, David. Charles only has Rita in his heart. Even though Scarlett is as beautiful as a fairy, he won't really care." Spencer put his hand on David's shoulder and spoke in a voice dripping with sarcasm. He glanced at me from time to time as if he was looking at

a fool.

They were always like this whenever Scarlett became the topic of our conversation. I was starting to get sick of it.

But at the same time, when they stared at Scarlett with so much admiration and adoration, I could not help feeling betrayed, like they were coveting something that I

Also, lately, whenever someone mentioned Scarlett's name, my mind went in shambles. It was a bit frustrating.

"But seriously, Charles, don't you have feelings for Scarlett?" David really could not read social cues at all. How did my silence tell him that I wanted to talk about Scarlett?

"Oh, give it up, David. When a rich old man snags Scarlett, I'm sure Charles will be happy to tell you then how he really feels about her." Spencer stopped David from prodding.

When I heard that last remark about Scarlett being wooed by a rich old man, I could not keep my mouth shut any longer. "What did you just say?"

"I said that Scarlett is a knockout and that there must be a lot of men out there who'd love to keep her. Does that bother you? Bro, you're divorcing her soon. Whether she gets a new boyfriend or becomes some rich old dude's mistress, it'll have nothing to do with you."

"We grew up together. Even if we don't end up together, we're still family." I quickly realized that I overreacted, so I explained.

I thought I had made a convincing excuse, but Spencer overturned it the next second.

"Family? When she was abroad studying in the last three years, you didn't even call her once. Is that how you treat your family?"

I was silenced by his words. He was right. In the three years that Scarlett was abroad, I never bothered to pick up the phone to call her or fly over there to see her. I only saw her again when she came home after her graduation

After that, the three of us fell silent. Spencer started playing on his phone. David was afraid that seeing Scarlett on TV would stress me out even more, so he found the remote control and put on a different channel.

But Spencer's comment about Scarle possibly becoming some old rich guy mistress lingered in my mind and took root in my heart. I downed one drink after another to

drown my dejection

"Hey!" After a long time, Spencer waved his phone in front of me, indicating me to look at his chat history

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I was not interested in it at all. I was about to look away, but I caught a glimpse of Scarlett's Facebook profile picture out of the corner of

my eye.

I took Spencer's phone and was about to click on her updates. But when I thought of her fanatic French pursuer, I hesitated

Girls liked to post pictures of themselves with their boyfriends. Scarlett would not be an exception, would she?

"What? Don't you want to see it? If you have no interest in it, give my phone back."

Seeing that I was hesitating, Spencer reached out his hand to grab his phone. I leaned back on my seat to avoid his hand and then directly clicked on Scarlett's updates.

I checked the photos in her posts one by one, but I did not find any of the so-called French admirer. I only saw some photos of her daily life.

"When did you two start chatting with each other?" I breathed a sigh of relief and gave the phone back to Spencer. Only then did I realize that they had been contacting each other privately

"It's none of your business, isn't it? Besides, you're not the only one who grew up with Scarlett. She's also my friend, and we're allowed to talk to each other."

"You better not let me find out that you're making a move on her, or I won't let you go." || warned Spencer because he was a playboy who liked to mess with women.

I was afraid that he would pursue Scarlett and then hurt her like he did with all his past girlfriends.

"Wow! Wow! I'm so scared!" Spencer said mockingly and continued, "Seriously, man, what the hell is wrong with you? You served your wife divorce papers, yet you still keep her on a tight rein. You obviously don't want to let her go. I think you're in love with her, dude. You either don't know it yet or you already do but don't want to admit it. As for Rita, you're just with her because you feel sorry for her."

"How is that possible?" I asked sardonically. But as the words left my lips, I realize Spencer might be on to something. Was it right about me? At this point, I did not know. 4

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 10

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 10 Have Dinner Together

Scarlett's POV:

After a day's work, I walked home in the afterglow of the setting sun. I was both physically and mentally exhausted. All || wanted right now was to go home, take a warm shower, and sleep.

While I was on my way home, a Bentley pulled over next to me. A middle-aged man with a big belly then got out and approached me.

"Hello, Miss Riley," he greeted with a friendly smile.

"Hello. Uh... who are you?" I racked my brains to try and figure out who he was.

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is that you, Miss Riley, are free now. Our boss is inviting you to dinner," the man explained.

I took a look at the black Bentley in bewilderment.

The car window was rolled down. Inside the car, a handsome man about 30 years old was

looking at me with a gentle smile. 1

He seemed to be a powerful man and had a strong background. I could not help but wonder why he had suddenly come to a small potato like me. He must have reasons for doing this.

"Hello," I greeted back. Just as I was about to decline him, I heard a familiar voice come from behind me.

"Hello, Mr. Walker."

I turned around and saw Rita and Charles standing a few feet away from me. She was wearing a yellow V-neck dress and was holding Charles's right arm. In all honesty, she looked like a lady who was happily in love.

Meanwhile, Charles was wearing a black suit, which exuded nobility and elegance. He had an imposing manner as usual, and his frigid expression seemed as though it was telling everyone to stay away from him. As I gazed at him, I found that he was also looking at me.

When I saw him, I did not feel anything, even longing or regret. Perhaps it was because I had already given up on him.

Mr. Walker looked at Rita and Charles. "What

a coincidence, Miss Lively. I didn't expect to see you here." Judging from his words, he and Rita knew each other very well.

"Mr. Walker, this is Charles, my fiance. Actually, we were just about to invite Scarlett to dinner. Is that okay with you?"

Although the man seemed reluctant, he answered, "Of course." With that, he beckoned the driver to get in the car and drive off.

I watched in awe as the black Bentley sped away. All I could think about was how unlucky I was to get entangled by these people on my first day of work.

I just wanted to work hard. Why was it so hard?

All of a sudden, Rita let go of Charles's hand and then held mine. "Hey, Scarlett! Today is your first day to work, isn't it? Well, Charles and I wanted to celebrate such a wonderful occasion. Shall we go now?"

"No, thanks. I want to go home now. You and Charles can go instead." | declined politely while getting rid of her hand. I did not want to see them display their affection. To me, it was offensive to the eye.

"Scarlett, people ought to eat something.

You're going to eat later anyway. Why not join us now?" Rita was still unwilling to give up.

"No, 1

Abner Todd, the department leader in the TV station, walked up to me just as I was about to refuse Rita's invitation yet again. "Hey, Scarlett. No wonder I didn't see you in the company. You must've left in a hurry."

"I wanted to go home early, so I left as soon as I could," I explained with a smile. I did not want to show my true emotions so openly in front of other people, especially them.

"I see." Abner looked at Charles and Rita and added, "Are these your friends?" 1

"This is Rita Lively, and this is her fiance, Charles Moore. This is Mr. Abner Todd, a colleague of mine at the TV station." | introduced them to each other.

As soon as I finished speaking, Rita stepped forward and shook hands with Abner. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Todd. By the way, did our Scarlett do well in the company? I hope she didn't cause you any trouble."

"Actually, Scarlett is an excellent host. Everyone in the department likes her. As soon as she came to the company, she undertook a

difficult task on her own. She has been really helpful. How could she cause us any trouble?"

"That's good to hear. I was worried that she hasn't settled in the company yet. Mr. Todd, she's new in this industry and please do forgive her if she makes a mistake in the future." Rita was pretending to be worried that I would cause trouble to the company on my first day. How pretentious.

People who did not know us would think we had a good relationship.

"Scarlett, I envy you for having such a caring friend," Abner said to me with a smile. All of a sudden, his face lit up as though he had just recalled something. "By the way, since today is your first day to work, as the leader of our department, I'd like to invite you for a congratulatory dinner tonight. Would you like to come?"

"I appreciate your kindness, but I don't want to take up your time with your family," | declined politely

"There's nothing to worry about. Besides, I'm single, and I don't really have any family to company at the moment."

The atmosphere became ambiguous the instant Abner declared that he was single.

A single man had asked a woman out for dinner. What an excellent topic for an after dinner conversation. For sure, rumors that I hooked up with my boss as soon as I came to the TV station would spread like wildfire. Well, I did not want to get into any trouble, so I would have to turn him down.

Unfortunately, I could not come up with a good excuse to decline his invitation.

"Scarlett, are you going to eat with us or with him?" Charles unexpectedly asked. His tone was domineering, and he sounded as though he was forcing me to quickly make up my mind.

At that moment, I lowered my eyes and thought hard of how I would decline both sides.

"If that's the case, why don't we just eat together? We all want to celebrate Scarlett's first day at work, anyway," Rita suggested with a sly look in her eyes.

Was this woman playing tricks again?

Well, it did not matter. Whether she was playing tricks or not, I could not say no anymore. If I offended the leader of the TV station, I would have a difficult time working

there in the future.

So, in the end, the four of us went to dinner together.

We went to a high-end restaurant. Rita and Charles sat next to each other while Abner and I sat opposite them. The sunset outside the French window dyed the surrounding scenery red. It was breathtaking.

Not long after we sat down, Rita took out her phone and showed a picture to me.

"Scarlett, what do you think of this wedding dress?" she asked, all puffed up.

| glanced at the photo and casually replied, "Not bad."

"Not bad? It's too expensive, isn't it? Hones I don't think it's worth spending one hund thousand dollars on a wedding dress the can only wear once in my life," Rita sa hesitantly.

I looked at Charles and reassured her, "As long as you like it, Charles will buy it for you."

As soon as I said that, he looked at me, not a hint of emotion on his face.

Rita wrapped her arms around his neck like a snake and kissed him on the cheek. "Charles,

really? Can I buy this wedding dress?" she asked with puppy eyes.

Charles nodded at her with a smile.

At that moment, Rita smiled at me triumphantly in secret. 5

My wedding with Charles was small and private. On the other hand, Rita's wedding dress alone cost a hundred thousand dollars. Of course, she felt compelled to show off in front of me.

No wonder she was adamant in inviting me to dinner. She wanted to rub that into my face.

The dishes were served a few minutes later. Abner and I focused on our food and just ignored Rita, who was touchy-feely the entire time.

Just as I picked up my knife and fork, Abner turned to me and asked, "Scarlett, what do you think of your new job?"

I nodded with a smile. "It's good."

"If you ever feel at a loss, don't be shy to ask me for help. I'll help you anytime, otherwise, others will say that I don't care about my subordinates." 2

"I won't stand on ceremony then," I reassured

Abner Todd was a great leader. Unlike other bosses, he was not out of touch with his subordinates and was willing to lend a hand. Because of this, I immediately got along with him. We had a great chat about work during the meal.

Except for Charles's murderous eyes, it was an otherwise perfect meal.

The dinner came to an end after a long while. Just as Abner was about to offer me a ride home, Charles stood up and coldly said to me, "Scarlett, I'd like to talk to you outside."

I saw from the corner of my eye that Rita held her phone tighter and was staring daggers at me. She must be going crazy. 2

I could not blame her, though. Charles wanted to talk to me in private. I guessed she had been suspecting for a long time that we had something to hide from her.

If Charles did not want to include Rita in the conversation, she would keep suspecting us, and their relationship might end up in peril.

I did not want to go at first. However, realized that it would make Rita unhappy if I agreed to Charles's request.

"Scarlett..." Abner called worriedly as he just

saw Charles go out with a grim expression on his face

| smiled reassuringly at him. "Don't worry. I'll be back soon."

Charles was standing under a maple tree outside the restaurant. The afterglow of the setting sun fell on him through the leaves, which made him seem more mysterious. I doubted that anyone could read his thoughts right now.

His handsome face could captivate any woman. No wonder I fell in love with him back then. Sadly, he just broke my heart without remorse.

and

| stopped a few feet away from him asked, "What's the matter?"

"Quit your job." Charles turned around and looked at me with an intense gaze. The look on his face told me that he would not take no for an answer. '16