

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 61

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Chapter 61 Sugar Daddy

Charles's POV:

Scarlett reached out her hand, but hesitation could still be seen on her face,

Just as she thought I was going to stand still and let her search me, I pulled her into my arms.

"Do you want me to teach you how to frisk me?" I whispered in her ear.

Scarlett shrank back like a frightened rabbit, But because I was holding her hand, she could not escape me.

"Charles, I promise I won't frisk you anymore. You said you didn't have it. I believe you. Just please let me go," Scarlett pleaded, her ears red in embarrassment. She looked so adorable whenever she was like this. Her shy demeanor was making me go crazy.

"Too late." I retorted with a smirk.

"Charles, what.. what are you gonna do?" Scarlett pushed me away as hard as she could. But as she was petite, the force sent her stumbling backwards. To make things worse, the bathroom floor was slippery. She would fall and get hurt! Without missing a beat, I reached out to catch her

However, I miscalculated, and we ended up falling into the bathtub on top of each other. I caught her in my arms just in time, and we landed on my back. She should be fine.

"Charles, let me go, Scarlett asked in a barely audible voice.

I spread out my hands and pretended to be innocent. "You're free to get off me. I'm not holding you. Look."

Upon realizing something, Scarlett stared daggers at me and hoisted herself by grabbing the edge of the bathtub. Then, with a red face, she stood up.

"Scarlett, it's you who refused to frisk me. Just make sure to remember that if we ever need to bring up this moment in the future." I stood up from the bathtub as well. Our intimate physical contact just now and the look on her face cheered me up.

Scarlett pushed the door open and grumbled, "You always have a reason to shut me up."

I strode over and stopped her from leaving. If you want, I can shut you up right now in yet another different way."

"Charles, stop being a rascal!"

"Don't forget; you still owe me a week's meal." I brought up her promise that she had forgotten.

"It's just breakfast for a week!" Scarlett reasoned out.

"I have to charge you an interest for delaying it for too long. It's a week's meal." I was pushing my luck. Knowing her, she did not want to be indebted to anyone.

"Pine. I'll do it. Just let me out." Scarlett pushed me out of her way.

I had gotten the answer that I wanted, so I just stepped aside and made way for her.

I was literally beaming with happiness for the next few minutes.

The next morning, just as Scarlett had promised, she came to my house to make me breakfast, While I was drinking water in the kitchen, she entered the kitchen, a bag of ingredients in her hand.

"What do you want to eat?" she asked without even greeting me.

I could not help but notice the white dress she was wearing She looked elegant and charming today.

"It doesn't matter. I'll eat whatever you cook for me."

Scarlett rolled her eyes at me.

"Whatever. Get out of the way. I don't like being disturbed when I'm cooking," She motioned me to get out of her way and then walked to the sink to wash the ingredients.

I shrugged my shoulders and stood a few feet away from her.

My presence must be making her nervous. I figured that that might be the case as she shrieked all of a sudden. It turned out that she had opened the tap a little too much, so water splashed all over her clothes.

Without a word, I went to my room and fetched her a shirt.

"Put this on for the meantime, or you might catch a cold," I advised as I handed her my white shirt.

Scarlett looked at her white dress and went to the bathroom to change. Once done, she returned to the kitchen and continued cooking

However, I could not take my eyes off her. My shirt was too big for her, so the neckline was slightly plunging and I could almost see her chest.

My gaze fell on her breasts, and I felt my throat dry up all of a sudden. Her wearing my clothes made me feel as though I was touching her, albeit indirectly. My mind was in a mess because of this.

Scarlett finished making my breakfast after a while. But even when my breakfast was ready, my mind was still in the clouds. In order to restrain myself, I did not look at her again until my assistant delivered a new set of clothes for her to my apartment.

Scarlett's POV:

I breathed a sigh of relief the instant I stepped out of Charles's house. But now, I was running late, so I had to rush to the company.

I saw Abner as soon as I arrived at the office. For some reason, worry and apprehension were written all over his face, which perplexed me.

Scarlett; the CEO of Lively Group is here. He's waiting for you in the reception room," he whispered to me, a sense of urgency in his tone.

Cuperol Star Daddy I must admit, I was shock. The CEO of Lively Group? That was Rita's father! What was he doing here?

To me, the Livelys were not exactly good people. Rita's father and mine used to be good friends. But when my father was in trouble, Rita's father did nothing

I had no idea what he was here for. But it seemed that whether I liked it or not, I had no choice but to meet with him.

"Here you are, Scarlett! I haven't seen you for a long time. You've become more beautiful!"

The moment I stepped into the reception room, a middle-aged man, who had been sitting on the leather sofa, stood up and greeted me enthusiastically.

"Hello, Mr. Nate Lively. Long time no see." I greeted back with a smile. I then turned around and poured him a glass of water out of courtesy.

"Why are you so cold to me? Is it because of what happened in the past? Scarlett, I didn't have much choice at that time. You're a grown woman now. Don't hold onto the past, alright?" Nate put his hand on my arm as he spoke.

He had just crossed my personal space. Because of this, I instinctively took a step back and glared at him

“Why are you so sensitive? Come on! A little bird like you needs a sugar daddy who will protect you, right? I can give you everything you want,” he continued in an ambiguous tone while fiddling with his Rolex watch. 3

I looked at him in disbelief. How dare he come to my workplace just to ask me to be his mistress?!

“Is that why you came here? I’ll tell you what I don’t need anyone to protect me, let alone a sugar daddy. You need help. You’re sick.”

I walked to the door and pushed it open.

Just as I was about to head out, I turned around and coldly said, “Mr. Lively. I’m very busy. I’m afraid I can’t see you off.”

Sweetie, if you ever change your mind, feel free to come to me at any time.” Nate said with a shrug. Without waiting for my response, he left.

The news that I had met with Rita’s father

reached Charles shortly. In the afternoon, while I was discussing work with my colleagues, he suddenly appeared in front of me. As if on cue, my colleagues left knowingly. Charles then sat down on the main seat and crossed his legs leisurely.

With his hands on the desk, he asked in a serious tone, “Scarlett, what did he say to you?”

“Nothing. It’s just about my father.”

I was surprised that Charles seemed to care about me.

“Scarlett, no matter what he says, don’t believe it. He used to take advantage of your father’s business,” he cautioned, his eyes narrowed in apprehension. For some reason, my heart pounded in my chest. I could not look at him, unable to believe what I had just heard.

I abruptly stood up and exclaimed, “That’s impossible!”

“Calm down, Scarlett. You’re a strong girl. Don’t worry. I’ll find out the truth for you. Anyway, is that everything he told you?”

My face turned red all of a sudden. That disgusting old man even implied that he wanted to keep me as his mistress. It was an insult to my dignity. How could I say that to Charles?

As Charles saw that I seemed troubled, he moved close to me and held my hand reassuringly.

The warmth of his hand made me feel at ease. I lifted my gaze and looked into his eyes. They were as blue as the sea, and looking at them made me feel like drowning. What was more, the feelings that I had long suppressed felt as though they were about to burst out of my body.

“Scarlett, you need to relax. How about we play tennis this weekend?” Charles asked with a gentle smile.

I hated it whenever he was like this. I would get so weak, and my heart would get the best of me.

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Chapter 62 Played Tennis

Spencer's POV:

David and I had been at the tennis courts for a long time when Charles and Scarlett finally arrived.

“Hey, buddy. It seems that you've been very busy lately. The only time I get to see you is when I turn on the news. I patted Charles on the shoulder and winked and smiled at Scarlett.

Charles pulled me away immediately and scowled, “Don't you wink and smile at her like that.”

“Jeez, Charles. Take it easy!” I chuckled and raised my hands in feigned surrender. Then, I pressed, “You're the one who's trying to set me up with Scarlett. Why do you get mad when I try to be nice to her? I don't know where to put myself around you, honestly.”

Scarlett put on an embarrassed look. Even when she was not smiling, she looked a hundred times cuter than Rita. I still did not understand why Charles chose Rita over Scarlett. We both knew that Scarlett was better.

“Quit being a smart mouth, Spencer. Save your energy for trying to beat me in the court later,” Charles said in an unfriendly tone, casting a sidelong glance at me. I shut up at his threat.

The tennis courts covered a large area and belonged to a five-star hotel. The hotel was one of the many properties of the Moore family. Charles and I used to play tennis here when we were still students.

"Scarlett will play against David. Spencer, you'll play against me." Charles ordered.

"But I want to play with Scarlett!" I clamored beside Charles, dissatisfied with his arrangement. However, since I just pissed him off by making beautiful eyes at his wife, I did not expect him to be considerate.

As expected, my pouting was useless. Before I could make my case, Charles was already dragging me to our court. We played several games. My knees were already threatening to buckle while Charles did not even look like he was panting. I forgot how he could be so competitive that playing a simple game with him could mean participating in a death march

Like Charles, I did exercise regularly, but I was no match for him in tennis or in any competitive sports for that matter.

"Admit it. Your skills are not as good as mine," Charles looked at me coldly and pulled me up from the floor a few moments after I sat down to catch my breath.

"Well, I just took a few more glances at your wife. I retorted in between labored breaths and added, "I came here for a friendly game of tennis, not to compete in the Australian Open. Seriously, man, you need to calm down and save your pent-up rage for sex, not take it out on Your friends."

At this time, Scarlett and David were also done with their game and walking toward Charles and me. Scarlett seemed to catch my last remark and lowered her head, but I still managed to

CHAT OZ Payud Tennis catch a glimpse of her blushing cheeks.

Watch your damn mouth." Charles flashed me an expressionless glance and then towed Scarlett away. They sat on some nearby benches and tested.

I observed their interaction and found it interesting. I could tell that Charles truly cared about Scarlett.

"What are you looking at?" David asked. Following my gaze, he saw that Charles was wiping the sweat off Scarlett's forehead. He opened his eyes wide in surprise and commented, "What? When did Charles become so sweet and romantic?"

"You see it, too, don't you? He turns into a mushy gentleman when it comes to Scarlett. That's why I don't believe at all that he has no feelings for her." I narrowed my eyes at them and thought that there was no way that I could be wrong.

"But aren't they going to divorce? I don't get it. They're obviously in love." David did not understand. He had been hoping for a happily ever after for Charles and Scarlett. But real relationships were more complicated than that

One of them isn't," I corrected David's words. "There wouldn't be a problem if it weren't for Rita. She saved Charles's life, so she has him by the neck. Honestly, I'm not even convinced that she's really sick,"

David remarked indignantly. "Judging from her lively appearance, I don't think she's a terminally ill patient. I even heard that she's having an affair with one of her bodyguards. What a depraved woman. Do you think Charles knows about that?"

"Since you do, then it's safe to say that Charles also does. He must have quelled the rumors to protect Rita. You know how he is." I patted David on the shoulder and said with a knowing smile, "Let's go help our dear Charles realize his feelings for his own wife and stop this madness, shall we?"

After leaving the tennis courts, David and I followed Charles to his car.

"We sent our drivers home." I told Charles with my head held high. I flashed him a cheeky smile. I was actually impressed at how ballsy I was to provoke him.

"And we're starving," David chimed in, putting on a cunning smile.

"So?" Charles challenged. He looked like he was trying to bite down his anger. I almost burst into teary-eyed laughter. David and I did not often see Charles backed into a corner, and now that we had him in such a predicament, I could not help feeling extremely satisfied.

We would like Scarlett to cook for us. And sharing a meal with her will be a great opportunity for us to get to know each other better," I said casually and shrugged.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Charles sneered.

"Oh, come on, Charles. Get your head out of the gutter. I just meant eating together would be a good bonding session for all of us. I wasn't trying to imply something inappropriate."

After saying that, I urged Charles to drive. I was just teasing him, and as expected, he threatened to explode on me like boiling magma inside an active volcano. The entire trip to his place, Charles kept silent, so David and I tacitly shifted the conversation toward Scarlett

"Scarlett, if you're having any difficulties in your current job, please know that you can always come to me. My company will always welcome you."

"She already has me. She doesn't need your help. Stop talking nonsense, or I'll kick you out of my car," Charles growled.

David and I immediately stopped talking and exchanged amused glances. We would have high fived if Charles was not there to see it.

When we walked out of the elevator and arrived at Charles's apartment, I put my hand on Scarlett's shoulder. "I can't wait to taste what you're going to cook for us, Scarlett."

Scarlett simply smiled at me and said nothing,

"Get your hand off her," Charles barked at me.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Charles, relax. I'm just being nice," I snapped and smirked at Charles. I came today to challenge him at every turn, and so far, I had not failed.

Before I could react, Charles removed my hand from Scarlett's shoulder

"Will you two stop it already?" Scarlett muttered and then put in the password to open the door.

Scarlett, how do you know the password to Charles's door? I don't even know it," David asked curiously

"L..." Scarlett stammered. She obviously did not know how to answer the question.

"Of course she knows the code to Charles's door, David. She's his wife, and she must come here often," I answered for Charles who did not show any sort of reaction.

"Enough with your stupid questions, you two." Charles groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose as if he was getting a migraine.

It would be ill-advised to keep making fun of Charles and Scarlett, so David and I decided to zip our lips for now. When we entered Charles's apartment, Scarlett went directly to the kitchen to cook while David and I proceeded to the living room and made ourselves comfortable.

"I really need you two to leave now." Charles said in exasperation and looked down at us.

We had gone through a lot of trouble to get here. We were not stupid enough to leave without a fight.

I rose from my seat and yelled toward the direction of the kitchen, "Scarlett! Cha..."

"Shut up! Or I'll break your fucking jaw!"

Charles interrupted me before I could finish my words. I imitated his tone and snickered. Then, I sat back down on the sofa, crossed my legs, and flashed him a complacent look. It seemed that I had found the weakness of the great and

almighty Charles Moore, and it was his wife and secret love, Scarlett. I thought it quite amusing that he had not realized that fact himself.

“Are you and Scarlett at a good place in your marriage. Charles?” David asked directly and leaned against the sola

Charles hesitated for a moment and then answered seriously. “My grandma wants us to be.”

I had been Charles’s friend for many, many years. I knew when he was spewing bullshit, and right now was one of those times. I could tell that he desperately wanted to be with Scarlett and that he would make that happen with or without his grandmother’s approval.

At this time, the doorbell rang. Charles promptly turned around to open the door.

I whipped my head toward Charles’s front door. It was getting late. Did he invite someone else to come over?