

# Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 63

## Chapter 63 Confession

Scarlett's POV I could hear Rita's coquettish voice even from the kitchen "How can you let an anchorwoman cook. Charles?" she teased. She might be using a gentle voice, but she was still enjoying finding fault in me. "Scarlett was willing to cook, and I didn't think there was anything wrong with that," Charles replied calmly. He sat on the sofa and paged through the magazine in his hand. Uninterested in their conversation, I just kept my head down and concentrated on cooking. However, Rita was unwilling to be ignored. She sat down next to Charles and chatted with David and Spencer

memory. No woman would ever forget the man who once asked her to be his mistress. I was still upset about that encounter as if it just happened yesterday

I walked out of the kitchen. I decided I would continue cooking after Rita was done making a scene here "Where are you going, Scarlett?" Charles put down the magazine and stood up when he saw me leaving I was about to tell him that I was just stepping out for some fresh air, but then Rita put her hand over her chest and collapsed on the floor: I did not buy her act the moment I saw it. The timing was suspiciously impeccable, the damsel in distress dramatically falling in front of the hero. I almost rolled my eyes

My eyes darted to Charles. He was immediately beside Rita and asking her if she was okay.

Charles called her name several times, but Rita closed her eyes and did not respond. Scarlett, give me my phone. I need to call the doctor, Charles snapped.

I went to get his phone and handed it to him. He was now holding the unconscious Rita in his arms.

Charles called a doctor named Addison as he carried Rita out of the apartment. His tone was full of concern and anxiety. As I followed him out, I felt as if my heart was snapping like dried twigs. Once again, he was abandoning me for Rita.

Charles put Rita on the backseat of his car and then slid into the driver's seat. Then, he turned to look at me

\*Please come with me,"

he pleaded, which instantly burned through my defenses. My mind screamed at me to refuse,

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Uninterested in their conversation. I just kept my head down and concentrated on cooking. However, Rita was unwilling to be ignored. She sat down next to Charles and chatted with David and Spender.

I glanced at her and saw the face of her father, a man who would be forever etched in my memory. No woman would ever forget the man who once asked her to be his mistress. I was still upset about that encounter as if it just happened yesterday. I walked out of the kitchen. I decided I would continue cooking after Rita was done making a scene here.

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"Please come with me."

he pleaded, which instantly burned through my defenses. My mind screamed at me to refuse, but my body did otherwise. I opened the car door and sat in the backseat with Rita. I carefully set her head on my lap and covered her with Charles's jacket.

When we arrived at the hospital, Charles rushed out of the car and grabbed Rita with calculated haste. "Scarlett, please bring my phone," he asked.

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After saying that he raced to the emergency room and met with the hospital staff. They quickly put Rita on a gurney and wheeled her in.

I took Charles's phone and followed him to the emergency room. David and Spencer arrived just in time to fall into step beside me. We found Charles sitting in the waiting room, looking worried and weary. "I'm sorry, Spencer and David. This is not a big deal. You don't have to stay. Scarlett and I can wait here.

"No: We'll wait until there's news about Rita, Spencer replied:

Charles just nodded and did not say anything more. He sat there quietly and stared at the door

Looking at everything in front of me, I did not know how to react.

David gently patted me on the shoulder and said, "You must be freaked out, Scarlett. Don't worry. Charles will take care of everything"

I manufactured a smile and put it on my face.

Just then, the doors to the emergency room swung open, and a doctor in green scrubs with a stethoscope around his neck emerged. Charles sprang to his feet before he could ask the doctor spoke. "The patient is stable and out of danger. You can rest easy now. Soon, Rita was transferred to the general ward.

David, Spencer, and I stood in the corridor and felt relieved to see her.

It's getting late, Scarlett, and you have to go to work tomorrow. Let me take you home," David offered

I dipped my chin in acknowledgement I did not need to be here. Charles could accompany Rita. and Rita most certainly did not need me.

"Don't go, Scarlett. I need you." I whipped my head toward Charles and stared at him with wide eyes. Before I could say anything; he strode toward me and stood close enough for us to share breath. My heart began beating madly against my ribcage.

"If Charles needs you here, then you should stay, Scarlett."

I did not know if it was Spencer or David who left that last remark because they were gone before I could turn my head to them.

Alas, there was only Charles and I in the quiet, deserted hospital corridor.

We kept silent for a long while. We just listened to each other inhale and exhale. I could have said something had I known what. The thought of Rita lying in the ward nearby rendered me speechless.

21:34

34.15

Are you cold? You're shaking Charles asked as he took my hand

was startled by his sudden movement. I hurriedly turned my face away and tried to withdraw my hand

"No, I'm not cold

But Charles held on to my hand tightly.

"Scarlett... Please listen to me. I'm sorry for how I reacted when Rita..." Charles said slowly with determination in his eyes, but it's not because I'm in love with her. I simply want to repay her kindness: I'm in love with you. I want to be with you."

I blinked twice after Charles finished his words. I thought I was dreaming

I looked at him in disbelief,

What was he talking about? Did he really just say that he was in love with me?

That was impossible! He must be playing tricks on me again!

My mind went blank. After a few heartbeats, I broke his grip, turned around, and walked away.

Charles called my name many times, but all I did was quicken my pace.

Charles's POV

Rita was still in a coma. I stayed with her at the hospital the whole night. But all I could see in my mind's eye was Scarlett walking away.

It was not until the next morning that Richard arrived.

Take good care of her. I'll go home first and come back later."

Then, I left. I drove straight to Gardner Street. After our last conversation, I did not think that Scarlett would be in the mood to make me breakfast at my apartment today.

I stood by her front door and hesitated to knock

You're such a damn coward, Charles, I cursed myself.

But no matter the result, I should bravely face what was in front of me.

So I raised my hand and knocked on Scarlett's door. However, after knocking three times, no one came to answer. After a while, I decided to take out my key and open the door. Scarlett was nowhere to be found in

She was not home.

The guilt and anxiety in my heart just got stronger. I just stood there in the middle of her house, unsure what to do next.

Then, my phone beeped. I took it out and read the message absentmindedly. Then I saw it was from Scarlett.

"Breakfast is ready."

It was a simple sentence that I stared at for a long time.

Then, my head teemed with a whole new tangle of emotions.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 64

### Chapter 64 Sponsorship

Scarlett's POV As soon as I arrived at the office, I received a call from Nate. \*"Have you made up your mind, honey?" he asked in a lewd, disgusting tone. "I will make up my damn mind when I go out of it."

I snapped. Then, I hung up the phone and blocked his number: I did not want to waste my breath because I was in a bad mood.

Although my reason told me again and again that Charles only said those words to poke fun at me, my heart still hoped that they came from a place of truth. His words lingered in my ears as if he were uttering them to me. "I'm in love with you! I want to be with you, Scarlett."

That scene played over and over in my head like a broken record, and it was starting to disrupt my concentration at work.

I needed a break to calm down and realign myself, so I stood up and made my way to the lounge

But before I could push the door open, I overheard people talking about me inside. Judging from the voices, they were female colleagues of mine, but I was not close to any one of them.

“Don’t you think it’s shameful for Scarlett to do that in the meeting room yesterday?”

They stayed there for at least an hour. That handsome man she was with must be very energetic.”

“I think it’s because Scarlett was sexually unsatisfied...”

I could not stand it anymore. I stormed in.

The three ladies sitting at the round table all looked embarrassed when they saw me.

“Aren’t you ladies supposed to be working and not gossiping in here?” They exchanged nervous glances and hurriedly left. None of them dared to make eye contact with me

I sighed and made a cup of coffee after they left, but before I could take a sip, Linda walked in and approached me in haste.

Thinking of what happened last time, I had guessed what she had come to tell me.

“Scarlett, Mr. Valdez wants you to come have lunch with him today,” Linda said directly.

“Oh, Linda, do I have to? There has to be a better way to get a sponsorship.” Thinking of that fat, depraved man, I frowned in disgust.

The media industry should not operate in this way. I did not believe that there was no way to change the way things went.

“I know, sweetie. Believe me, I get it. No woman relishes to deal with the likes of Mr. Valdez.” Linda agreed in a low voice. “Well, it’s not that we don’t have a choice. In fact, I think Mr. Moore is a great option. You two seem to get along quite well. I mean, he was just here for you yesterday. With him as your backer, Mr. Valdez won’t be able to lay a finger on you.”

Linda’s words were full of hints. As soon as I heard Charles’s name, my skin bristled as if I were a cornered porcupine raising its hardened quills. “Charles may be like a brother to me, but I don’t want his charity. Besides, I don’t like owing people favors. It’s just like buying a weakness,” I said stiffly. The last person I wanted to depend on was Charles. Okay. So is that a yes to the luncheon

meeting with Mr. Valdez?" Linda eyed me carefully. She looked like she wanted to say something more but decided against it.

"No, Linda. I'm sorry."

Thinking of what happened that day, I felt my stomach slip "Very well. All right. Let me treat you to dinner then. Please?" "To that I'll say yes. See you after work."

The work day passed by quickly. In the evening, Linda booked us a VIP lounge at a great restaurant. When I entered the room, I immediately thought I was dreaming. I saw not only Linda but also Me. Valdez and Charles.

Charles was sitting at the head of the table, and he smiled at me the moment I walked in.

Thinking of what I said to Linda this morning, I got nervous. Had she said anything to Charles about our conversation? Worried that she might have, I rushed over to Charles and grabbed his hand.

"What are you doing here?" I asked as calmly as I could.

Charles did not show any surprise at my feigned gentleness. He just squeezed my hand.

"Linda and I were schoolmates back in the day. I came here as a favor to her."

I nodded perfunctorily, feeling a little surprised that Linda and Charles actually knew each other. Then, I managed to give Mr. Valdez a friendly smile and chose a seat far away from him.

Sit next to me, Scarlett," Charles ordered. He pulled up a chair next to him and then casually leaned on his like a king waiting for his jester to entertain him.

I smiled awkwardly and took the seat beside him. I did not want to embarrass him in front of Linda and Mr. Valdez. Unexpectedly, as soon as I sat down, he wrapped his arm around my shoulders and pulled me close.

"You may not know this, but Scarlett is my woman," Charles suddenly announced to no

particular person in the room. My heart immediately started racing after he finished his seritence, and my eyes darted around the room to spot the nearest exits.

I could not believe he just called me his woman. But isn't Miss Lively your girlfriend, Mr. Moore? Me Valdez asked. The moment Charles said that I was his woman, the cocky smile on Mr. Valdez's plump face disappeared "Can't I have two women at the same time?" Charles asked in reply, his face remaining neutral

Mr Valdez averted his gaze and cleared his throat. He could only muster an awkward smile.

I carefully took a breath beside Charles. I knew that Charles was trying to help me. If he told Mr. Valdez that he and I were involved. Mr. Valdez would not dare to even breathe wrong in my direction. He did not have to do it, but he did, and I wondered why. Was he not afraid of Rita finding out? All of a sudden, I recalled what Charles said to me at the hospital the night we rushed Rita to the emergency room.

He said that he loved me and that he just regarded Rita as someone whose kindness he wanted to reciprocate. God. What the hell was he doing playing this game again?

Yes, I still thought that Charles was not being serious. This was his pattern. He came on to me and then turned around and left me. I could not fall into his vicious cycle again. I just could not

As a stampede of assumptions ravaged my head, I happened to glance at Linda and found that she was winking at me. I flashed her a blank look, and then she turned to look at Mr. Valdez.

"Please," she mouthed at me.

Only then did I realize that she wanted me to break the uncomfortable silence. I was not used to dealing with this kind of situation, but on second thought, Charles's business might suffer if he offended Mr. Valdez like this. So I gritted my teeth and decided to apologize to Mr. Valdez.

But before I could, Charles rose from his seat.

"Well, your silence was loud enough to communicate your judgment, Mr. Valdez. I do not appreciate it, but I also do not care for it. I live my life without validation from others."

Charles swept his cold gaze around the room like a monarch sizing up his court.

Obviously, Linda did not expect him to react so strongly to Mr. Valdez's non-response. She stood up with a nervous smile on her face. "Charles, nobody's judging you here. I'm being a terrible hostess. I apologize. How about I have dinner served and we all share a lovely meal?"

Charles still stood there. He looked back at me with tenderness in his eyes,

"Do you want to eat?"

I looked at him blankly and did not answer.

Then let's go. I don't like this dirty place."

Charles glanced indifferently at hinda and Mr. Valdez, grabbed my hand, and towed me out

Hoe er 15 we walked toward the door, it swung open, and the last person I wanted to see swaggered inside like he owned the place Nate Lively.

I gasped What was he doing here? Did he follow me here? "Scarletti Are you leaving already? But I just got here," Nate glanced at my hand, which Charles was holding He fiashed me a crooked smile. I lowered my head in embarassment and tried to shake off Charles's grip, but Charles just held on tighter.

"It's good that you're here. I have something to tell you." Charles muttered and shot daggers at Nate with his eyes

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 65

### Chapter 65 Protect

Scarlett's POV: HCharles, what do you want to say to me? Well, whatever it is, we can talk about it inside " Nute rubbed his hands.

"It's about Rita. After saying that, Charles grabbed my hand and escorted me out of the foorn.

And Nate followed us closely. His hair was really combed and he was wearing frameless glasses, which made it obvious that he was a shrewd businessman.

"Mr. Lively, it's been a while, right? There was a hint of elegance in the way Charles stood casually with one hand in his trauser pocket. Normally, he would be cold and aloof ifi front of outsiders. I secretly poked his palm. Without looking at me, he pinched my palm softly in order to make me feel comforted.

"Yes. What's the matter with Rita?" With a kind smile on his lips, Rita's father took out a cigarette and handed it to Charles.

Instead of taking the cigarette from him, Charles gave him a cold glance and said in a serious tone, "I will take care of the problem between me and Rita. I hope you stay out of it. You should just enjoy your life and not worry about us. Our lives are for us to worry about."

"Why are you saying such things? I am only worried that you might not be able to handle it." Embarrassed, Nate withdrew the cigarette, but he continued to smile, unbothered by Charles' indifference. #Just leave it to me, Mr. Lively." Saying that, Charles pursed his lips, his eyes filled with coldness. "And please, don't pester Scarlett again. She has just come to Los Angeles and does not know a lot of things here, so if you need anything, then I suggest you come to me."

Nate squinted his eyes at him, preparing to light his cigarette. After hearing Charles words, he turned to me in confusion. "Scarlett, what did you say to him? Why is he saying such a thing to me? Is it wrong for me to care about you youngsters as an elder?"

Hearing his words, I felt sickened by his hypocrisy. Even though he knew that he was an elder, he had so brazenly asked me to be his mistress before. Turning away from him. I whispered to Charles, "Let's go." Just when he was about to take me away from there, Nate stopped him. The smile on Nate's lips disappeared as he looked at me with maliciousness in his eyes and asked, "Scarlett, you haven't answered my question yet. Can't I look after you as an elder? Do you look down on me and the Lively family?"

Deliberately exaggerating the facts, Nate was trying to accuse me of being arrogant. His shamelessness left me speechless and stunned. Rita and her father were birds of a feather.

"Mr. Lively, I respect you because you are an elder, so don't try to push your luck. Please take good care of your family. I don't think you will be able to bear the consequences if the Lively family collapses. Scarlett is my wife, and you need to keep that in mind," Charles hissed. standing in front of me.

No one would dare to provoke Charles, not only because he had the Moore family backing him up, but also because he was a really powerful man. After only several years of his management, the Moore Group was now flourishing very well. More importantly, Charles was a ruthless business tycoon. Nate's eyes showed a hint of panic when he faced Charles' wrath, and he had no choice but to keep silent. Ignoring him, Charles took me away from there with a snort.

Looking at his back, I was having mixed feelings. Everything that he just said kept echoing in my mind. I never expected Charles to protect me like a guardian angel. My heart was full of bittersweet emotions, and tears streamed down my cheeks uncontrollably.

"Let's go home," he said to me. "Alright," I replied him in a low voice, stifling Charles suddenly stopped walking, and I bumped into his back. "What's the matter? Are you crying?" He turned around and held my face in his hands, observing my eyes lovingly. "No" I tried to avoid eye contact with him as I did not want to admit that his words had moved me, and I was now crying because of it. I was actually embarrassed to admit that even though it was true. However, my red eyes betrayed me, and he looked at me with a sense of pride in his heart. "Are you enchanted by me? You can just marry me." I shorted, "You wish!"

"Well, yes... I actually forgot that we're already married." With a faint nod, Charles stroked my head dotingly.

And that very instant, my heart melted into a puddle.

He stopped once we reached his house. I looked at him hesitantly, wondering, 'Is he not going to send me back home?'

"Don't look at me like I kidnapped you! I'm just hungry, so I want to eat the food that you cook," Charles said righteously as though he could read my mind.

"What would you like to eat?"

Since I had not eaten much at dinner, I also felt hungry when I heard him mention that.

However, instead of answering my question, he held my hand and kissed it.

My fingertips felt soft, and I shrank back. "Don't kiss me like that for no reason!"

Charles chuckled and kissed the back of my hand again before letting me go. He then unfastened my seat belt, leaned closer, and whispered softly, "I will soon be eating you."

And the confidence in his tone made me feel extremely nervous.

"Go away!" I shouted, pretending like I was calm.

Sure, Your Highness with a smile on his lips, Charles saluted to me as he got off the car.

Due to his flirtatious moves, my mind was a mess now. When I got home, I walked straight to the kitchen, trying to calm myself down. However, I could not get half my mind. Since I was distracted by him, I accidentally added an extra spoonful of vinegar into the soup | tried to taste it in a hurry, but it ended up tasting weird. After multiple failed attempts to fix the soup, I gave up and tried to focus on making the next dish.

I heard a sound coming from the living room. Charles seemed to have come down after taking a shower. As soon as I turned around, I saw him walking towards the kitchen.

His hair was damp, and the drop of water that was clinging to a strand of hair above his forehead; made him look more affectionate. I lowered my head to avoid looking into his eyes. "Dinner will be ready soon."

I tried to ignore his intense gaze on my back and sped up the pace. Soon, dinner was ready.

Just when I was going to take the food to the dining table, he stopped me. I didn't want to look at him, so I stood still with my head down.

He seemed to be a little upset and grabbed the plate from my hand. "Does the floor have any gold on it? Why aren't you looking at me?" Even though he was trying to make conversation, I still could not face his eyes, so I walked to the latches again to get the tableware.

At the dinner table, Charles slowly sliced the beef on his plate with a fork and a knife. His fingers were elegantly moving as he sliced through the steak with a knife. It was as though he was a royal, who looked elegant even when eating.

"Why are you only eating the vegetables? Here, have some soup." Putting his knife and fork down, he looked at me with a frown.

His words pulled me back to reality, but before I could even say anything, he had already filled up my soup bowl. The moment I tasted the soup, my whole face shrunk.

"Is it too hot?" Charles asked with concern.

I faked a smile as I shook my head and gently pushed the bowl in front of him. "It's so delicious, Charles. Why don't you taste it?" He did not suspect anything at all. Taking a sip of the hot soup, he said in a calm voice, "It really is quite delicious!"

with my taste buds. I took another sip to make sure that I was not wrong, and it indeed tasted sour! It was both sour and salty.

Amused, Charles put away the soup bowl and served me a slice of the beef.

After dinner, I washed the dishes quickly, wanting to go back home as soon as I could.

"What's the rush?" Charles asked casually as he took the clean dishes from my hand and arranged them in the cupboard.

Tam a famous anchorwoman, so my time is very precious."

Jest then I was about to leave, he stopped me. It's so late, and you have to come here tomonta moning, anyway, so why do you have to go home tonight? Not to mention: I will be extremely worried if you went back alone at this hour."

Then you send me back. I suggested. But I am so tired. Charles yawned, pretending to be exhausted The comers of my mouth twitched. Then I'll go home on my own."

"Stay here. 111 sleep in the guest room. Don't worry I am not going to do anything to you."

Charles held my hand tightly, as if he was worried that I would try to run away

Im not worried You're just overthinking things Besides, I want to go home because I am used to sleeping in my own bed, and I can't fall asleep here on i jew bed, so don't impose your strange ideas on me. And how long do you expect me to accustom myself to such a life?"

For the rest of your life!" Charles said in a tim voice, pressing his lips into a thin line.

I was so furious that I was at a loss for words. I just wanted to make him let go of my hand Eowever, his grip was so tight that I could not move at alle

"Staying the night bere is not a big deal. Are you worried that you might not be able to control yourself?"

Fine, I'll stay" Unwilling to argue with him any longer, I had no choice but to compromises

Before going to bed, Charles asked me to take his bed. The pillows were laced with his scent, which was pleasantly refreshing.

I tossed and turned on the bed, determined to draw a clear line between us starting tomorrow